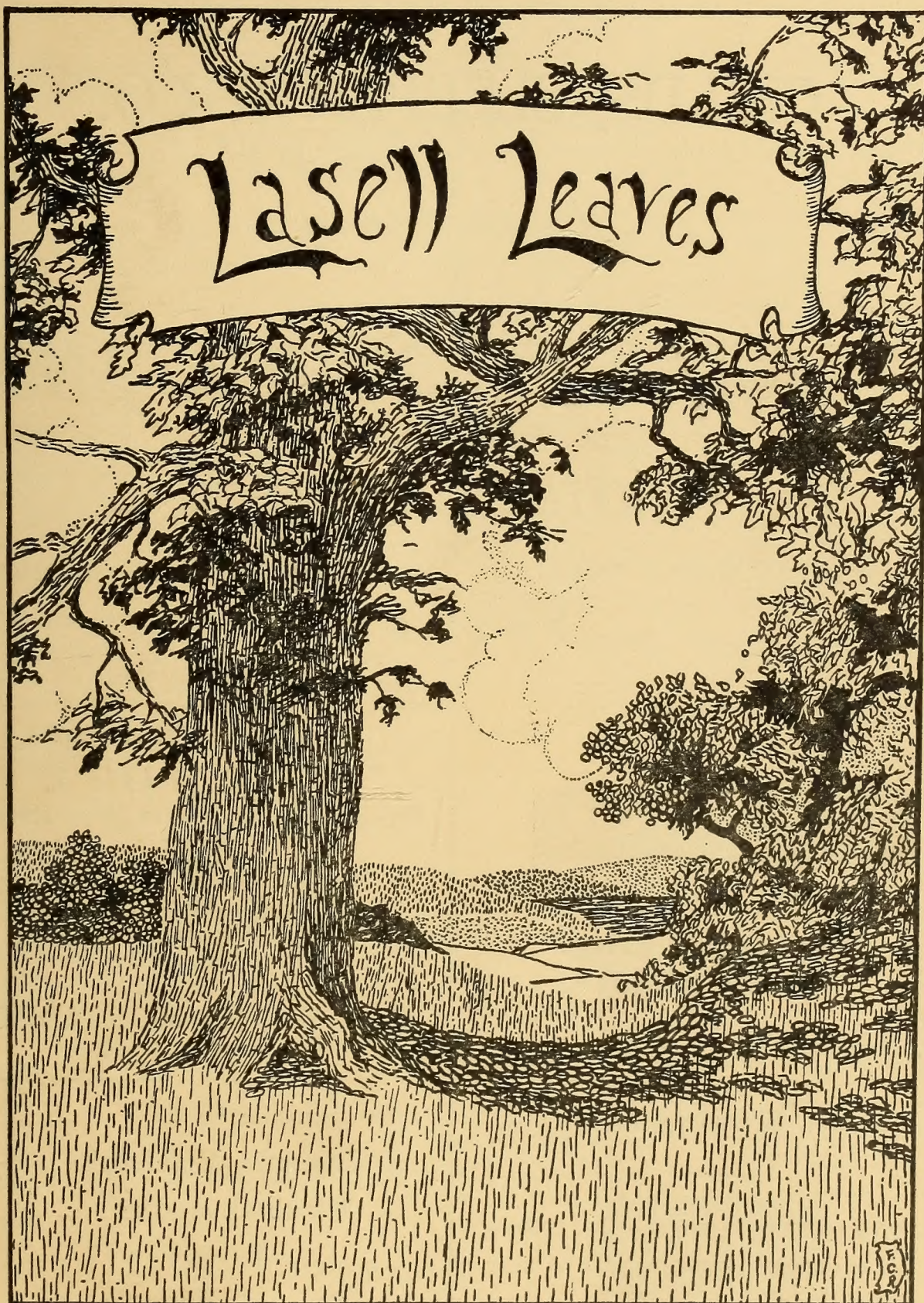


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Vol. LVI

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 1

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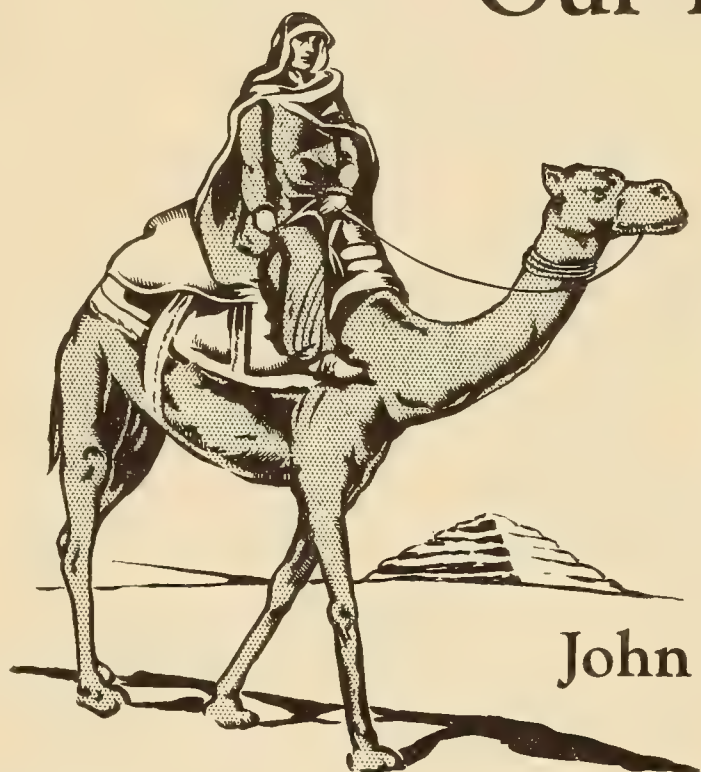
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LITERARY

THE FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND

[The Newton Tercentenary Committee conducted a Prize Essay Contest last June. It was open to all High School students both in Private and Public Schools. Lasell had the distinction of winning first prize through Dorothy Herring, '32, who was a member of Mrs. Jewett's division of English. We are proud indeed to publish this essay as the author has also been a member of the LEAVES Staff for three years. *The Editors.*]

New England; that traditional center of American culture, that cradle of American History, could not have achieved its place in the world were it not for the lives of the men who founded and endowed it. That uncompromising New England conscience, the strength of its people; and that atmosphere of stability, which quality is so obvious in New England communities; these are the results of a struggle which began in 1620, when one hundred and two stout-hearted men and women braved the perilous storms of the Atlantic to come to an unknown land where they might be free to worship their God as they saw fit. They were not people of wealth or social position, but exiles from their country and its Church, who carried in their hearts the seed from which our great democratic nation has grown.

The men and women who landed on these shores were Puritans, a sect not only in matters of religion, but also in politics which agitated for reform along many lines. In politics it stood for an advance in popular rights; in conduct it required stricter and higher morality; in theology it stood for the firm doctrines of Calvinism; and in Church organization it demanded an extension of the reform which cut off the Church of England from that of Rome. With the Puritans who came to America, it advocated the separation

of Church and State, and on those principles was the first settlement built.

It is unnecessary to relate the details of that winter which was filled with suffering from the bitterness of the weather, from disease, famine and exposure; suffering from which only forty-nine of the party survived; suffering which tested the courage and devotion of every man and woman in the settlement. That mere handful of Englishmen clinging to a barren coast, handicapped by a lack of necessities, overcame all their difficulties; made peace with the Indians, cultivated their fields, and built up a profitable trade with the Indians which enabled them to pay off their debt—a debt incurred by their voyage to America. By the end of the first year a fort had been built as a protection against the Indians, houses and streets laid out and constructed, and the country had been opened up for the development of those powerful Puritan Commonwealths of New England, whose History had just begun and to whose leaders we owe the record of their struggles—struggles so fascinating and significant that they are well known even to the children in our grammar school. All this was accomplished under the leadership of their first governor, William Bradford. He was among the best educated men in the community, well read, versed in five languages, and a student all his life. In spite of the difficulties of writing, and the great many affairs with which he had to deal, he found time to keep a laboriously complete journal of everything happening, no matter how trivial in the life of the town. But it was the spirit of the man which particularly impresses us, for he was kind, gentle, and idealistic. Although he lived in a time of general intolerance and

superstition, he was singularly broadminded and charitable. For thirty-seven years Bradford was the very heart and soul of that little colony which struggled so hard for its meager existence that it finally became the leading settlement in the country which was founded on its ideals and principles. "He was the first to write the deed, the dream, and the faith of that little company of men and women" of whom he was the leader.

Not only did these early settlers have to struggle to protect themselves from nature and from the Indians, but they also had to preserve their rights from the jealousy of other colonies and from revolutionary fanatics. An English sportsman, Thomas Morton, came to this country to try to combat the strong Puritanical prejudices and to pave the way for Gorges and a royal Episcopal settlement. Our sketches of his life are not accurate for we have his own very flattering picture in great contrast to uncomplimentary, bitter accounts of his enemies, who were very numerous. He established himself at Merrimount, now known as Salem, where his conduct and household more than scandalized the Pilgrims. Bradford wrote of him: "They also set up a Maypole, drinking and dancing about it many days together, inviting the Indian women for their consorts, dancing and frisking together like so many fairies or furies." Far more serious than this frivolity was the fact that he sold rum and fire-arms to the Indians, thus endangering the lives of all the white settlers. Endicott sent out a company of soldiers who, after inflicting harsh measures, finally cleaned up the settlement and sent Morton off to England. During a time of absolute intoleration, Morton tried to stir up religious controversy and he paid the penalty.

At this time in New England history there was but little chance of enjoying sport of any sort. About the third year after landing here some of the settlers wished to stop work on Christmas Day and to celebrate it "In the street at play, openly with such ungodliness as playing ball." However, that was hastily repressed by the horrified authorities, just as

Merrimount was cleaned up on the arrival of Endicott, to win for New England another victory in its fight for repression and conformity. At least on the surface, all signs of crime and disobedience were decidedly in the minority. Many historians have hinted that those still waters swept irresistibly through the hidden channels in the lives of the people which was most destructive to their ultimate well-being.

In 1630 a great migration headed by Winthrop as Governor, arrived at Salem with a fleet of ships just in time to save the colony which was suffering from famine and disease. This was not an immigration to form plantations or a few small towns, but the beginnings of many towns bound together and paying taxes to improve public property and for their common defense. The colony moved to a new site which is now Charlestown, where Francis Higgenson and Samuel Skeleton drew up a church covenant and religious faith which was accepted and became the beginning of the first Congregational Church. By 1634, four thousand Englishmen had come over and established themselves in twenty towns, built their houses and roads, and raised their crops.

These colonists of New England developed a system of local government that differed a great deal in form and spirit from that of any other country or locality. They had that pure form of democracy in which all the male members of the church took part. And since all were required by law to be members of church and attend regularly, all the members of the community (only the men of course) met together to talk over the proposed laws and business of the town, for town and church life were very closely connected in spite of all Roger Williams did to try to separate them. Thus the town was the agency for all local government and under its leadership there was developed a citizenship which excited the admiration of the whole world. Excepting the fact that it no longer deals with matters of religion, the New England towns and their unique form of government have remained very much the same even until this time. This

system of local government powerfully influenced the civic life of the town, for it not only sustained local interest by giving everyone an active part in the affairs of the town, but it made corruption almost impossible. Progressiveness was the ideal for which they worked. The result which they obtained is to be plainly seen throughout the New England of today. Of course this system did not spring into existence overnight, but it was gradually built up as the country became more thoroughly organized. To begin with, however, no colony had ever been endowed with such liberal powers of jurisdiction. In Virginia the officers of the other provinces were appointed by the king, but here they were elected by the people over whom they were to preside and from their own ranks. From this, however, we can not conclude that the laws were liberal or tolerant, for since only church members could vote, and because the qualifications for church membership were so severe that only the devout were accepted, the laws were harsh and intolerant. Whatever can be said in criticism of these measures, it must be said in their defense that they unified and strengthened the colony within itself, forced it to rely on its own resources and to provide for its own needs.

After the First General Court was held, October 19, 1630, in Boston, she became the leading city in Massachusetts and in New England. She was entitled to that place in Massachusetts because of the rank, education and devotion of her settlers; and to that place in New England as the most important of the Massachusetts settlements.

In 1638 one of the leading citizens of Boston, John Harvard, died leaving a comparatively large sum of money and his library to the college which had been established two years previously for the education of the young men of the settlement. It has been said that the assembly which decreed the establishment of Harvard was the "First body in which a people, by their own representation, ever gave their own money to found a place of education." This seemingly unimportant act

was under the circumstances a flaming illustration of the unalterable purpose of the Puritans to build their new home on the highest ideals of Christian society.

England, suddenly realizing the great progress which these, her colonies, had achieved, and their great importance and freedom, became alarmed, and decided to curb it. The king issued a writ recalling its charter. This was, luckily for the colonists, never enforced because of the great internal disturbance which took place in England shortly after, but as soon as word of it was heard over here, orders were given for fortifications, troops were trained, and the first shadow of what was to take place a hundred and thirty years later was seen.

Those Puritans who came over here in 1630 wished to found and develop a certain kind of town, best expressed and described as a Bible-Commonwealth. This system could only prosper when freedom of speech and thought were not tolerated, and when religious zeal was the most important factor in every man's life. All things were judged by those standards. The judging was done, not by the laymen, but by the clergy who controlled not only the ecclesiastical affairs of the Community, but also the civil business.

As an example of the harsh Calvinistic leaders of the community we have Thomas Dudley, Deputy Governor under Winthrop. He was a bleak, forbidding sort of man, whose only evident human characteristic was his great love for writing verses. The following lines were found in his pocket after his death, and they well illustrate the intolerant and forbidding atmosphere which prevailed at that time:

"Let men of God in courts and churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice
To poison all with heresy and vice."

But in contrast to this narrow-minded straight-laced Calvinist we have John Winthrop, the Governor of the colony, and one of the noblest figures of American History. Kind, loving, with a pleasing personality, and with an un-

usual amount of toleration for a leader of those times, he won and held the hearts of his people. Dudley and Winthrop had a hard time working together, and after Dudley had been elected Governor and his harsh measures had found favor with the clergy, there was great rivalry between the two men. The kindly and patient Winthrop always managed to make settlements with his overbearing rival and peace was outwardly kept, however. Henry Vane, who brought the military aid of Scotland to help Parliament in its distress; who headed the Navy with which Blake won his astonishing victories; who dared to withstand Cromwell at the height of his power; who, in this new country, was the chief magistrate at one time, and who also headed the committee which founded Harvard, was the leading figure in an affair which greatly retarded the progress of Massachusetts and of the whole of New England. He called a meeting of the Assistants and the Clergy at which the merits of Dudley and Winthrop as Governor were contrasted and weighed. The intoleration of Dudley was preferred to the kindness of Winthrop, and in order to pacify them, Winthrop—for he was Governor at that time—had to promise not to be so lenient. The next spring Vane was elected Governor and progress in Massachusetts retreated another step. One of the most celebrated victims of the tyrannical clergy was a man who started out as one of its members. Roger Williams came to these shores in 1631 with an enviable reputation of being a godly minister and brilliant student. His winning personality and kindly nature won for him a place close to the hearts of the people of Salem where he held the position of the Teacher in the Church. A similar place was offered to him in Boston, but he refused it because that church did not believe in the complete separation from the Anglican Church of England. He then began to expound his doctrine of the complete separation of Church and State. Winthrop, who had a great liking for the young man, tried to smooth over the waves which this caused, but it was of no avail, for he soon after began to

preach that all the land primarily belonged to the Indians, and that the king had no right to grant charters parceling it off. These two doctrines, each sufficient in itself, brought down upon his head the violent hostility of the Massachusetts clergy. Bradford, Winthrop, and Winslow, all three of whom had liked him personally, were forced to approve his sentence of banishment for his heretical notions. Winthrop managed to warn him, however, and he escaped into the woods, where he spent the long winter months under the protection of the Indians. In the spring he founded the settlement which is now known as Rhode Island, and where he established a community based on religious freedom, and the ideals which the other communities adopted for their own many years later. Great controversy has arisen over the unfairness of Williams' banishment, but when it is considered that a new settlement was being formed, and was not sufficiently firmly established to risk any undermining of its foundations, we can justify the act on civil grounds; though doubtlessly the religious question was considered more important at the time. Religious unity was the ideal for which they were striving, and in it we find the strength which assured the success of New England.

It is impossible to peruse the annals of New England and especially those of Connecticut without noting the influence of Thomas Hooker, for he was, to Connecticut, even more than John Cotton was to Massachusetts. Cotton belonged to the English gentry, and was an aristocrat by birth, while Hooker was a common yeoman, essentially a man of and from the people. When Winthrop and Cotton preached that the magistrates' authority had the divine sanction, Hooker claimed that the foundation of authority lay in the consent of those governed, who were to not only choose, but to limit their magistrates. In this doctrine he was sustained by a great many people and so he determined to lead them out into new territory, that of Connecticut, where they established the towns of Hartford, Wethersford, and Windsor. Here they set up a form

of government much like that of Massachusetts but more democratic. Hooker believed, as strongly as did Cotton, in the Bible-Commonwealth, but he interpreted his Bible more liberally than did the more didactic Cotton. Indeed the Governor had to be a member of the Church and the civil government enforced the Bible ordinances, but it was not necessary for a citizen to be a member of the Church in order to vote, and the governor did not have the power to veto.

Still other of the New England towns owe their settlement to religious differences in opinions. Portsmouth and Newport were founded and settled by Anne Hutchinson who after she was banished from Boston, bought the land from the Indians and in this safe location pursued her doctrines in peace. Mrs. Hutchinson from the very first, won the love and respect of the women in her community by her unfailing kindness and willingness to help. The men admired her because of her unusually brilliant intellect. She was also very sincerely religious, seeking after the doctrines which preached the love of God rather than the harsh forbidding nature of the Deity. Others also seeking after that sort of religion, followed her wise guidance. Among those who did so were Vane, who was Governor at that time, Cotton, the leading clergyman, and practically everyone else with the powerful exception of Winthrop who opposed her with all his might, and who finally brought about her downfall, for the next spring he was re-elected Governor and brought her to trial for breaking the fifth commandment which is "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother." They claimed that she had dishonored the fathers of the Commonwealth and banished her as not being a "woman fit for our society." When she asked for what misdeed she merited this punishment, the judge answered, "Say no more, the court knows wherefore and is satisfied." Thus we see clearly that Winthrop's higher feeling of toleration had been permanently checked after his rebuke by Vane and his committee. Cotton also fell back into ways of common thinking, and the most ardent advocates of toleration,

civil liberty and a more human God were silenced. Although the struggles for religious freedom were not ended, the religious thinking, for the most part, narrowed and twisted into the harsh Calvinistic lines which persisted nearly two centuries afterward.

In 1641 another who, due to his attempts to defend persons whom he thought wronged by the harsh colonial government, was chased from one town to another until finally, after he had been banished from Providence because of his heretical notions concerning religion, bought some land south of there from the Indians and set up a settlement there. Providence objected to the proximity of such an obnoxious community and asked Massachusetts to help her force Groton and his small band of followers out of the country. Massachusetts responded with forty soldiers backed by the clergy who, when Groton asked for peaceful arbitration, refused it to him, and who, on a Sunday morning about church time conducted a surprise attack on his fort, tried to burn it and kill or capture all its inmates. That—the act of the Puritan clergy, all because they were too impatient to wait longer for their revenge against men whose opinions differed from theirs, and in that differing lay their only sin. Nine prisoners were captured and condemned to death, but public opinion was so strongly set against it that the sentence was modified to life imprisonment and hard labor. This sentence was only enforced one year, for again public opinion interfered and the men were set free and banished. All this punishment was the merit of no crime, simply the wishes of a powerful and unjust clergy. The outcome of this incident, however, shows clearly how firmly opposed to such a regime the people were becoming, an opposition more clearly shown in the people's reaction to the treatment to which the Quakers were subjected.

The Massachusetts clergy headed by Endicott and Norton were so adverse to the Quakers that the harshest of laws were enacted against them when they appeared in Massachusetts about 1656. These Quakers

were not the sober, quiet, peaceful brethren with whom we are familiar today, and fired with the opposition with which they met in Boston, they frequently broke into church meetings, disrupted the services by calling the revered ministers insulting names, and committing other outrages for which they were severely punished. Many were branded, had their tongues pierced or their ears cut off, and five were given the death penalty. This punishment was inflicted only at the determined insistence of Endicott, and a troop of soldiers was necessary to keep the public from interfering. Indeed, the fifth man was never executed, so great was public feeling. In the meantime, the Quakers in England persuaded the king to put a stop to their persecution, and conditions began to improve. Rhode Island, on the other hand, received the Quakers kindly and suffered no trouble as a result, which proved that the fanaticism of the Quakers was only the result of opposition.

In 1688 Edmond Andros appeared in America with an appointment from the king to the governor-generalship of the whole of New England with the power to make laws, levy taxes, command the militia and grant lands. Although this gruff old soldier successfully led his people through the serious menace of King Philip's War, his relations with the people were anything but peaceful, for they objected to his laws, his taxes, and his Church—that of England. Just as the New Englanders were preparing to rebel, the crown of the mother country was upset and in the whirlpool which followed, Andros was captured, and the colony returned to its old form of government once again.

It is not possible to follow the history of early New England without frequently meeting the influence of Roger Williams. After the murder of John Oldham and the capture of his two boys by the Indians, a great deal of excitement was caused, but through Williams' intercession, peace was temporarily restored. A little later at the bloodthirsty advice of the Massachusetts clergy, John Endicott set out with a troop of soldiers to kill all the men in

the tribe who had harmed the white man. Endicott had none of the qualifications of a military leader, and did not succeed in punishing or even intimidating the Indians, but he did arouse their wrath. In this crisis they again sent for Roger Williams, the only man who would be able to save them, for should the Indians have united against the whites, they would have been completely annihilated. At the risk of great personal danger, Williams succeeded in averting the immediate crisis, but for this act he received no recognition from the state he had saved and from which he had once been banished. The contest between the Indians and the English had been inevitable from the start, and the means which the Puritans had employed were harsh and stupid, but it was nearly forty years before they again regained enough strength to rise up against the whites.

Such outrages as these were the direct results of the influence of the clergy who chose to be intolerant and unenlightened for the sake of the power it gave them. But it was not on the shoulders of the clergy alone that we lay the blame for the atrocities of Salem in 1692, for it was generally believed that witches really existed and that they exerted evil influences over all the people. It was an English law that invaded this country which provided for the death penalty. The people of Massachusetts and especially those of Salem became particularly incensed and within a few months twenty had been executed in Salem. Suddenly the common sense of the people awakened and the frenzy died out as rapidly as it had grown. That stain on the history of Salem is dark indeed, but it is to be attributed more to the general ignorance of the people than anything else.

From that time on came a period of enlightenment. The people were becoming less and less dependent on the clergy for their civil leaders, and were becoming more and more tolerant of religions other than their own. Then too, a feeling of resentment was steadily growing up against the attempted repression by England, especially in matters of trade and

duties. Finally in 1763 the Writs of Assistance were passed which enabled the government to search a man's house to enforce the payment of duties on imported goods. That only added to the long list of outrages which led up to the Stamp Act and the Boston Tea Party, two events so well known in the history of our country that they scarcely bear repeating. It is enough to mention the heroes of these acts, men who influenced not only New England but the whole of the United States—Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, Otis, Washington and innumerable others who worked and fought for the Revolution, who gained freedom at a great cost and who founded the United States of America.

The men and women of New England would not be true sons and daughters of these men and women if they were not made of stern wills, uncompromising consciences, that certain dependability and stability which hard work taught their fathers and taught them, for New England was and is a country of small farms, bitter weather, and hard work. The early clergy may have been harsh and severe, but it held the people together and made their venture successful, while pioneers like Roger Williams paved the way for greater freedom and new ways of thinking. Indeed, his little colony led the way for the toleration which exists in this country today. To them and to the men and women who gave their lives to Massachusetts, in order that her harsh theocracy might be broken down, we owe our greatest debt, and they are the ancestors which the whole of New England should honor.

Dorothy Herring, '32.



IS IT THE ONE YOU SEEK?

There is a valley
Just across the way
Across the street
Through the alley
Passing the gay white way
Into the cool hills
Climbing a high peak
There—way off in the distance is a valley.
Is it the one you seek?

Virginia A. Riley, '31.

WOODEN IMAGE

They were two together, father and son, wanderer and waif, glorying in each other's comradeship, sharing alike their hunger and raggedness.

The two, the boy and man, drifted into a life that was wretched, and yet sublime. Somehow during the first few happy years of his life, the boy had rescued an old violin and scraped up enough money to buy strings for it. Somehow he learned to play it. His music was not firm, not always accurate; it was often scratchy. But his were artist's fingers and when they touched the strings, every little heartache and sad experience seemed to flow from beneath those trembling fingers.

The two wandered. While the man sang, the boy played. It didn't make any difference to them where they stood. Any street corner served the purpose. Anything to draw the crowd and receive perhaps a coin or two. Often men and women stood gazing at the sheer beauty of them, both with their black tumbling hair, their black eyes, their warm olive complexions. Cars often stopped. Their occupants would often sneer and drive on, or they would fling open the door and listen intently.

* * * *

It had been a particularly hard week. People had not felt inclined to give pennies to the two. Food was scarce. Many times they were forced to go without their supper. In order to give the boy sufficient lodging, the man pawned his overcoat. It was a miserable existence. And yet—they were happy. It was

freedom, life. The occupants of their lodging house were often awakened by the sound of their singing and playing late at night. Strangely enough, the landlady, no matter how hard she might be, never complained, neither did the lodgers. The music seemed to hold them fascinated. Perhaps, as to the two, it symbolized life.

One night the two were standing on a corner. It was their usual performance, singing and playing far into the night, until even the most interested yawned wearily and walked away. The two stopped for a moment. There were few listeners and those that had been there had left nothing. The boy looked up into the man's face.

"Gosh, Dad," he said, his teeth chattering, "it's cold. But, you know, Dad, I love it, don't you? I wouldn't want a big house or a lot of money. I wouldn't be with you all the time then, and they might not let me play my violin. Would they, Dad?"

"They might let you play, son, but they would destroy you, warp your soul, kill that beauty in you, because—Oh, come, let us go on," he ended brusquely. Obediently the boy raised his bow to his instrument. He was used to these outbursts. He did not understand them wholly, but somehow in his quiet way he absorbed the man's feelings.

Gradually as they sang and played, groups of people gathered. The man noticed a large car stop in the distance and a woman alight from it. The figure drew nearer. She went unobserved by anyone in the small circle that had drawn around the two. He could not draw his eyes from her. When his eyes met hers, their intentness almost made him gasp, and it seemed for a moment that he could not go on. She did not smile, but watched him, standing motionless and still. When the song was ended, she neither applauded nor tossed him a coin but walked quietly away. He followed her with his eyes, and watched her, an indistinct figure, enter the car.

"Come," he said to the boy, "we are through for the night."

"What are we going to do, Dad?" was the

question. "Are we going somewhere else tomorrow?"

"No."

Analyzing his feelings later, he couldn't understand his answer. Was it that he dared hope that she might return? It was unbelievable that there could be any attraction and yet....

The next evening they were at the same corner. Then as before, the woman appeared. For a week it was the same. For a week those unfathomable eyes were before him. Her other features were indistinct, blurred. The boy grew restless at the prolonged stay, but he was unheeded.

One night she came, but drove her car very near the spot where the two were standing. She did not get out, but at the conclusion of the selection beckoned to him. He did not know why he did it, but unhesitatingly he walked to the car. She opened the door and said, "Won't you get in?" It was now that he hesitated. He turned and looked at the boy.

"But I cannot leave him."

"Let him continue playing." He walked to the boy, said a few words and then returned to the car. He turned away, frowned momentarily, seeming to reconsider. Then, as though in a daze, he climbed slowly into the car.

She said nothing as they started. Sitting beside her, that peculiar fascination she had for him came over him and he felt suffocated. He could not speak and they rode on in silence.

They passed the city limits and swung out on to a stretch of country road. Still she said nothing. They drew up before a small cottage. Leaving him to follow, she walked up the steps, unlocked the door, and walked in.

The room was large, but cozy. A fire was burning on the hearth. The whole atmosphere evidenced great taste, but extreme simplicity.

He stood standing in the center gazing wonderingly. Here was a new element for him. This was not his life, this was bondage, suffocation.

"Sit down," a low voice broke into his reverie. He edged toward a chair, but he did not sit down. For the first time, her beauty in

all its fullness was revealed to him. In her, he saw a tall, splendidly-formed woman. She wore a black velvet gown which accentuated her long slim lines in which there was almost a sinuousness. Her throat rose from her shoulders in a long slim column. Her face? Ah, it was certainly beautiful, it was fascinating. But it held something intangible, something that holds a man's eyes, that makes him breathless, that makes him forget his soul.

"You wonder, of course, why I have brought you here. You are a stranger, I know nothing about you, you know nothing of me. And yet, I am interested in you. Ah, life is funny, is it not?" She smiled, a slow questioning smile that seemed to invite a comment.

"Well, I—why it is funny. Why should you be interested in me? I am different from you. I am nobody, a fool who has lived his life on street corners, singing to others."

"Ah, that is just it. Do you know that your voice is exquisite? Don't you realize that you are wasting your life singing on corners to people who are, well, just one of the mob? You could be famous. I could put you on the stage. You would be rich, applauded. Do you not wish this might happen?"

"No," he exclaimed suddenly, "I don't want riches. I don't want applause. I want freedom, life, even though it may mean starvation. I am a gypsy, I will always be a gypsy. I have my boy to consider, too."

"But surely you cannot prefer such hardships to the things that you could earn for yourself. Your boy could be with you, of course. Surely you will not let your boy suffer merely because you want such an existence."

"But he loves it," said the man.

"He is young. He will soon get used to his new element. Ah, cannot I persuade you? Is there nothing....? She suddenly arose, walked to where he was standing and laid her hand on his shoulder. Then for the first time he realized the great depth of her dark eyes, seeming to smoulder with an indistinguishable flame.

"Is there nothing?" she murmured.

He stared, fascinated. "I must think it over. I must. I must."

"No, you must not. Decide now. Realize that it is the turning point of your life. Realize the compensations of the future. Say yes, and I will arrange everything."

She was smiling at him, and he was a man.

"I don't know. I—I, perhaps. Yes. Yes," he said again quickly.

She gave no perceptible sign of her victory, but merely nodded her head.

"I shall come for you tomorrow night," she said.

They rode back in silence. She was an excellent driver and her large car was entirely under her control.

The man directed her to his lodgings.

"Good night," she said. "Remember, tomorrow." She touched his shoulder lightly with her perfectly gloved hand and drove off. He stood on the curb looking at—nothing. Slowly he walked up the steps and into the house. He literally staggered to his room. Quietly he opened the door. The boy was asleep. Loth to disturb him, the man drew a chair to the window, and sat gazing at a chimney that rose like a black ghost in the sullen darkness. God, was life like this? Was a man happy, then sad, then happy again? He tried to face himself squarely. Did he love her. Yes, he did. No. Yes, he loved her madly. Fool that he was. He had always been a blind, weak individual. He felt that he never did have any will power. He would tell her that he was through when she came for him. He buried his face in his hands. He couldn't stand it. What of the life she described to him? God, it was worse than death. He swore he was through. But he dreamed that night of two fascinating black eyes that smiled at him.

The next day they were there. The boy was troubled.

"Dad, what's the matter? Don't you think we ought to move on?"

The answer was abstracted, hazy. "Nothing, I guess we will stay."

Later she came. "Bring the boy with you," she said. He looked questioningly at his father,

but he had not even heard her say the words. The boy followed them both in silence.

"I have someone who is an authority who will test your voice. Be at your best."

All his resolutions were gone. Her low mellow voice, seemingly to flow along as smoothly as a brook, completely threw him off his balance. He felt that he could not sing and yet that he could sing as she willed him.

"Ah, my dear Sir, a wonderful voice, a truly marvelous voice. With a little training, *Mon Dieu*, you would be great."

Thus it was arranged. The man went about in a sort of daze, learning each day what marvelous things he could do with his voice. She loaned him money to establish himself in town.

The boy remained at her home on the outskirts of the city. He could not understand the course of events. He was unhappy, this was not his life, this being hedged in by walls and a roof and people telling him to do this and not to do that. He tried to play his violin, but the old feeling was gone, the desire was not there. At first, his father visited him nearly every day, but gradually, the visits were less frequent. The boy became moody, pale, thinner. Life was changed for him.

At last the night came when the man was to make his debut. A few informal recitals had preceded this. He was a success. Afterwards at her apartment in town, she congratulated him.

"You are excellent," was all she said.

"What matter," he answered. "My voice means nothing to me, it is you that counts. It is you I am doing this for. I love you. You must know it by now." He stood near her clenching and unclenching his hands. His head was thrown back and his eyes seemed to bore into her very soul.

She drew back at his sudden outburst, but moved toward him suddenly.

"It is because I do care," she whispered in a low voice.

But as the days went on, a great unrest possessed him. Over and over again he asked himself, Did he love her? Over and over again he swore in his heart that he did, and

then he would discover that he was thinking, I do not love her; I realize that I am only fascinated by her, I cannot get away. And yet, when he was with her, all thoughts left him. In his dream, he did not see her selfishness, her utter desire to possess him wholly. When with her, she dominated him, he was not anything of his own, he was hers, molded on the pattern that she desired.

She became jealous of his success. And she said, "Leave the boy, he means nothing to you." But he could not bring himself to believe this.

For two weeks he had not seen his boy. He could not explain why he had not. The last time he had seen him, it was hard to look him in the eye, for he felt that somehow his son was reading his soul, divining his weakness, his utter lack of will-power. And he had looked pale and thin. He did not want to see him looking so. He *should* go to see him, learn if he was well, but somehow. . . . Ah, fool that he was.

That night he asked her how the boy was, for she had been at her country house all day. She answered something to the effect that he was not feeling well. And that night he dreamed that the boy was dead.

The following day he was busy with his work. That evening he said that he felt his boy was not well.

"I am going to him tomorrow. Somehow I feel that he is not as he should be."

"And what of that?" she questioned.

He looked at her in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Suppose he should die?" she asked, seeming not to have heard his question.

"Then—then he is not well?"

"Oh, he is not in bed, but he is ill."

"Very ill?"

"Possibly."

"I knew it, I am going to him. I am going now."

"Ah, you would leave me for him? Forget him, he is a mere child. Am I not of more interest to you?" Her arms stole around his neck, and her lips were near his.

"Let me go, I must see him."

She barred his way to the door.

"Fool, do you know what you are doing? Leaving me for a mere chit of a child. I—I, who have made you great."

"I am not leaving you. I am merely going to my boy tonight. You should have told me before, he may be...." He suddenly became desperate.

"Get away from that door."

"No," she screamed. "If you go out of that door, I will kill you!" She was stripped bare of all her pretenses. Her face was hard in its cruelty. Her eyes were narrowed, catlike. Here was a woman thwarted, and it was not a pleasant sight.

"You," and he seized her shoulders in an iron grip. "You! You devil. You can kill me, you can trample on my very soul, but you can't keep me from my boy. I am going, and even you cannot stop me." He pushed her violently to one side and flung himself out the door. He ran down the steps. She followed, trying to cling to him.

He turned around suddenly and cried in his desperation, "You are coming with me, and if he is dead, God help you." He was almost sobbing. He pushed her into the car. He drove like a maniac. The house was just outside the city and at the city limit where the country road began was a curve. Heeding nothing, he tore toward it. There was a screeching of brakes. A small figure had started to cross the street and that small figure was now lying in the road. The man was stupified for a moment, and then jumped from the car. The figure was still, and the man touched him on the shoulder. The figure rolled over. A cry broke the stillness of the night.

"Oh, God, Oh, God," broke from his tortured lips. "My son, my boy. And I...." He jumped to his feet. He swung around at the woman standing there. He tore a leather belt from his coat. Before she could back away, he was swinging it across her shoulders, around her waist, slashing her arms.

"I could kill you, but I want you to suffer,

like I have suffered under your devilish spell, and like I am going to suffer."

The woman cringed, but did not cry out. The man's fury did not last long. He flung his belt from him, and gave not a glance to the figure lying whimpering in the road.

He knelt down and gathered the crushed figure of his boy in his arms. Bits of wood lay about the road. Sobbing, he picked up several pieces. He did not look back, but walked slowly away, the night enveloping him. The figure lying by the car stirred a bit. A white hand reached out and gathered up a piece of wood, then slowly, slowly, let it drop to the ground again.

Dorothy Dunham, '31.

OBERAMMERGAU — 1930

[Edith Fulton, '30, was Poetry Editor on the *Lasell LEAVES* Staff, 1929-30. She was a member of the Lasell European party of 1930 and it is with great pleasure that we publish her impressions of the *Passion Play* taken directly out of her daily journal. —*The Editors.*]

Late in the afternoon we arrived in the quaint little village of Oberammergau. We were at once impressed with the houses, little cement structures painted in gay colors—some pink, some blue with religious or floral designs decorating the outside walls, each according to the taste of the individual owner.

Oberammergau is one of the most religious little corners in the world. We were always conscious of this fact because of the numerous shrines and wayside crosses everywhere about. The people themselves were interesting, for this year, the Play year, the boys and men had let their hair grow. All of them, nearly, were blonds with blue eyes. They were dressed in "shorts," shirts open at the throat and plumed "Robin Hood" caps on their heads. The children of this little village were darling—so very obedient and far more serious than American children. Their faces indicated the great faith with which they were imbued and the beauty of their lives was likewise reflected in them. One never saw the children playing roughly or quarreling—instead they were trying hard to imitate their elders.

Very soon we felt quite in the spirit for the great Passion Play, and perfectly at home in the quaint, hill-side town of Oberammergau. The one disappointing feature at first was the noticeable commercialism of the village. Just as in our own summer resorts, here too were all sorts of wares displayed with prices in some cases obviously to catch a few American dollars. The chief craft of this agricultural population is wood-carving and we saw some very beautiful examples of it. Always in each home hung a carved crucifix—it being the favorite subject and one in which all the wood-carvers desired to excel.

There were about three thousand Americans in Oberammergau for the performance we witnessed. Besides them, were folk of various nationalities. We even caught a glimpse of a charming little woman from India, dressed in Hindu costume. The Americans of course outnumbered all others and appeared very loud and boisterous, making themselves all too conspicuous in the shops and streets. This was all the more striking because the natives of this Bavarian village were very quiet, retiring and courteous. The Americans poured in and spent money lavishly but even so, the natives remained unspoiled.

Sunday, July 27th, began early for us. About five in the morning our little German housewife called us so that we might attend early Mass. It was beautiful outside—quiet, save for the summoning church bell, and clean. As we hurried down the one narrow winding village street in the freshness of the morning we thrilled at being in Oberammergau, the beautiful little town buried among majestic mountains! On the summit of the highest one we could see a cross. In the yard of this little Roman Catholic church long years ago an early Passion Play had been given. Now the same spot is used as a burying ground but still interesting for its quaint statues and crosses marking the graves.

The church itself was unexpectedly beautiful although a bit ornate, the ceiling being encrusted with heavy gold and many figures. There were four small altars besides the one

High altar and Masses were going on at each of them. By a little after six, the entire church was filled with people standing in the aisles. One side was half filled with the young men of the village, all devoutly kneeling. One could not help but be impressed with the serious attitude of these worshippers. The characteristic peasant costumes were a novelty to us but their sincere attitude made us forget all else but their beautiful personalities. All were deeply attentive in their devotions and were trying to fulfill the great obligation which they believed they owed, namely, the deliverance from a pestilence more than three hundred years ago, and so through their devotions were expressing their gratitude.

The Play itself was a marvellous spectacle and so moving that it took one a little time to have definite thoughts about it. During the eight hours of its performance we realized that suddenly the Bible stories had become clear and that they symbolized a great message.

The Oberammergau theatre was rebuilt for the 1930 Play, to hold about five thousand people. The stage slanted down towards the audience to give a better view. The orchestra was seated beneath the stage and being so arranged, it was impossible to keep one's eyes riveted on the Play. The audience sat in a covered building looking out upon an open-air stage whose beauty was enhanced by its wonderful background—grass-covered, pine-clad mountains and a soft-blue sky, flecked with white clouds.

The peasant actors were in one sense of the word untrained but there was a naturalness in their acting and a grace of movement that the trained actor sometimes lacks. All of the acting was done with simplicity and sincerity, a complete lack of stage-consciousness. It seemed no hard task for these people to put themselves into their parts for they had lived them every day. The chorus, which was very important, was of forty-five voices and beautiful to hear. The voices, though untrained, were pure.

From a dramatic point of view we could see

that these people had a natural power of expressing feeling and great ability to make whatever they were enacting strong. Although the story was highly dramatic, yet it was all done with such quiet restraint that everyone was impressed and felt reverent.

The tableau which formed an important part of the Play consisted of beautiful pictures, illustrating the more important stories of the Bible. We marvelled at the little children who held their difficult poses without the slightest movement. The entire play was colorful and brilliant yet it all made an exquisitely blended whole. To me, the scene of the Last Supper was the finest. No matter how the actors moved they reminded one of Leonardo Da Vinci's famous painting.

The character of Christ will always remain in our minds as a marvellous interpretation. Alois Lang interpreted it as a combination of remarkable strength and gentleness, exactly as one likes to picture the Master. The range of his voice, its mellow tones, its inflections were able to convey to us the story even though we understood not a word he was saying. Directly opposed to Christ is Judas. Guido Mayr's presentation of the betrayer was most human. We all felt with Judas the dreadful remorse and his cry at the end will long ring in our ears, for herein lay an even greater tragedy in one sense. The beautiful restraint and reserve with which the entire performance was given made a deep impression for one had to enjoy the play through the mind and not solely through one's sensations.

Even though at first we were struck with the commercialism seen through the huge display of the signs of the various tourist agencies, yet, the simple but warm hospitality of the people made us see beyond to the real purpose for which we had come. It was a great festival occasion as we greeted friends or made new acquaintances in the tiny crowded streets or at a café table. Everyone was in holiday mood and we enjoyed the evening procession of the villagers, headed by a band, and the Bavarian yodellers as they entertained us, their visitors. We enjoyed this festival spirit as

well as the beautiful presentation of the New Testament story by these simple village people.

Edith Fulton, '30.

COLOR ILLUSIONS

Did you ever stop to think
How strange would be our looks,
If we wore all the colors
That we read about in books?

For we are brown with exposure,
Yellow with age,
White with fatigue
And black with rage.

Gray with terror,
Pain and dread,
And with embarrassment
We become very red.

We are green with envy,
Blue with cold,
Pink with powder,
And purple with gold.

Mary Alice Morgan, '31.

INHERITANCE

The platform of the subway station was crowded with fretful people, all anxiously waiting for the train to arrive.

Anne looked at the clock, the same old clock she had looked at for the past three years, and realized that she was going to be late for work. Already, she could picture the wrath of Mr. Curran, the foreman of her section, and herself earnestly attempting to persuade him that it was not her fault, but the awful subway. And she could see him smile ironically and hear him say grudgingly that he was tired of blocks in the subway, why did she not think up a new one?

She walked over to the edge of the platform and peered anxiously down the tunnel, straining her eyes for the lights that would signal the train's approach. There was nothing but the shining rails glistening in the light shed by the dismal track lamps. She stopped before a penny slot machine and powdered her nose nervously. Would that train never come?

She had had a hard enough time to secure this position, but now if she were to lose it through something that was not her fault!

She looked at the people around her. Yes, they were impatient, many of them annoyed, but not one appeared nervous or afraid. Perhaps they all had nice bosses who did not flare into a rage when you came in late. She envied them—that pretty, well-dressed girl talking to that good-looking young man. She thought of her own Jimmy, how she loved him, and the utter hopelessness of her love, for she could never marry him. Only yesterday she had been to see the doctor, and he had told her that her case was hopeless. He had said there was no cure for epilepsy. He had explained it all to her, just what it was, and said that she would be subject to these attacks all her life. He could do nothing, but that she should try not to allow herself to become excited or nervous. She smiled as she thought of that. Not become nervous!—and here she was in a frenzy over the train's delay.

Finally, the welcome sound of the roaring train reached her ears, and then she was being shoved forward by the surging crowd. The guard shouted, the doors slammed, and the train lurched forward. The car was more crowded than usual—or so it seemed this morning. What was the matter with her today? Why did that man carry such large packages in a crowded subway? Such things should not be allowed. Could that woman not find a single vacant space to place her feet without stepping squarely on hers? Oh, the hideousness of these awful trains—the glaring lights—the swinging straps—the gayly-colored posters! Even these had betrayed her. Instead of proving entertaining and interesting they seemed to be laughing at her—jeering at her pitiable state. The one that said, "Health is the way to happiness!" Health! Happiness! She would never know those things. Even now she was at the doctor's mercy. And happiness! How could she know happiness without love? Oh, she had love! She loved Jimmy with her whole soul, Jimmy, darling Jimmy, who was so kind—she could never

have him. No, she loved him too much to let him be burdened with her. Their children—they could never have children. She must give Jimmy up. But then, had she not always been giving up things all her life? Would this be so different? All her dreams of an education had been shattered because of financial conditions at home. And love—love, that was free to all—even that was forbidden her. She was attractive, well-liked, but here at nineteen she was merely a telephone operator. She, who had ambitions and dreams—these were all frustrated by her weak physical condition—money matters—all things over which she had no control! Oh, the bitter hopelessness of life! Its relentless cruelty! Why was her lot in life so hard? She could not beat down these forces that were so much greater than she. Circumstances—that was it. She was a victim of circumstances. This thought made her feel small, weak, and beaten.

She pushed her way blindly through the crowd and reached the platform somewhat disheveled. She rearranged her hat, glanced at the clock, and hurried up the stairs. At the top she saw the familiar face of the old newspaper man, but there was no time for a newspaper this morning. She was late already.

It was raining that fine, drizzly rain, and the streets were bleak and cold looking. Overhead the elevated roared, and sent great sparks flying from the wheels. New York—busy, bustling, noisy, unfriendly, New York. The air was damp and penetrating, sending cold chills up and down Anne's back. She quickened her pace to a run. Her heart beat fast. She felt queer—that odd sensation that always preceded one of her attacks. Was she going to have one now? The doctor had warned her. She prayed to God that she was not. There had always been someone near before, mother, sister, someone—but now! She became dizzy, her breath came in short gasps—blackness.

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Light! Dazzling, shining, blinding light! Waves of it! Overwhelming her, engulfing her! How bright everything was—startling

in its clearness. Was this Heaven? She had always pictured it this way. Where was she? Who was she? That man over there talking in muffled tones to that pretty girl? Who were these white-clad people? They were coming over to speak to her. What were they saying? Words—words! They were kind to her—helping her—now wheeling her down quiet, cool corridors. Where were they taking her? Another room—larger than the other—with people in it.

Suddenly, she remembered! How clear it all seemed now! It was on her way to work. How long ago was that? It seemed ages! Had she been here long? Her job—what would Mr. Curran say? Would he discharge her? Her parents—were they looking for her? She became frightened at her new surroundings, and felt alone and forsaken. The pretty nurse who had wheeled her in here had gone. Would she come back soon?

Anne looked around her. In a chair in the corner she saw an old woman—at least she appeared old. Her hair was turning gray, and she stooped forward in her chair as if from exhaustion. She was mumbling queer things—something about religion. Anne looked for a person to whom this conversation was directed, but saw no one. Over by the window, however, was a young girl. She was weeping. Anne forgot herself for a moment and wondered at this girl. Neither she nor the old woman was aware of Anne's presence. This surprised her. She slipped the covers off and slid from the high bed to the cool floor. She felt shaky and uncertain on her feet. She walked over to the gray-haired figure and touched her gently on the shoulder. She might have been touching a wall of stone—it created no impression. Anne was confused.

She then went over to the window and stood near the girl. She cleared her throat, hoping to attract her attention. Finally, she did turn and face Anne. She was pretty—a pale blond beauty with clear blue eyes. Queer, sad eyes, Anne thought. She stopped her weeping for the moment, and looked at Anne—looked right

through and past her—then turned and gazed out the window and resumed her crying.

Anne was bewildered. She felt peculiar and afraid. Who were these people? They acted as if they were mentally deranged! Anne lingered over these words, and then the realization of what had happened to her became clear. She saw it all now. She had had one of her fits in the street—an ambulance, probably, had picked her up and had brought her to the hospital. Her mother had told her that she acted queerly when she came out of them—these fits—and that sometimes she slept for hours. That was it! The doctors thought that she, too, was mentally deranged, and they had put her in a ward with others such as she was supposed to be. She thought it was called the psychopathic ward, but she was not sure.

The realization of the horror of her position was brought to her again by the crying of the girl. Her weeping had turned into great sobs that shook her whole frame. The mumbling of the old woman continued. She droned on and on—never any louder, never any softer. The monotonous regularity of it began to get on Anne's nerves. The nurse—if she would only come back. She would tell her that she was not ill, and they would let her go.

But the nurse did not come. Minutes passed. Oh, God! Would that mumbling and that sobbing go on forever? She thought she was going crazy—she *would* if she had to stay here much longer! What could she do? She, Anne Ethon, to whom life was a steady routine—to whom nothing ever happened—was here in a hospital ward, and supposed by the physicians to be suffering from a mental disease. What had she done after she had come out of the fit? She could remember nothing but a dense blackness, and then heavenly light. But what had happened in the interim?

Presently the door opened and the pretty nurse entered. She went over to Anne and spoke to her. She thought she had a kind voice. Would she understand and try to help her?

Anne implored her to take her out of there. She told her she was all right—she had just had one of her fits, but she was over it now. Would they let her go home?

The nurse smiled and replied, "I am afraid not today. You have been very ill, but you will be all right soon. Just try and rest."

"But I tell you I am well. Why have they put me in here? I am not crazy!"

The peaceful, sympathetic, pitying look on the nurse's face drove Anne nearly frantic. Would they all be like this—unbelieving, pitying? How could she prove she was normal mentally? She began to cry hysterically.

The nurse left the room quietly, and returned almost immediately with a doctor. He looked at Anne, nodded to the nurse, and she disappeared, this time returning with some medicine.

Anne was rebellious. She cried and screamed. She was not going to take any of their old medicine! She was not ill! Why would they not let her alone!

"Not an unusual reaction," said the doctor calmly.

The nurse replied by a nod of her head.

All Anne's efforts to convince them of her sanity were in vain, and she was forced to submit to their orders.

She was given medicine, and the nurse, after taking Anne's pulse, left her alone.

The medicine had a soothing effect upon her. Strange—she did not mind the girl's weeping any longer—the old woman's mumbling. She felt oddly at peace. The atmosphere was permeated with a sense of tranquility. She longed for sleep.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ethon was exhausted. For two hours she had pleaded with the hospital officials and doctors. Anne was sane. Did not she, her mother, know it? Anne had had epileptic fits all her life. It was no new thing in the Ethon family either. Anne's grandfather had had them. It had followed the usual rule—it skipped a generation and placed its blight upon Anne—poor, wretched, innocent Anne. Could these people be so cruel, so heartless!

They wanted to keep Anne, her Anne! No, they could not, could not! She implored them to give the girl tests to prove her sanity.

At last, the strain and nervous tension Mrs. Ethon had been under began to tell on her. She thought she would go mad herself if she had to explain any more.

The physicians finally agreed to give Anne the test which was to gain for her her freedom, or place her under state supervision. The financial status of the Ethon family had proved sufficient enough to allow her removal on that point. It was true that their income was meager, but large enough, with scrimping and saving, to meet the hospital demands.

Anne's fate hung in the balance—the test. Mrs. Ethon was positive of Anne's sanity, but how would she react under these conditions?

It seemed hours in that cold, bare office. It was dusk out, and the lamp at the far end of the room cast grotesque shadows about, making everything take on a semblance of mysteriousness and unfriendliness. The clock ticked out the minutes with relentless regularity. Minutes! how many more minutes before she would know the verdict? She felt like a condemned convict who is living his last fifteen minutes—thinking over his wrongdoings. And in those minutes she hated herself—hated herself for ever having a child to suffer both physically and mentally. What right had she to do such a thing? She had known that epilepsy was hereditary, and yet she had put this curse upon an innocent child. Not intentionally, of course, but she had known that a child of hers might be afflicted. Oh! What could she do to right this wrong? It was too late now. She prayed to God to forgive her—prayed as she had never prayed before—prayed fervently for her daughter's release from this place.

The door of the office opened, and Anne entered accompanied by a nurse and two doctors. The effects of the medicine had not entirely worn off. Her eyes held a far-away look in them, and she walked unsteadily across the room.

The sight of Anne answered Mrs. Ethon's questions. She knew then that the test had been successful. God had answered her prayers. He had freed Anne!

* * * * *

Home! Home to what? To the steady dull monotony of living. Tomorrow held no promise of anything but work. Oh yes, she could work. That was the only thing the world offered her. But health, love, happiness—these essentials she was denied!

Resentment! A feeling of hate for everyone consumed her. Why did she have to be afflicted with an incurable malady that would wreck, had wrecked, her whole life? Death—the ultimate of all worries, all troubles, all sins—even death was refused her. No, she could not even die! She was too weak—she did not possess the strength and courage to kill herself. What a useless, beaten, broken piece of human existence she was! At that moment she hated herself! She must sit idly by, watching her hopes, her ambitions and dreams, go asunder; she must even disregard love. Her affliction had destroyed her whole being, had eaten into her very soul.

She looked back over the day—her struggle with the doctors. She had pleaded with them to free her. Free her? Well, what was to become of her now? There was nothing to look forward to through the long sequence of years but days—days with the horror of this day overshadowing them!

What was to become of her? There was Jimmy. He loved her, understood, and still wanted her. No, it was all wrong, everything was wrong. She could not marry him and bring children into the world to suffer as she was suffering. And what was love and marriage without children?—nothing. That was it! Her whole world was nothing. She had struggled for a place in it, but had been pushed back, crushed, an insignificant object. But maybe sometime, she hoped soon, God would welcome her, and she would gain recognition in his sight, and rise above these depressing conditions which had been imposed upon her.

She closed her eyes—it had been a hard day.

Mildred Fischer, 31.

CUPID

Yesterday
I wanted so much
To be happy
Yet I knew not how—
Was it that life
Was so great and
I so small;
And my bit of Happiness
Was hidden too hard to find?
I found a clew
To its hiding place
Today
When Cupid came to me and
Whispered—
I have a golden arrow
That fits within your heart.
Edith Fulton, '30.

LAUGHING

The saddest person in the world is one who has lost his capacity for laughter. It is a fortunate thing that there are very few people who are afflicted with this disease.

There are several good reasons why we should indulge in a good, hearty laugh often. Doctors advise against arguments at meals, and prescribe a pleasant conversation as an appetizer. A sour face has a lot to do with digestion—or rather indigestion. A good laugh helps Mother Nature in digesting our meals. Another reason why people should laugh is that it may hurt some friend's feelings if their humorous remarks are not properly appreciated. A person who does not laugh is often left alone. No one enjoys talking to a morbid fellow creature.

An American essayist declares that America's worst fault is her sense of humor. He states that Americans laugh at anything—funny or otherwise. He gives as an example the old man who slips on the proverbial banana peel, making a very grotesque and rather absurd figure. The writer points out that every bystander and passerby turns and

laughs—or, if they are a little less rude, they suddenly develop a coughing spell and are forced to blow their noses. But the essayist forgot to mention that, unless the victim is injured, he nearly always recovers himself and smiles—rather sheepishly—but, nevertheless, he smiles. Every one knows that he appears funny when he slips on a piece of ice or a banana peel and rather expects to look around and find sympathetic people—smiling.

Through the ages poets, authors, playwrights, composers, and scenario writers, have stressed the value of a smile. A smile is worth a million tears. Heroes have been able to fight battles and win just because the heroine has left him with a smile. Time passes on golden wings when there is laughter floating through the air—but it drags as if chained when there is gloom present.

A clear joyous laugh is infectious. Upon hearing some one laugh, unhappy hearts and weary souls have brightened.

Laughing, like so many other things in life, can, of course, be overdone. An unkind laugh cuts deeply into the heart of everyone. A cynical smile might better have been left unsmiled. It is better not to laugh than to laugh at, rather than with, anyone.

A smile will go a long way in our world, and it is, therefore, advisable to smile as often as possible. Better to have laugh-lines than lines of grouchiness. Laugh and the whole world will respond—and heartily.

Mary Morgan, '31.

TREES

Trees to me are like people—tall, staunch and grand but they are far more friendly and companionlike than the average person. They will listen to the tales of all our trials, tribulations and sorrows with sympathy and then they will soothe our ruffled thoughts with the quiet rustlings of their fine foliage—foliage as beautiful as the jewels which adorn the royal diadem of any earthly king. The mightiest oak and the oldest maple each conceal within themselves many romantic and pathetic stories

of how the beau of the village courted the belle of the countryside. Some of the trees in the country still bear the trail-markers of our good friend the Indian, who today appears but as a figure veiled in oblivion. Have you ever noticed the birches and willows which stand on the banks of our picturesque New England streams? They are figures of grace, are they not? They remind me of spirits posed as if waiting for the woodland music to begin so that they too could enter the jolly dance of nature. Where and how would we live if it weren't for the trees? Did you ever stop to consider all of the things which are made from wood? The trees are not, however, only our friends but also they are the guardians and homes of some of our sweet feathered folk as the orioles, the quarrelsome jays and our good and jolly friend, Mr. Robin Redbreast and his family. Mr. Squirrel, also, has his finest entertainment when he is hopping from branch to branch and tree to tree. If we were to cut down all of our trees these wild visitors would all soon leave us and then the summer mornings would no longer be melodious with their songs and chatterings and the snowy winter days would not be cheered by the presence of a few of our feathered friends who spend all the snowy, wintry days here in the north with us. Do you happen to recall the old song that Mother sang to you when you were a little tot? It goes something like this: "Come little leaves," said the wind one day, "Come o'er the meadows with me and play. Put on your dresses of red and gold for summer has gone and the days grow cold." Wouldn't the autumnal days be dreary if we didn't see all the bright leaves dancing about in the brisk little breezes? Autumn to me wouldn't be autumn without the trees with their rosy and amber tinted leaves. Wouldn't it seem funny to see the harvest moon's light beaming down on barren cliffs and fields? Trees are what add to the romantic lure of the harvest moon. Don't you think so? Therefore, I suggest that we all take care of our trees and then we shall never be destitute of true companions.

Helene Jones, '31.



IN BRIGHT RED INK

Writing an essay could be a perfectly enjoyable experience if only one had an idea; but ideas are never included with the assignment. You remember having heard tho', that if you wait, an idea will surely come. You go to your room and take paper and pencil, so as to be prepared when the idea does come. You sit quietly for perhaps an hour, then you grow restless and pace the floor. Everything having failed, you jump on your bed, still retaining paper and pencil, you continue to wait. Your room-mate finds you there at five o'clock,—sleeping. The next day your friends offer endless suggestions, and you try to follow them all out. You'd give anything just for one little idea. This time when your room-mate comes, she finds you wearing your glasses and chewing gum (great signs of nervousness and worry); the room is literally covered with papers, and you're in a bad temper. This unnatural procedure keeps up for a week. Your room-mate is on the verge of leaving you—"a little crazy"—she terms you. You are about ready to jump out of the window. With only one hour left before class, you get an idea. Of all the times for an idea to come! You write it out the best you can and hand it in. When your paper is returned, you find in bright red ink—"Too hastily written."

Yvonne Bergeron, '32

AN INCIDENT

I have never thought much of village constables. Somehow they have always seemed to me incapable of fulfilling their duty—not that I have anything against them. It is only that they seem more natural holding up the

street corners. Of course I don't mean they are lazy. There is the policeman at the intersection of Woodland Road and Grove street, hypnotizing approaching autos, so that the school children might pass safely (not necessarily Lasell students). But my story concerns two policemen, who were truly heroic—in their way.

It was on a cold, windy night. I was approaching the corner on which the local bank is situated. Two constables were talking excitedly, each pointing in a different direction.

Said one, "I'm sure she went this way. Come on, let's lose no time now. Get going!"

And the other, in a deep Irish brogue, "I say there-r-r-r, Michael, sure-r-r, and 'twas this way. I seen her-r go, not a minute since."

I stopped. Ha, ha, mystery, huh. My theory concerning police protection was about to fall. These men were going to act—to actually do something.

"Say, Pat, Mrs. H—— is throwing a fit back home. Damn it all, man, let's do one or t'other. I can not fer the love o'me imagine the little thing out alone in a cauld night like this one. We'll—oh, oh—there she is—Come, quick!"

I couldn't see anything, but apparently he was used to street lights. He ran down the street, Pat at his heels, and I, my curiosity thoroughly aroused by this time, not far behind. Perhaps Mr. H——'s baby girl was lost, I thought, as I hastened along. Why didn't those men hurry? The child might dash in front of a car—I began to pray. The constables were now in a dark alley. I followed. I could almost hear the wailing of a frightened child from out the darkness. What was that? Heavens! A small, weird little cry, eerie in the stillness of that moonless night. From behind the dim outline of an ash can I heard another sound. One of the constables dashed over. Presently he emerged, a broad triumphant grin on his face, "I've found her," he said.

In his arms he was carrying a tiny Angora kitten, meowing pitifully. My faith in a policeman's incapability was shattered.

Blanche Ainsworth, '32.

WELCOME

Already, we are turning the wheel of another eventful year at Lasell. We old girls are proud to have such a fine class of new girls join us here to make this Lasell's finest year.

To start the year right, the co-operation of each student to maintain last year's good reputation of Chapel order, would be greatly appreciated by the Student Council members. You, the student body, have chosen us as your representatives. We, with your faithful co-operation and interest, are more than willing to do that which is in our power, to help you. We want to hear about your new ideas. Let us get your point of view on any matter. We shall try to materialize it when it is worthy of note.

At all times, we mean to do our part in working for you; but—remember—you must come half way to meet us by taking the right steps. We cannot right your wrongs without your loyal support.

Again we heartily welcome the new girls here for a happy and prosperous school year.

Ruth Tilley, '31.

DEAR NEW GIRLS:

In behalf of the class of '31, I heartily welcome you. My fondest wish is that this year will be one long remembered by you for splendid achievement and enduring friendships.

The school traditions, which have been perpetuated throughout the years by every class, mean something fine and worthy of sincere support, to us who have been here before. I know you will accept them and pass them on to your successors with the spirit of other years.

Play the game! Enter into it with your whole spirit, and you will have the satisfaction of true attainment.

"We're here so short a time before
We go to unknown ends,
We may not meet in other worlds,
Let's hurry and be friends."

Cordially yours,

Marjorie DuBois, '31.



Bragdon's Lament

Oh! Heavens above! Those practice rooms,
They'll drive the Bragdonites to their doom.
In the room above, a violin wails,
From across the hall come piano scales,
Above the organ's deeper boom
Come various cries from the practice room.
A deep voice here, a high one there,
The combination I cannot bear.
For sound-proof rooms, I'd give my all
To shut out the sounds of that dreadful brawl.

Dorothy Herring, '32.

Ten cute Lasell girls
Sittin' in a line,
Along came a Yale boy
Now there are nine.

When golden chrysanthemums appear,
I know the football season's here.
Lasell girls in racoon furs
Will soon be taking week-end pers.

"X" marks the spot
Where they made him lame,
He asked four girls
To the Michigan game.

Vesta Black, '32.



EDITORIALS

FRIENDSHIP

Now that school has started once more, there will be more and wonderful friendships made. How many this school has seen, and how many girls have wept at parting under its roofs.

Yet why do girls feel foolish when alluding to an adored friend? We hear, "Oh yea, she's a swell kid, I saw quite a bit of her, yea, I liked her." When what we really mean is that we loved her, and she was our best friend. Why should we be afraid to speak of something that we should be proud of?

I wonder if it's simply being modern to pretend callousness, or are we really ashamed to show our emotions? Can you imagine a school girl of the gay nineties saying, such things as "swell egg"? Hardly, so why should we? Yet I know that everyone recognizes real friendship as a wonderful thing. Surely there is no better place to form them than at a school. For it is there that loyalty is put to the hardest test, and there are always a few that do not pass; these are the ones we do not want for friends. Harsh as it may seem, everyone should pick her friends herself. Don't allow any one to be thrust at you for they can be so easily hurt later if you find that they do not live up to all you desire.

Loyalty is tested to the highest degree where we are living constantly with one person. Eating, sleeping, working, and playing—never a moment out of sight. There are so many little jealousies to be overcome, doubts to dispel and petty quarrels to be healed. But if girls can survive all that and still respect each other, there must be at least the basis of a friendship there.

Friendship doesn't necessarily mean the absolute telling of all things. There are things that people never tell anyone. Surely the withholding of a few confidences is not going to mar a friendship.

You may ask what a friend is for if not for confidences. I ask where a friendship would end if used only for that. Friends are meant for pleasure surely, for does not one enjoy everything more if it is being shared with a good pal?

Isn't one always looking for someone to do something with? What fun would we get out of doing things by ourselves? Riding, golf, and tennis; reading a book or seeing a play. After all we cannot live alone, so we might as well cultivate our neighbours.

We hate to be left out of things, too. Have you ever sat in a hall or reception room while waiting for your friends, and watched a group of people laughing and talking over some little thing? Don't you feel like a wall-flower, but wouldn't you feel a lot worse if you knew you had no friends to join you?

Have you ever heard a certain girl mentioned and wondered why she was always alone? A girl is so very often judged by the number of friends and acquaintances she has. The more she knows the more she is going to know. People naturally gravitate towards a girl with a lot of people around her.

It's hard to choose friends and know how to treat them, for different ones have to be treated differently, but anyone that is nice to everyone is bound to have friends in abundance, discounting, of course, her special friends. Even after one has chosen her especial friends, she still wants more.

And although the girls are separated they are never forgotten, even the mere acquaintances; and there is nothing more thrilling than meeting up with an old school friend whom we haven't seen in so many years.

So remember that these friends are going to mean a lot more than they seem to now, or than we will admit. Think a little of the merits of each and be glad she is a friend.

WOMEN IN ATHLETICS

Sports and athletics have only recently played an important part in the life of women. It is very surprising and gratifying to consider the great strides that out-of-door activities for women have taken in the last twenty-five or thirty years.

In the civilization of Sparta, health was of prime importance; in fact, it was almost a religion. From their earliest infancy, boys and girls alike, were required to take strenuous exercise and to inure their bodies to cold and physical discomfort. Those who through some inherent weakness, were unfit, dropped by the way. The Spartans were very brave and strong willed. Their spirit is shown by the Spartan mother, who, sending her son to battle, told him to come back "either with his shield or upon it."

Then with the downfall of Roman civilization, exercise and physical labor of all kinds fell into disrepute. All but the very lowest classes had their slaves and servants, and spent their time over-eating and taking hot, perfumed baths. Some of their meals are said to have lasted upwards of eight hours; the guests taking emetics at intervals to make room

for more food. This practice could not help but produce general laziness and indolence.

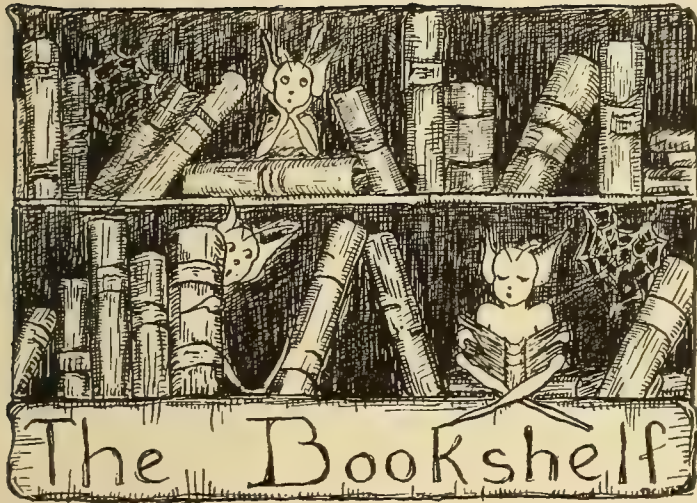
Then, as the centuries rolled on, war became the chief out-door sport, and as women were unable to participate, they had to content themselves with weaving, embroidering, and an occasional chase, riding side-saddle, steel corseted, ruffled, and encumbered by heavy skirts. Knights went forth in search of adventure with tokens of their ladies who stayed at home and awaited their return.

With the eighteenth century, came the period of greatest affectation. Women were considered weakly creatures, and swooning and vapours were a mark of the sex. Their waist-lines were so restricted that breathing was difficult, and therefore exertion of any kind was entirely out of the question. A healthy, vigorous woman was considered just a little vulgar, by those who continually made a practice of "enjoying poor health."

It was not until the opening of the nineteenth century, when lawn tennis and bicycling began to become popular, that women again became athletically inclined. When the first brave-hearted souls appeared in their voluminous bloomers on the public highway, little did they suspect what would follow. Women also enjoyed tennis, but it was difficult to keep the skirt well over the ankles.

As a natural result of these activities, heavy clothing began to disappear, muscles became less restricted, and more and more strenuous exercise was taken. At the present time, the tendency is to return to the old Spartan ideals. Health is again becoming of great importance. Correct diet, stimulating exercise, and good posture are once more the order of the day.





ANDREW JACKSON

Gerald W. Johnson

In this biography the author aims to show that Andrew Jackson lived during a difficult period in history. Contrary to the over-critical views of the majority of other biographers, Johnson stresses the fact, that "history could never have selected a man better able to bear the burden than Jackson." Upon finishing the book, however, one wonders if there could have been a man with as many perfect qualities. The writer goes so far as to make Jackson's hasty temper appear as an admirable trait. This is brought about so subtly that one less credulous than the average reader would accept this characteristic as being to the man's advantage.

A fascinating account of the character of Jackson is given. He is portrayed as a great duellist, a soldier, and lover; a man fiery, quixotic, honest, and loyal. He was a hero of the people, not of the intelligentsia. These traits are consistently shown from his childhood until his death. He distinguished himself in battles with the Indians, Spaniards, and the British. The author also stresses the fact that although Mrs. Jackson came from a lower class than the women with whom she came in contact during the period in which her husband was in the public eye, his esteem of her remained unchanged. Jackson performed his political duties carefully. Though he is blamed for the Spoils System, the party machine, and ruffianly politics, the fact that he did not invent

these nor first introduce them into politics is ignored.

The author kept closely to his aim of gaining the reader's sympathy for Jackson to the extent of presenting his character almost without human fallibilities. Unlike many biographies this book is both readable and interesting, leaving one with a definite impression of having had intimate glimpses into the life of a great man, and surprisingly enough, finding him a human being rather than an effigy, stuffed by historians.

Elizabeth Bear, '31.



Under wants to say hello to all the new girls, and welcome back all the old girls in anticipation of a glorious year for everyone.

This is our first publication, and is not apt to come up to standard—but we want you to like it anyway. If anyone has any suggestions or criticisms to make, we would like to hear them—Anything to make this our best year. We also want contributions from anyone and everyone in school, whether on the staff or not. The LEAVES is democratic and cosmopolitan.

We want to call attention to the stories written by Mildred Fischer and Dorothy Dunham. Fortunately these girls are still with us and we want to hear from them again. Both girls have chosen original and interesting themes, and carried them out well. The character studies are unquestionably good.

Dorothy has worked out the old theme, that money and fame do not necessarily bring happiness, in a unique way. Mildred's story has some good moments of suspense.

Helene Jones has given us a fine article on *Trees*, which I think could help us all. And

Mary Morgan's article on *Laughing* is another one to make us think.

Virginia Riley has given us a thoughtful little poem, which promptly catches our eyes.

On the whole, we are proud of our first publication, and the others will get better and better as the year goes on.



A new school year—and athletics! With each successive year, we look forward to a greater enthusiasm on the part of the students for athletics and all they mean.

Already seventy-five students have turned out for hockey practice on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Any others who feel that they would like to come will receive a hearty welcome from the Physical Education Department, as well as from members of the teams.

The Blue and White system, which was initiated into the school last year, becomes with each season a more complete part of Lasell's athletics. In trying to win a 100% membership, the Athletic Association presents an added attraction. New membership buttons are in the making! They are to be larger than last year's. In the center will be a figure with upstretched arms, in silhouette,—blue on a white background for the Blues, and vice versa for the Whites.

Now let's make it the best year yet. If there is *no way* in which you can go out for sports yourself, a big rousing cheer will be appreciated at all the games. So come out and help us all you can. We *need* your support, girls!

Aline Paull, '31.

LOCALS

September 19: Registration:

The walls of Lasell buildings fairly trembled for joy at the arrival of the old and new girls.

September 20: Dance:

To the strains of a real orchestra, the Seniors and Junior began the ordeal (?) of getting acquainted with each other—and the very latest dance steps.

September 21: Vespers:

Rev. John S. Franklin of the Baptist Church in West Newton was our first Sunday evening speaker. If "all's well that begins well," we shall be extremely fortunate this year.

September 27: Stunt Night:

The students of Gardner and Carpenter endeavored to entertain the Juniors in a rather informal manner. From the sound of things there, and thereafter, we conclude that the Seniors were successful. The stunts were given in the Chapel, after which there was dancing and refreshments.

September 28: Vespers:

Our ever-popular speaker, Rev. Boynton Merrill of the Second Congregational Church in West Newton, conducted the service. His topic, "Take the Wings of the Morning," was both interesting and inspiring to all present.

September 30:

The Lexington-Concord Trip was once more successfully conducted by our human history book, Mr. Ordway. The trip was not only an educational one, but also a very enjoyable way of digesting history—and apples.

October 3: Senior Elections:

Just in case you had retired before the Seniors "broke loose" on that famous Friday night, here is the secret of their serenade:

With a Se, with a Se
With a S-E-N
With an I, with an I
With an I-O-R
S-E-N-I-O-R-S
Seniors, Seniors, Seniors.

President: Marjorie DuBois
 Vice President: Ruth Rohe
 Secretary: Karin Eliason
 Treasurer: Dotha Warner
 Cheer Leader: Marjorie Middleton
 Song Leader: Dorothy Brown

October 4: Old Girl—New Girl Dance:

Another opportunity for the old and new members of our Lasell family to become better acquainted—also, about the last chance to wear the summer gowns. We had an orchestra and refreshments. Incidentally, we had one jolly time.

October 5: Vespers:

Rev. Douglas Horton of the Leyden Congregational Church in Brookline emphasized one point in his short message—"Don't be a looker on. How different history would be, had all the spectators moved, or acted!" We hope Rev. Horton will favor us with another visit very soon, and we'd appreciate it if he should remember the "jiggers" on the ice cream cones.

October 8: Chapel:

Miss Mary Barton, who was graduated from Lasell in '29, played for us, two groups of piano selections. Her short recital was certainly a great encouragement, especially to those taking that particular course.

October 12: Vespers:

Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt of Harvard Church in Brookline impressed upon us that his greatest antipathy was a beggar—of any kind. We have decided to be so independent that we won't even have to pull the curtains when we next indulge in a quiet game of solitaire.

SCHOOL ROSTER

Miriam Osborne Abbe, Hartford, Conn.
 Viola Lillian Adaskin, Springfield, Mass.
 Helen Beatrice Anderson, Wollaston, Mass.
 Betty Andrews, North Haven, Conn.
 Eunice Andrews, North Haven, Conn.
 Mary G. Armstrong, East Hamilton, Ontario
 Ethel Vivian Baker, Arlington, Mass.
 Ruth Bain, Evansville, Indiana
 Doris Serena Baldwin, Kensington, Conn.
 Leslie Barker, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Elizabeth Leanna Bear, Evanston, Ill.
 Helen Frances Beckford, East Providence, R. I.
 Ansonette Jordan Beckwith, Boston 19, Mass.

Ruth Louise Bee, Chicago, Ill.
 Edna Louise Belden, Espanola, Ontario
 Mildred Elizabeth Bell, Brookline, Mass.
 Yvonne Bergeron, Manchester, N. H.
 Alice Carpenter Berriman, Duxbury, Mass.
 Drucille Bevin, East Hampton, Conn.
 Vesta Louise Black, Deep River, Conn.
 Lucienne Blanchard, Madison, Maine
 Jean Bogardus, Longmeadow, Mass.
 Eleanor Ada Bradley, Holyoke, Mass.
 Barbara Louise Briggs, Ashaway, R. I.
 Zelma Eleanor Briggs, Haverhill, Mass.
 Dorothy Grace Brown, Lexington, Mass.
 Ethel May Buchanan, Scarsdale, N. Y.
 Charlotte Rose Cahners, Bangor, Maine
 Dorothy Candage, Brighton, Mass.
 Agatha Sexton Canfield, Canaan, Conn.
 Lilian Esther Carl, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Dorothy Carmer, Fairport, N. Y.
 Julia Chaffee Case, Hartford, Conn.
 Florence Helen Champane, Dorchester, Mass.
 Roxanne Josseyln Christopher, Auburndale, Mass.
 Elizabeth Keir Clark, Maplewood, N. J.
 Lorraine Clark, Millis, Mass.
 Virginia Atwood Cleasby, Orleans, Vt.
 Catherine Clynes, Maplewood, N. J.
 Velma Fulton Coates, North Andover, Mass.
 Ada Marion Cole, New Bedford, Mass.
 Constance Irwin Cole, Lexington, Mass.
 Cyrille Julia Cole, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Harriet Christine Cole, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Kathleen Comstock, Richmond, Indiana
 Betty Condit, Beardstown, Illinois
 Frances Mary Connolly, Dorchester, Mass.
 Barbara Cowdrey, Needham, Mass.
 Edith Virginia Crahan, Hyde Park, Mass.
 Marion Elizabeth Crosby, Brighton, Mass.
 Jessie Jane Cross, Fitchburg, Mass.
 Ruth Crowell, Watertown, Mass.
 Ruth Esther Cruickshank, Norwich, Conn.
 Eleanor Dorothy Dale, Arlington, Mass.
 Elizabeth Stevenson Daun, Cohasset, Mass.
 Anne Watson Davidson, Auburndale, Mass.
 Betty Taylor Dean, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Eldora Captola DeHaven, Sanford, Maine
 Ruth Angela Demary, Quincy, Mass.
 Pauline Demond, Greenfield, Mass.
 Rachel Howard DeWolf, Warren, R. I.
 Delight Anna Dole, Salt Lake City, Utah
 Blanche Holcomb Dougherty, White Plains, N. Y.
 Elizabeth Dove, Wellesley, Mass.
 Virginia Dove, Wellesley, Mass.
 Esther Morton Drake, Stoughton, Mass.
 Marjorie Ethel DuBois, Concord, N. H.
 Dorothy Louise Dunham, East Hartford, Conn.
 Gertrude T. Dupuis, Manchester, N. H.
 Elinor Martha Ebbels, Summit, N. J.
 Barbara Edmands, Auburndale, Mass.

- Regena Marguerite Edwards, Chatham, Mass.
 Karin Ingeborg Eliason, Ellsworth, Maine
 Emilie Farnsworth, Ashland, Mass.
 Milly Alice Farries, Scarsdale, N. Y.
 Shirley Patricia Fay, Watertown, Mass.
 Mildred Elizabeth Fischer, Tuckahoe, N. Y.
 Helen Louise Fitch, East Sebago, Maine
 Sarah Bozeman Fletchall, Northampton, Mass.
 Beulah Caroline Fletcher, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
 Emma Marian Florence, South Charleston, Ohio
 Elizabeth Woodbridge Follett, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Elizabeth Miriam Foster, Lowell, Mass.
 Joanna Foster, Wakefield, Mass.
 Nancy Crary Fowler, Newton Highlands, Mass.
 Marion Leonora Freeman, Evanston, Illinois
 Thirza A. Fretchner, Verona, N. J.
 Alma Elizabeth Gale, Binghamton, N. Y.
 Ruth Lola Galusha, Caldwell, N. J.
 Elizabeth Gay, Lawrence, Mass.
 Ruth Walcott Gerry, Melrose Highlands, Mass.
 Ella Estelle Geyer, South Berwick, Maine
 Clara Marie Giarla, Winthrop, Mass.
 Irene Ginzberg, Brookline, Mass.
 Esther Gilbert, Norwich, Conn.
 Dorothy Lucille Glasser, Marion, Indiana
 Dorothy Marion Glasser, Woodbury, Conn.
 Winifred Francis Glenn, Rockville Centre, N. Y.
 Polly Godfrey, Auburndale, Mass.
 Helen Katherine Gorham, Houlton, Maine
 Dorothy Ardell Gosse, Somerville, Mass.
 Barbara Gould, Wakefield, Mass.
 Priscilla Gould, Hyde Park, Mass.
 Vivian Phyllis Gould, Lawrence, Mass.
 Florence Esther Graham, Niles, Ohio
 Mary E. Granahan, Quincy, Mass.
 Jane Grant, Buckland, Conn.
 Alice Roma Greaney, Holyoke, Mass.
 Phoebe Gretschi, West Roxbury, Mass.
 Carol Barbara Griffin, Hartford, Conn.
 Wilma Alden Griffin, Onset, Mass.
 Eva Reed Grossman, Honolulu, T. H.
 Mildred Josie Guyette, Hilton, N. Y.
 Mary Elizabeth Hacker, Fort Fairfield, Me.
 Dorothy Davis Hall, Lawrence, Mass.
 Alice Bell Hamlin, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Charlotte Nina Hanson, Worcester, Mass.
 Catharyn Tenney Hare, Waltham, Mass.
 Katharine Hartman, Mansfield, Ohio
 Eileen Agnes Hedstrom, Gardner, Mass.
 Ruth Violet Hehner, Bogota, N. J.
 Aida Beryl Hendricks, Portland, Oregon
 Dorothy Cochlin Herring, Mansfield, Ohio
 Alice Hill, Framingham, Mass.
 Virginia Irene Hinshaw, Kansas City, Mo.
 Margery Holden, West Roxbury, Mass.
 Emily Frances Holman, Springfield, Mass.
 Gertrude Loveland Hooper, Portland, Maine
 Helen Edmunds Hooper, Lockport, N. Y.
 Gertrude Horner, White Plains, N. Y.
 Louise Ann Houlihan, Berlin, N. H.
 Mary Howell, Evanston, Illinois
 Margaret Veronica Hrubec, Perth Amboy, N. J.
 Barbara Ellen Hunt, South Glastonbury, Conn.
 Mary Gilbert Hunter, East Corinth, Vt.
 Jane Elizabeth Hupman, Toledo, Ohio
 Eleanor Idler, Wilmette, Illinois
 Marion Leonora Inglis, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Enid Freeman Jackson, East Orange, N. J.
 Marion Estelle Jarbeau, Brookline, Mass.
 Catherine Johns, Brockton, Mass.
 Phyllis Eleanor Johnson, Belmont, Mass.
 Olga Maria Johnson, New Bedford, Mass.
 Helene Lenwood Jones, Watertown, Mass.
 Frances Kearby, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Elizabeth Pendred Keller, Trucksville, Pa.
 Norma Elizabeth Keller, Oneida, N. Y.
 Hazel Helen Kelly, West Brighton, N. Y.
 Janet Davis Kennedy, Portland, Maine
 Ruth Ella Kinsley, Orleans, Vermont
 Marjorie Elizabeth Knapp, Stratford, Conn.
 Ruth Kniep, Wilmette, Illinois
 Frances S. Knight, Derby, Maine
 Julia Blanche Krider, Canton, Ohio
 Jeanette Squire Latter, Providence, R. I.
 Katherine H. Layton, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Elizabeth Leach, Brockton, Mass.
 Marion Bauchle Lewis, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Ruth Libby, Plymouth, Mass.
 Anna Frances Litchfield, West Medford, Mass.
 Inez Chapman Locke, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
 Lorraine Hanson Lombard, Old Orchard, Maine
 Frances Louise Long, East Orange, N. J.
 Frances Eugenia Loomis, Chicago, Illinois
 Edna Shapleigh Lord, Portland, Maine
 Peggy Lovell, Nutley, N. J.
 Lenna Lyon, Merion, Pa.
 Marjorie MacClymon, Sandy Hook, Conn.
 Thelma Macfarlane, Springfield, Mass.
 Alma Mae Mackinnon, Attleboro, Mass.
 Mary Emma Marble, Worcester, Mass.
 Flora Catherine Marshall, Lawrence, Mass.
 Marjorie Mayne, Council Bluffs, Iowa
 Barbara Elizabeth Merritt, Highland, N. Y.
 Agnes Booth Metcalf, Southboro, Mass.
 Marjorie Ruth Middletown, Edgewood, R. I.
 Rhoda Marion Mooney, Island Falls, Maine
 Charlotte L. Moreau, Manchester, N. H.
 Mary Alice Morgan, Meriden, Conn.
 Iola Morse, Southbridge, Mass.
 Muriel C. Morse, Auburndale, Mass.
 Nathalie Clark Mosher, Waltham, Mass.
 Mildred Gibbud Munson, New Haven, Conn.
 Janet Emma McCartney, New Haven, Conn.
 Margaret Maud McClaren, Pittsfield, Mass.
 Jean Henning McNab, Schenectady, N. Y.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, Wilmette, Illinois
 Marian Natalie Newfield, Hartford, Conn.
 Ruth Ann Nicolette, Potsdam, N. Y.
 Mary Eileen O'Connell, Corinth, N. Y.
 Dorothy Florence Osgood, Newtonville, Mass.
 Elizabeth Mary Page, Skowhegan, Maine
 Amelia Georgine Paras, Portsmouth, N. H.
 Jeannette Claire Parent, Manchester, N. H.
 Natalie Elizabeth Park, Belmont, Mass.
 Helen Keller Parker, Cambridge, Mass.
 Lydia Holt Parmelee, Providence, R. I.
 Betty Parish, Peoria, Illinois
 Edith Garland Parsons, Arlington, N. J.
 Annamelia Bateman Paxton, South Charleston, O.
 Arline Louise Paull, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Dorothy Roberts Peabody, Fort Washington, Pa.
 Barbara Lowe Pearce, Edgewood, R. I.
 Betty Amelia Pepper, White Plains, N. Y.
 Alice Lorraine Penny, Wyomissing, Pa.
 Ida Muriel Peterson, Fort Fairfield, Maine
 Martha C. Peterson, Boston, Mass.
 Ruth Dorothea Peterson, Portland, Maine
 Frances Beulah Pingree, Cliftondale, Mass.
 Jane Jenkenson Porter, Summit, N. J.
 Alice Jeanne Price, Richmond, Indiana
 Minerva Bancroft Pritchard, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Raine Renshaw, New York, N. Y.
 Virginia Allen Riley, Attleboro, Mass.
 Martha Louise Roberts, Detroit, Mich.
 Lucy Canney Robertson, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Ruth L. Rohe, Winthrop, Mass.
 Eleanor Ronimus, Brookline, Mass.
 Bertha Bulkeley Root, Winthrop, Mass.
 Camilla Isabelle Roy, West Barnet, Vt.
 Ruth Mary Rude, Hamburg, N. J.
 Louise Mary Russell, Cambridge, Mass.
 Anna Emily Savage, Bingham, Maine
 Helen Margaret Schaack, Englewood, N. J.
 Helen Martin Sears, North Attleboro, Mass.
 Mildred Sears, Middletown, Conn.
 Phyllis Frances Shankman, Trenton, N. J.
 Lillian Edlow Sheehan, West Newton, Mass.
 Phyllis I. Sherwell, Burke, N. Y.
 Ethel D. Shutzer, Brookline, Mass.
 Elinor Frances Small, Swanzey, N. H.
 Ruth Gertrude Small, Needham, Mass.
 Alta Lee Smith, Caribou, Maine
 Renee Smith, Santa Monica, Calif.
 Elisabeth Snow, Winchester, Mass.
 Jane Victoria Spear, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Carolyn Thompson Sproat, Valley Falls, N. Y.
 Eunice Monica Stack, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Barbara Louise Stanley, West Hartford, Conn.
 Elizabeth Steep, Detroit, Mich.
 Gertrude Stone, West Roxbury, Mass.
 Barbara Camp Strong, Cambridge, Mass.
 Dorothy Margaret Taggert, Park Ridge, Ill.
 Marjorie Alena Tarbell, Brookline, Mass.

Pearl Estelle Thompson, Bangor, Maine
 Ruth Mary Tilley, Holyoke, Mass.
 Marjorie Vivian Tillotson, Lenox Dale, Mass.
 Charlotte Evelyn Traylor, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Mary Augusta Tucker, Toledo, Ohio
 Frances Elizabeth Turner, Bethlehem, N. H.
 Viola Walthausen, Bronxville, N. Y.
 Gloria Althea Ward, Limestone, Maine
 Dortha Elizabeth Warner, West Hartford, Conn.
 Grace M. Wellington, Somerville, Mass.
 Shirley R. Wellington, Somerville, Mass.
 Frances Eleanor Wheeler, Antrim, N. H.
 Natalie Whitaker, Newton Highlands, Mass.
 Mary Elizabeth Whitaker, Crown Point, Ind.
 Virginia Luthara Whitman, Manchester, N. H.
 Ethelyn Morris Whitney, Swampscott, Mass.
 Blair Whittier, Brookline, Mass.
 Frances Windle Whittier, Haverhill, Mass.
 Dorothy Isabel Wickham, Middletown, N. Y..
 Shirley Williams, Auburndale, Mass.
 Ruth Stevens Winslow, Killingly, Conn.
 Constance Miriam Witham, Guilford, Maine
 Jeanette Woodruff, Wellesley, Mass.
 Mary Frances Wynkoop, Saginaw, Mich.
 Marguerite Young, Elmira, N. Y.

BUBBLES

Colors—
 Gay, flitting, soaring
 Bubbles;
 Though transparent,
 They know it not.
 Bubbles—
 Sophisticated bubbles.

Chiffons—
 Hued like rainbows.
 Bubbles—
 Clinging, daring,
 Glittering skirts—
 Bubbles—
 Sophisticated bubbles.

Feminine—
 Alluring, gay
 Bubbles;
 Dancing feet, smiling eyes, tempting lips.
 Just bubbles—
 All of them—
 Sophisticated bubbles.

Edith Fulton, '30.



There was evidently no vacationing for Cupid during the fair summer and these early autumn days. The following announcements furnish a happy report of his labor of love among our Lasell girls.

On June 7, Louise Eunice Adams became the bride of Mr. David I. Gullup, in Barnet, Vermont.

Two days later, Mr. Kenneth Dale Wells took as his bride Ruth Elizabeth Van Allen, '27-'28, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albert Grimes announce the marriage of their daughter, Alice, '20, to Mr. Charles Gilbert Griffin on Wednesday, June 11. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin's new address is 19 Thompson Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

An announcement of the marriage of Bernice Rosebud Ullman, '22, to Mr. Mack Littleton Vickrey the twelfth of June, has been received.

Millicent Caroline Horton, '26, was married to Mr. Henry James Hughes on Monday, June 16, in New York.

Three of our girls chose June 21 for their wedding date. Mildred Elizabeth Curtis, '28, was united in marriage to Mr. Seward Myrick Donaldson; Ruth Beckley, '27-'28, became the bride of Mr. Ernest Thornell Brown; and Katharine Elizabeth Farrar became Mrs. Hibbard Richter. Mr. and Mrs. Richter are now at home at 73 Marion Street, Brookline, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Isherwood announce the marriage of their daughter, Edna May, '25, to Mr. Russell Strange Hathaway, on Saturday, the 28th of June.

The marriage of Elinor Christie Barclay,

'26, to Mr. Harold Dempsey Rech1, was solemnized on July 2, in Pittsburgh.

An invitation has been received to the wedding of Marian Nichols to Mr. William Payson Viles on Saturday, August 2.

Oaklawn, Morristown, New Jersey, was the scene of the marriage of Leilya Kennedy Barkman, '22, to Mr. Alfred Scott Warthin, Jr., on the fifth of August.

Only two days later, in Cuba, Dorothy Muschett, '27, became the bride of Mr. Harry Tollemache Fickling.

The ninth of August, Edith Campbell Clendenin, '24, was married to Mr. Edward Canning M. Stahl.

Phyllis Katherine Bridger, '26, became the bride of Mr. Willard Gardiner Leathers, Saturday, August 13, in Kennebunkport.

Mrs. John William Linnehan announces the marriage of her daughter, Helen Minniebell, '21, to Mr. Franklin Grant Loud, August 23, at Braintree, Mass.

An announcement of the marriage of Mary Edna Hart, '25, to Mr. Walter Kenneth Hoyt, August 30, was made by her mother, Mrs. Joseph Edward Osborn.

The marriage ceremony of Sara Elizabeth Heyer, '30, and Mr. William Carson Kennedy, was solemnized, September 6, at Madison, N. J.

Mr. William Ezra Rublee took Evelyn Marjorie Ladd, '28, as his bride, September 11.

In Bangor, Maine, Irene Alice Murray, '27-'28, became the bride of Dr. Harry James Pettapiece, September 12, 1930.

Eleanor Viola Raymond, '30, was not at all superstitious as regards the number "thirteen" when she chose September 13 to be the day of her marriage to Mr. Frederick John Thomas.

Tuesday, the sixteenth of September, Elizabeth Parker Van Cleve, '26, was married to Mr. Otto Lumley Giersch.

Old historic Plymouth was the scene of Francis Clark's, '23, marriage to Mr. Herbert Emerson Burns, September 16. Mr. and Mrs. Burns will be at home to their friends at 21 Kemper Street, Wollaston, Mass.

An invitation was received to the wedding

of Katherine Jamison, '27, to Mr. Dean Proctor Stone, which took place in Illinois, September 20.

Florence Hayden, '02, now Mrs. William Henry Lockhart, announces the marriage of her daughter, Miriam, to Mr. Henry Hudson Jacobs, September 20, at Colorado Springs.

Ruth Helen Ordway, '21, and Hope Gregory, a former Lasell teacher, '29-'30, chose October 4, 1930, as their marriage day. The former married Mr. Richard Stillman Leach, and the latter, Miss Gregory, became the bride of Mr. Courtney Freeland Bird.

October 10, the marriage of Barbara Evelyn Tait, '27, to Mr. Joshua Loring Brooks, Jr., took place in Springfield, Mass.

Ruth Van Allen, '27-'28, is now Mrs. Kenneth D. Wells. The marriage was solemnized in her home city, Cleveland, early in the summer. The daily press contained an attractive account of the wedding. The young bride and groom are now at home in Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Wells is a graduate of Northwestern University and is, doubtless, pleased to be again at home in his college town.

A newspaper clipping has been sent to us, announcing the marriage of Cynthia June Newbold, '27, to Mr. R. Kenneth Horner of Flint, Michigan, on September 28.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Whyte have sent out invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Mildred Esta, '25, to Mr. William Neil Goddard, on October 18, in Lynn, Mass.

The very day of the Portland, Maine, Lasell reunion, Elizabeth Stephens Fuller's, '20, sister, Mrs. D. B. Andrews, carried Miss Potter by automobile from Portland to Rumford. The next day, they continued their joyous journey to the Stephens' camp on Rangeley Lakes, arriving in ample time to attend Betty's wedding. The day was perfect. The rustic camp was beautifully decorated with mosses and bright berries from the surrounding woods, and also a wealth of garden and conservatory flowers added color and charm to the hospitable living room with its huge fireplace and broad windows facing the lake.

It was just a family gathering with a few

close friends in attendance. The clear notes of a silver bugle, in the hands of a young college camper, sounded the opening strain of the Wedding March, and our Mrs. Hooker, as Matron of Honor, with wee Ann Andrews carrying her basket of roses and sweet peas, took their places under the floral arch above the broad doorway leading into the dining room. The fair bride followed, escorted by her father, Mr. John E. Stephens. They were met under the archway by Mr. Roberts Earl Fuller and Mr. William Alexander Smith, the best man, and the officiating clergyman, the Rev. C. E. Brooks, of Rumford. The service was brief, but beautiful in its simplicity.

Many gifts were tastefully displayed in the living room and testified to the loving esteem in which the bride and groom were held. Our congratulations are again extended to Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Fuller.

The engagement announcement of Miss Isabel Frances Coombs, '27, to Mr. Clyde Asa Campbell has recently been received.

Also, Carolyn Beatrice Duncan, '27, has announced her engagement to Dr. Norman Gillmor Long.

A present student at Lasell, Blair Whittier, '31, is engaged to Mr. Herbert Leighton Hill, Jr.

ST. JOHNSBURY LASELL CLUB

MINUTES OF 1930 MEETING

The fifth annual meeting of the Lasell Club of St. Johnsbury was held at the Maple Grove Tea Room, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, June 18, 1930, with Mrs. Hooker as Guest of Honor from Lasell. Preceding lunch, the Lasell grace was sung and during lunch Louise Adams, '28, led the Club in several school songs. A telegram from the President, Isabelle Jackson, '23, expressing best wishes and regrets for her absence was read by the Secretary. Vera Willis Warfield, '16, Vice-President, presided.

Following luncheon, Mrs. Hooker was presented* and told us many interesting facts about Lasell. She reminded us that this year was the fiftieth anniversary of Miss Potter's

class, but only Miss Potter and Mrs. Pierce were present. Miss Potter was much perturbed because among all the class banners decorating Lasell, her class banner only was missing. She immediately began a search. Those who knew the reason, were in much fear for a time that Miss Potter would discover it. Down in the dining room, the banner was in the place of honor, near a beautiful anniversary cake decorated with candles.

Mrs. Hooker spoke of the Endowment Fund which is now about \$82,000 and that this year's graduating class had contributed the largest amount given by any class. She informed us that the forest in Bethel, Vermont, had been partly destroyed by fire, but the loss might have been greater if the man who has charge had not been fire warden and happened to be right there. As the government makes special rates for trees to schools, they can be replaced at a smaller cost than otherwise. Our guest brought many pictures taken at Commencement time and these were passed around during the meeting with much interest to all. In the general conversation, there were many reminiscences of Lasell in the years past, of the different changes which have taken place.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report and the report of the committee nominating the officers for the next two years, were read. President, Maude T. Wakefield, '15, East St. Johnsbury; Vice-President, Helen G. Libby, '22, Gorham, N. H.; Secretary-Treasurer, Anna L. Conant, '09, St. Johnsbury. As there were no other nominations it was moved and seconded that the Secretary cast one ballot for the three officers, which was done.

The meeting was adjourned with the request of our acting president that the girls would not hurry away but take time to visit with which request they complied. In spite of rainy weather there were twenty-two present, including our guest. They were: Louise E. Adams, '26-'28; Mary E. Barton, '29; Hazel E. Baird, '26; Anna L. Conant, '09; Doris Cleasby, '27; Virginia Cleasby, '31; Eleanor Dorman, '26-

'28; Beulah C. Fletcher, '31; Katherine M. Fitch, '30; Jane Gray, '29; Clare Hightower, '30; Evelyn M. Ladd, '28; Louise A. Houlihan, '31; Ruth Wheaton, '28-'29; Vera Willis Warfield, '16; Mildred Ordway Brahana, '16; Sarah T. Crane, '22; Lucile Mitchell Paul; Ruth Pitcher; Elizabeth Y. Stahl, '28.

ANNA L. CONANT, '09,
Secretary.

PORTLAND, MAINE, LASELL CLUB

The Portland, Maine, Lasell Club held its annual reunion, August 29, at the Columbia Hotel. A business meeting preceded the luncheon. At this time, the following officers were declared reelected: President, Louise May Harmon, 1900-1901; Vice-President, Cassie Lindsay Williams, 1919-1920 (Mrs. J. P.); Vice-President, Barbara Turner Greenwood, 1927-'28 (Mrs. Railton); Secretary, Marjorie Maxfield, '27; Treasurer, Marcia Pinkham, '27.

Later the Club adjourned to the dining room where was served a delicious luncheon. The tables were tastefully decorated. Miss Potter, the Guest of Honor, was presented with a corsage of roses and sweet peas. The informal exchange of school stories enlivened the group.

After luncheon the girls listened to a delightful talk by Miss Potter. She reported gratifying progress at Lasell. Dr. Winslow has brought the curriculum up to Junior College standards. The old girls are slowly but steadily contributing to the endowment fund which has passed the \$80,000 mark. Greetings were brought from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and a lively report was given of Miss Potter's meeting with some of the western Lasell girls, during her recent visit to Minnesota.

Those present were: Lillie Potter, Louise Harmon, Caroline Lindsay Haney, Elizabeth Irish, Irma Conant Fuller, Marjorie Jagger Ferguson, Louise Stephen Prince, Marian Simpson, Mildred Knight Norwood, Cassie Lindsay Williams, Lorraine Hanson Lombard,

Marjorie Maxfield, Marcia Pinkham, Evelyn L. Moore and Doris Lane Cushman, former members of the Lasell Faculty.

Respectfully submitted.

MARJORIE MAXFIELD, '27, *Secretary*.

EASTERN MAINE LASELL CLUB

The Eastern Maine Lasell Club held its annual meeting and luncheon at the Penobscot Valley Country Club, Wednesday, September the tenth, at 1:30 o'clock. At the attractively decorated luncheon table were seated twenty-seven members and guests, including the guest of honor, Miss Frances Badger, Lasell, '24.

During the business meeting, it was voted to hold a mid-winter reunion, the time of which is to be announced later. Mrs. Haven Sawyer kindly extended an invitation to the club to hold this reunion at her home on outer Broadway. It was also voted to send greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. Mrs. William Hilton, president, called the business meeting adjourned and introduced the guest of honor, Miss Badger, head of the physical education department at Lasell.

Miss Badger spoke of Lasell's aims and brought encouraging news of the continued increase of the Endowment Fund and the possibility of Lasell being voted into the American Association of Junior Colleges, which would be a big step. Her message was very interesting and instructive and was enjoyed by everyone. She also brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, thus bringing another pleasant meeting of the club to an end.

Those present were: Miss Frances Badger, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. William Hilton, Mrs. Haven Sawyer, Miss Leslie Cutter, Miss Lydia Adams, Miss Charlotte Ryder, Miss Phyllis Dunning, Miss Constance Chalmers, Miss Charlotte Cahners, Miss Pearl Thompson, all of Bangor; Miss Karin Eliason, Ellsworth; Mrs. Crafts, Greenville Jct.; Miss Clarice Liscomb, Miss Madeline Lymburner, Bar Harbor; Mrs. J. P. Hamlin, Miss Barbara Hamlin, Milo; Mrs. Ray Collett, Brewer; Mrs. S.

Rollins, Bangor; Katherine Mason Fernald, Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen Gray Porter and guest, Sue Gallupe, Old Town; Mrs. Esther Dougherty, Old Town; Jeannette Smith, Rockland; Mrs. C. L. Bailey, Frederick, Maryland; Mrs. Julia Sheridan, Greenville; Mrs. Paul Miller, Bangor; Miss Isabel Coombs, Belfast.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club was called to order by the President, Mrs. G. F. Barby, of Hartford, at Hale House, So. Glastonbury, Saturday afternoon, October 4.

Following the business meeting and luncheon, the assembly of former students of Lasell Seminary was addressed by Miss Maudie L. Stone, President of the New York Lasell Club and a graduate of the class of 1888. In a brief address, she commended the serviceable type of education which Lasell offers to its students and in which type of education, she said Lasell had been a pioneer ever since its establishment in 1851 by Professor Edward Lasell of Williams College. Miss Stone herself has been in the teaching profession for twenty-six years.

The principal speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald, a former instructor at Lasell and now Assistant Dean of Residence at that institution. Mrs. McDonald reported that there are twenty-eight Connecticut girls enrolled at the Seminary this year and the fact that outside of Massachusetts and New York, Connecticut sends more girls to Lasell than any other state is proof of her loyalty to the institution. She stated that in spite of the stock market crash with its drastic financial results, the enrollment of the Seminary is but six less than that of last year. Lasell is more and more being recognized by colleges and higher institutions of learning and its graduates are given credit for advanced standing by practically all state universities and many of the colleges. According to the Ameri-

can Association of Junior Colleges, Lasell has been a Junior College, in fact if not in name, for seventy-nine years. In this connection, Mrs. McDonald stated that there is a possibility of changing the name of Lasell Seminary to Lasell Junior College.

Etching and metal work have been added to the Art Department. The Secretarial Department is having more demands for secretaries than it can meet. Of the students entering this fall, 60% were registered for this course. Mrs. McDonald also commended the music and home economics departments, the latter of which was the third oldest home economics department represented at the recent home economics conference held at the Hotel Statler in Boston. Two Lasell graduates, Miss Gladys Kennedy, '27 and Miss Betty E. Lyman, '29 are at present dietitians in the Hartford Hospital.

New faculty members coming to Lasell this fall include: Miss Dorothy Downing, Bouve School, Physical Training Department; Geraldine Carsley, B. S., Boston University, Secretarial Department; Alice Bradford Foote, A. M., Columbia University, Head of Home Economics; Emily S. Heap, B. S., Rhode Island State College, Home Economics Department; Blanche E. Danforth, A. M., University of New Hampshire, Head Mistress of Woodland Park (Lasell Junior Department), and Mary E. Fisher, A. B., Boston University and Simmons School of Library Science—Resident Librarian.

The following tribute to the late Ruth Talcott Britton of Talcottville, a former member of the Board of Trustees, was written by Dr. Guy M. Winslow, Principal of Lasell, who was unable to be present, and read by Mrs. Olcott F. King of South Windsor:

"Dear Friends of the Connecticut Lasell Club: At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary, we adopted the following resolution:

"It is with deep sorrow and a sense of personal loss that we, the Trustees of Lasell Seminary, record the death of Mrs. Ruth

Talcott Britton. Her friendly interest in the welfare and progress of Lasell, her generous spirit and her high ideals were always an inspiration.

"During all the years since she was a student, she has been a loyal supporter of our school and for her nine years of service as a Trustee she has contributed often and generously of both her time and money for our help.

"In her going, we have lost a highly esteemed co-worker and a genuine friend."

"It always seems to me impossible to express one's feelings at all adequately under such circumstances as these. Ruth Talcott sat at my table as a student part of the time during the years 1899 to 1901 when she was at the Seminary. I knew her quite well and liked her much. She was an earnest and a very jolly girl, and with a group of intimate friends who also sat at the table, she had a very good time.

"Back of her fun, however, there was a great deal of sense and sound judgment, and as we have known her in later years, we have come to see that side of her and to respect the judgment and to appreciate the fine qualities which she had.

"You all doubtless know of the generosity which she constantly showed in support of the Seminary. Several times when she was unable by reason of illness or absence to attend the meetings of the Trustees, she sent in her check for \$500 toward the endowment fund as a substitute. It seemed to me that it was appropriate to segregate these contributions and make a special fund. This was done, and at the present time on our books we have the "Ruth Talcott Britton Fund" which amounts to \$3654.64. This is one of the largest contributions made by any living former student. There have been larger single gifts by will.

"It was always a pleasure to meet and visit with Mrs. Britton, and we could count absolutely upon her sincere and loyal interest in every matter pertaining to the welfare of the

Seminary, no more could be asked of any Trustee.

"Sincerely yours,

"Guy M. Winslow, Principal."

The following officers for 1930-31 were elected: President, Mrs. Eugene A. Olson, '07, Hartford; Vice President, Miss Maude Wilcox, Westbrook, '24; Secretary-Treasurer (re-elected 5th term) Miss Lillian G. Grant, Manchester, '20; Executive Committee, Chairman Miss Mary B. Korper, West Hartford, '29; Miss Madeline Sheldon, Hartford, '16; Miss Elizabeth Barker, West Hartford, '29. Nominating Committee, Chairman, Mrs. H. S. Bidwell, Bloomfield, '22; Mrs. R. L. Rowley, Hartford, '02; Mrs. C. Edward Keeney, Hartford, 16. Chairman, mid-winter meeting, Mrs. W. H. Riddle, W. Hartford, '17-'18.

The meeting closed with the singing of the Alma Mater. The next annual meeting of the club will be the 25th reunion to be held October 3, 1931.

LILLIAN G. GRANT, *Sect.*,
22 Cambridge Street,
Manchester, Conn.

Those present at the meeting were: Helen M. Saunders, '17, Elsie C. Fenger, '05-'07, Helen Wahlquist, '25, Mary B. Korper, '29, Laura Hale Gorton, '16, Mabelle Hamlin Barby, '15, Mary Godard Dresser, '21-'23, Fanny L. MacKenzie, '03-'04, Madeline Sheldon, '16, Carolyn Colton Avery, '23, Alice Grimes Griffin, '20, Marion Austin Hakewell, '21-'22, Maudie L. Stone, '88—N. Y.; Grace C. Huntington, '89—N. Y.; Laura R. Comstock, '91-'92, Bessie L. Comstock, '91-'93, Clara M. Rowley, '02, Sarah Dyer Darling, '00-'01, Lucy Miller Robotham, '03-'04, Statira Preble McDonald, Lillian G. Grant, '20, Jessie Hayden, '82-'85, Bertha W. Russell, Belmont, Mass.; Dorothy Merwin Brown, '23, Marian Griffin Wolcott, '16, Helen Snedeker Dewey, '14, Susan Hallock Couch, '86-'88, Esther H. Story, '21, Susan I. Gallup, '03-'04, Maude Hayden Keeney, '16, Harriette Case Bidwell, '22, Freda Griffin Leining, '20, Edna Strickland Olson, '07, Emma White Welles, '90-'93, Maude A. Wilcox, '24, Doris M. Alley,

'28, Eva C. Robertson, '03-'04, Brattleboro, Vt.; Irene Bollman Kunkel, '14, Elsie Reynolds, '00, Gertrude Reynolds, '88-'90, Ethel Broughton Regan, '18, Una Storrs Riddle, '17-'18, Gladys Cone Russell, '13-'14, Ruth K. Merriam, '94-'98, Bertha Hayden King, '03, Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22.

The Secretary of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club is desirous of securing information concerning the following Lasell girls, to whom mail directed to the addresses given has been returned:

Jessica Haviland Roberts (Mrs. Charles), '02-'03, Spartenburg, So. Carolina.

Mary M. Vermilye, '60, E. Windsor Hill, Conn.

Elizabeth Lake Palmer, Groton, Conn.

Beatrice Seymour Wilson (Mrs. Chas. C.), '15-'17, 44 Webster St., Hartford, Conn.

Marion Burnham Sagee (Mrs. Kenneth), '20-'21, 206 Park Drive, Hartford, Conn.

Ruth I. Downs, '13-'14, 2787 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Mary Lothrop Fessenden (Mrs. Benjamin), 55 Thayer St., Providence, R. I.

Mrs. R. L. Ridgeway, 55 Trinity Ter., Springfield, Mass.

Maie Blanche Straight Grebenstein (Mrs. Geo. W.), '06, Kent, Conn.

Cornelia Williams Hutchinson, '86, Homestead Hall, Greenwich, Conn.

Agnes F. Kellers, Bay View Ave., Stonington, Conn.

Emma Bacon Martin, '75-'76, 220 Collins Street, Hartford.

Jennie Bicknell March (Mrs. M. A.), '78-'79, 269 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford.

Helen Ferry Babcock (Mrs. H. J.), 1207 Edward St., Lakewood, N. J.

Dorothy Gilbert, '12-'13, Stamford, Conn.

Sarah Hopkins, Sterling Apts., Congress Street, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Clarence M. Rogers, 411 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Louise Thatcher Ayres (Mrs. J. E.), Mystic, Conn.

Florence Wilder Campbell (Mrs. J. A.), '95-'96, The Birches, Stratford, Conn.

Please report any information concerning these girls to Lillian G. Grant, 22 Cambridge Street, Manchester, Conn.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow were in residence, or in close touch with the Seminary during the summer months, spending a day or two at a time at their nearby summer camp, Driftway Cottage, Greenhill, Massachusetts Bay. Our principal found relaxation in planting trees, strengthening the sea wall, and other congenial work in the open. He has returned to his official duties greatly refreshed.

Marjorie served again as counselor in one of the Cape Cod camps for girls. Since his graduation, Richard has been employed by the Lynn General Electric Company. Priscilla and Donald were literally afiel during the summer and evidently made the most of their days off.

Classmates Florence Gifford Fleming and Norma Prentis Gardner, '23, returned to Lasell a few days after Commencement. They appeared just as of old, "young and as handsome," but we found ourselves puzzled when they began "raving" (that is our word) over their dear children. We sent them forth with our blessing and a promise, on their part, to report some day with their little ones.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow spent their vacation on Mr. Winslow's recently acquired farm on the N. H. side of the Conn. River. The fact is Mr. E. J.'s mail is received at a Vermont Post Office. He also has the satisfaction of looking over into his native State, Vermont, from his New Hampshire home. This, in part, reconciles him for having located just outside the line.

Rosalind Winslow, '20, is now with the Charles S. Clarke Greeting Card Company, New York City. She enjoys her new position and is especially happy to be a near neighbor of her cousin Ruth Ordway Leach, '21.

Florence Fitch, '29, former editor of the LEAVES, writes to our principal, "Quite a lot has happened to me since you last heard from me. I had to give up New York University after a very short while as I came down with

acute sinus. My mother and uncle were planning a trip to Havana, Cuba. They thought it advisable to take me along. Cuba proved a panacea, but once back in New York again my trouble reappeared. During my stay in Havana I met the editor of the American paper there and when one of his crew fell ill, I helped out. He offered me a job, if I would come back, but of course my living in Havana was out of the question. I wanted to tell you, as I thought you would be interested—one's opportunities seem to come always when we least expect them.

"Back at New York, of course it was too late to try to continue school, so I went back to my job. Now, however, I'm again anxious to go to school and am trying for Syracuse University. I wanted to attend the Yale School of Drama, but they only take forty girls and the registration is filled for this year.

"I was sorry to miss Commencement. Vera Hambleton lived just a block away from me for a while. I have read the LEAVES with greater interest than ever before this year and I can say in all sincerity that I have wished many times I were back at Lasell."

Miss Potter is still wondering how it was that she missed Marian Brown's, '22, call. She thanks her for her message which she sent from abroad this summer.

V. Ethelwyn Vanderveer, '25-'26, is a recent graduate from the University of Michigan. Our congratulations Ethelwyn, and please write us more of your next important move educationally or otherwise.

Rosamond Kent, '18-'20, was graduated in June from the Boston University School of Religious Education. We wish her continued success in her chosen field. Our one regret is that she did not frequently find her way home to Lasell during her years at Boston University.

Many Lasell girls from 1907-1910 will recall distinctly and happily Louise Porter, now Mrs. C. Wellington Walker, of Stratford, Conn. To both our principal and Miss Potter, as Dr. Bradgon would say, "it seemed unthinkable that this still very young woman

left us nineteen years ago." We were keenly interested in her reference to her fourteen-year-old daughter and very openly expressed a hope that later we might have the pleasure of enrolling her among our new girls.

September 4, Edith Hodges Williams, '13-'15, stopped at our door enroute from Canada to her home in Oneida, New York.

"Cora Nicholson, '10-11, Mrs. Charles E. Gray, Detroit, Michigan," we find on our guest book, was among the callers registered in August. We were sorry to miss her and any personal news coming from this old girl.

In a note to Mrs. Hooker, Mary McAvey Miller, '28, writes, "How is everyone at Lasell? I hope I can come up and see you all soon. I am busy with home duties and my little girl, Betty Marilyn, is just beginning to creep. She is into everything. Most of the time she creeps backwards into the fireplace and that keeps me busy with this little 'chimney-sweep.' Evelyn Douglass, '28, and Helen Cole, '28, came up from Sedgwick to see me the other day and I hear from Edith Hussey, '28, quite often. I am opening my Studio here the eighth of this month and I have three pupils already."

Margaret Anderson Gage, '26, and her husband, Professor Gage, came all the way from Oregon and paid their respects to Lasell, July last, but, alas, some of their friends on the faculty were away and missed seeing them. Come again soon, Margaret, and let us know when to expect you and we will be "on duty" that day.

On August 2, Alice Frasch Smith, Mrs. Elliott Wells Smith, '12-'13, and her husband visited the Seminary. Their home is in Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Kennedy and her daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Kennedy Blanchard, '27, came out to Lasell just long enough to enroll the younger sister, Jeanette, among this year's students. Jeanette is in Eleanor's old room, by choice, and has already endeared herself to us all by her unusually fine spirit.

Miss Potter was especially happy to again be the guest of Caroline Lindsay Haney, while

in Portland. At the luncheon, she gathered these valuable news items.

President Louise May Harmon is still teaching and enjoying her work. Marcia Pinkham is eagerly looking forward to her fine position as a pedagogue in one of the New Hampshire schools. Cassie Williams devotes well-nigh every waking moment in caring for her lively small son. Louise Stevens Prince is equally devoted to her little daughter whom she declares is to be a future Lasell girl. Her snapshot of this little lady and her big dog was precious. Marion Simpson is continuing her work at the Bryant & Stratton Business School, Boston. Her parents kindly looked in on us this reunion day, but could not be persuaded to join us at luncheon. Lorraine Lombard, '31, made a fine impression on the old girls as we expected she would. Marjorie Maxfield's word was that she is still acting as Secretary to a very busy executive. Mildred Knight Norwood declared that she is keeping house for her husband and a cat. Her duties cannot be wearing, for she looked as fresh as when a Senior at Lasell.

Doris Lane Cushman did not wait for an invitation, but seeing a notice of the meeting in a Portland paper, very properly came right along. How glad we were to see her and learn that she has three daughters all bound for Lasell. Her present address is 29 Everett Ave., So. Portland. Elizabeth Irish does not allow anything to interrupt her music program. She declares her recreation is doing settlement work. Evelyn L. Moore, a member of our Faculty in 1920-'21, reported herself as on the faculty in the Malden High School and frankly declared, "I do not find any girls I love more than I do those I had the privilege of knowing at Lasell. Caroline Lindsay Haney assured us that her husband, Dr. Haney has almost fully recovered from his long illness, and Miss Potter insists that Caroline's two sons and little daughter are lovely children.

It is many a day, in fact years, since Hattie Freebey, '95, visited her Alma Mater, but this fall she arrived. It was only a call, to be sure, but how glad we were for even that glimpse.

For some years, this "old girl" has been practising law. Again and again, we have read with pride of her successful career.

Accompanying her were May Mayers McElroy of Washington and Chicago, Helen F. Hill of Washington, D. C., and Lily McConnell also of Washington, D. C. These four women lawyers were attending a legal conference in New England. Lasell was happy to welcome these distinguished women and wished them continued success.

Before leaving Bragdon, Miss Freebey subscribed to the LEAVES, and also made herself a life member of the Alumnae Association. She spoke with deep appreciation of Dr. Bragdon and Miss Carpenter's helpful influence during her school-girl years. #

Late in June, Marjorie Wood Divine, '26-'27 and her husband paid their respects to Lasell. While lunching together, we learned that Mr. Divine is the General Purchasing Agent for Vassar College. That is certainly a most responsible position for such a young man.

Gertrude Wagner, '28, and Marjorie Taylor Flemings, '28, her hostess, called just before the opening of school. We would gladly have persuaded these class mates to remain over, but Marjorie's little son now claims almost her entire attention. While President Gertrude, of the Chicago Lasell Club, assured us that urgent duties necessitated her prompt return home.

Dorothy Inett, '30, has secured a fine position as secretary in one of Worcester's business firms. Our congratulations to Dot!

We especially regret to have missed the call of Judge and Mrs. Grimm (Marjorie Gifford, '22). They stopped off en route to Canada. Later, they very kindly sent back a fine picture of Cornwallis Valley, Nova Scotia, one of the beauty spots in their itinerary.

This was indeed an ideal summer for Caroline Hopkins, '28, and Natalie Robbe, '28. These efficient dietitians managed an attractive tea room of their own, in Groton, Mass. Their artistic folder filled us with a longing

to become a permanent patron. Congratulations to both members of the firm!

Olivia Shepard Burr, '29-'30, in a friendly note to Mrs. Winslow, gave us a hope that "before the snow flies" she may look in upon her friends at Lasell. She and Mr. Burr had a delightful journey "over seas" and are now in their new home at 270 Bronxville Road, Bronxville, New York.

September 18, Ruth Dunning, '27, and her sister, Phyllis, '27-'29, called and were welcomed by their former mates and teachers. We have not yet learned their winter programs.

Mary Barton, '29, entertained us with some fine music at our Chapel Hour, October 8. She has just entered her senior year at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. She announced informally but happily, her engagement to Lawrence B. Libby. Lasell is certainly very grateful for her generous sharing of her talent with us.

Wilma Griffin, '32, is for the second time an aunt. The good news came to her during these fair October days, that her sister, Ruth Griffin McDonald has another daughter. Lasell's hearty congratulations to parents and child!

Mr. Schwab spent a happy vacation with his parents in California. On the return journey, he found our Mrs. Mable S. Briggs and husband delightfully located in Los Gatos, California. He also caught a glimpse of Miss Grace Austin in Portland, Oregon.

A friendly letter has recently been received at Lasell from Mrs. Briggs, in which she writes "Our new home is under construction. Even now, from the first floor, we can see what a glorious view we are to have—even finer than we had dreamed of. We are going to enjoy a superb panorama of Mt. Hamilton and the Santa Clara Valley. If we could only see our dear Eastern friends all the time it would be ideal in this land of plenty and fair skies."

We may be sure this artist friend is not neglecting her chosen work. Pupils have gathered about her and the rumor is that later the State College may claim a part of her time.

She refers with pleasure to her meeting with Miss Eichhorn's mother whom she describes as "such a dear lady," and closes her letter with "affectionate greetings to all the Lasell Family," which we are sure includes everyone of us who were privileged to enjoy the acquaintance of this friendliest of friendly women.

A most unintentional omission occurred in the report of the June Alumnae Meeting. In the midst of the joyous excitement of that occasion the report failed to acknowledge the generous gift of \$50.00 from the class of 1920. Their dear president, Katherine Rice Broock, '20, came early from Detroit and certainly led her devoted classmates in their enthusiastic rally and generous attention to Lasell and our Dean. Our one regret was that "Kay" could not "stand by" until the climax of Commencement Day.

Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, Nellie Woodward Collins, '15, and Jean Woodward Nelson, '22, and their families were the guests this summer of their parents in their Denver, Colorado, home. Their brother and his family also joined the group, and our Alumnae President Josephine, reported to us by telephone from her Brookline home, that they had a glorious reunion!

Mariesta Howland, '26, is now Assistant Editor of General Literature at Little, Brown, & Co., the famous old publishing house on Beacon Hill. We quote from her recent letter. "I must not forget to tell you that Margaret Anderson Gage, '26, is a pupil and brilliant student at the University of Oregon where her husband is a professor.

"Did you know that Marta Aspegren, '27, was graduated from Webber College of Finance in June, and Mr. Roger Babson of Babson Institute has invited her to become his assistant in the management of a trust fund at the Institute in Wellesley? I'm so proud of Marta's fine business brain.

"Katherine Worrall Clark, '28, was at the Hotel Hemenway in June with her adorable seven-weeks old son, William Norman, Jr. Kit is as vivacious as ever and twice as lovely.

She had just visited Margaret Behrens, '28, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Katherine is still making her home in Washington for the winters. Minerva Damon Ludewig, '27, is in Newport until her navy husband sails elsewhere."

It seemed all out of order to open Lasell with Mlle. LeRoyer absent. However, she has promised to be with us soon. In the meantime we are keeping in touch with her and hearing about her experiences in Spain, through the delightful letters from her gifted husband, published in the *Boston Transcript*, and occasionally a friendly word direct from her.

During the summer vacation, Dr. Winslow received a letter from Alice Dunsmore Van Harlinger, '78, telling of the passing away of her friend, Mrs. E. J. Perkerson (Mabel Stilson, '88-'00). The *Atlanta Press* paid high tribute to this former Lasell student who was a prominent and active member of the Presbyterian Church, a devoted wife and mother. In her personal tribute to this Lasell girl, Alice writes, "She was always a most enthusiastic Lasellian." We extend our sincere sympathy to her bereaved family.

Through Mrs. Van Harlinger, we also found out the whereabouts of two former students whose addresses had for some time been missing. The girls were Hazel Harris Genge, '14, and Edna Starrett Matheson, '22. Hazel is now living at 130 North Ridgewood Avenue, Daytona Beach, Fla., and Edna's address is 2260 Peachtree Road, N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

Dainty cards in the shape of tiny airships are constantly winging their way into our Lasell port, announcing the arrival of a wee lad or lassie. Not every ship is of modern make. Not a few have feathered wings, for Mother Stork is still the favored sky pilot of these little Lasell passengers.

Lillian 'Laffey Scott, '17, announces the arrival of little Barbara, sister of Louis and John-David Scott, on May 14, 1930.

Little June arrived at the home of Betty Wells Fumeaux, '29 and Mr. Henry T. Fumeaux, June 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffroy Atkinson (Lenette Rogers, '17) announce the birth of Beryl, July 4, 1930.

Donald Wallace, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Mackay (Katherine McAuley, '26), was born July 15, 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jackson Mock, nee Ruth Straight, '17, introduce Joanne McKesson Mock.

August 21, daughter Constance was born to Mrs. Virginia Wood McKay, '26, and Mr. Victor Edward McKay. The same day, David Crabtree arrived in the home of Mrs. Morris Reed Robinson (Mary Crabtree, '27-'28).

Elsa Cristina, the daughter of Mrs. Anna Clark Keith, '22, and Mr. Keith arrived August 27, 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. Draper Allen (Florence Jones, '12) announce the birth of Nancy Jeans Allen, September 4, 1930.

Through unintentional carelessness on the part of the "Personals" editor, the advent of Carol Seybolt was not announced. This little daughter of Mrs. John Seybolt (Carolyn Badger, '22) occurred six months ago, so she is well on her way, we hope, Lasellward.

THE PASSING OF MR. WILLIAM T. SHEPHERD

It was in the summertime that we last saw Mr. Shepherd. We found him in his attractive Evanston garden, surrounded by his close friends, the flowers. And what an apostle of nature he was! We recall his genial, friendly way, when years ago he and Mrs. Shepherd (Dr. Bragdon's sister) were in residence at Lasell. He has been loyal to our school through the long years of separation and many friends will be grieved to learn of his recent passing away in the Evanston home.

Old girls and teachers alike will appreciate the following fine and tender tribute from the pen of his Evanston pastor, Dr. Ernest Fremont Title. "Mr. Shepherd was at once one of the oldest and one of the youngest men whom I have ever known. Rarely does one find a man in his 89th year whose mind is still

active and whose spirit still youthful. Until the close of his life, he was still reading important books, cultivating flowers, ministering in quiet ways to the needs of his friends, and contemplating with interest but no undue anxiety the great adventure of death. He lived not only within himself, but beyond himself in world movements in which he never ceased to be interested. All this represents a splendid triumph of the human soul."

Lasell extends her deepest sympathy to Mr. Shepherd's daughter, our own Rebecca, '94, and other bereaved members of the family.

Not until late in June did the word reach us of the great sorrow that had come to the three sisters, Sarah, Mary, '19, and Ruth, '23, Hopkins. Early in June, their dear mother passed away. Our hearts turn tenderly and with sincere sympathy to these former schoolmates.

In a recent letter to Miss Eichhorn, Molly Keim Tietz, '27, tells of the long serious illness of her husband. Four months ago, he fell while boarding a bus, paid little attention to the bruise, infection developed and the prolonged illness followed. Her Doctor husband is gaining and Molly was brave through it all. A deserved tribute goes to her violin teacher when she declares, "You did more for me than any teacher I ever had." Molly adds this bit of news, "Janette Smock, '27, is to be married October 11."

In July, Marguerite Houser Hamlin, '19, and her husband were with us a few moments. Marguerite never looked prettier than in her yellow gown. Her husband, a brother of Barbara Hamlin, '28, reported a recent hospital experience, but by his looks and fine spirits, we inferred his was only a successful rest cure. We enjoyed a delightful visit in and near their auto. The next time, we hope they will get out and come in.

Elizabeth Mansville Curtiss, '20, and her husband were guests at Betty Stephen's wedding, making the journey from Connecticut in their novel and attractive house-car. From her new home in Norfolk, Connecticut, Elizabeth wrote later, "I am enclosing a program of services held at the Congregational

Church, Salisbury, Connecticut, where Agatha Canfield, '31, substituted as organist, this past summer. When Mrs. Canfield spoke of Lasell to Miss Lorenzana (one of our lecturers of last year) and the pastor, Rev. Skinner told her that Agatha was at the organ, her expression bespoke such pleasure. She exclaimed, 'A true Lasell girl, putting to use at once the advantages and high ideals of real service, which the school represents. Never can I forget being there and always will I feel its influence and culture. Every girl who can complete two years at Lasell is a most fortunate young woman.' "

Cora Cornell, '20-'23, and Ella Robbins, '24, appeared on one of our opening days. We would gladly have enrolled them in a post-graduate class.

Mrs. Lorena Fellows Sawyer, '99, in a recent letter to Dr. Winslow writes, "Virginia, our daughter, her husband and dog sailed on the Steamer Bremen, June 11, for a summer tour through Europe. She is as happy as can be and life is full of joy for her and for me, too. The three little Sawyers are strong and well, busy with plans for the summer at their respective camps. Mr. Sawyer and I are deep in politics, hoping to send former Governor Ralph O. Brewster to the United States Senate. With best wishes for your continued prosperity."

Mrs. Rolla Campbell (Ruth Cammack, '14) of Huntington, W. Va., called to see the school, August 22. She was very sorry Miss

Potter was not here. Miss Potter adds "that disappointment is mutual."

Mabel (Peggy) Mathews, '26, writes to Dr. Winslow, "I have heard very little Lasell news lately. I have seen Grace Lawrence, '26, who was in California this summer. She stopped off to see Marion Brown, '26, in Joliet, Illinois; Madeleine Roth White, '26, in Peoria (and Herb); also to Elinor Barclay's ('26) wedding. Enid Jackson tells me how much she likes Lasell and how happy she has been there. With very best wishes to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, and yourself."

Sally McKee, '29, with her mother, father and friends from New York called August 18. They were on a trip through New England and couldn't pass Lasell. (A loyal group!) Sally is staying home, studying voice.

Jane Gray, '29, Beatrice Alderman, '30, Dorothy Brown, '31, Lenna Lyon, '31, Marian Brown, '22, Ruth Bee, '31, and Alfild Trondsen, '22-'23, were some of the old girls who found time during the "on rush" of touring Europe to send messages back to the "Personals" editor. The girls wrote enthusiastically of their trip under the efficient leadership of Miss Blackstock. To this list of correspondents must be added the names of the Misses Perley, Dunham, Blackstock. Professor Dunham sent a card of greeting from Oberammergau.

Because of the space limit, some of the most worth while personals must be saved over for the November LEAVES.



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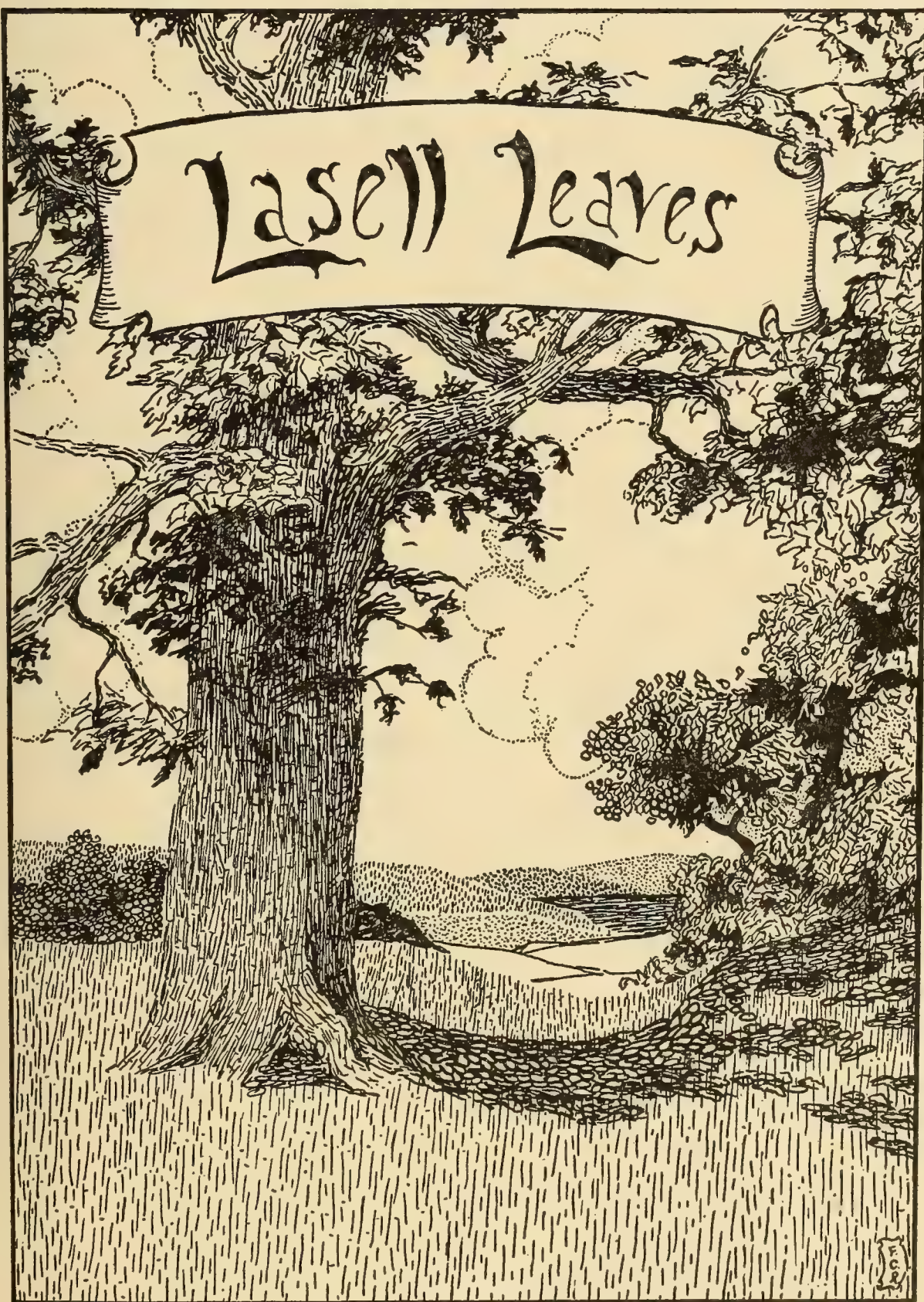
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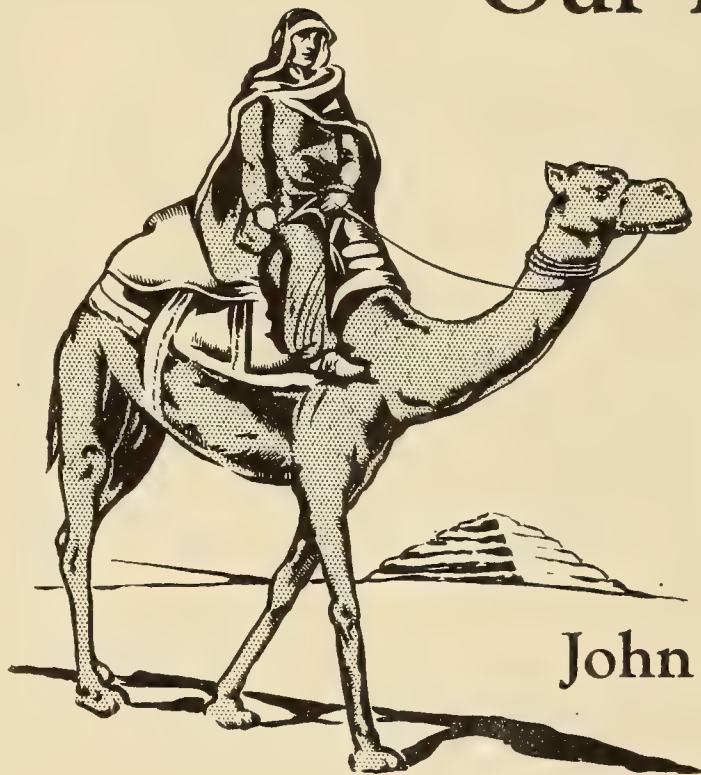
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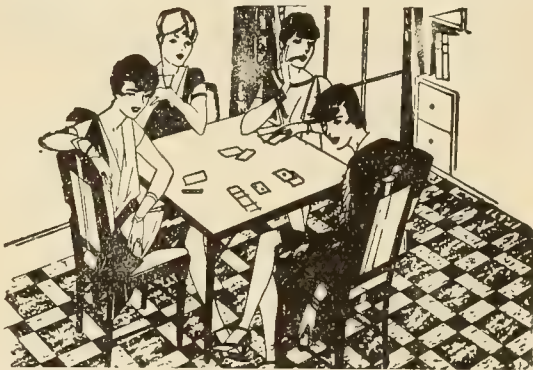
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LITERARY

"THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER"

Mid blasting whistles, screaming sirens, moans and groans of tugs, cries of "Be good"—"Have a marvelous time," and many nonsensical farewells, the boat pulled out of dock and slowly wound its way down the river and out into the open space of nothing but water and sky.

Lee Williams stood on the upper deck of the boat waving frantically to the people on the wharves gradually growing from human beings to specks. Why she was so sentimental about it all she never knew, because there was no one out there to leave that meant anything to her. Here she was en route to Europe—a new world—a new life. Something she had always dreamed of but never expected to experience. She fairly trembled with the thrill of it all.

Boat life to Lee seemed so ideal—so much like a little world all by itself—no travel of any kind could compare with it. In the morning you waken to a dull thud of the rising gong which echoes through the corridor. The ringing sensation that it left in the ear reminded her of a Chinese temple gong.

Lee usually rose at eight and after breakfast would go up on deck, out into the fresh air, because the stateroom was so beastly hot. There were always games of all kinds to indulge in and deck tennis always held a fascination for her. The routine of any day was ideal. It was a marvelous feeling not to have any cares or troubles in the world—to have the day to oneself.

Ted Asher, a tall, blonde and most attractive

looking man was also traveling among the three or four hundred passengers on the boat. During the first few days out he seemed to stay by himself a great deal. One day while Lee was promenading the deck back and forth, she unconsciously watched Ted as he was slouched down in his deck chair apparently buried in a book he was reading. As disinterested as he tried to appear, Lee knew that he was watching her as carefully as she was watching him. Back and forth she walked until she was just about on her last round and as she passed Ted's chair he suddenly looked up and smiled. Much as she tried to appear sophisticated and above flirtation she could not resist smiling back at him. His smile was so catching. It was what you could almost term a "grin."

"Good morning," burst out Ted.

"Good morning, Mr.-er-."

"Oh! pardon me. I forgot you might like to know my name. It's merely Ted Asher. Just call me Ted, please."

"How do you do, Ted. My name is...."

"Oh, I know that already," interrupted Ted. "Your name is Lee Williams, home address Chicago, age twenty-one, you are landing in Havre, and you are going to tour."

"Why—where did you find out all this? I mean how did you, why did you?"

"Isn't this beautiful weather," responded Ted. "I've never seen such a beautiful sky, and have you ever seen the ocean so calm?"

"Oh," thought Lee, "is he another one of those weather hounds? Well, I'm not going to give him the satisfaction of letting him know that he really might be an interesting individual on this boat."

"Yes," replied Lee, very primly, with her head held much higher than it was made to be held and her eyes burning, "this is beautiful weather only I think we should have rain as it is so dry lately." With that she pivoted on her narrow heels, and hurried away perfectly furious with him but much more furious with herself.

While Lee was on her usual round of the deck the next day, she sensed that someone was following her. Not daring to turn around, she quickened her step, and as she did this the intruder quickened his. Abruptly she stopped and turned around. There balancing on his toes for fear of bumping her because of her sudden stop, stood Ted.

"Lee, I want to apologize for my actions yesterday. I admit I was rather rude, but I—."

"Oh, that's all right, Ted, I'd forgotten all about it. Come on, let's walk. I have a few more ups and downs to do before my mile is finished."

For the rest of the trip Lee and Ted enjoyed everything together—walks, deck sports, tea dances, masquerades, and of course the usual promenade on the decks at night that every passenger enjoyed.

The last night on board as they were walking under the bridge, Ted suddenly stopped and faced Lee. Placing his hands on either shoulder, he gazed into her face as if hopeful of finding something there, something many seek to find but often times are disillusioned.

"Lee—I—."

"You what, Ted?" asked Lee, as she gazed into his eyes without a single quiver in her own.

"May I see you in Paris?"

"Why of course, Ted, I'd adore to see you there, but I'm not certain when and where, however, I'm certain something can be arranged."

* * * *

Paris! To ride in the cool of the evening through the Bois, under tall green trees, to visit famous restaurants, theatres, interesting French plays, and an occasional night club, all

these made up Lee's and Ted's few days here. They danced together, shopped together, went sight seeing together. Paris seemed to be their own city, not a city with thousands of inhabitants.

But soon the time came for them to part. Lee was to leave in the morning for the southern part of France, and Ted for Switzerland. As they drove up and down the Champs Elysees, around the Arch of Triumph, and down into Montmartre for the last time, Ted could not help but feel remorseful at the thought of their parting in a few hours. Should he tell Lee how he felt? Why not? He probably would never see her again and these few days had been ideal.

"Lee."

"Yes, Ted."

"I love you."

"You what?"

"I love you, Lee."

"Why, Ted, don't be silly. Here we've been marvelous friends and just having a wonderful time together and now you try to spoil it all by kidding yourself into thinking that you love me. Don't let us spoil our friendship. Let's keep it what it has been and continue as we have. You don't know me, and I don't know you. Promise me, Ted, not to say anything like that again."

"I'm sorry, Lee, I didn't think you would take it that way. I can appreciate how you feel, and admire you for taking the attitude you do."

Just as he finished speaking the taxi drew up to the hotel where Lee was staying. The driver waited as they went in. Walking along the long narrow corridor Lee asked herself if she were crazy or not. Why did her eyes smart—her throat tighten? Why make such a fool out of oneself?

"Well—Ted, I guess it's good-by. Let's say 'au revoir.' I think that is much better. I've had a marvelous time with you, and you have certainly helped to make my stay in Paris a pleasant one."

"Good-by, Lee, you've been a perfect little

scout and I think you are one of the sweetest girls I have ever known. I'm glad you gave me your itinerary and if I can possibly make Venice while you are there I'll let you know. Thank you, dear, for being so sweet to me." As he said that, he bent down and gently kissed her on her mouth, and walked away. Lee stood there dumbfounded. What was it all about? How was it, that in such a short time he could affect her like this? Should she tell her family all about it, and ask their advice? It would be just her luck to have them disapprove of him. They never liked anyone that she liked.

Before going to bed, Lee finished her letter to them, telling them all about Ted. How darling he was—how much fun they had had together—how much she liked him and how they would be together in Venice in a few weeks.

Her travels carried her through France, down into Italy and four weeks later she arrived in Venice. It seemed so strange stepping from the train into a gondola. Passing others with the dim outline of silent couples, and bent figures of gondoliers against the moon, hearing their faint cries in the distance as they signaled at corners, intermingled with the soft lap of the water against the dark, silent, buildings—all these spelled romance for Lee, and soon she would be with Ted. Upon her arrival at the hotel she was handed a cablegram. Opening it with trembling but eager fingers she read, "Your mother and I disapprove of this new affair. Advise you to sever all connections with him (signed) Dad."

Should she tell Ted? Why spoil their few days together? She might as well keep it to herself unless the circumstances were such that she had to tell him.

The next day, Ted took Lee sight-seeing. He had been in Venice for a few days before her arrival and knew every place by heart. In the morning they visited the Doge's palace, St. Mark's Square, and wandered around the Loggia. In the afternoon they went to the Lido, spending their time on the beach, drinking tea

in the little terrace, and once in a while slipping into the cold blue of the Adriatic.

The few days they had spent together in Venice had been ideal. Up to the last day, Ted had kept his promise to Lee, but couldn't hold to it any longer.

"Lee, dear, I honestly can't hold to my promise any longer. I love you, I adore you, and no matter what you say to me for telling you, you'll have to forgive me. I've tried to keep it to myself these last few days, but it's been hell. Tell me, Lee, is there any chance of your caring for me?"

"Ted, I adore you too, but, my dear, we can't mean anything more than friends to each other. You see we live in such different worlds. Our likes and dislikes are so different—our religion has a great difference, and though the latter wouldn't matter to us, we both have families to think of. You know, Ted, I think we live for other people, not for ourselves. I love you as a friend, but could never let myself love you in any other way because there are so many people to consider other than ourselves. Ted, it's all so impossible, however I shall always regard you as one of the best friends I have."

"Well, Lee, I can see how you feel. Our lives are so different. You have been brought up in an entirely different atmosphere than I have and I doubt if you could ever grow to be happy in my home among my people. I want you to always remember that I love you, and if ever I can do anything for you don't hesitate to ask me. I'm not going to give you up Lee, because maybe after we get back home and have been separated for awhile we will realize that we can't do without each other. It's our future happiness that counts. No matter what happens to me when I get home, no matter what I do, I always want you to remember that you mean more to me than anyone or anything on this earth. It happens, Lee, that I am in several jams at home. Much as I should like to tell you, I can't, but someday after they are all smoothed out, I may tell you. But, darling, aren't we silly. Here we are

going to see each other in London and yet we are talking as if we would never see each other again. I'm not going to the station with you but we'll say 'au revoir' here. However we still have a few hours, so let's be happy now and smile while we can."

* * * *

Lee continued her journey to Switzerland, Germany, and many other countries, finally ending up in London. Upon arriving at the hotel, she received a cablegram from Ted which said, "Joining you at London August fourth. Make reservation at your hotel for me. Love, Ted."

While in London they strolled down Piccadilly, wandered through Burlington Arcade, browsed down Bond Street looking in the windows of famous stores, and in the evening they took in the theatres, and what few night clubs London had to offer.

At last it was time for them to part and as Lee stood in the alcove of the hotel, she could not keep back the tears that filled her eyes. Here she and Ted were going to separate. What a marvelous three months it had been. Why, oh why, did she have to meet someone like this and then part from him! But, Ted was coming to see her. Hadn't he said time and time again that he would drive down to school to see her? It couldn't be good-bye. She couldn't let Ted go out of her life as quickly as he had come in. Should she tell him that she would marry him regardless of her family or anyone concerned? Would it be fair to him and then when she arrived home and announced her intentions to her family have them break off all relationships with him?

"Good-by, Ted. It has all been so perfect—so ideal. Thank you so much for everything."

"Lee, don't say that. It's not good-by. I'll see you in America in just a few weeks. Just think, darling, we'll be together real soon. I want to thank you, dear, for all you have done for me. You've made me happier than I have ever been before. Don't forget as long as you live that I love you and only you. Good-night, sweetheart, and 'au revoir.'" Again he kissed

her good-by, but not so gently as he had in Paris.

* * * *

As Lee lay among the pillows piled on her bed, talking to a crowd of girls in her room (it was just another of those sessions familiar to a boarding school girl), she glanced up in time to see Bobbie Brooks pass her door.

"Oh, Bobbie, how many letters did I get?"

"Wait a minute, Lee, I think you got one. Yes, here it is."

"Thanks, old dear, wonder who it's from? Well, for heaven's sake, it's from Ted." As she said this the color surged into her face. Tearing the envelope she read the following note, and as she read, the color slowly drained from her face, she seemed suddenly very tiny and very lifeless. There before her were written these words: "I've been so busy, Lee, with business, and then too I'm engaged. I expect it will be a surprise for you, as it is to so many of my other friends. The big event takes place next Wednesday, and Lee I hope you will wish me luck."

Wish him luck! What else could she do? He loved her, not this girl. Hadn't he said time and time again that he loved her?

"Lee, darling, what is wrong, are you ill?" asked Dot, one of the girls in the room.

"No, Dot, I'm not ill, I've just had a shock. No, it isn't a shock, it's a joke, a real joke. Here, darling, read this and see if you can't laugh as I'm laughing." With that, she burst into a harsh, hysterical laugh, laughing as if she could never stop, never would want to stop. As she laughed her mind wandered to Ted and she asked herself if it bothered her. Did it? Why, of course not. Ted never did mean anything to her. Nothing ever meant anything to her—no one meant anything to her—now. Suddenly she spoke aloud, "Ted, dear, I don't blame you. I hope you will be happy. To me it's been just another wonderful experience from which I have learned a great deal, more than you or anyone will ever realize. Ted, dear—it never could be 'au revoir,' it's only good-by."

Dorothy Brown, '31.

SO SAITH THE PROPHET

A great many years ago, more than anyone can possibly remember, there was a small kingdom, which was supposed to be the most beautiful in the whole world; indeed so famous was it for its scenery, its luxurious castles and homes, its happy people and its kind king, that even now people like to hear stories about it. But not always had this been true of that land, for a great disaster once threatened the country and it is of that which I shall tell.

One day a peasant entered the chamber of the Prime Minister and told him of a most unusual thing. There was a small circle in the middle of the man's fields which, although there was not a tree nearby, had not been touched by the sun for so long that even the weeds could not grow, and that slowly but surely the circle was growing, and no one could explain the mystery of it. The Prime Minister was not a little puzzled at this strange story but under the press of more important political affairs he soon forgot all about it, until several weeks later the man returned to him in desperation, for practically the whole of his fields were laid barren by this strange blight, the cause of which was to be seen plainly now, for it took the form of a black cloud which remained in the same spot always, and grew day by day, some days a little more, and some a little less, but always on Sundays it spread the most. The Prime Minister, truly alarmed this time, hastened to the king with the story. Now King Aaron was a wise and just man, whose chief anxiety was the good of his people. Indeed, so kind and lenient was he with his subjects that his nobles began to criticize him, saying that he would make a better priest than king, for even they could not overlook his inherent qualities of essential goodness, qualities which they considered fit for the hood and cowl. They wanted for their king a man who would fight for more power and glory, who would burden his subjects with taxes in order that his nobles might steep themselves in comfort and luxury. The small murmur caused by several discontented men swelled until it

was no longer limited to the confines of the court, but began to sweep the country. The noblemen, thinking only of their own material profit, stirred the people with glamorous stories of war and conquests, untold riches and exciting adventure. The simple country folk, weary of minding their flocks, and tilling their fields, were enticed by these new stories, but hesitated, for after all, their king who had always guided them wisely, did not seem to favor this new scheme of life. But once interest is awakened in the glamorous, it does not die easily and doubts can be easily overcome by a skillful orator. The people began to wonder if their king really were not a bit of a weakling or coward who dared not fight to win glory for his kingdom and riches for his coffers. His subjects, wherever they happened to meet, discussed the matter, and as the most general meeting place was in the public square after the great Sunday services which the King had instigated, it was there that public feeling ran the highest and carried everything before it.

The few had done their work well, and now the whole country was aroused, ready to depose its king and follow the more brilliant and persuasive leadership of Dakin, the cousin of King Aaron. It was this man whose greed led him to betray his own kinsman.

In the meantime, the cloud had not ceased to grow, and now, the greater part of the country was suffering from the blight. Its shadow cast a foreboding darkness over the houses of the rich and poor alike, and a chill into the hearts of even the children. The land was no longer a happy one, men quarreled with their wives, fought with their neighbors, and mistrusted everyone. Such a difference did it make that even the King noticed it in those about him, but remained silent. But he evidenced no surprise when the Prime Minister finally came to him with the story of the strange cloud and its effect on the people. He was, however, frankly puzzled and alarmed, so he decided to ride out and see this strange phenomena. Taking with him the most

learned astrologers of his court, he set out one morning; riding at the head of his small company, he descended the hill which led into the town, and as he passed the men working in the fields, he noticed that contrary to their usual custom of cheering his passing, they only stood and stared or whispered together in groups. As he entered the city, the same thing occurred, only a few of the older people, whose words are seldom heeded, and the little children gave him an echo of the ovation which he customarily received. The King, hurt by this lack of response from his people, and warned by their sullen murmur, rode hastily on, followed by his small retinue. When they came within sight of the shadow, the men of learning became so engrossed in their discussion of this new phenomena that they failed to notice the King set off on foot, followed at a distance by his court "fool," nor did they see him stop and speak to a small boy with a wooden sword tied about his waist, astride a stick which represented a horse.

"Good morning, Sir Knight," the King spoke gravely, "and what wrong are you out to right so early in the morning?"

"I'm practicing to be a soldier," the boy replied, not knowing to whom he was speaking, "I'm going to be a soldier like my father. He is going to help kill the King," he added confidentially.

"Kill whom? What do they want to kill the king for, what has he done?"

"Stupid, don't you know that they're going to do this so Sir Dakin can be king and we can have real wars, and things like they used to have in fairy stories?" The jester tugged at his master's sleeve.

"Oh, yes, of course," replied the king, "that would be very nice indeed," and turned away, followed by the eyes of the child and the misshapen figure of his jester.

"What is the meaning of this?" the king suddenly turned on the little man behind him, and to that he added many other questions all of which the jester answered, for he had heard and had seen what had been going on in court, but had not dared tell it.

"It isn't anything you have, or have not done, Sire," he said, "it is only that you can't please everyone all of the time, and those whom you do not please stir up discontent as yeast leavens bread."

The king was silent a moment, and then made his way back to where his astronomers were still arguing, none of whom had arrived at any satisfactory conclusion concerning the black cloud or its significance.

"To horse, gentlemen," the King commanded, and silently led the way back to the palace. That night he invited all his court to dance, and none at the feast was merrier than the King as he mixed among them, and none save the little court Jester, knew that he had discovered their secret.

The following morning he issued a proclamation to his people offering a great reward to any one who could find an explanation or a way to avert the disaster which the dark cloud seemed to be foreboding. That night, as the King was pacing to and fro in his garden he heard the voice of his jester singing his evening devotions: "The sound of an evil tongue, saith the prophet, is as a dark cloud that consumeth all." The King paused, but heard no more. The words stuck in his brain, and their significance filled him with exaltation. He had found the key to his puzzle, although the solution was yet to be worked out. "Evil tongues"—the words seared themselves into his very flesh. He lay awake all that night, planning—his only chance of saving his kingdom and his kingship lay in his power to convince his people of their wrong. The following morning he sent couriers throughout his kingdom calling all his subjects to gather in the market place that evening, for he had a great announcement to make. When they had all gathered there, the King stood up and with a majesty they had never seen in him before spoke thus:

"My people, much evil has been done amongst you—you have tasted of the glamour of war, and smelled the luxurious odor of wealth and power, but you have not drained the goblet to its dregs. You have not counted

or considered the cost. Old men, do you realize it means possible and probable death to your sons; women, to your husbands, the fathers of your children, it also means death. Even victory takes its toll of life. Your gold will be needed to pay the expenses of war, your fields will go untilled and your cupboards and store-rooms empty, your flocks will run wild. No longer will you be able to lead a quiet peaceful life and be sure of your happiness. The fortunes of war are fickle and unalterable. Men, consider each step before you take it, before it is too late. Think, what is the meaning of the great shadow which is rapidly covering our country and ruining our crops? As the prophet saith, so say I to you, 'The sound of an evil tongue is as a black cloud that consumeth all.' "

A great murmur arose in the market place, the murmur rose into a roar as the people suddenly realizing what they had been about to do, cheered their king who had again guided them wisely out of unhappiness.

At that moment the sun broke through the black cloud which had been shadowing the country, bathing all in its warmth and light.

Dorothy Herring, '32.

"WHY DO I ALWAYS WANDER"

Why do I always want to wander,
Will that craving never cease?
No matter where I chance to go,
I'm always ill at ease.

I've been on ocean liners,
I've been in snappy cars,
I've visited in palaces
And often dined with czars.

The whole world over I've trotted,
But it's a fruitless quest,
Even shooting tigers in Africa
I'm never quite at rest.

I think you know what's lacking,
I'm sure you know 'tis true,
That very much against my will,
I've fallen hard for you!

Vesta Black, '32.

THE COLLEGE MAN

Miss Hand, emboldened by the fact that males were not usually to be found lurking about the corridors of a young ladies' seminary, started to unhook her whale-bone corset, but her unwonted daring failed, she wavered, decided in favor of caution, and turned out the faint blue ring of flame in the lamp that hung directly before her steel engraving of "Horses in a Storm"; a smell of kerosene and burnt lamp-wick crept a little way along the corridor, then Miss Hand's door was creaked shut. Simultaneously, two lamps were being lighted in the room belonging to Hester and Addie.

To say that Hester and Addie's room was just as it had been the year before would be to make a gross misstatement. The furniture was of the same surpassing ugliness, the same Gibson-girl print embellished with dyed pampas-grass, the same lithographs of simpering maidens with white mosquito netting about their shoulders, the same postal-card pictures of steely-eyed youths with fierce mustaches, peg-top trousers and bowler hats, (youths who invariably stood clutching the handle-bars of a bicycle), covered a goodly area of the jaundice colored wall; but now there was the blue cushion, the dark, blue cushion with a white Y outlined upon it with tufts of embroidery cotton. And not only was added the cushion, but a small wooden paddle with an inscription, executed with flourishes, which read *Souvenir of Bailey's Beach*. Both belonged to Hester.

Hester stuffed a towel under the door. "If Miss Hand sees the light coming out into the corridor, she'll be right up here, then it will be skidoo for all of us," she remarked to the young ladies in flannel wrappers and Juliet bedroom slippers who were watching with the intentness of vultures the chafing-dish over which Addie presided.

"That," observed one of the young ladies thickly through a muffin, "is the trouble with boarding school." She made a sweeping gesture with the muffin. "We can't do anything, we're treated like infants."

Addie glanced up for a swift moment from

her chafing-dish. "At our age," she said, and immediately the young ladies in flannel wrappers echoed "At our age," each with a different shade of indignation in her voice, all except the girl who was engrossed by the crumbling muffin. She gulped. "At our age," she said indistinctly, and brushed the crumbs from the front of her kimono. "We can't do anything," she gulped again and reached for another muffin, "We can't see boys or anything, and last week I met the nicest boy....Harvard"....the rest was lost in the muffin.

"Harvard?" inquired the girl from across the corridor, "I wonder if he knows Eddie Garfer?"

"That name sounds familiar....Eddie Garfer....," mused one of the young ladies who had her feet propped on a chair, "No, it's a John Gardner I'm thinking of....or maybe it's Jim Gardner, I'm not sure, but anyway he goes to Yale."

Hester twisted the fringe of the blue cushion tightly around her finger. The room swam about her. "Yale," she asked in a small voice, "Yale?" All the young ladies stared at her. "Do you know a George....a Georgie Bascome?"

For a whole year Hester had looked with envious eyes upon the pennants that covered the jaundice-colored walls in the other girl's rooms; the pictures of young gentlemen with small round caps, sideburns, and turtle-neck sweaters that decorated the mirrors. She had listened with envious ears to the nonchalant discussion of young gentlemen's names and young gentlemen's colleges. But that was a year ago; no, a summer ago. "Do you know a Georgie Bascome?"

Hester had found Georgie at Bailey's Beach. Bailey's Beach House was mostly verandah, and the verandah was occupied by ranks of rocking-chairs that creaked rhythmically on the floor boards as the elderly ladies who sat in them gossiped, did hairpin tatting, and rocked to and fro endlessly. For half an afternoon Hester had been regaled with an account of a gall-stone operation; she made her escape at

last to go out of sound of the complaining chairs, and to walk along the damp, hard sand of the beach. She was picking up shells to mount in putty for motto frames when she came upon Georgie. Georgie was not a prepossessing youth. He was lanky, he was extremely blond, with pale blue eyes and white eyebrows, and he had a dull red complexion that was peeling in patches. But sunburn and white eyebrows were as nothing; for unmistakably he had a small round cap, sideburns, and a dark blue turtle-neck sweater. Mr. Bascome was anything but shy. "Are you staying at Bailey's Beach? My name is Bascome, George Bascome....call me Georgie, everybody does."

Hester had an impulse to tell the young man that she was not accustomed to being addressed by strange gentlemen; a jaundice-colored wall came between her and the impulse, and the impulse faded quite away. College men, she reflected, were no doubt an unconventional clan; this was probably the way they introduced themselves. "Why yes, I'm staying with my aunt at the Beach House, Mr. Bascome...uh...Georgie. It's...it's nice here, isn't it?"

"Nice? This place? Why, Bailey's Beach is nothing, you should see Coney Island."

"Oh, you college men," sighed Hester with adoration in her eyes, "Blue, that's for Yale, isn't it, Mr. Bascome?"

"Not Mr. Bascome, please, Georgie...everyone calls me that, Miss ah..."

"Booth...Hester is my first name...Hester Booth." She gazed directly into the white eyebrows, "You say you're from Yale?"

Georgie was irrevocably lost. "Yes," he said.

The summer days passed, a succession of narrations on gall-stones, hours of hairpin tatting, and interludes of Georgie. But all the stories of the extravagance of college men that Hester had heard were put to lie by young Mr. Bascome; it was a day of miracles when Georgie, redder than even his wonted sunburn, awkwardly presented the souvenir paddle and a luridly colored celluloid pin with TWENTY-

THREE SKIDOO inscribed on it. By the time summer was over, Georgie had expanded sufficiently to sing Boola-Boola in a voice no more attractive than his appearance. He accompanied himself on a mandolin, but even as the turtle-neck sweater cast a glamor over Georgie, so it did over his singing and his mandolin playing.

* * * *

Hester fingered the dark blue cushion and twisted the fringe in hard little knots. "Do any of you know Georgie Bascome? He lives in Westville."

"Westville? Don't tell me you know Georgie Bascome from Westville." The girl from the room next door pulled her feet down from the chair. "Why, I live in Westville.... Georgie Bascome!"

"Oh," said Hester, her heart contracting a little, "You know Georgie...he goes to Yale."

"Yale? Yale, my dear?" The young lady in the flannel wrapper looked incredulous. "Why, he doesn't even go to high school, he works for Mr. Schwartz, the butcher....Yale, my dear?"

Norma Keller, '31.

RECREATION

It was a street in the Italian section of a great city, and at the time of sunset. Even the murky window panes and the little sullied pools of water in the street cast back the sun's triumphant colors.

The beauty of the hour had done little however to bring any semblance of quiet and peace to the neighborhood. It was a raucous scene of disturbing noise, and loud talk and laughter. These Latin people seemed unwilling to see the day pass, and were hanging on to the last vestige of its presence with a forcible grasp.

There were children shouting and playing up and down the length of the narrow little street; unctuous Italian housewives hailing each other from their doorsteps and windows; and swarthy men lounging about in small groups heatedly disputing the latest Fascist movement in the mother country.

There was one doorstep, however, and this in the midst of the confusion, which held no aspect of human life on its threshold. Its shades were drawn and its door closed. It did not seem merely a house whose inmates were away, but held the scared look of a dwelling where sickness or death has been a recent visitor.

The door of this house opened hesitatingly and the slight figure of an Italian woman passed through. She closed it behind her, and with a feeble gesture leaned weakly against its supporting frame. Convulsively she seemed to gasp in the air of the evening. One could scarcely fathom a more miserable and beaten picture of complete exhaustion. It seemed a weariness, not alone of body, but a bitter weariness and subjection of spirit. Her eyes, looking unseeingly ahead, seemed to reveal in their depths a soul beaten back time after time, until now it was nothing but a half-dead thing hiding within her.

As she leaned, relaxed, against the door, looking down over the street, the confusion passed unnoticed. Her eyes gazed not as though looking at an object, but rather as one scrutinizing a mental image—a vision.

This was the first in four days that Maria had permitted herself even so much as a moment to leave the three small rooms that embraced their home. In there, Emmanuel, her husband, stricken with fever, had been hanging the past few days between life and death. Without thought of self, she had slavishly taken care of him and these days had been doubly cruel. Even one spurred on by a great and terrifying fear can not hold on for always; and her spirit, dragged down to its lowest ebb with weariness and worry, was near its limit of endurance. The one back there in that dark room was no better, and she had failed—no use to struggle further.

Then slowly her body seemed to react to some impulse; falteringly at first, as of one unused to such response. Her eyes no longer looked unseeingly into the horizon, but at something very real. Ahead of her over the black

roofs and jutting smoke stacks, the sun was casting forth its rays in a glorious flaunt of color. It was a great, victorious sun, flinging its colors in a wide gesture of exaltation. Fascinated she watched its rays. They seemed to slash their path through the solid line of soot-clad buildings and chimney pots, with a great triumphant force.

But more than that, as she watched, enchanted, they seemed to radiate on her alone; to throw themselves unrestrained at her feet. Oh God—such beauty to have been sent to her!

With body bent forward and head flung back, she gazed with wide eyes out toward the horizon. Not a horizon of murky blackness, but her horizon of beauty, hope, and faith. It was the re-creation of a soul.

QUID?

I am the beginning
Of everything;
I am small,
Yet I am all.
I cannot hear—
I am a sphere
I own a sun,
Usually just one.
What am I, you beg?
I am an egg.

Elinor Packard.

PEACE FOREVER?

"So! That's the way you feel about it, is it? Well, it's absolutely O.K. with me. Go ahead and leave—I hope you break your neck on the stairs. I never want to see you again—so there!"

"You're getting very short of breath, Mr. Commodore, perhaps you'll let me say a few words."

"Oh, no I won't, Miss Bevington, if you ever got started you'd never stop—I know women, believe me."

"Yes, don't I know it; you needn't tell me! But I guess you can't know us very well if you were dumb enough to think that I'd fall for a stunt like that. No sir! You do not know women as well as you think."

"All right—I don't. Now go on!"

"Go on—I should say I will, right on out of here—and remember I never want to see your ugly face around me again!"

"Woman, you don't think for one minute that I want it around you, do you? No ma'am, I do not!"

"Goodbye!"

"Goodbye—and don't slam the door!"

So Bill and Sue parted. True it had happened before, but this was different! He'd never played a nasty trick like that on her before. Deliberately breaking a date for another woman, that was bad enough, but to have him turn up because the other woman had stood him up was simply beyond all endurance. Who did he think he was anyway?

As Sue went clicking down the street on her high heels, she was sobbing under her breath. She had loved Bill, and it hurt to be disillusioned.

"How does he think he can get away with that stuff—can't he see I've got my pride? But what'll I do from now on? He needn't expect me to crawl back to him, besides I hate him; I'll find myself another man. No! I'm through with men, you can't trust 'em—you can't trust any of 'em. O-h-h, Bill!" And Sue dropped down on the bench and cried, all doubled up in a tiny heap of cheap furs and gold bangles.

She hadn't been there long when she was aware of someone standing over her. Curious, she raised her head and gave a gasp. Apollo himself in a top hat.

"What's the matter, Puss? You've been crying," his voice was too gentle for Sue, she sobbed again.

"No, I haven't, go away. What do you want?"

"May I sit down?" And without waiting for the almost unconscious nod of her head, Apollo sat down beside Sue. "Now come on, tell me about it!"

"Why should I tell you, I don't know you?" demanded Sue.

"Oh, I'm lonely and perhaps hearing your

troubles might help me forget mine. I would like to help though," he added impulsively, as she lifted her tear-drenched eyes to his.

"You can't help, nobody can, I'm through—I tell you no guy can do what he did and get away with it, not around little Sue, anyway." And haltingly she told him the story. When she had finished he looked down at her and shook his head, smiling at her as one would smile at a child.

"You poor little dumbbell, and do you think he doesn't love you any more?"

"How can he? He went off with another woman, didn't he? Would he have done that if he loved me?" she asked pathetically.

"My dear child, don't you know that every man or woman must digress at least once in a lifetime. If they didn't how would they know whom they loved, really loved, I mean? They have to be with others to realize how they are missing the only one; they have to compare charms. If I had no more to worry about than you..." He sighed.

"Oh—you're worried too, and here I've bothered you with all my stupid troubles. You tell me yours, maybe I can help you," she pleaded with him.

"I had a girl—once," he began and choked a little, but he went on when Sue, a trifle shyly, put her hand gently on his. "I was to have married her today. I remember how wonderful I thought it was to dress for one's own wedding." His voice was oddly shaken. Abruptly he turned to her. "Well, you can see I didn't marry her."

"Why?" asked Sue. "Did you have a fight like we did?"

"You child," he whispered softly, "if it were only that. No, she ran away, married a man wealthier than I."

"Does she love him?" asked Sue.

"Love him! She couldn't love anyone. She has no heart; she is made of ice," he said bitterly.

"Then I should think you'd be glad to get rid of her," announced Sue in a matter of fact voice. "I wouldn't cry over that."

"Perhaps you're right—my pride is still hurt though. But you were crying when I came along, why shouldn't I?"

"It does seem sort of silly, doesn't it?" And they smiled at each other through tears. Sue was thinking that she could love this stranger if it weren't for Bill. Bill! But she didn't have Bill any more. They had fought and she had left. Was he still there? Suddenly she was afraid—jumping to her feet she started off at a run. And so it was that Bill sitting desolate before his fire where Sue had left him was surprised to find a small cyclone, made up of wet furs and warm young arms, precipitated into his lap. For a second the world stood still as they clung together, asking no questions. Then—

"I thought you were through with me, thought I couldn't be trusted, thought you never wanted to see me again." Bill made a sorry attempt to be angry.

"Oh, Bill—I'm sorry. I didn't mean it—I love you, Bill and I'm sorry. Say you love me too, will you? Oh, you've gotta love me, I couldn't stand it if you didn't," she sobbed out, and her voice rose to an unnatural pitch.

Bill was galvanized into action. "Love you—kid, I'm crazy about you," he said in a tremulous voice, "you must have known it all the time."

"Oh, I did, at least I was almost sure, but I wouldn't give in."

"Why did you come back, Hon?"

"Just because I suddenly realized how dam' lucky I was to have you at all, and I was so afraid I'd come back and find you'd walked out on me: gotten married or run away, or even died!" Then with a sigh, "Oh, gosh, I'm glad I'm here."

"I can't imagine you anywhere else," he said with a grin.

"Wasn't it all silly, we won't do it again, will we?" and as Sue gazed up at him, Bill came to the full realization of what she would mean to him.

"No!" But Bill was a little puzzled by her sudden change of mind, and wondered what had made her come back. But as she snuggled

closer and smiled up at him he was terribly thankful. So he stooped and kissed the soft yielding mouth that was Sue's, and knew that all his life's happiness lay in her hands.

ARBOR VITAE

A tree of beauty raised
 Its head above the hill and
 Looked around on
 Barren ground. Nothing but
 Prairie and desert met
 Its eye. There was not a
 Soul to marvel at its
 Strength, nor praise to
 Give it pride. Yet,
 There it stood, alone, where
 Nothing human ever ventured.

Marian Lewis, '32.

PERSONALITY AND THE FINGERNAIL

Aside from purely anatomical aspects and even distinct from its decorative value the human fingernail reveals much interesting and surprising information about its owner. The eye has been called the window of one's soul; perhaps we can call the fingernail the window of one's personality. A woman can change her clothing so that her entire appearance is altered; she can dress her feet so that their original shape is a matter between herself and her Maker; she can create an illusion by scientific care of the skin; she can even cheat the passing years by a cleverly arranged coiffure, but in the last analysis a fingernail is still a fingernail after all, and little can be done about

it. So it is doubly valuable for purpose of analysis.

First of all there is shape. It may be negative, in fact it often is, but irregular though it be, the contour of a fingernail is something to be reckoned with. Then there is color, natural or acquired, which speaks volumes about the wearer. Lastly there is style. Naturally shape and color are components of it, but quite apart from these elements there is an indefinable distinction in each that lends individuality.

There is the painted nail, elaborately tipped with white and polished to a deep rose luster that bespeaks frizzly blonde hair and chewing gum, spike heels and Woolworth jewelry. There is the less vivid and slightly more immaculate nail of the spectacled secretary of starchy shirtwaists and commonsense shoes. There are the grubby square little nails of the grammar school youngster, and the worn ragged colorless nails of the immigrant housewife. I've seen the well-groomed spatula-shaped nails of the traveling man and the bent, ridged ones of the laborer, the immaculate, clean-cut square ones of the doctor. I've noticed the beautifully ovaled, delicately polished ones of the bridge-playing society matron, the longer, brighter ones of the co-ed, the characteristically extreme ones of the school girl, all indicative of personalities and telling their own stories.

So the rest of us, whose fingernails are neither one thing nor another, can sit back and enjoy philosophizing about our more distinctive contemporaries, knowing that we, by being mediocre, escape their theories.

Charlotte Traylor, '32.

MINIATURE GOLF

Perhaps you've heard it termed "immature golf"—have you agreed? When I first heard that expression, I thought it over and it finally brought back to me the time when I had the mumps. No one ever told me that that was immature! It was something I had contracted without being able to help it—so it is with this new kind of golf. You all remember the Black Death in England, (not from personal experience, of course); it got everybody. Miniature golf has spread over the whole country and likewise has made its great conquest of everyone. Buildings have been torn down to make room for the midget courses. Everything about them tends to make one gay; each course is dotted with brightly colored umbrellas covering tiny tables and chairs. The players use red balls (picturesque), and play on well cared for, velvety, turf. Oh! I could go on endlessly raving about this new sport (can it be so termed?)....but....I've got to hurry! I have yet to play my daily game.

Yvonne Bergeron, '32.



Difficult Decisions

There were two side by side. Both were green. I grabbed the first and dashed from the room. There was shouting and a loud banging of doors behind me, but I went on for it was almost too late. I went hurriedly about my business and then dashed back to the room. I was about to enter when I heard a loud clamoring inside; I listened at the keyhole.

"It's got to stop," cried one.

"It's too late," said another.

"We must do something for her," said a third.

"It's a bad habit," exclaimed the second, "What if anyone else hears of it?"

"She should have thought of that before she did it," shouted the first.

"Maybe she'll bring it back," suggested the third hopefully.

"I don't ever want to see it again," sobbed the first one.

"There's another one just like it," said the third one happily.

"Do you think I would take that," exclaimed the first one scornfully.

There was a furious clanging over my head, and I shrank back against the wall just in time as two of the conspirators ran past me and flew to their rooms. I still hesitated about entering, but as the light snapped off, I very quietly entered the room and crept into bed.

"Well," said my roommate in a dangerous tone.

With trembling hands I turned on the light.

"There," I triumphantly placed my roommate's toothbrush on the table, "Dry as a bone," I said with a leer. She promptly fainted.

Bravery

The cords in my throat strained, and my back was thrown more and more out of shape, my mouth contorted, and sweat poured in buckets from my brow. I knew I would never come out alive.

"Please, oh, please," I cried feebly. But no one heeded, and my head was thrust forward again and again, my eyes smarted and my neck seemed to be slowly breaking away from the rest of my body. A slow and merciless torture. Finally I could stand no more, my spirit was thoroughly broken—I gave up.

To my surprise a cool breath of air rushed over my body and face, little shivers stopped running up and down my back, I relaxed a little, and although my head was still pounding and hurling from side to side, I was able to make myself heard.

"Please," I begged for I thought then I was dying.

"All right now," said my torturer, "thirty-five cents please."

I had survived my first Endowment Fund Shampoo.

Virginia A. Riley, '31.

Thoughts While Falling Down Stairs In Church

I must have my heel fixed right away or next time I *will* break my neck—it's lucky these stairs aren't made of cement, as it is, I'll be lame for a week—well, the first three flights are always the hardest—I wish I could remember what I started down here for anyway—I'll be late now for collection—I guess some poor heathen will go without clothes a little longer while they have these stairs fixed—it's not hurting them half as much as it is me, though—I hope nobody is looking—I bet they'd think I was taking a non-stop flight, at the rate I'm going I sure am making a record—it won't be endurance, however—if I didn't have this fur coat on I would hurt my dignity—well, for once, my grandmother couldn't say my hat wasn't down far enough on my head—I see the end approaching—I only hope there isn't a Kodak ahead—well, it won't be long now!

IMMORTALITY

I was a tiny maple bud,
Until I burst out free,
Now I am an autumn leaf
Upon a dying tree.

But I have no fear of death,
The way most mortals do,
For I know when springtime comes,
That I'll be born anew.

Vesta Black, '32.



THERE'S A REASON

You're tired and you're awfully cross,
Your day has been a total loss.

Your marks don't ever seem to rise
Your sun has gone and gray your skies.

Your heart is heavy as a stone,
You want to cry and be alone.

For all these, only reasons one,
That certain "special" didn't come.

Marian Lewis, '32.

"NO MORE SCANDAL"

Tiny toes we used to see,
Then the ankles peeped,
Up and up, oh vulgar thing
M'lady's skirt did creep.
When bony knees began to show,
The world was quite aghast,
But now, Dame Scandal, all is o'er
They're down again at last!

Vesta Black, '32.

Morning Express

"A bell—gee whiz, it's seven-thirty!
I'll have to hurry at this rate.
Am I ready did you say? Not me!
Yes, I know I'm always late.

No, I didn't get to study,
Although I did get up at six.
You see, I got so very sleepy
That to the books, I said 'nix.'

What is that? I'd better hurry?
You're sure we'll be the last ones in?
Hey! wait a minute, can you lovey,
I've forgotten my clean napkin.

Gee! I never heard that word before,
Sh! go tell the Dean why we're late.
Gosh, oh gee, now don't get so sore,
What! you're glad you're not my room-mate?"

Janet McCartney, '32.

Football in New Haven

Chrysanthemums, orchids, roses, and v'ilets,
Squirrels and leopards, beavers and 'coons,
Packards and Cadillacs, Whippets and Fiats,
Crimsons and purples, blues and maroons.

Chesterfields, Luckies, Camels, and Murads,
Rubinstein, Arden, Hudnut, and Leigh,
Whiskey and brandy and Gordon's dry gin,
Concrete and dampness, pineboards and hay.

Vassar and Wellesley, Bryn Mawr and Smith,
Harvard and Princeton, Dartmouth and Brown,
While down at the Bowl, and owning New Haven
The football crowd rules, for a day, in the town.

Charlotte Hanson, '32.



"A Good Sport for Every Girl. Every Girl a Good Sport."

Are you a Blue or a White? Do you wear one of those buttons? Are you helping to

carry out its significance? Program———good posture, friendship, play, and cooperation.

The Golf Club has been organized and already the members have profited by the instruction Mr. Burgess has given.

Virginia Whitman was elected President and Dorothy Peabody, Treasurer.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association called by Mary Tucker, President; Virginia Hinshaw was elected Vice President and Dorothy Peabody, Treasurer.

Oct. 28, 1930

This morning the Blues, with Miss Badger in charge held their elections. Betty Foster was elected Captain and Dorothy Peabody sub-captain. Betty Foster is Hockey Captain and Aline Paull is Soccer Captain. The cheer leader is Judy Case.

The Whites with Miss McClelland in charge elected Mary Tucker as Captain and Ruth Tilley as sub-Captain. Marjorie Tillotson is Hockey Captain and Alice Penny is Soccer Captain. Their cheer leader is Harriet Cole.

Make a Hockey Team!

Every favorable Tuesday and Thursday at 3:20 there is Hockey practice; don't miss one if you hope to make a team! You'll help your team along by being there—make points for the Blues and Whites.

For quite a while we have seen signs of "Make this year 100%," "Join the Athletic Association," and "Belong to Blue and White." There has been a table out in the hall and everyone has been urged to join the A. A. The number has been large. The Whites won the points for the largest membership.

EDITORIALS

WHY NOT SUNDAY SPORTS?

America is proud, and justly so of the name that she has acquired "Leader of all Sporting Nations." Bobby Jones, the champion of the golfing world; William Tilden, king of tennis for men, and the beloved sportswoman, Helen Wills Moody, in the world of tennis.

The effect of this sporting age, this wonderful age of outdoor games, played in the sunshine and clean air shows in the lean, hard, brown, healthy men and women of America. Gone are those pale delicate girls of yesterday and in their place is the girl of today. Who would dare to say that this is not a vast improvement?

The important fact has been discovered by the business world, that recreations must be provided for intelligent and constructive work. It is an accepted fact that the maximum of work can be accomplished in a much shorter period of time than was formerly, in long hard hours of steady grind.

Colleges, and schools of all kinds, follow, to a very large extent, this precedent set by business men. Thus comes basketball, golf courses, for student use, tennis courts, horseback riding, and that popular national game, football. These things all lead to a sense of fair play, and recreation from hard study leads to a greater concentration to work and a mind refreshed and better able to return to studies.

As people realize the great value of sports, Sunday, the day of rest for everyone becomes the most logical, and in most cases the only possible time for the average busy person to have his pleasurable recreation.

Is it not a much better way to spend the

day than to sit in a stuffy room in meditation?

Criticism by the community used to be a great reason why the private school prohibited Sunday sports. Some of these old fashioned people would hold up their hands in horror at the idea of an invigorating ride on horseback, or a few sets of tennis, but now, as the Church begins to see the need of a compromise, the meeting of the people halfway, these people of the community have no excuse to be horrified. An interesting instance of the Church's recognition of the value of Sunday sports is shown in the "golfer's service," held at St. Paul's Cathedral in Boston. This is a short service and the men may come dressed in knickers and with clubs if they wish.

If the Church and community are beginning to see the necessity of such a compromise, why should not private schools? It would certainly save many a girl from a long dull Sunday afternoon of homesickness, especially when sports of all kinds were offered as a special and attractive feature.

We, the girls of Lasell ask—why not Sunday sports?

SCHOOL SPIRIT

What is meant by "school spirit"? Does anyone know what it is? It seems very doubtful to me, for if there is school spirit in the souls of our Lasellites they keep it well hidden. Must one forever think of school spirit as waving flags and rah-rahing? That is such a childish way to look at it. Can't one have any feeling of school spirit without singing all the songs in a loud voice and proposing yells at every meeting? To us those girls are more collegiate than anything else.

Someone urges us out to cheer by asking scornfully "Where's your school spirit"? And somehow don't we always get a little peeved? We do! But there is deeper feeling than that rah-rah feeling, rather a sentimental feeling which we are a little ashamed to show, goodness knows why, so we assume a blasé air and razz our school and make fun of everything. But what is the point of it?

School spirit is something that can be acquired from others, but not by keeping aloof from the crowd. Perhaps those that have it don't realize it, and perhaps those that think they have it, really don't. Perhaps they don't know that school spirit really consists in taking an interest in the buildings and grounds; in being a little enthusiastic, at least, about the clubs and various organizations; in showing a genuine desire to help the faculty in their attempt to give them pleasure and knowledge, for the faculty is not here only to teach, they are here to help promote good fellowship and to help us when we need it, and to be friends with us; the way in which we react to our schoolmates is the greatest test of school spirit. To be on speaking terms with everyone in school, both teachers and pupils is a sign of real spirit, for to be called high hat and snooty never got anyone anywhere.

Someone is sure to get the wrong idea. By school spirit we don't mean be a busy body. Everyone has seen the girl who literally tears around; she belongs to every club, she runs errands for everyone in school and it sticks out all over, she simply yells all the songs and claps her hands in glee at all school announcements and is generally a nuisance.

The kind of school spirit we want is quiet and shy. No one is conscious that it is school spirit but everyone admires it. To think a little of the school and to wish to uphold the standards some is really quite easy. Haven't you seen the girl who does all those things? She is willing to help, but she doesn't rush it, she joins a few clubs that interest her, not every one, and above all she is nice to everyone and everyone likes her.

To us the most important item under school spirit is one's relationship and attitude towards the rest of the school. We all have our crowd but does that mean that we can't know anyone else? It is such a little to speak to everyone, and such a lot of pleasure is gotten out of it, on both sides; don't you always feel a little warm inside when someone's face lights up just because you have spoken to her? A girl who may not be so fortunate as ourselves in friendships always welcomes an "hello."

Part of our school spirit make-up consists in our wanting other girls to have it too and to be happy as we are, and one of the best ways to attain our goal is to be kind.

So all in all, school spirit is not as bad as it has been painted and we think if one thinks of it as something wonderful, and as a genuine desire to help the school and everyone in it, there will be a little more than there was before and that is what we want.

EXCHANGES

In the October issue of the *Connecticut College News*, there is an interesting editorial on a very widely discussed subject—"Is Initiation Necessary?"

The column, Impressions, in the *Ward-Belmont Hyphen* we read eagerly every week. This column might be an interesting addition to our LEAVES.

"The Eagle Feather," the *Ward-Belmont* poetry contribution, is an excellent section. It is sponsored by the Wordsmiths, the only honorary literary organization in their school, whose membership is limited to fourteen girls. We select this one not only for its excellence, but for its appropriateness at this time:

"Preface to Fall"

Burnished maple leaves
Waxed to shine pale amber
In the sun.
Crazy black tree trunks
Could have been a riverlike pathway

For chipmunks late in gathering
 Golden kernels of maize.
 Stars, growing more sifted
 When the red harvest moon is tinted
 A cold, cold white.
 And our love growing older,
 Falling away like the leaves of a tree.
 Soon, too soon will they scatter their seedlings
 Bringing forgotten loves back to me.
 Autumn is for those
 Who wish to remember
 The past summer's friends, and yet
 When I think of joyless days of perplexion,
 I wish to God this autumn
 Would make me forget.

Naomi Saip, '31.

We cannot omit this one even though our space is limited. The author is the editor of "The Eagle Feather" in the *Ward-Belmont Hyphen*.

"Night Club"

Careened floor glossed through my mind
 with soft smoke haze and smoothest steps of
 dancers to insane jazz:

I believe the man who played first saxophone,

Had eyes as blue
 As a boy I once knew.

Smooth shoulders, white, gown's gape and
 breast white, the last sound of human's playing,
 far away, with me, ice tinkled bubbles,
 pale-dry and caught lights:

I believe the man who played first saxophone,

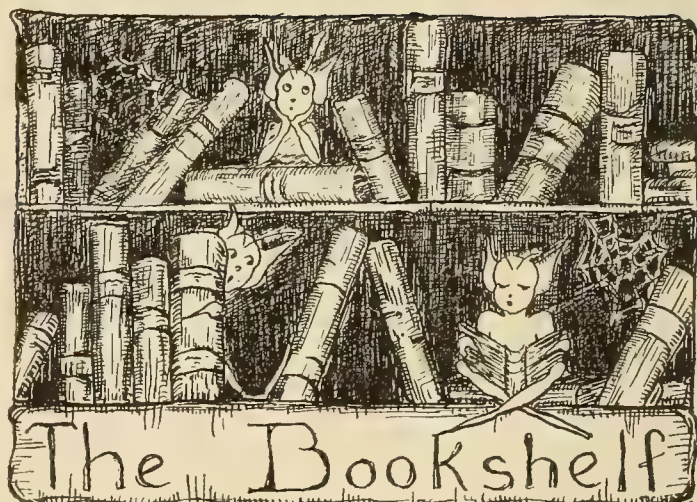
Had eyes as blue
 As a boy I once knew.

Marion H. Cox, '31.

We could not ignore this:

One: "My wife is an angel."
 Two: My wife is still alive.

Virginia Riley, '31.



"ESCAPE" BY FRANCESCO NITTI

For the last few years people have been reading all the good things that Mussolini has done since he became the dictator of Italy. The outside world thinks that everyone is in favor of his Fascism. However, there are many people who do not care for it. No one has ever heard of what happens to those people who go against his wishes.

In this book one reads a true story of three men, among thousands, who expressed their dislikes for Mussolini and his Fascism. They were not even given a trial, but sent away to prison. Their friends and family did not even know what had happened to them and the men had only a faint idea of the crime they had committed. They were placed in overcrowded cells with scarcely any food. They were moved from one prison to another. Finally they were sent to "Devil's Island." Here they were allowed only twenty-five cents a day for food. Whatever food they could obtain they had to cook themselves. They were not forced to do any work, so the days became very monotonous. The only way a man could leave this island was to change his ideas and become a supporter of Mussolini.

One day a minister came to the island. He knew one of the three men very well. He told them, without letting the guards know it, that he would help them. Finally they received word from him that a boat would come to the island at a certain time and at a certain place. Several men had tried to escape, but had not

been successful. These three men, after very careful planning, were able to escape, but the journey was hard, long, and dangerous.

These men can never enter Italy and their relatives cannot come out of the country. They are constantly being watched. If they are found doing any misdeed, they will be sent to "Devil's Island," and will receive very severe treatment.

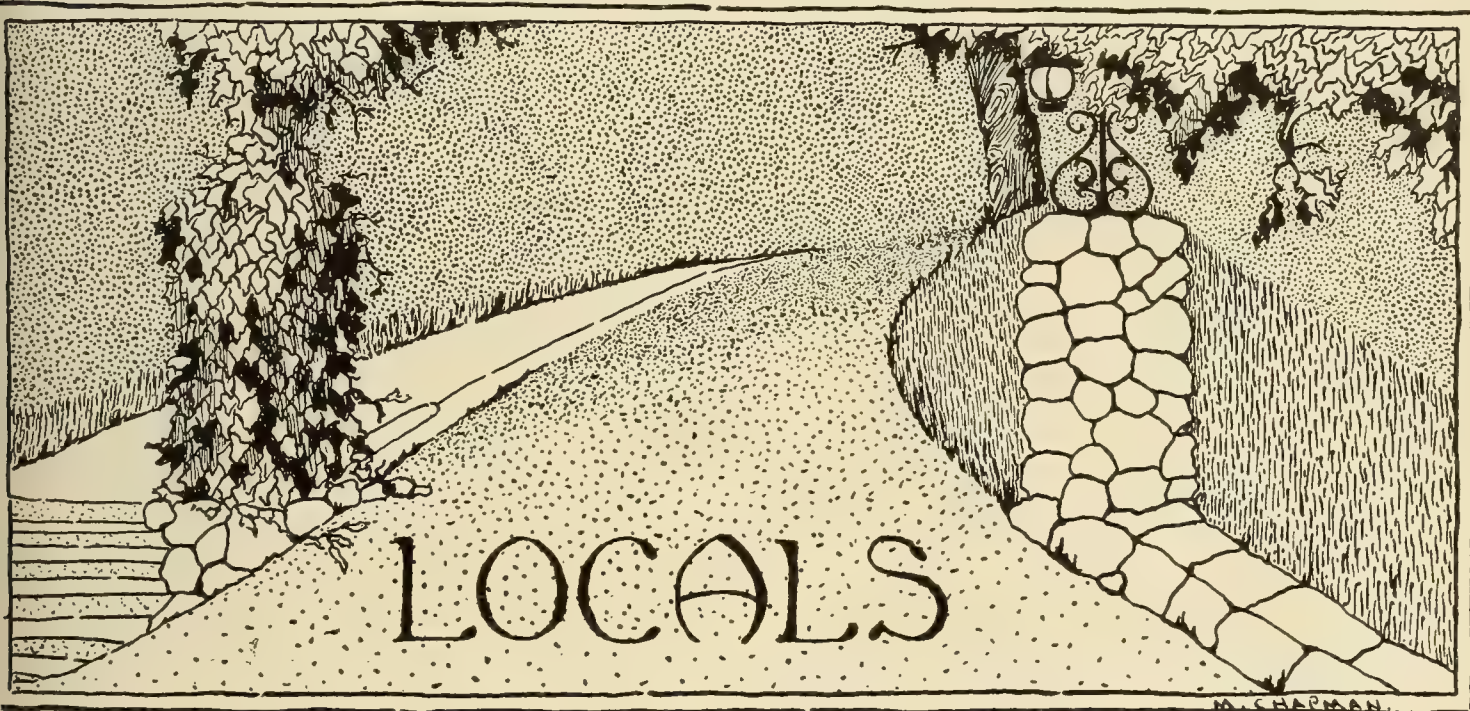
These men finally made their way to America and one of them decided to write this story in order to give people some idea of the other side of Mussolini.

Mary Marble, '31.

SONNET FOR A SUMMER NIGHT

In hours like this when night-time fills the lake
And sky with singing darkness, and a loon
Cries out, and night-birds fly across the moon,
When 'shore lies close to see the pale light shake
Across the bay, and constellations break
In misty sparks horizon to horizon flung,
I'm glad the night is young and I am young
And time and space are things that I can make.
My upstretched hand would touch the farthest sun,
I'd poise myself atop the Milky Way
That bends above me not so very far,
My feet in dusts of planets, I could run
To dive down from its curve into the bay,
Or stand here still to see one shooting star.

Norma Keller, '31.



October 14: Plymouth Trip. Four crowded buses of wise Lasellites started out on the annual Plymouth trip, favored with a sunny day—and smiles. Once more it was proved that the sum of a clambake, plus education, plus swimming and riding may equal a very enjoyable journey. We all extend a vote of thanks to the Winslows, Amesburys and others who were responsible for the good time—had by all.

October 15: Junior Elections. The Juniors surprised us by "Singing in the Rain," naturally the unexpected moment. We congratulate their President, Dorothy Herring; Vice President, Mary E. McNulty; Secretary,

Margaret Lovell; Treasurer, Marion Freeman; Song Leader, Mary Whitaker; Cheer Leader, Julia Case.

October 19: Vespers. Rev. Arthur Ellis of the Newtonville Congregational Church introduced us to Rudyard Kipling as he knew him. The underlying sentiment of his talk will not soon be forgotten because of its very close relation to the poet with whom we are all more or less familiar.

October 22: Chapel. Next to Calvin Coolidge, we have decided that "Charlie" Hatfield is our favorite politician. In a delightfully humorous and understanding way, he convinced us that politicians can be real people

after all. Mr. Hatfield himself was a living example of the points he so clearly explained.

October 26: Vespers. We had, as our speaker, Rev. Edward Payson Drew of the Gordon Bible School in Boston. Let us remember him by "Vision, Communion and Service."

October 29: Chapel. Rev. John Wingett of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Newtonville gave us a short talk—"Silence versus Pep in Religion." We agree with Dr. Wingett and the old maxim, "Silence is Golden."

October 30: Chapel. Miss Florence Young, a graduate of Colby College related to us several interesting experiences concerning her summer work in the mountains of Kentucky. We conclude from her talk that we are indeed fortunate in having the versatile Miss Young with us, not only because she made us realize how much we should appreciate our own circumstances in comparison with those of the children in the mountains, but also because she escaped from there alive. After all we are not so accustomed to the use of a gun as punishment for the slightest wrong-doing. We sincerely hope that Miss Young will visit us again—when we are quite sure the menu does not include fried chicken.

October 31: Hallowe'en Party. Our gymnasium, stable, and chapel were transformed into spook dwellings and haunted houses. Ghosts, witches, cats, and skeletons crowded the dance floor. Even the green dragon seemed to enjoy apples and doughnuts. Among those present at the lively affair were: Amos and Andy, a group of Dutch and Spanish dolls, Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, several clowns (related to Barnum, we are told), a few light (?) and lovely fairies, and the inevitable Bowery dancers. To those who may have been misled, the winners of the first prize, Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, are really not twins.

November 2: Vespers. We were indeed happy to have Miss Ruth Chapin of the Newton Welfare Bureau as our speaker at Vespers. Naturally we were intensely interested in the activities of her organization and similar ones. Now we are going to think twice before we all become typists or cooks.



Under is not so pleased with the lack of short stories. Fiction is what has made this magazine so popular before, so we are sending out an urgent call. Short stories—is our cry.

Of the few this month we want to call especial attention to Dorothy Herring's fairy tale, which has more than a small amount of truth in it, and which should teach us a lesson. Dorothy Brown's deserves commendation, for there is certainly a great deal of the exhilaration of European travel in it, and that, with its pathetic romance makes it an enjoyable story. Norma Keller has certainly revived the old days, and gives us a vivid picture of what Lasell must have been in the gay nineties. We hope it doesn't prove too influential.

Norma proves herself a versatile young person, for she writes not only stories, but also sonnets. Her sonnet is beyond the power of description or praise and we can only hope you will thrill to it as we did.

Scattering Leaves, and *Wise and Otherwise* have boomed considerably, and we are thankful. Virginia Riley is almost too observing. Her account of the fall down stairs is too realistic, at least for Under's comfort. We can guess the church in which it happened. All of her articles show a good sense of humor, and the things that may have seemed tragic to us at some time, are made to appear amusing now. We are referring in particular to the shampoo.

We like the poetry of Vesta Black and Marion Lewis very much. It shows a great deal of originality, and is interesting and picturesque.

On the whole we are very much pleased—but we do want more short stories.



"What is the latest word from Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon?" is the first question asked by the old girls as they revisit Lasell. We are glad to report that our Principal Emeritus is holding his own and as Miss Ransom exclaimed upon her recent return to Auburndale, "Dr. Bragdon is still all bound up in his Lasell."

The annual meeting of the Lasell Corporation and of the Trustee Board was held as usual at the Seminary, October 22. Early in the same day the officers of the Alumnae Association were Dr. Winslow's guests for luncheon and immediately afterwards went into executive session. This representative group included Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, President of the Lasell Alumnae Association; Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05, Vice President; Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, Secretary; Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, Treasurer, and also Edna Thurston Follett, '03-'07. Several of the group are also members of the Lasell Corporation and remained for the annual meeting, and other graduates joined the group. These added members were: Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, Maude Simes Harding, '06, Helen Carter Marcy, '06, Josephine Chandler Pierce, '91-'96, and Lillie R. Potter, '80.

At the meeting of the Lasell Corporation two members were added. The Honorable Charles Hatfield, former Mayor of Newton, was elected to the Board of Trustees and Miss Martha Ransom, for many years Head of the Physical Culture Department, was chosen a member of the Corporation.

The November LEAVES takes pleasure in

publishing the marriage banns of a small but choice group of former Lasell girls.

June 16, in Paris, France, Jacquelyn Tyler Bickford, '13-'18, married M. Denis Gelin.

Doctor and Mrs. Francis A. Goeltz announce the marriage of their daughter, Henrietta May, '25-'26, to Mr. Bruce R. Pearson, August 1, at Salt Lake City.

Hope Burpee Bean, '25, became the bride of Mr. Harold Dudley Moore on Wednesday, the first of October, at Presque Isle, Maine.

October 5 was the date chosen for the marriage of Edith Bessie Shalit, '28, to Mr. Samuel Richmond.

At Chatham, New Jersey, October 25, Elizabeth Vinnedge Smith, '26, and Mr. William L. Boyce, 2nd, were married. After December 1, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, 2nd, will be "at home" to friends at 3433 Ninetieth Street, Jackson Heights, New York.

Juanita Dudley, '26-'30, was married to Mr. LeRoy Esten of Woonsocket, R. I., on Saturday, November 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rhoads Brunner announce the marriage of their daughter, Virginia Rhoads, '25, to Mr. Roy Cleaver, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth of October, nineteen hundred and thirty.

Three of our Lasell girls have recently received honorable mention through the press. Of one of these, Margaret Gregson Barker, '09-'10, '12-'13, writes in her note to Dr. Winslow, "You will remember Helen Mayer, '09-'10, now Mrs. Arthur M. Oppenheimer of Chicago." Enclosed was a fine picture of Helen cut from a Chicago daily with the interesting note adding, "Mrs. Oppenheimer has entered her second year as presiding officer of the Chicago Woman's Aid Club which recently opened its 48th season." Margaret adds further, "I am sailing for Europe next Saturday, my first trip since 1910 when I left Lasell to join Miss Dolly in Paris." She closes with greetings to Mlle. LeRoy and Mrs. Blanche Martin of whom she adds, "I felt her influence was far reaching." She also expresses the hope that Dr. and Mrs. Winslow

will be her guests when next they visit Chicago.

† Last Spring, the Newton Tercentenary Committee offered a prize to the members of public, private, and parochial schools of grades VIII-XII inclusive, for the best essay on the topic "Our New England Fathers." It was a real pleasure that Dorothy Herring, President of the Class of 1932, won the first prize, and Elinor Packard, ex-'32, honorable mention, both having been in Mrs. Jewett's division of English 4. We believe the prize paper is to be printed soon in the LEAVES.

In a letter to the Editor of the LEAVES, Mr. Haven M. Powers of the Leland Powers School, writes, "The enclosed news item I am sure will prove interesting to you in connection with you Alumnae column." †

FORMER LASELL GIRL RECEIVES HONORS AT LELAND POWERS SCHOOL

"Helen Cole, '28, who was graduated from Lasell a few years ago receives honors at Leland Powers School of Dramatic Art in Boston, Mass. She is to play the leading woman's part of Katherine de Vaucelles in the Senior Class Play 'If I Were King,' by Justin McCarthy. Miss Cole was a member of the Lasell Dramatic Club."

Lasell's congratulations to this successful trio!

This is the latest word from Marian Keefer Krentzer, '13, "My dear Dr. Winslow: It is indeed a long time since I have had any word from Lasell. As you will see I am living now in Orange, N. J., and only get back to Mechanicsville for the summer. About seven years ago, my first husband died as a result of an auto accident. A year and a half ago, I remarried. I have a four months old boy, and a nine-year-old son, and as I had a Lasell Baby Book for my first boy, I would like to ask if they are still in existence. If so, may I have one for the new baby? My surprise was indeed great when I recognized in a very near neighbor, Adele McDonald, '10-'12. We meet frequently and her older boy attends the same school with my son. I hear often from Marjorie Risser Blackwell, '12 who has re-

cently lost her father. May I be remembered to all I know at Lasell and probably that will not be so many now. I would appreciate any word that you have time to send from Lasell. I have many pleasant remembrances of my days at school."

Louise Paisley, '09, her mother, Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10, and Edna Thurston Follett, '03-'07, returned together to the old school. A day or two later, Louise was Miss Blackstock's dinner guest. To our joy she has promised to return some week-end and at one of our Missionary Campfire Meetings tell the girls of today the thrilling story of her two years sojourn in Russia and also her experience with the Near East Relief Society in Armenia.

Dr. Winslow was indeed pleased in October to receive the following invitation:

You are cordially invited to an
Art Exhibition
given by
Dorothy Iola Keeler ('25)
to be held at the apartment of
The Misses Hubbard
6 Foster Street
Brookline, Massachusetts
Wednesday, October Fifteenth

Our hearty congratulations to this, another progressive Lasell girl.

Helen Crego, '30, writes from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, "I am now secretary to the General Agent of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Des Moines, Iowa. Sounds as though I really were somebody but it's just 'cause the Company has a long name. I love my work—except when I start day dreaming about a little town near Boston—and then I think I was stupid because I didn't start to Lasell when I learned to talk. Please give my love to all the teachers and tell them to think kindly of me for truly at heart I tried to be a 'l. w. d.'"

Lasell always has a glad welcome for every returning old girl but somehow the farther back their date the greater seems to be our appreciation of their unchanging loyalty. Be-

cause of this, we render special thanks to Edessa Warner Slocum, '09-'10, and her dear mother for having made quite a detour recently in Lasell's favor. Edessa gave us a hint that her sister, Helen Warner Gankler, '18, hopes to revisit her Alma Mater before long.

The Treasurer of our L. A. A., Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, has been in our neighborhood all summer and best of all has been real neighborly. Her vacation "up North" has proved a panacea, for at the October Corporation Meeting several exclaimed, "How well Mrs. Cushing is looking!" She will soon be southward bound and will carry with her the well wishes of a host of devoted old girls who love her personally and appreciate her enthusiastic, unfailing service to the Alumnae.

Mabel Currie Priest, '99, called at Bragdon Hall in the fall. We doubt if any improvement or change escaped the eye of this wide awake old girl who delighted us with her expressions of appreciation and loyalty.

Who better fitted than Helen Roberts, '30, to welcome the new girls and graciously introduce them into some of the fine traditions of Lasell, which service she rendered early in the term. Helen's summer abroad agreed with her for she never looked in better health and is taking up with eagerness her work at Boston University and Harvard, under the direction of the University Extension Courses.

How is this for having a full schedule, and who but our efficient Sarah Caldwell, '06, could or would attempt to "put it across?" To our M. P. W. she writes, "If letters would only write themselves you would hear from me often. Three weeks ago, I went to San Antonio, a hundred and fifty-six miles away. I arrived Friday night. Saturday night I prepared and served a dinner party given in honor of Gen. Lasoter, the Commanding Officer at Ft. Sam Houston. Sunday, prepared and served a buffet supper for twenty-five; Monday, prepared a luncheon for eighteen; Tuesday, took a hundred and forty mile drive to spend an hour with my young nephew who is in the hospital in Kenville;

Wednesday, attended to some business in San Antonio; Thursday, prepared and served a luncheon for twenty-six, took the sleeper home that night, arrived home Friday morning, unpacked a small shipment from France and rearranged my shop; Saturday, prepared and served a luncheon for twenty-eight here at home. The past week I've had two parties; my helper has been sick; I've received a large and very beautiful shipment from France which had to be unpacked and arranged in the shop. There have been the usual three meals a day to prepare; the house to be kept in order; customers to be waited on; a young nephew's lessons to be heard and the rest of the time filled with odds and ends, and so the days fly by. I am well and strong and enjoy my work immensely." Dear Sarah, we read of your high pressure program and in contrast, our days seem to be days of leisure. Our congratulations and best wishes for your continued success. Our principal has recently come into possession of two charming photographs of Sarah's home and shop. This fascinating southern residence, literally banked-in with ferns, firs and shrubs and nearby a friendly palmetto tree presents a charming picture. On the porch around a tea table there seems to be sitting our Sarah and a group of friends. We join with Sarah in wishing her "House of Gifts" at Corpus Christi were located in our near neighborhood.

Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, writes from her new home in Merion Station, Pa. "Our move here has been a delight in every way. Miss Witheree has promised to come to see me when she makes a trip to Philadelphia in November. Isn't that fine?" Ida's friendly and heartening message is greatly appreciated and this gives us opportunity to assure her that Lasell is still well-pleased with her dear daughter, Lenna Lyon, '31, and only regrets that this is her last year as a member of our school commonwealth.

To Gertrude Sherman Ellsworth, '94, Dr. Winslow is indebted for the following friendly letter: "You may be interested to learn that last June was the 35th anniversary of the

graduation of the Class of '94. In February, preceding that time, I started a round robin letter using with appreciation, your catalogue of Alumnae. The letter returned to me a year later with seventeen letters in all, out of eighteen possible. As the last member lives in France, I only recently learned her address and still hope to hear from her. As a class, we had had no reunion of any sort, but on this occasion there has been an abundance of enthusiasm, interest and loyalty to Lasell. I am planning to send a copy to Dr. Bragdon at Pasadena, California. Should you care to see the letter, or if there is anyone at Lasell now, who remembers the class, I should be glad to send you a copy. The original is on the second round now, eagerly awaited by all. It may be that the riper years have given us all more leisure to enjoy the renewing of old ties, and I know that even a stranger would enjoy this review of the girls of '94." Lasell of today will read with genuine pleasure the round robin letter of the Class of '94 and the Personals Editor will count it a privilege to share as far as permissible its contents with the patrons of the LEAVES.

Here is quite a bunch of Lasell news which came to us by the way of Mariesta Howland, '26. "Here is my bi-annual letter! I have thought of you many times in the past month, and of Lasell, and all the cherished, opening festivities there. It scarcely seems possible that I have not been a part of it for four long years. I am still at Little, Brown & Company as Assistant Editor and enjoy my work. It seems strange not to have Dorothy Schumaker, '26, with me this year, but she is remaining in Asheville, N. C., for the winter. I suppose that you have received an announcement of the birth of a daughter to Erna Schmidt Awalt, '26, and her delightful Texan husband? The baby's name is Jean and Erna tells me that she is an adorable blonde. Anita Krakauer, '26, is marrying her Mexican doctor, Guillermo, sometime in December and is having a truly fairy-tale trousseau and a house with a patio! Madeleine Roth White, '26, is deep in arranging a new home and is planning

a Mediterranean trip with "Herb" early in the winter. Peg Matthews, '26, enjoys her secretaryship to a doctor. Sallie Foster, '26, was wed September 11 to Dr. Richard Farnsworth of Jaynesville, Wisconsin, at her home in Ellsworth, Maine, and I was so sorry to be ill and miss it. Phyl Bridger, '26, was married August 30 to Willard Leathers, a Yale man and they are living in Winchester. Anita wants me to be one of her bridesmaids but I cannot go 'way to Mexico for the bridal festivities. You remember Lolita del Pino, '24-'25? She is doing some fine work as a claim lawyer for the Cuban government. Marta Aspegren, '27, is a most successful executive for Roger Babson with his American Public Welfare work in Wellesley. And I think Kittie Worrall, '28, should have a prize as the loveliest and most devoted mother to her young son, William Norman Clarke, Jr. They are a picture together, for the baby is every bit as fine-looking as Kittie herself. I often have a sparkling letter from our beloved Miss Witherbee. Am still a devotee of languages. I think you will open Senora's eyes wide if you tell her that I am now studying Swedish! Very seriously, too. I decided that I could no longer bear to hear the Aspegren family chattering away and not know what it was all about. With affectionate salutations to you and kindest regards to all Lasellians."

Anna Andrews Barris, '01-'02, is at present in Bloomsburg, Pa., recovering from a serious hospital experience. During her days of convalescence she has been busily engaged in looking over proofs of her three books, the Plantation Series, to be published early in the New Year. We congratulate this former Lasell girl on her successful literary achievements, and are rejoiced over her recovery.

Harriet Fera French, '16-'17, of Newton Centre, Virginia Moore Starkey, '17, and Carolyn B. Moore, '14, of Duluth, Minn., also Elizabeth Carlile Cutler, '17, of Wyncote, Pa., reported at Bragdon on the day of our fall Trustees Meeting. We regretted their hurried call but were thankful that they remained long enough to convince us that "all goes well with

them" and that their love and devotion for Lasell is unchanged. The Minnesota group left with a half promise to return to the school before they "started back home."

Five happy years Evelyn Ladd Rublee, '28, spent at Lasell. Those of us who had Laddie under our wing during those school days were glad indeed to welcome her home. Her special errand to Boston was to provide furnishings for her new home. One can safely say of this old girl that she is very happily married.

Vera Studley Bailey, '28, Dr. Bailey and their precious little daughter are now at home in Frederick, Maryland.

Alice Frasch Smith, '12-'13, and her husband, called last summer and left their new address—826 South Catalina Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. We were pleased to welcome them, but grieved to learn of the loss of their only child, a little son, seven years of age.

It was just like friendly Emma Thompson, '30, to stop at Lasell this summer if only for a moment. Later she recalled our expressed love for Orr's Island, and sent back a charming picture of the Pearl House, made famous through Sarah Orne Jewett's novel, "The Pearl of Orr's Island".

President Emily Crump, '29, as the doves would say, "has been awfully good about writing." This dear novice in the department of pedagogy says in her latest letter, "I spent a very happy summer in spite of the heat. I was busy every moment with my camp girls. I do not believe one minds the heat nearly as much when one is busy. One of the bright spots in my summer was a long letter from Margaret Wethern, '29, in which she mentioned the arrival of Betty Wells' daughter. "I have a birthday gift for her from the Class of '29." We happen to know at the moment that the much coveted class banner is now in the possession of little June Furneaux. Dorothy Finken, '27-'28, was Emily's guest this fall, and joined with her hostess in sending loving greetings to their Alma Mater.

Emily's reference to Margaret Wethern reminds the Personals Editor of a happy call she

had from Margaret while in Minneapolis, the guest of her brother, Mr. E. F. Potter. Margaret is now occupying a responsible position in one of the largest and most successful business firms in Minneapolis. She seemed very happy and looked prosperous. With the exception of her daily delightful visits with her neices, Mary Potter McConn, '05, and Julia Potter Schmidt, '06, (Mary's guest), our Dean saw little of the Lasell Northwestern girls. Marie Hibbing Koller, '11, most kindly planned a reunion, but serious illness in her family prevented its materializing. Marion Joslin Oppenheimer, '12, of St. Paul, was away for the summer but sent a much appreciated letter to Miss Potter, in which she pays tribute to her teachers at Lasell and adds, "Realizing more than ever the value of the teachers' influence during the formative period of a student's life, we have placed our boys with masters and counsellors of outstanding character. While week-ending up North we met Marie Hibbing Koller, '11, her doctor husband and three children—a boy and lovely twin girls. We see Betsy House McMillan, '05-'06, frequently although she is extremely busy with her growing family—two sweet girls at the University and one boy away at school. Last summer my husband and I met Florence Jones Allen, '12, in Paris. After spending a week or so there we returned on the Steamship France together—making such a happy ending for our trip. At the dock in New York were Mabel Jones Wilker, '01-'02, Margaret Jones Clemen, '11, Helen Merrill Strohecker, '16, Annie Merrill David, '12, Mildred Hall Leber, '12, and Lucy Russell Webb, '08-'10, so we felt as though we were having a small Lasell reunion. 1912—just think 1932 will be our twentieth reunion. I hope to be there and meet a goodly number of old 1912ers. In the meantime, greetings to Dr. Winslow and best wishes to dear old Lasell."

In a personal letter to Miss Wright, received in October, Charlotte Russell Morrison, '26, confessed that she is even now looking forward to their class reunion next June, adding,

"What a review in memory we shall have of those priceless Lasell days."

How did it happen that we allowed Frances Smith, '30, and Ruth Doughty, '30, to slip by with only a friendly nod. In reply to our inquisitive Personals Editor's question, "What are you girls doing?" Ruth added, she was simply visiting Frances and her hostess' reply was, "Oh, I am only looking after Ruth." We hope they will soon return and fill out their questionnaires satisfactorily.

Owing to the change of the family residence, Nancy Fowler, '29-'30, is no longer with us. Her parents' address is 606 South Boulevard, Westover Hills, Richmond, Virginia. She is attending the Collegiate School for Girls in Richmond. She writes, "It may interest you to know that en route South we stopped at the Raleigh, Washington, D. C., and occupied the 'Tucker' suite. If the Lasell girls make their annual visit South, I will plan to meet them in Washington. Greetings to all, from Nancy."

Charlene Rollins, '29-'30, declares, "I am greatly disappointed not to return to Lasell this year." Lasell's reply is that the disappointment is mutual. This lover of music is both giving and taking music lessons and is also studying shorthand and typewriting. To prove her continued interest in Lasell, her closing word is, "Of course I shall take the LEAVES."

We are glad again to learn the address of Virginia Coons Harbison, '25-'26, which is 500 West Chilton Avenue, Germantown, Pennsylvania. Future word direct from this former Lasell girl would be gratefully received.

Natalie Best, '25-'30, is enjoying her Freshman year at St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York. Barbara Thompson, '26-'30, is regularly enrolled at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. To these former students, Lasell's best wishes for a successful year.

To our never ending joy the tribe of little Lasell-folk increases daily. The latest registration is as follows:

On June 16, 1930, Jefferson Feige arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. VanderWolk (Edith Powell, '18).

Leland David Wilcox, Jr., the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Leland D. Wilcox (nee Miriam Lingley, '28), was born September 26, 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Awalt (Erne Schmidt, '26) announce the arrival of Jean Awalt, October 3, 1930.

Helen Elizabeth, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Olow, Jr. (Helen Johnson, '21), arrived at their home, October 9, 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Perkins (Marjorie Blair, '28) are the happy parents of little Raymond Blair Perkins, who was born October 16, 1930.

Alfhild Trondsen, '22-'23, and her parents have just returned from another European tour. This last bit of travel seems to include every country on the continent. Alfhild writes, "In Dresden we met Christine Chamberlin, '25, and her mother. We had a happy visit together. Christine doesn't look a day older than when at Lasell and that was eight years ago. We found Budapest the most beautiful city in Europe, especially so at night, when its illuminated fortress, Coronation Church, and bridges are reflected in the Danube River."

Jeanette Gessner, '30, and Beatrice Alderman, '30, were among this month's most welcome visitors. Jeanette finds the banking business both interesting and profitable. Not satisfied with this, her daily occupation, she is also taking two evening courses in banking. She was kind enough to declare, "There isn't any place that has half the claim upon my heart that Lasell has." Beatrice Alderman did not share her present program or future plans with us, but we wish her success in whatever field she enters.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hernly Boyd (Adelaide Lidikay, '28-'29), Indianapolis, on October 10, a baby boy was born. On the announcement card the fond mother writes, "Just wanted all my friends at Lasell to know of our happiness." Congratulations to our former teacher, Mr. Boyd, and wee Alonzo, Jr.

This is the latest word from Caroline Jamison, '30, "Even though not at Lasell, I am attending a Business Institute at Detroit and enjoy my work very much. I certainly would like to be among the incoming Lasell girls and

do expect to return sometime before long to the school of which I have nothing but the happiest memories." What a model finale to Caroline's letter, "I would like to get in touch with the Detroit Lasell Club for I do not wish to lose contact with the school and would also like to subscribe for the LEAVES. The Detroit girls will confer a distinct favor on Caroline and also on themselves by getting in touch with this loyal Alumna.

Ellice Black, '27, so Hortense May, '24-'25, informs us, moved from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania in October. We are hoping for further particulars.

Maude Tait, '20, our most courageous aviatrix is out of the hospital and again flying. Lasell's congratulations to this intrepid little ace.

We find it difficult to think of our Phyllis Rowe, '19, anywhere else save in Baltimore at Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she served so long and happily. This fall she transferred her work to Cleveland, Ohio, and is now devoting her time to a unit of hospitals connected with the Western Reserve University.

We fortunately chanced to be at home on the day last summer when Doris Waller O'Hara, '15, and her husband called. This was Mr. O'Hara's initial visit to Lasell, but Doris insisted she had a real "home-again feeling" as she entered Bragdon Hall. Her husband is one of Chicago's well and favorably known bankers.

Katherine Creighton, '29-'30, dashed in and out of Bragdon giving us barely time enough to say "hello." She is enjoying her special course in the Bouvé School in Boston. We are not forgetting her gracious message received last summer in which she expressed such high regard for our school where she spent "such a happy and profitable year."

The Personals Editor confesses her disappointment in missing the call of Mr. and Mrs. T. Thedford Forman (Celina Belle Isle), '21. On Celina's card was written, "I am sorry to miss you but we are hastening home. Everything looks natural at Lasell and the old thrill

comes back. Please remember me to all." We are still recalling with satisfaction how at the last mid-winter reunion of the New York Club this dear graduate traveled with a sprained ankle some sixty miles in order to stand by her school colors.

Is Peggy Ward, '29, enrolled in the Children's Hospital, Boston? She indicated her intention to so do, in her letter received last summer. Now that she is back from the University of Wisconsin and a nearer neighbor than formerly, we have a big hope of seeing this graduate.

Florence Boehmcke Simes, '23, has just ended a tour of the continent. From the neighborhood of the Grand Canyon, she sent Dr. Winslow an interesting travelogue. While in Pasadena she was disappointed in not seeing Dr. Bragdon but did have a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Kelsey, '95. She was duly fascinated with Pasadena, San Moreno, and with their beautiful homes and was especially impressed with her visit to the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest. But after all, declares she will be glad to return again to the green fields of New England. She closes with cordial greetings to Mrs. Winslow and others of the Lasell family who remember her.

Mabel Bavier Bunker, '24, in her friendly letter to Mr. Amesbury speaks with special appreciation of the June number of the LEAVES which she declares "bigger and better than ever." She adds, "Many things have happened since I last wrote. We have acquired quite a family with a Boston Bull dog, 'Scamp'; a canary which we call 'Buddie' and last but not least, our own lovely daughter Nancy."

From Sunset Lodge, West Danville, Vermont, Josephine Laughton, '28, writes of her regret of having missed Miss Potter at the time of her stopover at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, on her way to the fall reunion of the Maine Club. Josephine adds, "I am now at home, keeping house for my father and brother. I was in Montreal at the time of the Lasell girls' return and met their steamer. Kay Fitch, '30, and I plan to visit Lasell in

the near future." Kay Fitch was able, to our joy, to carry out her good intentions, but we are waiting for Josephine to fulfill her promise.

Sibyl Webb Dougherty, '06-'09, made her debut, musically speaking, on October 29, when a large and appreciative audience gathered in Jordan Hall, Boston, to hear our former pupil. She was assisted by three artist members of the Boston Symphony and Jacques Pillois, the composer. Many old girls were in attendance and enjoyed the success of the young artist. Lasell wishes her Godspeed in her career as a concert singer.

An attractive business card recently was received by Mrs. Winslow. It reads as follows:

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We have followed with interest Margaret during her years of business training. Our best wishes for her success.

We are not yet reconciled to Betty Way's, '29-'30, absence. She is now serving in her father's office and enjoys the work. We trust her promise to revisit Lasell in the spring will materialize.

Bess Emerine, '15, sustained a great loss in the passing away of her father last summer. Mr. Emerine had served his community in many positions of trust and was recognized as "one of Fostoria's most beloved and wealthiest citizens." Our sincere sympathy is extended to our bereaved schoolmate and her family.

In the recent death of Mrs. M. Louise Dillingham, Auburndale has lost a worthy and esteemed citizen and Lasell Seminary, a sincere friend. All through the years, her neighborliness has been appreciated and her repeated courtesies to members of our faculty and students have endeared her to us. Lina Maynard Branhall, '79-'84, of Lowell, passed away September 16. From Frances Buchanan Thomson, '22, we have recently learned of the sad tidings of the death of her classmate, Alvine

Hoelscher, '22. No further word has been received from the families or friends of this former Lasell student. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved families.

We are sorry that through an oversight we failed to mention the happy coming of Ivan James Martin 2d to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Martin on July 2. Mrs. Martin old girls will remember as Miss Stearns, Head of the Expression Department for four years at Lasell. Mr. and Mrs. Martin now have their residence at 17 Lawndale Avenue, Waltham, Mass., and are within easy reach of Lasell, but unfortunately for us little Ivan keeps his mother so busy that we seldom see her.

LASELL EXCURSION TO EUROPE IN 1930

On June 20, in a pouring rain, fourteen Lasellites—Jane Gray, Elinor Pitcher, Teddy Pratt, Kay Edwards, Marjorie Billings of the class of '29; Eleanor McKenney, Dot Meeker, Edith Fulton, Charlotte Sherman, Helen Roberts, Bea Alderman of the class of '30; Dorothy Brown and Lenna Lyon of '31; Marguerite Putnam, a former Lasell student, with three friends—Barbara Hansen, an Auburndale neighbor, and Virginia Ross of Cambridge, friends of "Midge" Billings and Eleanor Goodspeed of Brookline, friend of Bea Alderman; Mrs. Meeker, a Lasell mother, set sail with Miss Blackstock in the S. S. *Aurania* of the Cunard Line from Montreal bound for Havre. However, our spirits were not dampened and it cleared up very nicely so that we had a marvellous sail down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, beginning our sightseeing. We soon discovered that the *Aurania* was going to prove a pleasant home at sea, and well that she did, for we were both fog-bound and ice-bound in the Gulf. It was a very thrilling sight when one evening about five, the fog suddenly lifted and everywhere around us, but far enough not to be a danger, were great, huge floating mountains of ice. The Lasell party will never forget the kind and courteous attention of the

crew and officers of the *Aurania* and we all felt that we should have to go a long way to meet such another deck steward as "George," who not only waited on us hand and foot but who cheered us up when we felt a bit "rocky." The tea hour, with its "raisin" cake for which Jane Gray would have exchanged her dearest possession, became one of great delight. And so when we finally reached Havre, we hated to say goodbye. At Havre we were met by our Swiss courier, M. Paul Jacot, whom we later affectionately dubbed "Uncle," and who seemed to wear seven-league boots. Before long we responded automatically to his signal to pick up handbags and run upstairs and down and along the miles of station platforms before we reached the "Sortie," or the "Uscita" or the "Ausgang." What sighs of relief when the hotel was not "a few steps from the station," for then we could drop bags and clamber into the hotel bus which took us to our destination.

Space does not permit telling the full story with all the amusing experiences of the railway washouts when we toured practically the whole of Switzerland to get to Montréux, which lay only a short distance away and where we piled out at two in the morning, Edith Fulton acting porter-in-chief. Or when the Dutch railways suddenly decided not to take the carriage through to Amsterdam and no porter being available, the strong members of the party carried portmanteaux, etc., through several long train corridors to the coach that was a through one. Again, when half the party almost got carried to Venice, the other half remaining at Bologna, while the Italian *chef de gare* decided the fate of the supposedly through carriage. These all added to the spice of things and at the end, we all voted that we would not have had it otherwise. But here are a few of the impressions.

First of all, the party was congenial—just the nicest kind of a group with which to travel and we realized that this was half the fun. Having arrived late in Paris we had to rush through to get all the sight-seeing done but we

managed to get in the Opera, the Follies and a "Paris by night" trip.

One of the first big thrills was on our Paris to Marseilles trip. We arrived at the latter place at midnight but before getting there, as we went racing along in the train we got our first glimpses of this noted Mediterranean port by the light of a full, clear moon. On the land side, we looked down miles into rock strewn gorges, relics we supposed, of the glacier period.

Everywhere we did so much sight-seeing that even with a diary, it now seems hard to recall details. Sometimes we visited more than one gallery in a day, but it was all so interesting. One fascinating trip was down the Rhine from Mainz to Coblenz when for three or four hours we steamed past medieval castles dotting the vine-clad hills that rose above the river on both sides.

Often we took day trips to little quaint and interesting towns where the roofs of the houses were often tall, with openings suggesting the nests of storks and resembling the pictures in Hans Andersen's fairy stories. One place that was exceedingly quaint was Nuremberg, the blending of scenery and architecture making it especially charming. We particularly enjoyed the old market square with its strange but famous clock.

One can hardly think it credible, but the water in Lake Geneva in Switzerland looked as though a bottle of ordinary blueing had been put into it. And all over this lovely countryside, the waterfalls, falling hundreds of feet from snow-capped peaks past pine-clad precipices, looked like slender silver threads to us.

Best of all—the place where, in spite of all the beauty and interest in the rest, some of us would like to live, was the the English countryside. The group on the "Extension" spent a few days in Grasmere, the heart of the English lake district and missed by a few hours the famous sports held there annually. This year Princess Mary was a guest and our bus passed her car as we were bound for the Swan, the

little hotel where we stayed and which was so beautifully situated near glens, and in the heart of a natural hollow. We were provided with walking guides which we made use of and by means of which we explored the heather-covered hillsides, trampling along natural foot-paths past fast-running streams.

And so one would like to go on forever recalling the fun, and the more serious side of the summer. But we all recommend a trip to Europe with a congenial group of Lasell girls, familiarly crying for mail at each hotel, or Eleanor McKenney's jazz leadership when the trains or buses were made merry with our singing. One might almost imagine one's self back in Bragdon. What fun and freedom to stick heads out of train windows and call, "Gelati, Gelati" in Italy, or to roam all over to find a good cassota or spumoni in Rome or Venice. Just try it once. In closing we wish to commend very especially the management of the Temple Tours who so efficiently made us comfortable. We discovered in what high regard this tourist agency, which has always served Lasell, is held and it makes a lot of difference with which agency the tourist travels whether his impressions of Europe are good or bad. Bon voyage, to all those who go again!

Beatrice Alderman, '30.

TOURIST—THIRD

Bitte, Bellissimo and Bon Jour,
Let's see Europe on a tour.
Everybody on location,
Out for higher education;
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, teacher,
Flapper, widow, nurse and preacher.
Some have come to study art,
And some, adventures of the heart.
Some are cracked on literature,
And some come on a shopping tour.
No matter who or why or how,
I've got them trapped and with me now.
We'll have a pantomime review
And see ourselves as others do.
There's glad-hand Charlie
My! what a treat,
His favorite line—
"Sweets to the sweet."

He rushes girly one and all
And *he* can't help it if they fall.
Here's the "Hey-Hey" girl,
Who vamps the guide;
Her boy-friends are her life and pride.
She says "How marvelous" and "You're so clever,"
"I'd love to stay here just forever."
Here's the Kodak guy from Illinois,
He's an earnest and friendly clever boy.
Just when a fly sits on your nose,
He says, "Hold it, I've got it, Gee! what a pose."
And the lady who's known as questionnaire,
She asks twenty questions before she's there.
"What is it, who did it? What makes it go?
Is't a copy? Original? Well, how do you know?
Where's my suitcase, I'm coming, get out of my
path,
Where's my room? How much extra? Say, can
I get a bath?"
There's the college hero all filled with disdain,
The girls in the party all give him a pain.
Every place, everything, every one is a bore,
His comeback, "Um-hum, yes, I've heard that
before."
There's the lady who's quiet and earnest and sweet,
But she always is lagging behind a few feet.
The guide's finished talking, he's worn out and
dead,
And she pipes up, "I haven't heard one word
you've said."
There's the Butter'n egg Man, with shoes size
eleven,
In Venice when canals are smelling to heaven
He takes a long sniff and says, "Gosh, how I wish,
My old Dad was here, 'cos he's wild about fish."
The earnest school teacher who takes notes in a
book,
She's so busy writing she has not time to look.
At each step in the journey, she sets down a note,
And when she gets home she can't read what
she wrote.
The guides and the courier and the hostesses, too,
Are a wild-eyed and worried and dragged-looking
crew.
To bed after midnight and up before seven,
And praying there aren't any tourists in heaven.

GERTRUDE HOPPE,

7501 Cornell Avenue,

St. Louis, Missouri.

[Miss Gertrude Hoppe was a fellow-passenger on the S. S. "Carmania," the boat in which the eight members of the Extension came back. She kindly consented to the publication of this verse in the LEAVES. *Editor.*]

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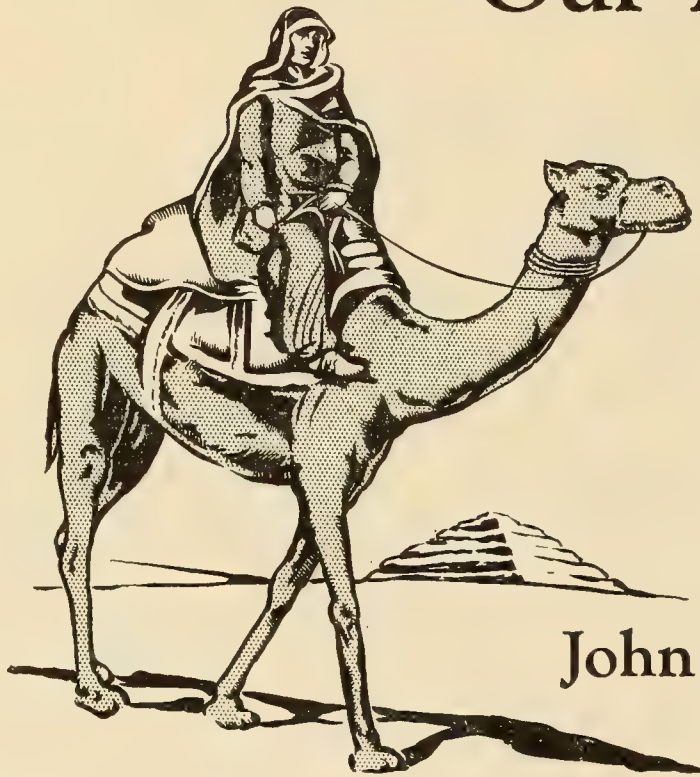
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LASELL LEAVES

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LITERARY

"When Business Is Poor"

I know that business is poor Dad,
I know that stocks are down,
So I'm letting you off this Christmas,
With just a new evening gown.

I saw it in Jordan's the other day,
I knew it was made for me,
I hastened to ask how much it was,
They had priced it quite moderately.

Three hundred and fifty she said it was,
But that isn't very bad,
Shall I give you "Peter Schuylers"
Again this Christmas, Dad?

Vesta Black, '32.

THE ALBATROSS

"Ho-hum," observed the station-master, more to himself than to the group that clustered about the pot-bellied depot stove, "This ain't no night for Santy Claus to be out in."

"Heh, Santy Claus nur any other mortal, I cal'late," said Jeb Weeks, who was close to being a permanent fixture in the Eastboro depot. He planted his steaming felt boots more firmly against the stove and fell to whittling.

"Be you worryin' about Santy, Jeb?" inquired one of the loungers with an elaborate wink to his cronies. Jeb was without a fitting rejoinder, so he only grunted and whittled the more furiously. The group about the stove roared with laughter, and Jonas Briggs, who had ventured the witticism felt called upon to repeat it. "Jeb worryin' about Santy Claus!" he gasped, wiping his eyes, whereupon his supporters bellowed, to the discomfiture of Jeb who could only glare.

Surfeited with countless winter nights of such chaffing, the station agent disengaged himself from the group about the stove, scraping at the frosted window to peer out into the night. He shaded his eyes against the feeble

flare of the bracket-lamps. "It's snowin' purty hard," he said, "I kin hardly see the lights to Caleb North's place."

"Caleb North's is where they had the new baby today, hain't it?" ventured Jeb.

"A little girl," affirmed the station agent, "and I've heard tell it's a puny little thing, too, ain't expected to live very long."

"Makes two girls they got now, I cal'late," opined Jeb.

"And this one come Christmas," contributed the witty Mr. Briggs. "Think of that, Jeb, a Christmas present." He winked broadly to his companions.

Poor Ellen North, puny little thing, not expected to live very long; treated as her mother's best cut-glass salad bowl . . . cherished, protected, coddled . . . to the wonder of Eastboro and her parents reached the age of twenty. Ellen never complained. With her thin, lovely, white hands folded in her lap, she would sit behind the begonia plants in the bay window, watching Eastboro straggle by to Wiley's General Store and Post Office, peering from behind the lace curtains as twice a day the Westboro stage jolted down from the depot. She would stand by the kitchen door, watching her mother, a bony, sallow-faced woman with wisps of hair bristling from a knot skewered on top of her head, and Mattie, a robust counterpart of her mother, plunged in soapsuds to their red elbows, or scratching in corners for imaginary dirt; and she would murmur, "You are so strong . . . so strong and healthy. . . ." Then either Mrs. North or Mattie would go to get Ellen the parlor rocking-chair.

Mattie, with her red elbows and skewered hair occasioned no feuds in the expectant line of Eastboro swains that waited outside of the First Baptist Church after Sunday evening

prayer meetings; but one youth, by the name of Daniel Eddy overcame his natural masculine prejudice against red elbows and skewered hair to see Mattie home a few times and linger over the North family album and collection of stereopticon views. He began a lukewarm courtship that in one moment turned cold. That moment came when he looked up from a tintype of Uncle Ezra North to see Mattie's frail, beautiful sister, who had come in noiselessly to stand by the parlor portieres, regarding the pair with misty eyes.

"Mattie, you will be so happy," she murmured, ". . . so happy, and I shan't be here very long now to know." Young Mr. Eddy's heart swelled with compassion or something akin to it. For the rest of the evening he was as though he had been dazzled by some brilliant light shown full into his eyes. Although he became a frequent visitor at Caleb North's house Mattie saw little of him; he seemed to put up a barrier of embarrassed politeness between them. Ellen sat in the parlor every afternoon now, her chair drawn close to the begonia plants, her hands folded, and her exquisite profile against the light. Before the year was over Ellen had married Daniel Eddy.

If poor Ellen North had been cared for as her mother's best cut-glass bowl, Ellen Eddy was treated as the Portland Vase. The Eddys were the only people in Eastboro that had two hired girls, and Ellen had only to sit with her frail, fine hands folded in her lap, following the hired girls . . . bulky village women with large, red hands . . . about with her eyes and murmuring, "It must be wonderful to be so strong, so strong and well."

Portland Vases are not for poor men. Daniel Eddy died before he was yet forty, and Eastboro marveled that Ellen should outlive her husband.

Poor Ellen had nothing to do but to turn to her sister, Mattie, who had married a farmer living near Eastboro. Eastboro adopted a militant stand should Mattie shirk her duty; Jonas Briggs, who by virtue of his age and self-admitted wit, acted as an unofficial oracle

for Eastboro. "It's her bounden duty to take her in, even," he added slyly, "if Ellen did take her beau away from her oncet." Whether or not she heard Eastboro's buzzing, Mattie gave no sign; she took Ellen into her home, established her in the best parlor rocking-chair, and spent her days plunged to the elbows in soapsuds, scratching in corners for imaginary dirt, her children tagging at her heels, and Ellen watching her.

Mattie's children, one by one, grew awkward and gangling like young chickens, matured, and then married; all except Retta, the youngest. Retta was an odd one, bent upon education and a career. She turned a deaf ear to the Eastboro gallants, and to Mattie who declared that nothing good could come from knowing too much, or of galavanting away from home.

"Tell me, Ma," Retta would invariably answer, "do you want me to marry some of these dolts that do nothing but hang around the depot? and look at Timothy, and Cora, and John . . . tied down with big families . . . all tangled with obligations. I don't feel a duty for anyone." But it was Retta who took over the obligation of poor Aunt Ellen when Mattie died.

The station agent scraped away the frost from the depot window. "We won't have a green Christmas after all. The snow is coming pretty thick tonight," he observed to the solitary lounge, who sat with his feet propped on the pot-bellied stove, "I can hardly see the lights over at the old Caleb North place."

"Yeah," said the lounge, shifting a wad of tobacco from one cheek to the other. "The Caleb North place usta belong to my wife's folks."

"Well," said the station agent.

Retta cleared the last remnant of torn tissue paper and sticky candy be-whiskered with the fuzz from white cotton stockings from the area of parlor carpet under the spindly Christmas tree. "Thank the Lord the children are asleep," she said wearily as she picked up a last piece of red string to wind it around a

spool. There was a quavering sigh from the corner where the best rocking-chair was.

"You are so strong and well . . . so strong."

Norma Keller, '31.

Pillows

Useless things
pillows,
Girls buy 'em,
Maids hate 'em
Chicks fluff 'em
Ma stuffs 'em
Useless things
pillows.

Lorraine Lombard, '31.

OLD STONE FACE

"The boss wants to see you in the office, Miss Leonard," shouted the gum-chewing office boy over the noise of twenty typewriters in action.

"Thank you," she answered in her unruffled voice.

No one had ever heard the inflection of that cool voice change. No one had even seen any emotion in that cool, aristocratic face. So, to the girls in that office, she became known as "Old Stone Face."

She finished the letter she was typing, rose and patted her dark brown jersey dress into place; it had a way of wrinkling up about her comfortable figure, went toward the dark door with the word "Private" spelled out on the frosted glass window. Quite calmly, on the surface, she turned the knob of that door. She knew what was going on in the mind of every girl in the office at that brief summons from Mr. Dexter. The little snips would be glad to see her fired. Oh yes, she knew what was waiting for her behind that door. In forgetting to prepare the data sheet for the directors' meeting, she had given the company the opportunity for which they had been waiting. A chance to fire her for something beside age.

Mr. Dexter, with his eternal black cigar, would be sitting behind the desk, the big, mahogany desk. When she came in he would motion her to be seated, without looking up. He would finish the letter he was reading, lay

it on the desk, lean back in his swivel chair, and blow a thin spiral of smoke into the air. Then in his usual portly manner he would say, "Miss Leonard, the firm of John Dexter and Son is certainly very grateful to you for your devoted services, but feels that you might find a position—" He would go on tactfully, kindly, but firmly, insinuating that she was too old for the important position she now held and that a new girl should be given a chance. Was her experience to be counted as of less value than the quick wit and new methods of the younger girls?

Thirty years ago she had come to this office after her graduation from business school. She had admired Mr. Dexter, the junior partner of the firm then, from the distance. He was a handsome youth only graduated from college a few years, before reaching that coveted position. Soon after her first promotion, from general office girl to typist, he had walked up to her desk, leaned over her, with one hand on the desk and one on the back of her little chair, and said:

"I should like to have you come to dinner with me this evening."

Of course, it was just her luck to have promised to take care of her sister's baby so the mother could go to the movies. She murmured something which even he could not understand and had to repeat. Not even to this day could she remember what she had said. The girl-at-the-next-desk was honored with the second-hand invitation and accepted with delight.

Six months after this unhappy event, Mr. Dexter married the-girl-at-the-next-desk. Miss Leonard received an invitation. She sent a silver sugar spoon. She went to the large church wedding and sat in the last pew.

No one noticed a change in her. She came to the office at the same hour and left at the same hour. She became a fixture in the office of John Dexter and Son, Insurance. New stenographers came and went while she sat by and watched—for a subtle change which would mean they were leaving soon. One morning she would see a new light in the eyes of a girl.

A week later this girl would exhibit a diamond of more or less brilliance and be seen no more in the office.

Young Mrs. Dexter died five years after her marriage. Miss Leonard went and sat in the last pew. Her modest floral piece was not even distinguishable in the mass of flowers about the altar. However, Mr. Dexter had seen them and had been pleased. He called the next Sunday afternoon and thanked her.

Miss Leonard was promoted shortly to be head of the bookkeeping department and worked harder than ever. She knew the business as well as Mr. Dexter himself. As she walked toward his office, in response to the office boy's summons, she was surprised that she did not feel more emotion. Certainly Mr. Dexter had been more friendly toward her these past few months than ever before. She went in and closed the door behind her—closed the door on all those curious eyes and ears, those wagging tongues and chewing jaws which, to her, were representative of the girls of her department.

He motioned her to sit down, finished his letter, laid it on the desk, and looked at her. Something was wrong, he never looked at her like that! Usually he just stared at her with unseeing eyes.

"Er, Miss Leonard, did you get that letter off to Mr. Finch?" Why did he not come to the point, why was he hesitating?

"Yes, Sir, it went out in the noon mail!"

"Has the Collins policy been taken care of?"

"Everything has been arranged."

What was wrong with him? Was he afraid she would "act up" when he told her the inevitable? Did he think she was chicken-hearted? Well, when he did finally break the news to her, she would show him a thing or two his silly little wife never had, (no use being catty). Anyway she was a good sport and he should know it by this time—thirty years.

"Oh yes and, er, ah, Miss Leonard, oh hang it all, what I want to say is, will you marry me, Mary Jane?"

Charlotte Hanson, '32.

BEWARE OF THE PULLMAN

The other day I started out on a pullman sleeper (for the third time), with a definite destination in view. As I said, it was the third time I had started—that is why I am writing this. I didn't get to my destination, at least I don't believe I did, for I had forgotten where I meant to go. You would have forgotten, too, if you had been through what I had. So I beg of you—I implore you—I entreat you never to go anywhere on a *pullman sleeper*, for you see I know what foul and dastardly experiences await you on that pullman sleeper.

On my last trip, having been twice before, I knew from experience that I ought to be on that sleeper and in bed long before anyone else. Accordingly I arrived, in great glee, at least an hour before the departure of the train, but alas, there were two before me who had probably learned from experience as I had. However, I braved the dressing room in a desperate attempt to brush my teeth. I don't believe anyone ever felt quite so obviously in the way as I did. By the expression on the faces of the two strangers I could see that of course I filled half the room and had no right whatsoever to brush my teeth. Since a free conscience knows no fear I advanced, brush in hand and on tiptoe, pulling my cap low over my eyes so as not to be recognized. Nearer and nearer I got; the tiny basin was the most desirable goal in my life at that moment; but alas! success was not for me. One of the strangers, the big brute, chose at that time to drop her comb and in stooping to get it gave me a flick with her little finger and I found myself reposing on the watertank. It was perfectly obviously done on purpose and I rose to give battle, but what can one poor lone worm (?) do against two such uncouth creatures. I was tossed and thrown and swung and just as I was about to be stepped upon and made nicely flat, I managed to struggle free and left in a great hurry and without my tooth brush.

As I fled along the aisle between the long

green curtains, I thought of many ways to exterminate such rats but all my glorious ideas went crash, along with me, as my feet came into sharp contact with a foot about size twenty. It wasn't until later that I realized that what I thought was an echo of my words was in reality the voice of the owner of the foot. I wonder now why I was not shocked at the time. As I picked myself up I felt a heavy load fall upon my shoulders. I grunted and attempted to stand up, but only succeeded in falling flat. Becoming angry I called and eventually someone came, and after looking under the suitcase found me. I admit I was exceedingly grateful, but terribly bruised. I struggled to my berth and finding it a lower, to my glad surprise, sat down on the edge, and swung myself into it. After extricating my feet from the coathanger hung on the side for my convenience, I managed slowly and painfully to take off my clothes. These I carefully placed in the tiny green ping pong net stretched across the windows. Just as I was about to turn off the light a great hand thrust itself between the curtains. I was frightened and everyone in the car knew it—but after all—

Of course—I was in the wrong as I always am in a case like that, and had no comeback or argument by that time, so I admitted my mistake and sat up preparatory to gathering my things together and getting out. There is still a bump on my head from that blow, and when the conductor in the next car heard the crash he came on the run, but on being told it was only poor me—unconscious at last—he left in a hurry. I know I acquired my inferiority complex that night. Who wouldn't!

When I was at last aroused, they propelled me from that wonderful, much desired spot and left me to clamber up top—alone.

I fell asleep—or maybe I didn't. Maybe it was the man below or across who was snoring so lustily, anyway I pretended that it was I and enjoyed an hour's sleep.

Suddenly (everything on pullman sleepers happens suddenly), I was awakened. The

train with a grinding noise had stopped, and there was not a sound. I was petrified. I lay there and shook, for my instinct told me we were not in any station, we were miles out in the country and not a sound. I wondered if it would hurt me terribly to swallow my sapphire ring, and hoped the bandits wouldn't get to me as I didn't crave endangering my internal organs. But as nothing happened, we moved on. I guess the bandit lost interest when he saw how unperturbed we were, and smiling in derision at him I fell asleep again.

In the middle of my dreams our train gathered terrible momentum, and the engineer lost control. I sat up in terror and clutched at the railing. Then we slowed up and I regained my presence of mind only to lose it immediately, as again we plunged out into the darkness. My heart raced with the engine as we tore down hill and I knew I'd find myself in the river or hanging from a tree or playing scarecrow. In the moment of that fright I knew I was really as small as the two gracious ladies in the dressing room had made me feel. My hair is still somewhat white.

I think I must have slept—how, I can't imagine—but at some ungodly hour I felt my toe being pulled, roughly, and having responded appropriately to the salutations I was told in firm words to remove my annoying person from the train.

Well, I did, but before I left, I went back to look for my tooth brush, hoping I'd meet my combatants of the night before, because I knew I could defeat either or both of them, then, even before breakfast. But, no, they had gone, leaving my brush a crushed and broken thing. I wept over it and then departed.

I wonder if you have ever spent such a night as I did that one, and above all I wonder if you will heed me when I say "stay off the pullman sleeper."

P.S. I have since written to Mr. Pullman giving him some advice and incidentally offering a few complaints. The mail service is very bad in these United States, I fear.

Kathleen Comstock, '31.

Baby Hands

They smear your rouge
 Spill your perfume
 Wrinkle your dress
 Upset your flowers
 Tear your papers
 Loose your shoes,
 Dirty little Baby hands!

They pat your cheek
 And hug you tight
 They give you broken, treasured toys
 They reach up to you
 Touch your heart,
 Tiny dimpled Baby hands!

Charlotte Traylor, '32.

THE RED DRESS

It was five o'clock, and in busy New York in the heart of the city and in the lower east side a new day had just begun. In another section of the city a shiny roadster sped swiftly up the Drive, turned in at a large iron gate up a long terrace, and stopped abruptly with a screech in front of a large stone mansion. Car doors slammed, a girl laughed, someone hummed that popular number "St. James Infirmary Blues," and after last hasty farewells, the gleaming car streaked down the terrace perilously missing the iron gate posts, and out onto the Drive. A sleepy, white-capped maid opened the door for the Benson twins, Jack and Jill, returning from a midnight frolic at the Plaza.

A little later in the large room that they always shared together, Jack smiled at her twin seated in front of the long glass, as she slipped out of a shimmering evening gown of fiery red.

"Didn't you have a good time, Jill," asked Jack, "or do your feet hurt you?"

Jill was busily creaming her rigid face, "Oh, yes," she said wearily.

"Gee, Jill, that new man you introduced me to is some dancer."

"Yes," said Jill non-committally.

"He's coming over tomorrow to play tennis. I hope he plays tennis as well as he dances."

Jill put down the cold cream jar with a bang on the cluttered dresser, and the bottles of creams and lotions jumped.

"Say, Jill," said Jack looking up with surprise, "you're certainly nervous tonight. Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, I feel all right," said Jill, slipping into her bed and turning toward the wall. "Put the light out and come to bed."

Jack shrugged her shoulders, "All right, but, gee, Jill! I did want to know something about that new man."

"All I know is that his name is Donald Reed, he comes from Chicago," recited Jill in a monotone, "he has a new roadster, he dances well, and he's not married."

"That's enough," said Jack, "to know about any man. Good-night, darling."

A deep sigh was the only response from the other four poster as Jack settled down and soon fell asleep. But her twin was wide awake and staring into space with sleepless eyes. Her sensitive mouth quivered and her whole body racked with sobs. She turned over and quickly got up, slipped on some satin mules at the foot of the bed, and clattered over to the dresser. Fumbling in the dark for a handkerchief, she switched on the light and looking up saw her own reflection in the long mirror.

Coming closer she scanned herself critically. She was an exact replica of the other girl fast asleep. Her brown hair curled close to her head, framing her thin, elfish face. The small, sensitive mouth, pert nose, and deep brown eyes were the same mouth, nose and eyes of the other girl in bed, but the brown eyes in the mirror were filled with tears, while the other ones were probably twinkling under closed eyelids. She was tall and quite thin. As she stood there, her graceful body seemed to sway from side to side.

Jill leaned over and picked up the flame-colored dress and *pirouetted* around with it draped close to her slim body. She had always loved red so, but everyone agreed that red was Jack's color, and that Jill looked very

nice in blue. She could remember their mother making party dresses for them when they were very small. She had begged for a red dress like Jack's, and Jack had said that it was silly for twins to dress alike, and besides Jill couldn't wear red. Jill had worn blue instead. Jill looked at herself in the mirror and knew she could wear red as well as Jack. She flung down the dress, snapped out the light, and found her way gropingly to the bed. It was a long time before Jill fell asleep that night.

She thought of Donald Reed—of his charming manner, his broad shoulders, and dark hair, then she remembered that tomorrow he was playing tennis with Jack. Why had she introduced him to Jack? Jack who always took what she liked, and who certainly had liked Don very much—too much. Yes, Jack would take Don the way she had always taken the red dresses and the other Dons. For a moment she hated her sister fiercely. Why should she, Jill, care more about Don than the others? She could have Don when her sister found someone newer to play with, but did she want him then? Yes, she would want him—but suppose Jack fell in love with Don. Jill shuddered and drew the clothes around her body closely.

* * * *

"Watch out for Jack," warned Cliff Thomas, a much older-looking man than Don, with a serious expression. "She's a heart-breaker."

"How do you know so much about her?" questioned Don.

"Oh, I was among the first to fall," said Cliff.

"I bet you were," said Don laughing heartily as he swung his racket back and forth as they walked down the path and came in sight of the tennis courts. "I'll tame her. She's got to work hard to get the best of me."

"That's what they all say," reminded Cliff. "Jill is an awful nice girl, though. Not a bit like her sister."

"Not enough pep for me."

"Oh, I don't know. She's lively enough,

but she never has a chance when Jack is around."

"I guess that's it."

"She's talented. Some day she'll be a great artist."

"Yes," said Don uninterested.

"Jack draws a little, too. Somehow her silly sketches always attract more attention than Jill's. . . ."

"There she is now," interrupted Don, seeing Jack and Jill standing at the edge of the court talking. "Come on, Cliff. Bet you anything you like that Jack and I can beat you and Jill four out of five."

"You're on. Dinner at the Plaza tonight for all of us."

"I'll take it."

"Don't be so sure. Jill is some player," boasted Cliff.

"What are you two plotting," smiled Jack, as she watched the two men briskly approach. Jill's heart thumped when she saw Don, but when he only nodded at her and drew Jack aside, she wanted to run away and cry.

Cliff and Jill won the match, but that night Don took Jack to the Plaza and danced every dance with her.

* * * *

For two weeks Jill suffered as she had never suffered before. She spent most of her time painting a new picture which she had bitterly dubbed "The Red Dress." She pictured a beautiful young girl at the feet of a goddess who was dressed in flaming red, the young girl was fingering the dress as she fastened the dainty slippers on the feet of the goddess. The goddess was pictured looking out of the window for her lover. Jill worked far into the night on this picture to take her mind from Don and Jack who were together all the time. She would come in the room late at night, undress quietly, and slip into bed, and spend a sleepless night. Every morning she was up and out before Jack awoke, so she shared none of Jack's confidences. She could never have borne hearing them, so she avoided Jack around the house and at meals.

One day she put the finishing touches on her picture and was at loss for something to do. Coming down the stairs she heard Don and Jack talking in the library. She stopped, and would have turned back up, when she noticed they were quarreling. She came down quietly and listened. Don was pleading with Jack to run away with him. (Jill gasped). But Jack refused. He pleaded with her, but the more insistent he became the more determined Jack was, not to go. Finally, he told her that he would give her ten minutes to make up her mind, and then he would come back for her.

Jill listened no more but fled up the long marble stairs into her room and hurriedly packed a few things in her bag. Her fingers fumbled over everything, but her eyes were wet with tears of happiness. Soon she was ready, and she sat down on the bed wearily—then she started up, flew across the room, and threw open the closet door and pulled out a beautifully beaded dress of red crepe. She hurriedly slipped it over her beautiful shoulders and fastened it at the side. She surveyed herself in the mirror and smiled approvingly. Then she scowled and picking up an ivory comb from the polished dresser drew it through her hair fluffing it out around her face a little, then she picked up a tiny lipstick and deftly reddened her mouth conspicuously, with another pencil drew a blue shadow on her upper eyelids, and on her cheek bone, close under her eyes, she daubed a speck of rouge. Then she pulled on a hat—a wisp of red straw and powdered her nose. She regarded herself intently, then she stiffened as she heard Jack come humming up the stairs, down the hall toward the door. She clenched her hands and passed quietly back of the door as it opened.

"Jill, where are you? I have something important to tell you," cried Jack. But she never had a chance to tell it for a silk handkerchief was passed over her mouth and quickly tied at the back of her head. She was so astonished that she had no power to resist, and another handkerchief securely bound her hands at her back. She jerked around and

was so surprised when she saw her assailant that she forgot to struggle. Her eyes were reproachful as she was skillfully backed into the closet, and she made one attempt to free herself, but Jill pushed her rudely into the closet. Jack seemed to be trying to say something, but the door was closed with a bang. Through the closed door she heard Jill's cold voice.

"All your life you've had the red dresses. Now I am taking this one, and incidentally I'm taking Don, too. I am going away from here for good, but I am leaving my picture 'The Red Dress' to remind you of me."

Jack struggled with her bonds and tried to cry out to her to stop, but she heard the door slam. Her eyes filled with tears, and she sank to the floor with a smothered moan.

* * * *

A thoroughly frightened house-maid opened the closet door a half hour later to find her mistress trussed and lying helplessly on the closet floor. She responded to Jack's silent plea and hastily unfastened the bonds. She rubbed the red spots vigorously and restored her mistress with a small glass of brandy. When Jack had fully recovered, she gave the little maid a few words of instruction, tossed on a warm coat, drew on a little red beret, and was out of the house in a few minutes. The chauffeur drew up to the door in a limousine and Jack commanded him to give up his place. She drove off alone.

Down the long drive, perilously passing cars, pedestrians, and trolleys, she skimmed over the smooth macadam road; with a terrific jounce she struck the hard cobblestones on the river front. She passed rows and rows of piers until she came in sight of the South American Line, and jamming on her brakes she jumped out, raced down the long shed out onto the dock, pushing by officials, porters, and friends and relatives. The boat had just pulled out.

She stood on the end of the pier balancing dangerously near the water when an angry official pulled her roughly back to safety. She said she must catch that boat, and he argued

fiercely with her. There was a little time left she tried to tell him, while the little tugs were pulling the big vessel down the bay. Finally, he gave in and showed her where several small power boats and dories were docked. She ran swiftly down the long wharf and seeing a man just getting into an old, weatherbeaten dory, she hailed him. He refused to go. He told her his boat was too old and had several small leaks. Besides the sea was rough, and there was a storm coming up, and all small boats had been warned to stay close. She finally offered him a large wad of bills and told him that it was a matter of life and death for her to catch the boat. They started out. Jack noticed with dismay that the big ship had made time while she had been arguing with the doryman. She reminded him of that, and he primed the sputtering engine with more vigor. The little dory was tossed around and could not make much time, once it seemed as if it were speeding up, but the engine stopped with a gasp. The captain strove with all his might to start it again but failed, and the little boat tossed mercilessly.

Jack covered her face with her hands and wept. The doryman went quietly about putting up the sails, and as he pushed by her, she noticed that he carried a string of bright colored flags in his hand. She became frightened when she thought of the significance of these. She might never be able to get to her sister—never. She shuddered. It all depended on the old dory, and looking down she saw the water oozing over her shoes. There was a large gap in the bottom of the boat under her foot.

"Excuse me, Mam," said the doryman. "I guess I had better fix that before the whole boat is full."

She stepped aside and for the first time really noticed the doryman. He seemed calm and collected, although Jack knew that he was fearful for their safety.

"Do you think some ship will see us," she faltered.

"Can't tell, miss. It's coming on dark, but

if the storm keeps off us, we're safe here until morning."

"It isn't so far to land," suggested Jack hopefully, scanning the horizon.

"I could easily swim it if it weren't so rough," he boasted.

The boat tossed up and down more fiercely than before, and Jack knew by the doryman's anxious look that the storm was on them. The foam wet Jack through, and the rain spattered her mercilessly. She was grateful when the doryman offered an old piece of burlap to put around herself. She hardly noticed the foul smell of fish and wet seaweed. The boat was filling up, inch by inch, and the doryman was bailing it out unceasingly. Jack knew that their lives depended on keeping the water out, so she picked up a large pail and helped. Before long her arms tired so that she could hardly lift the pail over the edge of the boat to throw the water out. The flapping and grinding of the sails began to wear on her nerves, and when she had tipped several pails of water back into the boat instead of over the side, she broke down again.

"I'm afraid, miss, that unless someone sees us we're out of luck," stammered the doryman. The last stream of light was wiped out by a dense fog that rolled in around them.

Jack nodded, "But, I've got to go to her, and now I never will."

"Can't you swim, miss," he inquired.

"Not very well. At least not for a long distance at a time," she replied regretfully, "Jill was always the one who could swim the best."

"Well, if worst comes to worst, I can help you a little now and then," he offered.

"No," said Jack, "I can never make it." Suddenly she turned to him, "But you have got to make it for me. If you do, you can have everything I have."

"Money's no good now," he replied, "but if we make it, I'll do anything to help you."

"I want you to promise me something."

"Why, yes, miss."

"I will repay you. Haven't you a wife or some children to support?"

"I've a wife and a kid. He's a great boy. We're going to send him to college when he's older. Yale, or some swell place like that," said the doryman, his face beaming with pride, "Gee, what will they do if I don't get home tonight?" His face dropped and he turned away.

"Oh, you'll get home all right," said Jack encouragingly. "Now listen to me. My name is Jacqueline Benson, and I live on 5670 Riverside Drive. Can you remember that? 5670 Riverside Drive—Jacqueline Benson."

"Yes, miss, you must live in one of those big stone houses with all the fancy lawns. I can remember that."

"My sister, Jill, my twin," said Jack with a sob, "is on that boat. She's running away with a man."

"Yes," said the man, "Well that's all right, isn't it. He'll marry her, won't he?"

"I hope so," said Jack despairingly, "But it was not marriage that he offered me. She didn't know what she was going to, the poor kid. I tried to tell her that he was bad—all bad, and just fooling around with me. I tried to tell her, you hear," she cried hysterically, "I tried to tell her, but she wouldn't listen. She tied—"

"Never mind," said the doryman, patting her on the back gently, "I understand, miss." (He never understood).

"You'll never be able to remember all these things. Have you got a piece of paper?" He gave her a dirty piece of newspaper and a stub of a pencil. She jotted down an address. "If you forget the other name, you will have this. His name is Cliff Thomas, and you are to tell him that he must find Jill and bring her back home. Tell him that she has gone on the S. S. Samatra, bound for South America, with a man named Donald Reed, posing as his wife—posing as his wife," she repeated sadly.

The little boat was tossed higher and higher. The water was nearly to her knees. The doryman held on to his cap as the wind blew fiercer and fiercer. He had stopped bailing. His head was tipped to the side as he strived to hear her over the roaring water and the

howling of the wind. The rain poured over them.

"Tell him that everything of mine belongs to Jill," she continued, "except what he sees fit to give you. He will give you more than your share I'm sure, for he loves Jill. Can you remember all this?"

"Yes, miss."

"You promise."

He gave her his hand, and she shook it gravely.

* * * *

In the middle of the bay a small boat was tossed around like a mere speck on the angry water. The water was very cold. The boat climbed a high wave and stood poised for a few seconds, then it disappeared never to appear again. Somewhere near it there was a feeble cry. A little while later, a strong arm was weakening in its struggle for existence and also disappeared under the greedy waves.

Several days later, a party of picnickers saw a bit of color beneath the seaweed, and picking it up, they found it to be a cap, cruelly wrenched from its owner's head, for, caught in a little rip, were a few strands of chestnut hair—the little red beret.

Virginia Allen Riley, '31.

My Moon

When I was very very young I knew

The moon of greenish Stilton cheese was wrought,
And smiling down on our sleep-droused town

Was the funny round face of a man I thought.

The little new moon a silver cradle was

That rocked the sparkling stars to sleep,
And in the light of its glimmering rays,
Danced twinkling sylvan fairy feet.

But now that I am fully grown,

To an "astral body" the moon has palled.
I've learned how far away it is,

And why 'round this earth it has revolved.

But yet, I still believe that in

That moon that I alone can see,
Is the jolly face of a funny old man
Laughing and smiling down at me.

Katharine Hartman, '32.

THE RED ROSE

It was just moonrise in Kensington Gardens. Peter Pan stood jauntily on his pedestal, his immortal pipes placed firmly against his lips. At first just a pale, ghostly light in among the clouds told Peter that the moon was rising. Slowly it came, moving majestically from behind its screen until finally it sailed serenely out into clear, star-filled sky. It was the new moon, shaped like a thin slice of watermelon rind, reflecting its brightness in the deep, laughing eyes of the musician who played below it.

"Hi there, Cupid," Peter called.

A little, round boy, his curls kept in place by a ribbon 'round his head and a rose tucked over one ear, came rushing and laughing out of the air.

"Hi yourself," he said, joyously. He raised his right hand in greeting for in the other he carried a goblet with a goat's head carved upon it.

"Of course you know, Peter," he said confidently, "Christmas is nearly here."

He squirmed delightfully and handed Peter Pan his cup.

"Here, hold it, I want to dance. You mustn't spill any of its contents 'cause it's filled with Joy-O'Life and most people spill it so carelessly." He sprang blithely into the air and flew around and around in mad circles.

"There are an awful lot of grumbly people in this world," he said in the midst of his antics. "So many this afternoon, seemingly more than usual and Christmas here, too. It's a shame." Peter looked remorseful.

"I bet you couldn't find the Christmas Spirit anywhere, in any family, if you searched the world over."

"I'm beginning to lose mine." Cupid alighted on the ground. "I wonder what Christmas Spirit really is. I'll take you up on that bet, Peter. Tell you what," he jumped nimbly upon the pedestal, "I'm going the world over looking for Christmas Spirit and I'll not come back until I've found it. My good Mother,

whose name is Beauty, gave me this red rose." He placed his chubby finger on the side of his head. "I shall bestow it on the person who I find has the real Christmas Spirit. I have the power of turning mortal anytime I want to and this is a good time to use it." He jumped around enthusiastically.

"Right, Cupid—I wish you luck and don't let the rose fade before you find your man." He shouted the last part because Cupid was flying swiftly, surely through the cool night air, the cup filled with Joy-O'Life extended before him.

"That child wants a vacation in Kensington Gardens," Cupid mused. A little four-year-old wandered past him, half dragged along by an ill-tempered woman whose face was tired and careworn.

"I want that doll," the child screeched.

"No, no, Martha, come along," said the patient voice.

"I will—I will have it. It's Christmas, isn't it? There's nothing else I want and I will have it." The tired mother picked up the child forcibly and carried her off, kicking and screaming. A young high school girl swaggered past, mumbling discontentedly to her girl friend who walked by her side. Then middle-age went complaining past followed by the old ill-tempered, not satisfied with life person.

"Better dead," thought Cupid, "Youth has drunk its cup of Joy-O'Life to the dregs and there is none left for Old Age—one can hardly blame them."

Cupid watched this cycle move on and on. In country or metropolis, always the same. Of course he found some happiness but not the sort of happiness the Christ Child had brought. That Spirit of Good had seemed to die out with revolving years till it seemed, now, that even the Christ Child was dead. The light of Love and good Spirit had ceased to glow through the eyes of man from his eternal soul. For that light Cupid looked over land and sea. His red rose was fading. Love's eyes lost their glint—he was wearied. Where was the

Christmas Spirit and what was it? He grew old. He felt himself growing and thought, horrified, "What will Peter think of me."

Down there in the midst of all the hurry and bustle of the crowded city was another soul yearning for that beautiful feeling to go tingling through his veins once more. The Christmas Spirit that he had felt only when he had been very young.

"Perhaps then, because I was more like the Christ Child had been," he thought.

He walked to his apartment window and looked down on the white spectacle below him. The snow flew wildly against the window pane, crashing noiselessly against the glass and then dissolving into millions of little running streams of water which caught the light and gleamed like rivers of pure crystal. He rang for his butler who brought his coat and cane. As he ventured out into the street, the snow stung his face until it glowed ruddily. He felt instilled with a new feeling—he wanted to shout for very joy. *Would* the world, *could* the world lose those immortal words of our Lord, "It is better to give than to receive?"

Into every face he looked and those faces seemed to lighten when they met his eyes so full of good cheer. Their walk quickened, their blood ran warmer. The Seeker heard, as he walked, a soft swish close 'side his ear and felt another thrill of joy as he brushed a snowflake from his lips.

A tiny urchin stood outside a brightly lighted window, his nose pressed tightly against the pane and his breath forming a heart on the cold glass—the Spirit of Christmas.

"Well, Son, what are you going to have for Christmas?" asked the Seeker. The urchin turned, and in his eyes the man recognized that young light and shrank from the boy's frank stare.

"Nothing," he said cheerfully, "My Mother's too poor to buy me anything for Christmas."

"What do you want most in there?" he nodded toward the window. The youngster turned his head and the Seeker saw a snowflake resting caressingly on the youth's lips. He made a gesture to brush it off. But something held his arm. He felt strangely old.

"The airplane," the small boy indicated a sleek, gray plane at rest on a snowy bank of cotton.

"All right, Son, wait here."

The Seeker entered the shop and returned, five minutes having dragged by, to lay the airplane wrapped in bright paper, in the lad's arms. The child raised his tear-filled eyes.

"Thanks Mister, you're a regular guy."

His pink tongue caressed his lips and brought in the caressing flake. The old man's eyes overflowed. He closed them, and when they opened they looked only at the dolls, trains, teddy bears, and the airplanes in the glowing window. The swishing sound continued in his ears, which he was conscious had been missing since he met the tiny lad. And as a new light dawned and gleamed softly in his eyes he repeated that phrase which should live on forever in the hearts of man; "It is better to give than to receive," and he sang them over and over as he walked to a flower stand and bought—a red rose.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

"DON'T WRITE, TELEGRAPH"

The words, "Don't Write, Telegraph," are heard every day in this swift world of ours. The other day a girl at Lasell was heard saying to another, "What's the use of writing your mother a special for her birthday, why don't you telegraph?" In days past, great pains were taken to assure one's parents that it was a "good day" when they were born. Time and thought were well spent in reassuring a mother of her daughter's affection. Children, then, did not take the task lightly or without considerable preparation. It is true that in the olden days letter-writing was not so commonly practiced as now. It was a precise art to be practiced occasionally, due to the inconvenient delivery and the necessity for economy. The writing of a letter was an important matter, and one to be shared with relatives and friends. The few letters that were written were done well. After the industrial revolution in England during the eighteenth century, when the agricultural England of old times became the new industrial England, all this was changed. The mechanical era began to reduce the hardest tasks to the simplest. It fore-shadowed the radio, telegraph and telephone service that now bear the greatest burden of our twentieth century communication.

One has only to read the books written a century ago to see the extent of the artificial and polished method that was employed in writing before the era of mechanism. Most families sent an annual letter to relatives in England. In this letter there were no misspellings, no sentences without verbs, no omissions of necessary details. The news items were carefully weighed and sifted as to contents. This extreme care for details proved very effective in that many great writers did some of their best work in letters written to friends. The first novel of Samuel Richardson, "Pamela," was a series of formal letters written in the eighteenth century style. His work was the first to be worthy of the name of novel. The letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son also depict the attention for

details in the thought and customs of the day. Thus, the modern English novel was dependent on letters. It was the foundation of our vast store of English novels and was to be followed by Charles Brockden Brown's first American novel. Writers found that in informal letters they could make minute analysis of character. The art of writing interesting details became second nature to them. Such lavishness as was characteristic of the eighteenth century, was exemplified by writers in their excessive number of words. After the industrial revolution a new spirit was ushered in—a democratic, strictly business one. Letters along with other customs had a tendency towards the less intimate—less personal—and individual.

Today it is an almost entirely mechanical art.

It is true that more letters are written today than ever before. Business is carried on by means of letters; our friends are kept in contact with us by letters, and our social obligations are performed by letters. The art of letter writing is one in which we make and keep our friends, increase business, and widen our influence. We write letters as thoughtlessly as we use the telephone. But the increase in the number of letters has not improved our style of writing. The vast number, on the contrary, has produced "quantity" rather than "quality." Too, stenography and typewriting have done much to cheapen the art of letter writing. Few business men now write even personal letters in longhand. It is so much easier for them to dictate to a stenographer, and let her take care of the spelling and punctuation. In this way, the personal touch of the writer in no way plays a part in the letter. Business men, because of their training are more direct, more practical and less emotional in their letters. They forget the fact that there are many other letters beside the purely business one that deserve answers. The general tendency is to reply to letters that are a matter of self-interest and self-advantage. This is a modern, selfish

characteristic way of doing things. For example, how many are really considerate enough of friends who are traveling to forward mail containing local news? Every traveler is always eager for news on his trips. It is the unexpected letter that brings the most pleasure. Careful attention for the feelings and interests of others means extra time and trouble on our part. It may not mean that we are made just a little dearer to friends—who knows, maybe it will mean fame for us future writers as in the case of Lamb, Richardson and Brown by their informal letters!

Dorothy Glasser, '31.

SUCCESS

That gleaming light just ahead; that star that hangs twinkling; that road to the Promised Land; that, is what inspires Success.

When we can touch the gleaming light or feel the warmth of the twinkling star, and when our feet leave the smooth road and touch the Promised Land—that is Success.

Coming away from the above lofty ideals which I always synonomize with Success, (that's a habit of mine, attaching garlands of roses to perfectly normal things, or so some people think), we find these trite definitions.

Success is the attainment of a proposed object. The favorable termination of anything attempted. It is the ultimate reaching of a far goal.

But Success is not trite. In most cases it is hard to attain. It is not "worn out" in any sense of the word. It is lofty and glorious.

Strength of mind, will power and the determination to succeed will carry one far toward his goal.

There are different examples of Success. The recent state elections, for example; the completion of a transatlantic flight; the final choice of a satisfactory hat; the swallowing of a pill; but now I am being trite.

What were the feelings of President Hoover on that November fourth, when the country echoed with his name? What were the feelings of "Cal" Coolidge when "satisfaction

brought him back?" What was Anne Morrow's feeling when she awoke one morning and remembered that Charles Lindbergh had proposed the night before?

We all have had our particular doses of Success. Mine was when my high school diploma was placed in my hand.

In the war, Success was won by hard fighting, not mentally but physically, and by bloodshed. Then Success is costly. What joy and exhilaration a soldier must have felt in those dark days when he placed his last coil of barbed wire around a mud-caked post out in No-Man's-Land and could put his finger on each of his limbs and still call his nerves his own! What throb of Success must have pulsed through the veins of a general when an intricate manoeuver of warfare was successfully completed. What a thrill prize fighters must feel when they straighten, relax, and almost cry aloud, "Success," as the referee reaches his side with "Victor" on his lips.

The author of a book can take a deep breath when his fourth edition goes to press. An ambassador can clasp his hands, smile, and rock on his heels when an infuriated native leaves, consoled by polished phrases and assuring words—he has averted a civil war.

But can one call the completion of an evil desire, Success? It may be success in the trite sense of the word, but not in the idealistic. It is merely the reaching of the far light, to find it dim. It is touching the star and finding it cold. It is leaving the rutted road to stumble across a dark vale to be lost in the Mountains of Deceit.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

The Stock Market

Oh fickle thing of joy and sorrow,
Where are you going to be tomorrow?
You have your ups, you have your downs,
You change about in leaps and bounds.

You mean my life, you mean my all,
You mean a new fur coat this Fall.
Just like the old suspender rhyme,
It all depends on you—this time.

Vesta Black, '32.



ATHLETICS

Hockey! What thoughts that word brought to me last year. It seemed that anyone who would play that game was somewhat abnormal. Running up and down the field, armed with crooked sticks, chasing a little white ball, bumping shins and heads, getting overheated and out-winded; what did they see in it? One was always getting pushed or knocking someone over; always hitting someone else's shins instead of the ball. Of course, if one could really play well, there would be a certain satisfaction in it. But for us "dubs," who didn't know an obstruction from a bully—well, I just didn't see it.

Then, what did I go and do but sign up for hockey this year. Having only two free periods, and as there was only hockey offered during these periods, I took it much against my will.

And then I became infected with the germ; it must have been a germ for it grew on me. Day by day, I liked hockey more. Day by day, I looked forward to the next class with greater anticipation.

Then the fever broke out. I went out for hockey practice—I, who had always despised the game—I, who would have done anything rather than to play. The disease is now at its height, and it is hard to say when it will recede. But perhaps—I'm not sure—but perhaps, I don't want to be cured.

Jane Hupman, '31.

WOULD THIS HELP

Shrieks, giggles, exclamations, groans, dying away to a low murmur after a time. Chapel! What a wonderful thing it is!

The faculty, acting through the Student Council, ask for suggestions. This is my humble offering to this great cause.

1. Everyone should be furnished with gags, thus doing away with the loudest shrieks and giggles.

2. A strenuous hockey game with a long run from the gym field thus rendering students too breathless for more than a feeble gasp.

3. Postpone the distribution of mail until after Chapel thus doing away with the most irritating conversation (especially from those who are not of the favored few).

4. Some green persimmons might help too.

5. Do away with Chapel altogether. (This last suggestion, probably the most successful).

Betty Dean, '31.

BE BRAVE AND RELAX

I'll never forget my first ride so long as I live, and I'm very healthy just at present. I tried to appear very brave, (being, of course, so frightened I could hardly stand), when the horse approached. He was the frisky type and felt playful on that eventful day. The riding master proceeded to give me lengthy directions as to how I should mount the animal. I grasped the reins and tried to raise my foot to the stirrup, as I had been told, but that feat has never to this day been accomplished—I must stand on a box. After much struggling I found myself on the horse and miles up in the air, or so it seemed. I clung to the saddle with all my might, and from way off, I heard the master tell me to relax, but it was of no avail. He took the guide rein and we very, very slowly walked into the practice ring and began to trot. I clung tighter to the reins and hardly dared to breathe. We seemed to be going exceedingly fast and again I heard the command to relax, and so—I did, and so well that I slid from the saddle to the ground. At

first I thought I surely must be dead, but then
I realized that Fate, after all, was being good
to me. Here was my chance for escape. I
rose quickly, still very shaky, and hurried out
of the ring, away from horses and commands.
By the time the master realized what had oc-
cured, I was already far down the road, but
he managed to shout loudly,

"Say, brave Girl, when are you coming
again?"

And just as loudly I shouted back,
"You do the relaxing yourself, next time."

Yvonne Bergeron, '32.



Enjoying Life

To lie for once
Until eleven,
Instead of jumping
Up at seven.

To have no themes
To ponder o'er,
'Bout theories or
A distant war.

To have no Latin
English, Greek,
Our education
For to seek.

To spend my hours
Free from strife,
Is what I'd call
Enjoying life.

Marion Lewis, '32.

"A Song Writer's Lament"

This job of writing songs.

Is not an easy thing,
For all I do from morn 'till night
Is sing—and sing—and sing.

Tunes of every kind

And words what they may be—
Go swirling through my mind
'Till I can hardly see.

For it's "honor" here, and "love" there
And "pledge our loyalty."
It's "forward girls and onward girls"
And "faithful ever be."

"For we will fight with all our might
For Alma Mater dear."

And when I've seen the last of this
My joy will know no tear.

Dorothy Brown, '31.

The Date

'Twas the night of the date
And the room was a mess,
Not a space could be found
That was minus a dress.

The pink or the blue,
Now Jack likes the green,
I think red's becoming
But the orchid's a dream.

May I borrow your necklace?
Your shoes Peg are cute,
Now Margie your bracelet
And that wrap is a "beaut."

Now I guess I'm all ready,
Thanks girls a lot,
Bits of you all
Will be there at the hop.

Barbara Hunt, '32.



EDITORIALS

SHALL WE HAVE EXAMS?

Shall we have exams? Such a question would undoubtedly bring an instantaneous and emphatic "No!" from the average college student who regards exams as a modern method of torture. However, as is very often the case, there is much to be said on both sides of the question.

In defense of examinations, we must admit that they are a means of showing how much a student knows about his course. They are a test of his memory as to the facts he has learned, either for purposes of passing the exam, or to permanently retain. They are a test of his reasoning faculties and general interest in the course by dint of requiring an application of these facts and this knowledge to practical questions and problems.

A student who has conscientiously studied and kept up in his daily work throughout the semester has little to fear in an examination. Neither should such a student have to spend much time "cramming."

The poor student, or the student who has been low in his work, finds examinations a means and a final resort for a passing grade. Since in most cases an exam has so much bearing upon the final grade, it is quite probable to assume that they have been the stimulus for those who were not rating so high through the semester.

On the other hand, and in opposition to exams, we find several important considerations. First, is the general strain, both physical and mental, to which the student is subjected during the examination period. The "cramming" necessary to most students wears his body and mind so that both are impaired and unable to function properly while striving to answer this long inquisition.

Of course it is possible to "cram" with dis-

cretion, but few students can do this. Most of them do it to excess, which, plus the added worry as to the outcome, is unduly harmful. In further discouragement of examinations in connection with "cramming," we find students who can "cram" and pass a course they do not deserve to get through.

The mental side of the exam problem, as before intimated is open to question. Many students have an innate fear and are possessed with an instinctive terror when they try to write. These persons may have really studied each day and know the course, but fail miserably on an examination.

Furthermore there is the consideration of the exam itself—a great deal depends upon the exact questions asked. A student might be able to write an "A" paper on one set of questions, yet on another his grade might be several letters lower. Thus the element of luck is present. Again, each instructor has different methods and stresses different points from his colleague; yet in many cases, all students are required to answer the same set of questions. Here also is an element of unfairness.

Thirdly, comes the possibilities for a student to suffer an injustice in the method of grading exams. It is impossible for an instructor to go through each paper carefully and give it an exact grade. Of course chance will work both ways in raising or lowering the grade, but because absolute accuracy is almost impossible, and because a few points may make a great difference, examinations present a problem in the method of grading them.

Thus we see that there are arguments both for and against term interrogations. The average student is undoubtedly opposed to them, because it means extra time and work, and sometimes because he just naturally cannot write exams.

In summing up the most logical justification of examinations, our reasoning would seem to run in the following order: The instructor at a college is not dealing with individuals, but with groups of individuals. The class time is short and he has no opportunity to mingle with his students for the purpose of observing their idiosyncrasies. Were he successful in finding out the personality of each student, he could not make application of his knowledge, for the group would still exist, and would require treatment as a group. Therefore, he must use the examination as a basis for arriving at his final decisions upon the capabilities of his students.

IS IT CHRONIC?

Again the old war cry reaches our ears and we must stop and listen—and obey. “Order—it must rule in Chapel.” Yes! That’s the same old trouble and it seems to be chronic because year after year it comes up to the surface and year after year ways and means must be provided to obey the challenge and that’s where we find the difference of opinion.

Now let’s consider this little question. We say “little,” because after all it isn’t one that necessitates a life-long struggle to solve, but only one that needs a little cooperation and forethought. When we come to Lasell to “live and learn,” we’ve taken for granted that now we have reached a time when we are able to think for ourselves, to call upon our own minds to think for us—not mother’s or father’s, but our own. We are now in a limited sense of the word, independent and able to use our own judgment. It has been rumored that unless better order comes to Chapel again, and unless we do think for ourselves, we must have “policewomen” to stand and watch over us, ready to expose us to punishment on our slightest misbehavior. Are we children that we need someone always watching to see that we do right? Have we no honor, no self-respect, or no manners that we cannot rely upon ourselves only to do right, to control ourselves, for only a brief half hour

every day? There’s also a condition to that rumor—if we can prove ourselves capable of order and quiet, then there will be no monitors. Let us think for ourselves anyway if we cannot for someone else.

Have you ever thought how a speaker must feel when he sits there waiting for the girls to assemble? If you never have looked at it from his standpoint, let us consider this a moment. The speaker is waiting—maybe in perfect composure and then again maybe suffering in silence. He watches the girls come in and take their places, some quiet, but the majority creating that awful “buzz” of which boarding-school girls are so easily capable. He has come to speak to girls from good families; girls who have a few, if not many, manners; but what can he think if “*Entrez*—a pack of jibbering, jabbering hoodlums? It hardly can be supposed that he will get any kind of inspiration. So if no other idea appeals to us, can’t we have the manners and the culture—if not the respect due to him—to assume an orderly and quiet attitude?

Here we are—all together at Lasell—for one thing or another. Maybe we’re here for an education, maybe to waste time, to make new friends or maybe just to have a good time. Anyway, for some reason or other we have come. And if we haven’t already discovered we’re glad we came, most of us will soon realize it. The world keeps going on and on and each day we do our part and at present our part is right here at Lasell. Everything, to succeed must have teamwork or what is generally known as cooperation. To win a game the team must work together. It has one aim in view but not one person can do it alone; he needs his fellow workers to stand by him and to work with him. It is the same thing here at Lasell. Our aim might be called anything that pertains to our advancement and success, but to gain our goal we must work to win! Not only one person but everybody—his part is the important one for if only the one or two work and try and the rest slacken on the job, what can be done?

So come on everybody, cheer for your team

and let's have some real school spirit! Let's enter into the game wholeheartedly, and play for the fun of playing! And, when the game "Order" comes along—let's win!



We are very proud indeed of our Christmas Cover this year. Sarah Fletchall is the original artist and the Staff is especially grateful to her for her contribution.

Under is still proud of the humorous columns and begs that you especially note this month's contributions. Both the article on hockey and horse-back riding are very realistic as we have all been through just such experiences ourselves. We move that some of the measures suggested by Betty Dean be adopted, then we would be sure of absolute silence in Chapel. Now we know what a life a song writer must lead and sympathize. The little poem by Vesta Black is expressive of our times, and we all hope with her. Marion Lewis has certainly hit the spot, for who does not agree with her on the subject of "Enjoying Life."

Again we can thank Norma Keller for a most interesting and unique story, cleverly planned. Virginia Riley makes us all a little sad with her very pathetic but appealing story of "The Red Dress."

To Rachel DeWolf we turn for the more serious article. She has expressed what everyone has felt through the ages, and with great success.

Under agrees with Katharine Hartmann as to the consistency of the moon. We have always known too that there is undoubtedly a man in that moon which smiles at us every night.



The faculty game was one long anticipated by everyone. It proved to be one of the most interesting of the season. The Faculty appeared wearing little caps and with their hair hanging down on their shoulders. The students caused much laughter with their braided hair and spotted faces. Hot-dogs, and all the news about the players, were sold.

THE FACULTY WON!

The Blues win for the first quarter, having 90% or better to their credit.

Tuesday, November 25, was one of the big hockey games of the season, between the Blues and Whites. As an added attraction, hot-dogs were sold. Better come out to every game, you never can tell when you'll miss something! The Blues were victorious.

Between the halves of the hockey game, an exciting game of soccer was played. The Whites were the winners.

Natalie Park made the Boston all private school hockey team and is playing left wing.



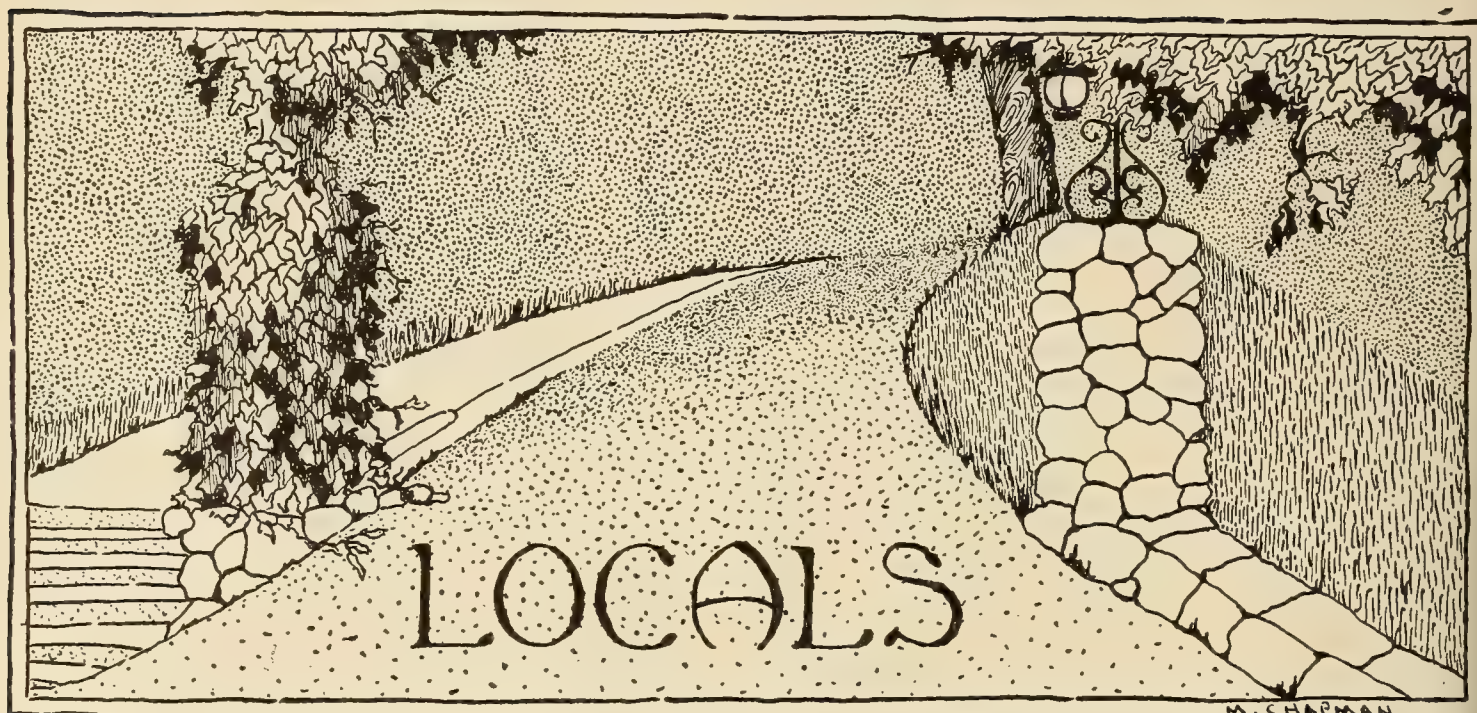
A Wish

I saw an orange moon,
 Hung high in a purple sky,
 I watched a million stars twinkle
 Up in the heavens so high:
 I listened to the crickets singing
 All quite out of tune,
 I heard the waves against ebony rock
 As black as the head of a coon.
 The moon rays twinkled brightly
 On the crest of the deep blue waves,
 And I wondered if they ended
 In the deep magic of a cave.
 The pebbles on the sandy shore
 Rolled about and swished,
 I chose one with a rim all 'round,
 I held it up—and wished.

* * * * *

I wished I might sit on the ebony rock
 With a twinkling star as guide,
 And go sailing far from the cricket's song
 Away on the ebb of the tide.
 I wished I might snatch a moon ray bright
 As I went sailing by,
 And I wished that when I came back again,
 I'd be dressed in some purple sky.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.



October 31: Exhibitions.

The Home Economics Class made a trip to the Statler in Boston, where they enjoyed an exhibition of craftsmen at work. They also visited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts where there was a special exhibit of textiles.

November 3: Tea.

The first faculty tea of the year was held in the library at Bragdon.

November 6: Senior Open House.

Every room in every Senior house was open for inspection—and also supplied with refreshments of one kind or another. The Faculty and Seniors living in Blaisdell, Hawthorne

Carpenter, Clark and Gardner, were delighted to become better acquainted with several new teachers and students. We were also glad to welcome the parents, and a few "old girls." Considering the facts that no flowers were needed as a result of the occasion and the food shops of Auburndale suffered no great losses, we concluded that Open House was a success, once again.

November 9: Vespers.

Dr. Garfield Morgan of the First Congregational Church in Lynn was our speaker at Vespers. He stressed mainly on "the necessity of being courageous, and the necessity of

sacrificing the present for the future." We can easily remember the first by his illustration from Beethoven's life; and the second, by his quoted maxim, "You cannot have your cake and eat it."

November 10: Tea.

The Faculty were entertained at tea by Mrs. Guy Winslow at her home. They were indeed glad to have with them again, Mrs. Palmateer, Mrs. Martin, and the Misses Morgenthau, who stopped here on their trip from Vermont to Florida.

November 11: Armistice Day.

After the presidents of the senior and junior classes had placed a wreath on the honor roll tablet, Mr. Charles R. Cabot of Boston, gave us a short message appropriate on this day. We appreciated Mr. Cabot's sentiments, especially since he referred to several of his personal experiences in the war.

November 16: Vespers.

We enjoyed very much the organ and violin recital given by Mr. Schwab and two very promising violinists who are studying in the New England Conservatory of Music. We are indeed grateful to Mr. Schwab for arranging this program for us.

November 17: Tea.

Once more the Faculty sipped tea—without the support of library tables. This time, according to the custom of holding the affairs at the different houses on Campus, they met at Woodland.

November 18: Faculty-Student Hockey.

Obviously, the Faculty did not over-indulge at yesterday's tea. Our teachers, perhaps we should say "our betters," were victorious—but not too much so for a good game. The score was: Faculty 2, Students 1. But the results of the game were:

1. Good sportsmanship.
2. Faculty celebration (in presence of students).
3. Great loss of bandage and adhesive tape.
4. Contribution to the Senior Endowment Fund (given by Faculty).
5. Any number of rumors (suggested by night letters).

November 20: Chapel.

Dr. Miller from "Cowhill," India spoke to us in Chapel. Among other interesting facts disclosed, he told us that one-fifth of the women in the world live in India. Could we ever have realized how important India really must be!

November 21: Reception.

A formal reception was held at Woodland Park, in order that every Junior might have the opportunity of meeting the entire Faculty. Following the introductions, the group was entertained by an unusually interesting reader—after which, refreshments were served.

November 21: Cap and Gown.

The Seniors of '31 took their caps and gowns at six o'clock in the morning. They appreciated the similarity of the reception of the stars and that of the Juniors.

November 23:

Dr. James Gordon Gilkey, of Springfield, put before us a very interesting question. "What is the meaning of life?" and answered it by saying, "The development of human society is characterized by kindness and intelligence."

November 24:

Mrs. Birks of the French department entertained the faculty at tea at her home in Natick. We loved the cosy, homey house and the wonderful view from the charming sun-porch, with its ivy-trellised wall, and were forced to tear ourselves away when the hour came "to-get-home-in-time-for-dinner."



NOTICE

The annual luncheon and meeting of the Lasell Club of New York, will be held on January the twenty-fourth, nineteen thirty-one at the New Yorker Hotel, in New York City. Any girls desiring to attend please communicate before January the twenty-first, with Dorothy Cook, 179 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey.



The following happy group of Lasell girls are celebrating for the first time Christmas in their very own homes. Our congratulations to these new home-makers!

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Phillip Coombs announce the marriage of their daughter, Isabel Frances, '24-'27, to Mr. Clyde A. Campbell, on Saturday, the eleventh of October, nineteen hundred and thirty.

In LaGrange, Illinois, Alma Bernice Williams, '26-'27, was married to Mr. Stuart Perlee Porter on Saturday, October 25. Mr. and Mrs. Porter are at home to friends at "The Parkstone," 1415 Parker Avenue, Detroit.

The same day, October 25, Virginia Rhoads Brunner, '25, became the bride of Mr. Roy Cleaver.

Saturday, November 8, was a popular date for three of our girls chose it as their wedding day. Arline Allsopp, '23, was married to Mr. Seward DeHart; Helen Galt Smith, '24-'25, of Hathorne, became Mrs. James Irving Farrell; and Mr. Scranton Howard Redfield was united in marriage to Marie Dibell, '27. Mr. and Mrs. Redfield are at home at 21 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

That was altogether a delightful and somewhat novel voyage Lilian Douglass, '07, and

her father enjoyed during her last summer vacation. This news came to us by the way of a mutual friend and we venture to share a bit of Lilian's travelogue with many of her former Lasell school-mates. "Here we are in Alaskan waters. I, for the third time. My two previous trips have been to southeastern Alaska and this trip is along the southwestern coast. At times we go up very close to the Columbia Glacier, three and one-half miles across the face, three hundred and seventy-five feet high at the front edge and extending back into the mountain seventy-five miles. In getting close to it we go through several miles of small icebergs which the boat hits with a great deal of force. Large masses of the glacier are continually falling with a great roar and boom into the water. There is an almost continuous roar and cracking from parts inside and outside breaking off, which are not visible.

"The growth all through this part of Alaska is most luxuriant. The ground is swampy from constant rain and the growth is rapid. A man yesterday said that the country through which we were driving was absolutely bare two months ago. Huge wild turnips similar to Queen Anne's lace—spruces large, and many low-growing ones. The fire plant with its magnificent cerise bloom is everywhere, like daisies in the East, a field of that and the turnip is gorgeous, wild delphinium, monkey flower, and many others. The luxuriant growth is so different from Southern California, I simply go wild over it.

"The towns are the sad part. Most of the houses are deserted and only a few really liveable ones remain. This statement is especially true of the towns in Southwestern Alaska; those in Southeastern Alaska are a little more prosperous. In a town of seven hundred people there may be three hundred or four hundred automobiles and sometimes from seven to eighteen miles of roads to drive over. The towns connecting with the Richardson Highway have a greater mileage, but only the one road and yet the people living here are so proud of their country and love it. More of

the towns are decreasing in population than increasing.

"The spawning of the salmon is very interesting. The life of a salmon is about four years, as near as can be determined, and they are believed to spawn only once, and to do this, always return to the breeding ground where they were hatched. No one knows where they go in the meanwhile or why they always return so unerringly. When they commence fighting their way upstream they are commencing to decay by turning red and soon yellow when they are still more decayed. Then they spawn and die. I asked why dead fish wasn't a great menace but it seems they are not. The gulls, eagles and other birds get rid of them and I suppose that nature takes care of the rest.

"My Pasadena flower garden is really lovely this year and I did not like to leave it at just this time, but our man will take as good care of it as though I were there. Edith Simonds Bennett, '04-'05, is about the same as usual, spending the summer in their camp at Tahoe. Lela Goodall Thornburg, '08, was married in May and very happily to a Hollywood Doctor and now, of course, she will live permanently in California.

"Miss Packard's death was so sad. She had a wonderful winter in California. I am so happy that I was privileged to see her several times."

From 502 Linwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York, comes this unusually gratifying note of inquiry. The writer is none other than loyal Lilian Doane Maddigan, '21. "Dear Dr. Winslow: I am at a Bridge Party given in honor of Mary Puckett, '24-'25. She is to be married next month. Louise Puckett Neill, '23, Priscilla Wolfe Scarth, '23, and Frances Bliss, '24, are here and we are rather anxious to start a Lasell Club if you would send us a list of Lasell girls in Buffalo and the vicinity. All last year I planned to be at Lasell for Commencement, but at the end of June, Genevieve Shidler, '20, was unable to go with me. However, next June will be my tenth reunion and I hope to be there. I have two little daugh-

ters now, Caroline three years old, and Ellen one year old. Naturally I have high hopes that they will both go to Lasell. Please remember me to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Miss True, Mrs. Hooker, and Miss Wright."

It was a stroke of ill luck for her when the Personals editor missed the call of Christine Chamberlain, '25, and Dot Aseltine, '26. Our editor was reconciled in part when Dot sent back this message. "I was delighted to be at Lasell yesterday afternoon for even a few moments. I must admit it brought back my school days so vividly that I am now actually homesick for Lasell. I think the Tudor Chapel is lovely. Enclosed please find my check for two dollars. I simply must have the LEAVES. Will call again soon. Wishing Lasell a prosperous year. Dotty."

Blessings on dear "Rustie" Crawford, '27, who begins her letter to our Dean with these words, "I would like very much to subscribe to the LEAVES" and very properly enclosed her check. After graduating from Lasell, "Rustie" attended the Wheelock Kindergarten School in Boston and in June completed her course there. While loyal to the "nth" degree to her last school, "Rustie" pleased us immensely with these closing words, "It doesn't seem possible that three years have passed away since my graduation from Lasell. I look back on the years spent there as the happiest time of my life."

Janette Smock Hance, '27, is a busy little bride. Nevertheless, she took time to send back this friendly greeting to her Alma Mater. "It was a real pleasure to receive the LASELL LEAVES and read all the news. I especially enjoyed the wedding and engagement announcements. I thought perhaps you might like to hear about my wedding. I enclose a newspaper report." (Would that we had space for this fascinating write-up in Janette's home paper). "Three of my bridesmaids were Lasell girls. The wedding took place October 11. After Madeleine Robinhold, '27, and I finished our course at New York University, I had a very pleasant year in the public school of Hillsdale. Madeleine is entering her

second year supervising music in Fleetwood, Pennsylvania. Helen White, '27, Madalyn Patten, '27, and I have kept in close touch since our graduation from Lasell and it was a great joy to be together again at the wedding. Suzanne Shutts, '26, and Marian Thompson, '26, were also my wedding guests. I often think of the many happy days spent at Lasell and often wish I could come back for a glance at place and people. I am surely going to return in June, 1932, if possible, as that will be our fifth reunion. I had a lovely long letter from Mrs. Briggs just before my wedding. Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow."

And this worthwhile line from Josephine Laughton, '28: "I am enclosing a check for two dollars for my LEAVES subscription. It will seem so good to read the Personals column again. When we were in journalism class, I think everyone of us were secretly amused by Miss B's statement that the Alumnae were more interested in the Personals than in our 'brain children.' I am looking forward to a trip to Boston soon and hope to include Auburndale. The day speeds by quickly with my efforts at housekeeping. Tomorrow I am to teach home economics at the Junior High School. I see Katherine Fitch, '30, occasionally. She is working in her father's office. Dorris Cleasby, '27, and I have planned to go to football games on the Saturday when she can leave her office work. I saw Marjorie Blair Perkins, '28, and met her husband one night in Newport this summer. 'Laddie' Rublee, '28, and her husband dropped in as they were returning to Enosburg from their wedding journey. It seems impossible that it is two years since I was graduated from Lasell."

Ex-president of the L. A. A., Susan Tiffany, '15, is now Regent of the D. A. R., Mary Warren Chapter, Springfield, Massachusetts. Susan proved an ideal hostess to our Dean during her recent attendance at the great Methodist W. F. M. S. Conference held in Springfield, where from three to four thousand delegates were present. Our former

schoolmate, Clementina Butler (Jan. 1880 to June), had an important part at this convention and like her parents before her, she devotes her time and talents wholly to effective missionary service.

Mrs. G. M. Winslow and Mrs. E. J. Winslow recently entertained their brother, Mr. Arthur Austin, of Orleans, Vermont.

Gertrude Hooper, '32, was made glad by a visit from her parents, Captain Adrian E. Hooper and Mrs. Hooper. This furnished a happy opportunity for a host of Gertrude's Lasell friends to meet these genial parents. Carolyn Sproat, '32, likewise enjoyed a pleasant surprise when her uncle, Dr. E. G. Towne, his wife and several friends from Saratoga Springs, N. Y., spent a Sabbath evening as her guests.

Attention: Lasell Missionary Society. In her recent friendly letter, Reverend Mabelle H. Whitney, '03, wrote from Mt. Desert Ferry, Me.: "Once again I have to thank the Lasell Missionary Society for thinking in such a kind way of one of the Alumnae. Nowhere has it been more appreciated than this year when it came to a homeless minister." We should insert here that Mabelle is having a sabbatical year and that is the cause of her "homelessness." "When in Boston, I called on Miss Packard's sister, Mrs. Arthur T. Cass (Mary Packard, '89). I cannot seem to bear it that Miss Packard is not here, that I cannot see her or even write to her. No one but God realizes how much she has meant to me these thirty years and I need her so, just now. Again please thank the Missionary Society and tell them their money will be used to good advantage." Strangely enough, at the very time that this letter of Mabelle Whitney's was received, came a message from Mae Chisholm Brown ('03 to Feb. '04), Costa Mesa, Calif., in which she too writes of her increasing sense of loss in the passing away of that most devoted friend of Lasell girls, Lillian Packard, '83. She adds further, "I cannot express what Lasell has meant to me during all these years when our beloved church has exacted so much more than one felt fitted to give. How many

times the thought of something our dear Dr. Bragdon said has carried me over a difficult place."

The following is a bit personal perhaps but is so fine we are venturing to share it with Mae's friends. "This has been the busiest year in many. Chisholm is a Senior in High School. Miriam is in the seventh grade. I am sure you would love them both. What with keeping up with their needs and activities, doing all of my own work, and doing more of public speaking than in many years, I have had a very happy year. It has been my privilege to talk on World Friendship in High Schools, to take Thank Offerings for the W. F. M. S.; and to do World Service speaking. It has all been a great privilege. I have come into contact with many fine girls who are trying to get through High School or college, but who lack even the clothes they need, that I have wondered if some of our Lasell girls might not help solve this problem. For instance, near me is a beautiful orphan girl, an art student. She is homeless, bravely working for her board and room. She can 'make something out of nothing.' If, at any time, a good garment is cast aside by some of the girls, this girl could do much with such help. Now this may seem a strange suggestion to you, but I assure you it could be a most practical missionary service. Please greet Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for me, also anyone else who may remember me."

Mae Chisholm Brown.

The last word from Ida Murphy, '30, reported her serving as counsellor at Camp Archibald, Kinsley, Pennsylvania. We trust, by this time, the desired secretarial work has come her way. Of her camp duties, she writes, "It is great fun and I am enjoying it immensely." We were heartened by her next confession. "I shall miss you all dreadfully when September comes and everyone is going back to school, for I miss you even now, though it is not a month since we left Lasell." Blessings on you, Ida. We, too, must confess that Lasell misses you and your dear classmates "dreadfully."

Former members of our Faculty have

never sent back to Lasell more welcomed and appreciated messages than has our Mrs. Mabel Briggs, '21-'29, of Los Gatos, California. In a note to our principal recently received, she writes, "We hope to have our bungalow completed by January 3, so that we may celebrate our twentieth wedding anniversary in our own home. We love it here and will have all the comforts of the city in our country house. The cold nights are a delight. We keep warm only by using two and sometimes three pairs of blankets. We are hoping later to welcome the good friends from Lasell to our California home."

Mlle. LeRoyer is home again after her delightful summer in Spain. Her classes are already speeding up in the spoken word, and they are as of yore, ranging in efficiency all the way up from the proverbial "Spanish cow" dialect to Mlle.'s approved French accent.

Marian Roberts, '29, came to us early in November and remained long enough to declare herself well-content with her new position. One look at her happy face convinced us that her report was correct.

On November 4, Minnie Remich Dandison, '27, and her classmate, Helen Davis Lummus, '27, dropped into our office with such an "at home" air that we could have easily imagined that they were after a "per." We were moved to grant their requests when they promised to come again soon. Minnie's new address is: 12 Bow Road, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

Betty Wells Furneaux, '29, and her husband were on their way home from a recent game at the Harvard Stadium when Betty suddenly decided to run into Bragdon Hall and say "Hello" to her school friends. Betty acted and looked radiantly happy and handsomer than ever. She promised to return some day soon bringing with her Baby June.

Miss Rose Morgenthaler and her sister Dr. Sophie E. Morgenthaler made Lasell their first stop en route to Florida. Without question, these sisters have taken up permanent residence on the sunny side of life. The morning of their departure, our Miss Roxana Tuttle and a friend joined them and together

they started on their much anticipated auto trip to Daytona Beach, Florida. Lasell's best wishes follow these friends.

Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald is back from her recent vacation with her parents in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. We rejoiced to learn that her father is some better and she reports a comforting visit with these beloved parents. Gwendolyn found her way to Wolfville for a few days during this family reunion and reports college life at Mt. Allison still exacting but delightful.

For a girl living "way down East" in Maine, Clarice Liscomb, '29, certainly shows a loyal interest in her Alma Mater by frequently reporting in person. We appreciate her friendliness.

Helen Beede, '21, is not alone the efficient secretary to our Registrar, Mr. E. J. Winslow, but keeps up an active interest in her music. She has recently been elected President of the Auburndale Methodist Church Choir.

Marietta Chase Stedfast, '24, and her husband have come again into added good fortune. On November 16, a welcomed guest arrived, little Nancy Chase. Congratulations to the parents and little Nancy.

From our Helen Kowalewski, '28, secretary in the department of Zoology, Yale University, comes this clever letter. "I am stealing a little time while at the office to write a few lines about the New Haven Lasell Club. We had our first meeting in October, in the form of a luncheon at the Church-At-Wall Tea Room. Ruth Beckley, '27-'28 (now Mrs. Ernest Brown), set a fine record last year, raising one hundred dollars for the Endowment Fund. We hope to do as well. I expect to be kept busy, as secretary of the club this year by calling upon the members soon to solicit donations of clothing, since we make it a custom to send to the Kentucky Mountain people each year this practical Xmas gift. In case the news of the elections for our club has not yet reached you, I shall write the report here: President, Emma Ockert, '26; Vice-President, Hazel Kramer, '26; Secretary, Helen Kowalewski,

'28; Treasurer, Mrs. Ralph McDonnell (Genevieve Bettcher, '14).

"We had quite a surprise the other day when it was announced that Dorothy Bishop, '27-'28, a recent member of Lasell, had married. Margaret Behrens, '28, whom every one of us in Clark liked so sincerely, belongs to the New Haven Club, and drives up from Bridgeport in her privately-owned Ford roadster, which she bought with her earning as a social service worker. I don't blame her for being proud of the car! While I was in New Hampshire at our summer cottage, this past August, I managed to get in touch with Marjorie Taylor Flemings, '28, who was then at her summer home in Wilton, N. H. Marjie surprised me one afternoon by driving over to the cottage and brought with her Trudie Wagner, '28, Joan, '28, and Viv Johnson, '28. Maybe I wasn't tickled to pieces to see these girls, even though the visit was brief. Later I visited Marjie for a few hours one afternoon and saw her darling son. It certainly does make one feel 'old' to see this new generation making its appearance. Miriam Lingley, '28, who was in my class had a baby son in September, and I have already seen her and the baby. It is so nice to be able to drive around and say 'hello' to the different girls now and then. Mia's baby is mighty dear, too, and I wouldn't mind borrowing him occasionally to play with. Mia's husband has been transferred (in business) to Worcester now, so they have moved from Lowell and are again living in Miriam's home city. My fiance has not yet finished his Law course. I hear often from my former roommate, Gladys Purdy, '28 (Mrs. J. B. O'Connor) and certainly do remember with much happiness the days we spent as roommates at Lasell. Ruth Beckley Brown, '27-'28, has a regular doll-house of an apartment in Plainfield and I don't think anyone needs more than one look at Beckey to tell how happy she is. A very charming hostess and clever housekeeper, too. Please give my best regards to Miss Peterson, Miss Blackstock, and any of the other teachers whom I know. Also remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. Hop-

ing that the school year is progressing successfully and happily, Love from one of your former 'little white doves.'" H. K.

Another member of our Lasell Old Guard has recently passed away, Mrs. Elizabeth Hilbourn, who for many years was our efficient and beloved matron. For a long period, she had been a confirmed invalid and we cannot but be glad for her release from suffering. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to the members of her bereaved family.

A notice has been received recently telling of the death of Caroline Collins, daughter of Emilie Koethe Collins, '00. Miss Collins met her death in an automobile accident. At the time, she was majoring in Philosophy at the University of California. Of this gifted student, her professor, Dr. Clifford L. Barret writes, "Even in the select company of those who make truth and beauty the chief ends of life, such spirits are rare. Boundless graciousness, a calm clear judgment, human kindness and complete sincerity, she contributed to every situation."

Lasell is holding in sympathetic remembrance these days, our Miss Eichhorn of the Department of Music, who has recently lost her mother. Those of us who were privileged to know the close and tender relationship between this mother and daughter, extend our deepest sympathy to our bereaved friend and the members of her family.

Christmas cards and Holiday Greetings will soon be coming our way, but they cannot hold out interest as do these tiny birthday cards announcing the advent of wee Lasell lads and lassies.

On September 2, born to Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Ogilvie (nee Marian Kirby, '22-'25) twins, little Marian Elizabeth and Donald Wilbur.

On September 7, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Richmond (Mayno Seltzer, '22), welcomed a little son, Howard Seltzer Richmond.

Reverend and Mrs. Robert Miller (nee Ellen Hemmeon, '22-'26, teacher), are rejoicing over the birth of a son, John Douglas Miller. The little lad arrived on All Saints' Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow Healy (Elizabeth Chandler, '23), announce the arrival of Bigelow Chandler Healy, on September 6, 1930.

The birth of Richard Kimball Lincoln on October 30, is announced by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kimball Lincoln (Betty Almy, '27).

With the announcement of the birth of Miriam Flynn Speth's, '12, little daughter on May 2, 1930, came a charming picture of Mother, Father, and daughter. We did not fail to notice after wee Nancy's name this happy prophecy, "Nancy Bancroft Speth, Lasell, '50," and dear Miriam ventured to add, "I hope soon Nancy will call at Lasell and select her room."

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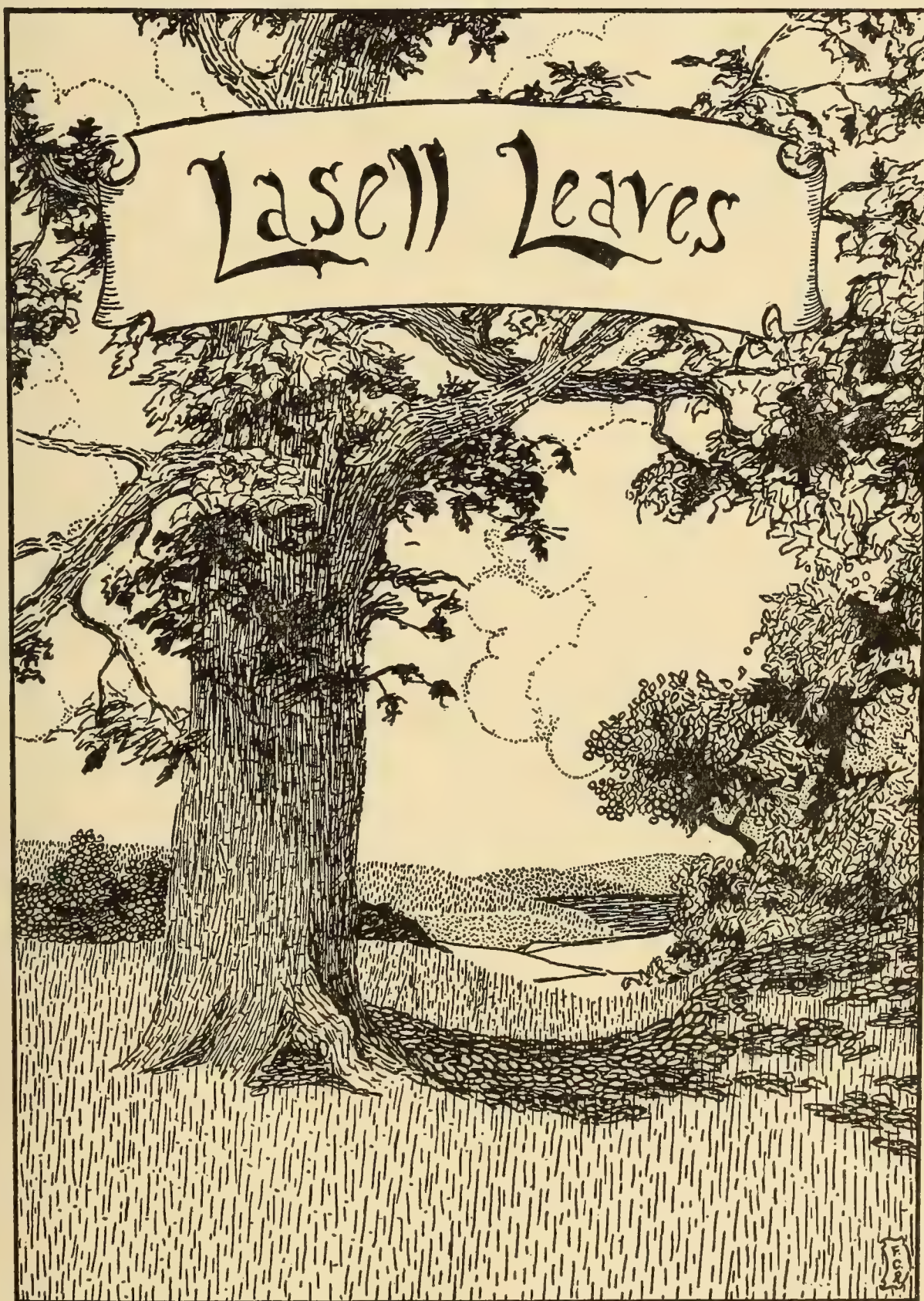
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LITERARY

Wishes

I wish you Love,
Not the fair-weather love of some
That breaks up at a dark cloud,
But love that has been tried,
And tried, found true.

I wish you Happiness,
That gained through your own good deeds
Comes doubly-laden to you,
A happiness that lasts,
And lasting, brings no tears.

I wish you Faith,
The kind that carries you through every storm,
That changes not for worldly goods.
Such faith as has been heard of,
And so may come to you.

I wish you these,
That you may give to life the best you have,
For having these the rest will seem
More dear to you, and more
Worthwhile.

Marian Lewis, '32.

MARRIAGE, THE GAMBLE

The repeated click of the heavy wheels gliding over the rails grew more and more insistent. That steady whir of each car being pulled behind the cylindrical shaped engine, so powerful, was preying on her mind. Her head ached, it was really thumping. Had Sharonne been a fool not to accept that ring the night before she left home? She didn't know; how could she know? Love was one thing and marriage another. Something entirely different. If she had taken an engagement ring, she would have at least been sure of him until she was fully able to make up her mind. Yes, that was one point she had considered the previous night and decided that it

would hardly be fair to Jack. Parts of the conversation began to come back to her:

"Then I am to consider myself flatly refused?" The sparkle grew faint in his steel-gray eyes and one of the curly brown locks was out of place.

"Of course not, dear. But don't you think we would be making a mistake by tying ourselves down for the whole year while I finish school? We'll be a thousand miles away from each other, and anyway I don't believe in long engagements." And so on.

The hard pounding of the engine was becoming more mechanical now. That heavy denseness was slowly lifting from her head and relieving her mind. She was beginning to think more clearly. Sharonne now really assured herself that she had done the wisest thing. She and Jack had been in love for a year. They were always happy together, though he had certain ideas of which she did not approve and likewise she had those which he did not believe in. Would they be able to compromise in such a way that they would both be happy living together? Well, in leaving things the way she did she would have plenty of time to view the subject from all sides when she got back to school, and then she would write him a long, sweet letter.

"Tickets, ma'am."

It had been hard to leave Jack on terms like that. He was hurt. She hated to give him up until vacation. Why did her family have to send her to a school so far away?

"Tickets please, tickets, ma'am."

"Oh—oh, yes, just a minute, I think I put them here in my bag."

The days flew by at school. Sharonne

thought constantly of the man she had left behind. She tried to write him over and over again, but just couldn't express herself in any way that she thought would make him understand as she wanted him to understand. She needed to talk to him. It was just three weeks before vacation now, and Jack was the only thing she could think of. Sharonne fully realized the vast emptiness which life held for her without him. She would never be able to wait until he met her at the station. She could picture his tall figure dressed in oxford grey, and that radiant expression on his face when he caught his first glimpse of her. She wrote him a note telling him how anxious she was to see him and how much she had to tell him.

A few days later Sharonne received her reply. She was leaving the dining room after dinner when her roommate confronted her with a letter addressed to her in Jack's handwriting; that same sweet, careless scrawl with which he had so many times expressed his sincere devotion to her. It had been a long time since she had seen that familiar handwriting, but she hadn't forgotten how he had formed any one letter, she never could.

The letter was short. Jack told her briefly that he had been greatly surprised to hear from her, but the rest——. In a week her Jack would be married—married to one of his old flames, the luckiest girl on earth, who had led the rejected suitor down the easiest path. Wasn't this one of those times when the weakness of woman overcame man's strength?

It seemed that everything Sharonne had ever had was gone from her now. As she dragged herself back to the dormitory, she was to herself nothing but one mere fleck of wasting life in a great universe. She had been too late. Had her message to him arrived sooner everything might have been different. Yet, strangely she began to feel that, maybe it was for the best. She wasn't sure whether she could have made him as happy as the other woman. Maybe she couldn't have lived up to his ideals of her.

"After all, Gladys, is there anything more tragic than to have a deep love shattered by

conflicting traits of character revealed through marriage?"

Her roommate broke in,

"Don't take it so hard, dear."

In a low monotonous voice Sharonne murmured, "She's so lucky, so lucky."

Elizabeth Baer, '31.

ANTICIPATION

As Nevell Madison Griswold moved restlessly around the spacious luxurious stateroom, her maid Hester watched her with an anxious look in her eye. For ten years she had been Nevell's personal maid. The years had brought her so close to her that she regarded her as a mother regards her daughter.

"Hester, where are the children?"

"The darlings are all right, Mrs. Griswold. That nice Mr. Shaw has them with him, and he said that he was going to take them to see the horse race. I'm sure they are safe."

"Mr. Shaw? Who is he? Oh, I know, he is the man who looks like Santa Claus. Well they will be safe with him." Suddenly her reserve broke down and her attitude was more that of a friend than an employer.

"Hester, do you think I'm foolish doing this? Somehow I just had to go back. You know Mr. Griswold and I are divorcing each other. You've been with me since I was twenty years old. Here I am thirty years old, my youth practically gone, and yet I have seen worse looking women." Hester looked at her as critically as an artist looks at the subject or model he is painting. Nevell certainly was a stunning looking woman. Her lithe body was slender as a willow, her olive complexion, and blue-black hair set off by a simple black dress slightly trimmed with white, made her a beautiful, model young matron.

"To go on, Hester, I'm not like some people who have nothing to live for. I have, thank God, little Jacqueline and Teddy. If I didn't have them I don't know what I would do, or where I'd be. I've decided that we will travel for awhile and then we will settle down at Avignon for an indefinite period. I have a friend who has a chateau down there, and near

her there is another available. My lawyer in Paris is engaging it for us. I honestly hate to think what the future holds for us, but I have decided to do everything I can for my children, and always they will be my first thought." Again she broke the stillness of the room, and began to pace back and forth. Hester could easily see that something was bothering her—what, she did not know.

"Hester, I'm going to tell you something, something I have kept to myself for twelve years. Twelve years, Hester, and not a soul knows what it is. You may be my maid, but you have been more like a mother to me than anything else. Without a doubt you have sensed that something has been wrong all these years. I know we travel most of the time and this means just another trip for you. However for the first time in my life, I have a real purpose for taking this trip.

Some twelve years ago I took my first trip abroad. It was one of those flying trips where you see snatches of this place, and snatches of that. We had traveled through the continent and were down in the southern part of Spain. I had eaten something that made me frightfully ill and by the time I arrived in Madrid, I wished for nothing better than to crawl into a corner and die. Never in all of my life, Hester, have I felt so miserable. Well, we were staying in a second class hotel and I had been in bed most of the day gazing at the wall paper which consisted of bunches of grapes on an orange background. It soon got on my nerves, so much in fact, that I decided to get up for dinner. There were a group of us traveling together with our chaperone, and after dinner we went into the lounge for our demi-tasse. I was sitting in a deep-set leather chair reading some kind of a magazine. Suddenly I glanced up and across the room was a group of young men apparently buried in a deep conversation. There were four of them, and as I looked them over, one in particular stood among the rest. The girl with whom I was rooming was sitting beside me, and soon they commanded her attention as they had mine. Some

of the girls in our party became acquainted with the boys and brought them over and introduced them to us. Well, we just paired off and I was with the boy who had attracted me from the first. Somehow or other it was what you could almost term, 'love at first sight.' Never in all my life had anyone held such a fascination for me. We spent a very pleasant evening together—he was a senior at one of the leading universities if I remember correctly, and had one of the most dynamic personalities I have ever known. As we moved from place to place the four boys moved with us, and it wasn't long before we became the closest friends. Finally we separated and about a week later they joined us in the northern part of Spain. Never so long as I live will I forget that night. There were four couples of us, and we had such a marvelous time together that it is impossible to forget. I remember, we climbed a high hill, and there we were, miles above the small town which seemed to be surrounded by small hills. Below us, lighted trains sped by, breaking the stillness of the night. Above us, the stars were never so brilliant as they were that night. Well, we were all singing and joking, and when it came time to leave, everyone became more solemn. That night he told me he loved me. Maybe I only dreamed it, but I can still hear him whisper, 'Nevell, I love you.' Anyhow, Hester, I must have imagined it because never again did I hear that from him. Soon the weeks flew by and the boys came home on the boat with us. I have never spent seven happier days in all of my life. You've seen the young people on this boat and how happy they are, well, we were just as happy only more so. All this time I loved him and yet I never told him. You know how I was when I arrived home. Sometimes I was in the highest spirits, and sometimes I was in the lowest. Never will I forget the letter I got from him telling me that he regarded me as a dear friend, but that he didn't love me, and he was quite sure I loved him. He also said that he didn't want me to love him because it would make me un-

happy. There were so many things he said. For two years I traveled here, there, and everywhere. All this time we were the closest friends, and I don't believe he realized what he did mean to me. I did my best to forget him, but that wasn't easy. Soon I realized how futile it all was and I met Mr. Griswold. He had a summer home near ours and I used to pass him when I was sailing my boat and he was cruising in his yacht. We soon became acquainted and every day we went horseback riding, sailing, or swimming and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves indulging in invigorating exercise. One day, we were over at the Beach Club basking in the sun after our usual "dip" in the ocean. There were a group of us talking when one of the people present asked a girl by the name of "Madge" if she had enjoyed Pat's marriage. During this conversation I had had my head buried on my arms and was apparently unconscious of my surroundings. I could hear Mr. Griswold saying something and then it was that I heard *his* name mentioned. It had been months since I had heard it and then Hester, here these silly babbling people were saying that he, this man I loved, was married to this girl. I won't go into what happened, but something died within me that day, and I didn't care what happened to me. Several months later I married Mr. Griswold, while all the time I loved this other man. At first I thought our marriage would work, but after Jacqueline was born I realized that I couldn't stand it any longer. You know scandal is unbearable, and it has been one affair after another with Mr. Griswold. It has been too hard. I have been a faithful wife but with this last affair I can't have my children continue to live there and eventually know about it.

Several weeks ago I saw by the papers that he, who is also divorced, was in Paris staying at a hotel where we are to stay. I want to see him just once again after all these years, and then I will be satisfied. All this time, I have never been able to forget him, and maybe when I do see him, I will feel differently towards him. Now you know my story, Hester, and

you will keep it to yourself as I have all these years. Here come the children now, and I promised to take them down to the playroom before going to bed."

"Muvver, Jackie and me and Santa had a horsey that won," called out little Teddie as he ran into her eager arms. "Can we go down and play some more as you promised?"

"Of course, darling we'll go now and then when we are through, you must let Hester put you to bed as you know we get off the boat in the morning, early. Come on now, darling, take mother's hand and Jackie, you take the other and away we go." With this she swept out of the room, Jackie and Teddie skipping along happily beside her.

Dorothy Brown, '31.

"How Empty Life Would Be"

How empty life would be,
If everything should go our way,
If the prize were bought less dearly,
And fate were 'neath our sway—

If we had no mountains over which to toil,
No treacherous currents to swim,
For food no need to till the soil,
For our loves no bounding rim.
If all our joys were given free,
How worthless then our lives would be.

Only he who has worked both hard and long
Can truly know the idle song.
For he who has nothing to do all day,
Will soon grow tired of idle play.
You must know the bitter to taste the sweet,
To appreciate victory, you must suffer defeat.

Dorothy Herring, '32.

RETRIBUTION

The fire crackled briskly in the fireplace in the big, warm living room in disdainful challenge to the howling wind rushing about the house outside. It raced around, moaning, and slammed loose shutters against the sides of the log cabin as if knocking for admittance into the cozy room beyond.

Grandmother Stevens sat nodding before the fireplace, her small feet resting comfortably on the red plush hassock in front of her. Her white hair showed whiter than usual in the

bright light and her face was shaded red with the fire's shadows, constantly flickering across it like mischievous elfin-folk trying to wake her from her slumber.

The clock on the mantle ticked rapidly, a door slammed and the dog, sprawled at the feet of the sleeping figure, jumped nervously and gave a disgruntled bark. It blinked its eyes slowly a few times, turned over on its side, stretched, dug its teeth into its side after an elusive something, and curled up again. Mrs. Stevens did not move. The fire continued to snap and crackle. The little gold clock ticked on.

At quarter of five Grandma Stevens awoke.

"It's time for Dennis to come," she murmured hurriedly to herself, slowly getting to her feet. The fire was almost out. She walked with short trotting steps to the door to the right of the fireplace and opening it called, "Sarah, come here and rebuild this fire. Is the coffee boiling?"

From the inner regions of the blackness beyond, a faint glimmer showed that widened as a door was thrown open, flooding the hallway with sudden light. A figure stepped to the threshold, tall and straight and stood outlined, shadow against light.

"Yes Ma'am," came a high musical voice, "I'll be right there in just a second. It's rather cold, isn't it Mrs. Stevens?"

Grandma nodded and closed the door. The warmth of the room felt good after that sudden chilling gust had swept against her as she opened the living room door. She puttered about, fixing this, arranging that, and doing other petty things.

"His first visit in seven years," she murmured to the Airedale. "I wonder if he'll notice anything different."

She turned her head toward the window.

"It's just like that night—when was it—thirty-one years ago, exactly," she whispered.

What a strange night it had been. But Dennis had never found out, it was as his father had wished. That winter she had taken in boarders, and the city girl had come, brazen, attractive and unscrupulous. Dennis' father

was handsome and weak—not inherited from his mother's folks, she stoutly denied again and again to herself. The city girl—the painted Jezebel! She had enticed him with her city ways, her quick eyes and her witty mind. The affair had gone on for months, not openly, but perceivable to everyone except Dennis' mother. The baby was coming—perhaps that was why. Then one night the climax came. Grandpa Stevens realized that it had all gone too far. Dennis' mother was suspecting something even in her trusting way. That evening, after Gladys, Dennis' mother, had gone up to bed, Grandpa Stevens had ordered the city girl out of the house before Dennis' father, Claude, herself and Sarah, the old nurse. Grandma Stevens felt a slight exhilaration as she remembered how splendidly her husband had handled the situation; how well he had looked, standing against this very fireplace, pouring out his wrath on Claude and the girl. A dramatic scene followed. The city girl, Rose was what she called herself, had flared forth with all her worldly arguments, all the strength and wisdom of her body and mind, throwing curses at them all, even poor, crushed, weak Claude. She had stamped out into the December storm which was raging and tearing the whole country-side, leaving the little group stunned, relieved, at the same time, frightened. Then Charlie Devens, another boarder of that memorable winter, had gone, a week later, to his traps in the woods three miles away, and—but she realized with a sudden jolt that the fire was dying in the fireplace and she was cold.

"Where's Sarah?" she said aloud.

At that moment the door opened, and Sarah entered, chattering with the cold and talking at the same time.

"Yes Ma'am, it sure is cold hereabout. Nearly time for Master Dennis to arrive, isn't it Mrs. Stevens?"

"Quite right, Sarah, any time now."

The fire ready once more, she sat down with her knitting in her hands, Sarah vanished.

The grinding of wheels on the gravel outside snapped her mind back to the present and

she started up expectantly. She moved toward the door but Sarah was there before her.

Mid gusts of wind and swirling snowflakes, in stamped Dennis, the youngest Stevens, and the last. His great fur coat enveloped his small Grandmother—tears came into her eyes. How strong, how healthy he was—she was proud of him. She wondered if he still liked—but his voice interrupted her thoughts with his, which were identical.

"Grandmother, do you still know some stories to tell me before I go to bed? You know you always used to tell me weird bedtime stories when I was small. Come now, do tell me one for old time's sake."

Her eyes clouded; then he did still remember!

"After dinner, Dennis," she murmured.

The evening passed quietly and quickly. Mrs. Stevens was getting a bit old for the sportive games she and Dennis used to play when he was young and made her home his. Instead they sat and reminisced and Dennis told of his recent conquests in the stock market—not a bit modestly, but then he was only talking to his Grandmother. He yawned and smiled,

"It's time for bed, Grandmother, where's my story?"

"Come sit on the hassock, Dennis and listen to me," she stroked his bushy hair as he knelt quietly, "and be quiet," she added, smiling wistfully.

Her eyes narrowed, her mind moved through the past, those thirty-one years ago. Slowly the tale was unraveled and laid realistically at the feet of Dennis.

"It was just such a night as this a year or so after your father and mother were married, cold, and a hard wind blowing, that Charlie Devens started out to empty his traps laid in the woods, three miles from here. He'd been away for two days and no one had looked after his traps. Since he thought them to be full, he didn't dare to put it off any longer, so picked this night, of all nights, to tramp the three miles. He started out after supper, and I re-

member we had liver and corn and baked potatoes that night, and he said he'd be back the next morning early. He was to stay over night at the little shack just east of here, you know, Dennis."

Dennis nodded his head vigorously.

"Well he started off, and it was wet going and the wind held him back but Devens trudged on to his traps, arriving at their locality about ten that night. After clearing the traps and replacing them, he started back, battling through the wind for an hour; finally stumbling, cold and tired, into the cabin. It was dark and ice cold inside and Devens was exhausted. Throwing himself down on the nearest bunk, on the left wall, he lay there panting, numb and torn. He thought he lay there for ten minutes when an instinctive feeling that some one was watching him, there in the dark, made him open his eyes and turn them toward the bunk opposite. His blood rushed to his throat and his heart thumped. There were two eyes, yes surely, they gleamed steadily and brightly. Perhaps it was because he was cold. Perhaps it was an hallucination. He shut his own eyes then opened them quickly from fright. They were still there, round and dimmer now, looking at him—looking—looking. Perhaps it was an animal, come in out of the storm. Poor place to come for shelter. Just then the whole frame of the building shook, then steadied, then quivered again. Hark! a sound, a murmur, high pitched and rasping reached him. Lord! was he crazy?

Hoarsely he called, trying to steady his voice.

"Who's there, call out."

Silence greeted him. He felt suddenly very helpless as he lost sight of the gleaming orbs, from too much concentration. He wildly blinked his own eyes—yes—there they were again, staring, staring. God! he was cold. He moved his hand to his pocket. It contracted as he felt cold steel. He smiled; just cold steel, but it meant safety. Slowly he drew it forth.

"Who's there?" he called above the wind.

The eyes moved a bit to the right, no sound. The cold was terrific, and his feet ached and his hands were numb. Slowly he raised the pistol, drawing it to a level with his own eyes and aimed at a point between the yellow spots. The trigger jumped forward—a sharp report—a piercing shriek and a writhing form fell from a height to the floor, then lay still. A human being!

Devens broke. He sobbed. The cold, the cold, and the wind howling as if laughing at the man huddled miserably inside. The gun dropped from his useless hand, his eyes closed. Sleep relieved him.

The morning sun streamed in through the one window of the shack and rested on an empty bunk. Slowly it moved across the room lighting, at last, on the face of Charlie Devens, sitting upright on his bunk staring, wide-eyed, senselessly, at the body of a woman with a bullet hole between her eyes. The rays warmed him and his hands worked convulsively. Getting slowly out of the bunk, he knelt down. The lips were yellow in color, the eyelids swollen.

"Typhoid fever," he murmured to the emptiness of the room, and, straightening up, walked to the fireplace to build the fire. He told this to us all, when he got back two days later, thin and worn."

Mrs. Stevens stopped and glanced down.

"Who was she?" asked Dennis. But Mrs. Stevens locked her heart and answered:

"No one ever knew. Probably some—some city folk lost in the storm and finding the shack as a refuge, hoped to stay there until the storm abated. But it lasted a week and there was no food—no fire."

The two looked at the burning driftwood. It hummed cozily and crackled occasionally. Dennis reached for another log and threw it on. His head rested against his Grandmother's knee. Outside the wind howled and moaned and the little gold clock on the mantle ticked on and on.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

Darkness

Darkness, falling, dropping on the earth
Like a carpet. Hiding all the Good and
Evil of the world. How wise we'd be
If we knew all that happened on a
Dark night. The prowler, stealing stealthily
From his lair in the underworld. The
Murderer, dropping his victim into some
Quiet and forsaken pond. The lovers,
Forbidden to meet, creeping toward the
Trysting place, and meeting as if for the
First time. What different plans are made
On nights when the moon is a golden ball
Riding the sky majestically with the
Stars as her attendants. Murder is far from
One's thoughts, and other lovers meet. Those who
Will often meet until that vow is broken.
The moonless nights are more mysterious,
But for myself, I'd rather have a
Starry one.

Marian Lewis, '32.

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

In the silence of the upstairs library of her antiquated, but luxurious brown stone house, on the most fashionable residential street in a small, prosperous, mid-western town, sat Mrs. Fabens. She was not alone however, except in her thoughts. No one could have followed these as they trammed back through the years which had breathed romance for her, yes, and for him, too. In her mind she was no longer—or perhaps not yet, the mother of those three striking examples of the younger generation who were sitting there so closely to her—Jean, whom she would always consider a child, was a debutante, and Avery, who bore his father's name and features, nearly nineteen. Yes, even the baby, Morn, was considering herself a woman at "almost seventeen."

"But Mother," Av's voice pierced the silence of the room, and his mother's thoughts, "It can't be much longer now, can it?" How like his father he was, sitting there, his dark eyes anxiously watching her, and back of their every expression that certain look of tenderness. How could she ever fill the gap—if only—but she answered him:

"Not much longer, dear."

Jean puffed furiously on her cigarette and

Morn, showing revolt at the long wait, beat a tattoo with her fingers on the arm of the chair, intensifying rather than breaking the ominous silence which penetrated every corner of the house.

"Quit that," Av spoke with the authority which he felt to be his, as an only son will under such conditions, strangely enough. Morn obeyed and the tension lightened. Each member of the family was busy with his own thoughts and Helen Fabens had not broken the chain of hers for a long time.

She was again Helen Fisher, a young southern girl, visiting her roommate in Cleveland after their graduation from a finishing school in the South. She was again the young girl, fashionably clothed in much lace and many petticoats, with a wasp-like waist and demure manners, who was introduced to Avery Fabens in Euclid Avenue, and who lengthened her two weeks' visit to four because of the fascinating attention he lavished upon her. Not until the four weeks lengthened into six months did she finally return to the great white-pillared home in the South, where she lived with two maiden aunts, and with whom she must share the secret of the ring she wore about her neck. Aunt 'Dell and Aunt Maria were more than bitter towards "those damned Yankees," who had taken their slaves, their horses, their fortunes, but worst of all, their men. They would never approve of her marrying a Yankee, especially as it meant that she would go North to live. She had told them, though. Even now she could remember their ill-concealed astonishment. But Phil! Everyone had expected her to marry Phil with whom she had always played. As a child she had accepted the idea of marrying him, but she had changed now. Phil! He was more like a brother, and anyway she was glad that she had not married him. No matter what the cost, those first five years with Av had been worth everything.

Then Av had come, and had won over the protesting aunts to his side. Later the wedding—a dream! The wedding dress her mother had worn—the garden, scented with

the roses—the peacocks on the terrace—everyone so excited. Little Miss Cathy, her Sunday school teacher, frankly weeping; Deacon Clark, violently blowing his nose and exclaiming, "Well, well," over and over again. Then the goodbyes. Helen hadn't minded leaving them so long as it meant being with Av.

She remembered how he had carried her over the door-sill into that *dear* little house down the street—their home—the one he had built for her. They had planned it together. She almost felt that it was a part of her as much as her hands or feet, or as vital to her as her heart. It was there that she and Av had really lived, enjoying their life together. Their resources were limited, but their love boundless. Those years were all she asked of Heaven. Av was advancing rapidly in his father's business. His family and friends were all that could be desired, and they made her one of them, this young girl with her charming southern accent and mannerisms.

After the death of Av's father and mother they had moved into this house, and she had assumed the position and duties of Mrs. Fabens, Sr., wife of the city's most prominent citizen. But they left behind them in that small white house their happiness, and, yes, their love. They had been so happy, although crowded in that little house. The children, all three, had been born there, and had loved it, too. Of course the brown stone house on Main Street had its advantages. All her crowd had envied her inheritance. To Av, it had meant another step forward. Helen alone, was not glad, but she did not tell him—perhaps if she had it might have been different—perhaps he had only been glad because he thought she was—maybe their love need not have died so soon. But oh—

"Mother, won't it ever be over? Why won't you answer me?"

"What? Oh yes, dear," Helen Fabens brought herself back to the little library with an effort. "What did you ask me? I'm sorry I was not listening."

"Won't that man ever come to call us?" I'm awfully tired of just sitting here, doing

nothing." Morn was nearly in tears by now. The unnaturalness of the situation! Her mother's queer absorption! Jean and Av paid little attention to her for they also had their interests. Having failed in her effort to arouse some degree of conversation, Morn lapsed again into silence, and her mother into her reverie.

In spite of the fact that she really loved her father, and would miss him terribly, Jean could not help but wonder if her mother would allow her to go to the Christmas dances, just several months away—and Av, he was old enough to be a man now, and should be the head of the family. He would miss his father, but after all, he was a good sport; needless to say, of course, his mother would "cramp his style." What would Mother do without Dad, anyhow? Gee! it must be pretty hard on her.

Helen, brought back for the minute, really wondered herself what she would do without him, the man who had been her husband all these years. They had come to be good companions finally, after those two hectic years. Oh yes, those two years. How well she remembered the joy with which she had planned the visit of her college chum. But how much more vividly did she remember entering the library unexpectedly, to find her chum in her husband's arms. There had been no scene, she simply left the room, deaf to Avery's explanations or her guest's apologies. The next morning she had offered him his freedom but he had refused it "for the sake of the children," so he said. Her friend left that evening, and the subject was never mentioned again. Her love for him had been killed and she had buried it beneath a smiling mask, which never once betrayed its secret, save at night behind locked doors—then it would not remain under cover, but the full agony of her loss came to her with a poignancy worse than pain. But the years passed and healed the scar, and in deceiving their friends for the sake of their children, they soon deceived even themselves and a sort of comradeship grew up between them. They shared many things together, and only when Av went on one of his not too frequent jaunts, "business trips" he called them,

"to New York," were they separated. They never went there together—he never invited her, and she never questioned—it was understood. So things had progressed. People considered them models of a happily married couple—none guessed their secret. Avery himself may not have guessed that his wife loved him only as a companion—less than one of their own children.

And now he was dead, actually dead, and downstairs, people, practically the whole town had gathered to pay its last tribute to Avery Fabens. His widow felt badly, yes—but she had suffered worse losses than this. She was losing now merely her husband, her lover had died years ago.

"The car is waiting, Mrs. Fabens," Jarvis announced from the doorway.

Avery, Jr., helped her into her coat, and down the winding staircase walked the widow of the town's most prominent citizen!

Dorothy Herring, '32.

Life

A dark valley with a mountain in the distance
Two paths at my feet, one straight and warm,
The other winding, and cold, and empty.
I look at the flowers, blooming and fresh,
And turning my face ahead I feel warm rays of
the sun
Over the mountain called by many, Success.

* * * *

Dawn

I hear a sea gull's cry
Rolling rhythmically over the wave-beaten sand.
Young breezes toss the clouds into Nature's paint
box, and
Bring them out glowing, their reflection
Dyeing the sea gull a deep pink
Where he wheels high in the heavens.

* * * *

Virtue

Cool bits of hardened rain
Flickering down like pieces of stars
Tossed out accidentally by the wind.
One bit of whiteness multiplies and adds,
Making a shining heap of pureness,
That will cover a hard, black earth,
Turning it quickly into a
Glowing, pure blanket of white.

Rachel De Wolfe, '32.

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME"

Four men sat around a table in the room below Nick's barber shop. The room was blue with smoke. Half consumed cigarettes were strewn about the floor. A certain tenseness was in the air. All eyes were strained toward the speaker, as was usually the case when Bill Callahan, sometimes known as "Shooter" Callahan, spoke. He made one feel as though one was only a puppet, and he the one who dangled the strings that made one dance.

His voice, low but distinct, was the only sound in the room.

"It has to be done tonight. There must be no more delay. We'll draw lots to see which one of you undertakes it."

Tearing a piece of newspaper into three pieces, he scribbled a word upon one, then arranged them in the palm of his hand. Three hands shot out, three hands withdrew. There was a moment of utter silence, then a curse.

Bill smiled. "Doomed again, Dick? Too bad."

The smile disappeared as quickly as it had come.

"Let's get down to business now. This job has got to go over. If it works, we can pack up and leave for a couple of years of travel. If it fails, well, you'll all pay the price. I've got myself taken care of. I'll run over the plans now with you, Dick."

"Doc Carson is giving his dinner tonight. There'll be a crowd of people there that you know. I have a card here that you can show at the door so that no one will be wise to your little ruse. During the course of the evening, slip into the library, use these numbers," he handed the listener a slip of paper with a group of figures written on it, "and open the safe. The paper we need will be in full view. Take it and as soon after that as possible make your getaway. In order to shake off any one who might be following you, meet Mike at the door of the Royal Theatre. He'll ask you for a quarter. This is your tip. Slip him the paper and go home to bed. Understand?"

The one known as Dick, nodded his head.

There was a set look on his face. One could attribute it either to fear or to determination. It was hard to ascertain just what it did mean.

"Just remember, you won't fail. We don't stand for yellow cowards. Good luck, old man."

Dick gave a curt nod and walked out of the room. His brain seemed to be in a turmoil. He couldn't very well fail the gang, but then, neither could he fail Joan. She was so sweet and understanding. Hadn't he asked her to marry him and hadn't she accepted? He was a coward to have even thought of taking her as his wife. He could never give up the racket. It got one after awhile. God! Why couldn't he straighten things out? Why not pull this job tonight, marry Joan, sail for Europe, and go straight. It didn't seem to be the thing to do, but after all there was no choice. There was Callahan to think of. He had said that he wouldn't stand for a coward in his gang. He'd have to hurry. There wasn't much time left to dress for the dinner. He must have himself under control. It would never do to bungle affairs.

At seven o'clock sharp, Robert Allison, alias Dick Durant, was ushered into the home of Dr. J. D. Carson. He was immaculately dressed. He engaged in conversation with several of the men and women present, escorted one of the most beautiful debutantes of the season in to dinner and added something of interest to every topic that was conversed upon during the meal.

Ten o'clock found Dick walking down one of the most populated streets in New York. His hand was thrust into his pocket of his fur coat, clutching the paper which he had but a few minutes before risked his life in getting.

All evening long his conscience had been hurting him. He did so love Joan and he knew she trusted and believed in him. To have pulled this job tonight was caddish enough. He wouldn't finish it. He'd tell Mike that he hadn't been able to get the paper and return it through the mail in the morning.

As he made this decision he seemed to have relieved himself of a heavy burden. Already

he felt better although he still nervously fingered the paper in his pocket.

Joan would be proud of him if she but knew he had gone through this struggle and had come out clean. It wasn't easy to give up the racket. Once it was in the blood, it stayed there.

The bright lights of the Royal Theatre brought Dick back to his surroundings. Stepping over to the side in order not to be in too bright an area, he stopped and lit a cigarette. His hand trembled slightly and the sudden flare of the match revealed drops of perspiration on his forehead.

A passerby, at that moment, would have perhaps noticed a ragged-looking old man walk up to a young man dressed in an expensive looking fur coat and a high hat, and ask him for a quarter. If the passerby was very observant, he would have noticed the young man shake his head and refuse the whining plea of the beggar. But even if this was unnoticed, the sudden spurt of flame, and the dull thud following, could not have been overlooked; likewise the sudden agility of the old man as he spurted for a car waiting at the curb and which pulled away with ever increasing speed.

Joan Inglis, reading the paper the next morning, was confronted with a small paragraph which told of the murder of another crook, "Dick Durant." Glancing idly through it she read that the murderer had been captured but refused to talk.

"Probably another woman in the case," said Joan half aloud, "why must they get mixed up in such things?"

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

"God and Me"

"There is a God," I said,

"No," they said,—but they lied.

"There must be a reason," I said,

"Well, where are the dead?" they replied.

"I am the living," I said,

"Not for long," they sighed.

"I'll take my chances," I said,

"You mustn't," they said—but I tried.

Virginia Riley, '31.

AND THE JUDGE LOST HIS TEMPER

With admirable restraint, the Judge choked back a particularly expressive oath. No, today, he would not lose his temper if he could help it. It was bad for a person to get angry—it interfered with the digestion, and all that.

After making this heroic resolution, the Judge crawled about on hands and knees until he had recovered the unruly collar-button that had so sorely tried his early morning equanimity. He then rose to his feet, and, glancing at his watch in its overnight position on the bureau, saw that he had barely time to have breakfast and reach the court house by nine. So with his feelings well under control, he ate the burnt offering his wife was accustomed to lay before him.

During his brisk walk to the court house, the Judge observed that the day would be warm. In fact, it did turn out to be warm. The excessive heat, together with a large number of petty cases on the docket and the stupidity of the many witnesses did not tend to improve the tempers of the lawyers. Though sorely tried, the Judge smiled serenely. He would not lose his temper.

At last there came to the stand a man, who, after having one story squeezed from him, retracted it, and told another. The perspiring attorney flared up. The Judge, however, folded his hands together, and in a this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you tone of voice he said:

"Let's be calm. It is warm I know, but let us consider this man's point of view. He is not necessarily a liar because he tells two tales."

The Judge fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, smiled, and continued. "For instance, I should have sworn a moment ago that I had my watch in my pocket, but I now remember that it is at home on my bureau."

In this manner the Judge saw to it that the court pursued the even fervor of its way. At the close of the session he started homeward. His wife met him at the door.

"I should like to know why you cause such a fuss when you want an errand done," she demanded.

"What's the matter now?" queried the Judge.

"What's the matter? You ask that when I've had to answer the door to no less than three of your men."

"I . . . I still don't understand."

His wife snorted. "No? Well they said you sent them for your watch. Left it on the bureau of course. Naturally, I gave it to the first man."

"I sent no man," said the Judge, and then he lost his temper in a most deplorable manner.

Charlotte Cahnors, '32.

TEN CENT STORE

On opening the door, the odor of cooking "hots," popcorn, and grease greets our nostrils. People of all ages, sizes, and nationalities are swarming up and down the aisles. Victrolas and pianos are sending forth their wails and thunderous chords. Occasionally a girl will sing a chorus or two, in a voice that is far from musical. But let us stop for a moment to watch the different people.

Here is a woman wearing a worn black coat, a cheap hat, and shoes that have seen better days, but with a look of happiness and patience on her face. She is busy picking out little dolls, books, and trinkets of all sorts, probably for her little girl's birthday.

Next we see two girls with lips and cheeks painted a brilliant red, stopping at the cosmetic counter. Can it be possible that they are buying still more? Where will they put it, we wonder?

A sudden wail makes us turn, and gazing down we see a little boy, tears streaming down his grimy face, pulling at his mother's skirt and pointing longingly at a toy airplane that has caught his eye. "Poor little tot," we say, as his mother half walks, half drags him from the store. His dreams will probably be filled with little red airplanes this night.

Probably the most pitiful sight of all, will be that of a middle aged man, his face lined with wrinkles that foretell years of worry and

toil. He is standing at the toy counter fingering the small objects. At times his face lights up as he comes across a toy that reminds him of the time he was a boy. No doubt he still dreams of the day when he will be able to take home to his boy a train that really runs by itself. But until then, he must be content with the small things he can buy at Woolworth's.

Last of all we note the girls and women who are clustered around the jewelry counter. This is probably the most popular counter of all. Perhaps many an engagement ring has been bought there.

As we leave the store we hear the victrola grinding out "Ten Cents a Dance."

What a great work the dime does in this world!

Dorothy Carmer, '32

Ambition

I fly through space of nothingness
And reach to feel my face in a cloud
Of coolness, and of height,
Transported to me through mist
And wind blown zephyrs,
Culminating in the round, white
Ball of haze.

* * * *

Flight

I fly on wings of imagination,
Color comes to the sky at dawn,
Then I rise, take wing and go
Through clouds of amber and deep blue.
Rachel DeWolf, '32.

Unsatisfied

Oh, why must I always be,
Unsatisfied, my dear with thee.
I thought I loved you once, 'tis true,
But now I find that you won't do.

I've found another twice as nice,
Unlike you dear, he has the price,
And so, my love, you're passé now,
I've gone to make another vow.

Barbara Hunt, '32.



AFTERMATH OF A LOVE AFFAIR

I wonder if there is anything in life more poignant than a youthful romance that is broken. I doubt it. At first an air of bravado surrounds you as you cut the last filmy threads that have woven themselves into a love affair. You hold your head up high and feel worldly and practical. You congratulate yourself that you have, rather gracefully, you admit, disentangled yourself from a no longer desirable connection. After all one has to be the master of his own soul, and assert his independence, you tell yourself convincingly, and then you wonder if you weren't a trifle rash in your decision, if probably there weren't another way of gaining the same end. The thought keeps recurring to you with uncomfortable frequency until you admit to yourself that possibly you were a little to blame after all and you wonder just what the point of your action really was. Of course you can't retract, you don't really hold yourself responsible, but naturally, you want to be broadminded about the whole thing and be magnanimous enough to admit your own part in the matter. If you just wouldn't keep remembering things—silly things that push their way forward in your mind and replace the important ones.

You think about the places you've gone together, when you pass them alone. You never go by the Country Club lake that you don't think with a quick, sharp, little stab, of the night when he gave you his frat pin and you made noble, undying promises to each other. Rainy, summer nights make you think of your first meeting when you both had to walk a half mile through the muddy country roads to telephone home when his car broke down returning from the glorious week-end party. You

remember the deep slowness of his voice; the turning of his head; his hands so much larger, and browner and stronger than your own; his mouth when he laughed; and you hate yourself for remembering.

You turn your pillow over, smooth out the blankets, and deliberately close your eyes and begin counting sheep whose hair is shortly cropped and curly—shortly cropped and curly! Is there no end to your suffering? You feel so sorry for yourself, you know that now you and all the tragic heroines of history have met on a common ground. You hear the clock strike eleven, then twelve, and then you hear the shrill little tingle of your telephone on the stand beside your bed. You fumble with the receiver and answer with a low, quick catch in your voice and all the world stops breathing at the deep slowness of the voice that answers.

Charlotte T aylor, '32.

WEAKER MOMENTS

"How do the fishes know how to steer
When they're swimming around in the sea?
Why couldn't I have a nice little fish
To swim in my bath with me?
Why do my feet go up, do you s'pose,
While my head goes bobbing about?
Why don't I go where the water goes,
When the stopper is taken out?"

And there, my friends, we have, in that simple little text, questions which have bothered—nay baffled the foremost philosophers and scientists of our day. May I illustrate the foregoing statement? Ask yourself this question—just how do the fishes know how to steer?—And then from an impartial, unbiased standpoint try to answer it yourself. There are no sign boards on the floors of our great bodies of water, no roads, and no hotels—at least I have never seen one advertised—with a radio in every room. Of course a very observing fish would know when he got within ten miles of the United States. Abandoned liquor cases are silent and sufficient witness to that. But how the poor fish could tell whether he was approaching New York or Boston, I cannot imagine—now that the days of the Boston Tea Party are over, for the time being at least.

I fear that I am becoming somewhat involved in this most learned discussion—let us pass to the next phase of our text and skim over it rapidly; “Why couldn’t I have a nice little fish to swim in my bath with me?”—Well, believe it or not, the fish might possibly object. And now to consider the matter of feet. One’s pedal extremities do have queer habits during that process which is commonly known as bathing. As the result of much experimentation and observation, I have finally established the fact that one’s feet do mount to the surface in the bathtub, and the only reason to which I can attribute the fact, is that there is not sufficient room for them at the bottom. And the reason why I can’t go where the water goes when the stopper is taken out” is altogether too painfully evident.

F. A. T. '32.

WALKING TO SCHOOL IN THE RAIN

You, who have never had to walk to school in the rain, will certainly not appreciate this; and you, who have passed that stage in life will term this exaggerated.

The process, of course, takes place at school and in the rain, any rainy day will do, the effects are the same. You rise immediately at the sound of the bell, and choose your oldest clothes in preparation for this unwelcomed expedition. All the while you are grumbling and, then, to cap the climax you find that your rubbers are missing. You keep putting off the time for starting until it must be done—the bell has warned you, you have no time to waste! You put on your old raincoat and carefully, almost tenderly, place your books inside it, holding them tightly. Your roommate calls and calls, and you rush downstairs and out into the hated rain. You almost fall down, but you pluckily resume the journey. By this time your hair is extremely wet and the water is falling into your eyes, and you try to brush it out, to enable you to see better. In the attempt, you stumble and your books fall out. You are on the verge of tears. You pick up your belongings and find to your dismay that in every one there is a surprising

amount of mud. Your hands are red and green and black from the covers. You again smooth your hair back and your face—it is colored. You arrive at school in a frightened mood, acting more or less like a maniac and looking like an Indian in war-paint ready for battle. You sink into a chair and weep with rage. You pray to the gods to have all rainy days abolished or—maybe, a little rain, but just during the night.

Yvonne Bergeron, '32.

WHY WORRY?

I came into the room the other day and found my roommate there in a disheveled state. She was the picture of a great thinker. There she sat, holding her head (heavy with thoughts), in both her hands, tapping the floor with one foot, and with her glasses on the tip of her nose, assiduously studying something or other. Confronted so suddenly by this apparition, I hardly dared to enter, but gradually courage came. I tiptoed in—this must be serious study. I began to believe that this roommate of mine was in a daze—she did not move nor did the tapping of her foot vary its rhythm. I got so far as to look over her shoulder. Hm! Well! A train schedule. Could she be going somewhere? Well! I’d wake her from her dreams. With this I gave her a push, strong enough to knock anyone over. She slowly turned, not at all disturbed by the push, but apparently upset by the schedule.

“I’m going home by train,” she said.

“Well, what of it?”

At this she gave me, what may be termed, “a dirty look.”

“I’ve only got fifteen minutes between trains and I’ve got to go from one station to the other.”

“Well, what of it?”

“Really,” she said, “you’ll drive me insane. Stop saying, what of it, and listen. Do you think I’ll have time?”

“Oh sure,” I said, “and a little to spare.”

She picked up the schedule and rushed from the room leaving me in doubt as to her sanity

and as to her destination. She inquired from everyone if fifteen was ample time in which to do the required changing. She was answered in the affirmative, but this did not soothe her. She continued to worry and ask:

"Do you think I'll make it?"

My response was ever the same, "Oh, sure!"

At last the day came but it was not till later that I heard the end of the episode.

My roommate (nearly worried to death), carrying a suitcase in one hand and a train schedule in the other, rushed out of one station and into a taxi—urging the man on to greater speed, and of course, nearly getting wrecked a dozen times. She finally reached her goal and oh!—to be able to see that the train had not left!

She has vowed she will never worry again, so far as trains are concerned, but—who knows?

Yvonne Bergeron, '32.

LUXURY OF BATHING

There are some who regard the matter of bathing only as a method of keeping clean, a part of the daily routine to be concluded as quickly as possible. Of course, no one will deny that this is very necessary, and that bathing should be encouraged, for without it, this world would be an unpleasant place in which to live.

But this is written to encourage the art of bathing. There are baths, and baths, and I prefer the latter. What could be more pleasant when one is in a blue mood, than a

half hour of relaxation and getting away from everybody and everything and being alone with one's imagination? Follow this with a cold shower, and rise up like Aphrodite out of the sea, with a new outlook on life, feeling that this world isn't such a bad place, after all.

There are a few things one must have and they are practically the same as are necessary for any bath. A bar of lathery soap, a wash cloth, bath mat, and towel of one's favorite color, plenty of hot water, and bath powder of one's favorite odor. But, most important, you must be in the right mood. You must not be in a hurry. There must be nothing else even though there is an English paper and Journalism to complete. You must put these off with a clear conscience. If one is conscientious, this will be rather difficult at first, but after a few attempts, it will become second nature, as it is with most of us already.

This is one of the times when your imagination has free reign. It may wander where it will, and who knows to what far places it will travel? Starting out with no definite objective in view, mine once carried me to a tropical island, covered with palm trees on which perched bright colored birds, and where I bathed in the warm water, until the approach of a huge octopus brought me back to reality.

But as all good things have a way of coming to an end, one's reveries are usually interrupted by a loud and slightly irritated voice crying out, "Who's in there? May I have the tub after you?"

Jane Hupman, '31.



LASELL GIRLS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS



Books! Books! Books!

Books to the left of me
Books to the right,
With titles that give to me
Heartshakes and fright.

History and English and
Music and Art,
And names of old scientists
Clear from the start.

At one end a picture,
By Richardson done,
Clearly portraying
A cow in the sun.

This is our library,
Where enter few sounds,
Its shelves are of learning,
And knowledge abounds.

Marian Lewis, '32.

The Quarterly—"Exit"

(on taking an examination in the library)

It leers at me,
It sneers at me,
It laughs to see me here;
It stares at me,
It glares at me,
It always seems to peer;
The more I crave,
The more I rave,
The more I watch the time;
Over the door
Crying, nevermore,"
Leans the old red EXIT sign.

Vesta Black, '32.

Little Anne

Little Anne is very bright,
I know you'll say so too,
She goes out with the Treasurer
When her tuition's due.

Vesta Black, '32.

Assignments

How oft' times when we are asked
To write a theme or poem,
An inspiration just won't last,
But rather wants to roam.

That fascinating Christmas line,
Which came to us in Law,
Has now receded in our mind
And leaves us as before.

A poem about a grey cold dawn,
And one about a moon,
The one about a frisky morn,
Have vanished all too soon.

Barbara Hunt, '32.

EXCHANGES

We are very glad to exchange with The *Chand Bagh Chronicle* again this year for we like everything about their magazine. We especially commend their Literary column and for a little poem which we are very glad to print here:

Heartsease

Rain drifting warm from the west,
Wind on the open hearth;
Cloud-dappled sky above,
Brown earth beneath.

Sun sinking low in the hills,
Firing the sullen west;
Lights in the village beyond,
Silence and rest.

Rest for the wandering feet,
After the day is spent,
Peace for the tired heart,
And sweet content.

Benita Banerjee, '31,

Every week we are delighted to receive that newsy and interesting magazine, the *Ward-Belmont Hyphen*. We enjoy the witty Diary of Mistress Belle-Ward. However, every week we turn to the poetry first and again we have found something:

I was a raindrop
Falling for such a lonely time.
I dropped on a warm face
And there was mingled with a warm tear,
That held me fast on our last drop to earth.

As a lonely soul is
Grasped by friendship,
So was I—caught
By this warm earth-thing.

Estelle Friedman, '32.

We are interested in a serious problem they are having at Ward-Belmont, that concerns us greatly, and we take pleasure in printing their suggestion:

"It is suggested that a cork or linoleum flooring such as is used in the halls would deaden the distracting sounds of students entering and leaving the library."

The only flaw in this suggestion, as applied to us, is that our hall floor is not of cork or linoleum flooring. However, we appreciate the idea.

The cover design of *The Vassar Review* surely has a "kick", but we have not, for we

enjoy that very lively magazine. The poem "Evening", by Clara Lyman is lovely and we quote just a few lines to show you its charm.

"Now's the hour when loudnesses are mutes,
And small unfrequent voices rise to fill
The shadow of the silence—cricket flutes,
Raised from the grassy deepness of the hill."

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: *Bleatings*—St. Agnes School; *Boston University News*—Boston University; *Connecticut College News*—Connecticut College; *Emerson College News*—Emerson College; *The Brambler*—Sweet Briar; *The Magpie*—St. Margaret School.

Also from the following high schools: *The Tabula*—Torrington, Connecticut; *Central Recorder*—Springfield, Massachusetts; *Wyn-donian*—Willimantic, Connecticut; *The Oracle*—Manchester, New Hampshire; *The Amplifier*—Huntington, Massachusetts; *The Tiltonian*—Tilton, New Hampshire; *The Tattler*—Rockland, Maine; *Scarlet Tanager*—Poquon-noc Bridge, Connecticut; *The Hamiltonian*—Hamilton, Massachusetts; *The Red and Black*—Whitman, Massachusetts.

The Exchange Department of the Lasell LEAVES extends to you a cordial invitation to exchange and comment upon its magazine. We start the new year right by wishing you all "A Happy New Year."



EDITORIALS

"THE OPENING AND CLOSING OF DOORS IS REPRESENTATIVE OF LIFE"

The closing of the door of my home marked the end of my vacation. I looked back quickly at the closed portal, realizing as I did that inside were all the familiar pieces of furniture, all the books, all the treasures I loved. The closing of a door is awe-inspiring. It is a confession of finality. Every closed door brings something to an end, and in my case it signified that my vacation was over and that I was going back to an entirely different atmosphere—one of study. I was seized with that feeling of anguish that comes just after the closing of a door when the ones we love are still near, within sound of voice, yet already far away.

What a mystery lies in doors! This thought came to me on my way back to school. The opening and closing of doors is a part of life. We are continually opening doors with hope, and closing them again with despair. And what a difference a closed door and an open one can mean to one. How well do I remember, after walking late to a classroom with its closed door of brazen security, having experienced moments of dread; and upon other times being late, to find an open door and enter without compunction.

Even the most familiar room where the clock ticks and the hearth glows, may harbor surprises. As I entered my room at school after being away for a week-end, a feeling of mystery or dread was felt before I opened the door to that room. I was entering to I knew not what. It occurred to me that the opening of doors must always have in it some flavor of the unknown, some sense of moving into a new moment—as is characteristic of life.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Have you ever worried about getting old? Have you ever wanted to stay at one certain age? If so, then you must have wondered as we have, why one sees so many girls attempting to assume a sophisticated air that is beyond their years. Can't they see that to many, that silly pose is utter foolishness? Why be ashamed to admit your age and live it as it is meant to be lived? One is so much more attractive when one is natural than when one is pretending a pose that is not felt. We realize that to be one's own age is an accomplishment to be envied, but it is also one to be desired. So, if living one's own age is nearly an impossibility, at least take on a pose a few years younger rather than one many years older.

In being young there are so many advantages; advantages that mean little in a material sense, but such a lot in a spiritual way. For instance, there is always so much more of the future of which to dream, and so many things that can be done later on after others have gone stale. The one great horror of attaining the sophisticated state before it is due is that about the time the mind reaches that stage, one has grown tired of everything and the whole world is a bore. Too, much can be excused on the plea of youth that is inexcusable later on, simply because one can't always go through this life in a carefree manner on the pleas of being young.

Youth is the time for boundless enthusiasm, inexhaustible energy, and insatiable desires that keeps one forever hoping. Youth thrives on hope while age gives up. Boredom is a state that comes only with the too sophisticated who have come to the realization that "growing up"

at last does not necessarily give one the right to do as he pleases or say what he wishes. There is no reason for any normal person to shun a certain code that he subconsciously adopts as soon as he leaves his teens, for there is a standard of behavior that becomes all too apparent at that time, and which one does live up to, in spite of pretended defiance. So, we say, why involve oneself in all that, before it is necessary?

But there is another side to the question. Why should one attempt to evade the responsibilities that are his by remaining young and carefree? For after all, everyone is here for a purpose and he must face it some time. Remaining too young for a great length of time will only tend to pile up all the things that are meant for us to do on the earth; so that, although youth is generally accepted as being the happiest time of man's life, it can be overdone. If one can stick to his own age, every age will be the happiest, for there will be no attempting to sneak up on Father Time or to lose a few years and thus cheat one's self of perhaps the best years of life.

Let us then, instead of saying "I wish I were older," say, "I wish I could be my own age," and in doing so we will find, at least a part of the solution to a contented life.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

In the early days, Jason sailed his Argo to a mysterious shore in search of the golden fleece. Today, students, in ever increasing numbers, come to our college in search of a golden reward. These students are of many different types, and to each and every one the gold seems different. For some, there is the lure of the mysteries of science, for others the revelations of history, and to still others there is the ambition to wear the much sought for athletic letter.

The most desirable type of student is the scholar. This type realizes the vital importance of education and tries to get the most out of his studies. He seizes every opportunity to attain that priceless possession—education. He studies whole-heartedly and finds not in all the

world, a drama half so interesting, half so exciting, and half so important as the veiled drama of education. When this kind of boy enters the world, he has a complete knowledge of the past which gives him an explanation of the present, and the key to the future.

Let us consider the type of student who goes to school merely to "get by" in his studies. His only aim in education is to get a diploma. He studies only when compelled, rarely does any extra school work, is absent at every little excuse, seldom shows initiative or interest in his work. He looks upon education as a drab-colored enterprise which is always very monotonous. This type of student never succeeds very far in the world because he usually takes the same attitude toward life as he did toward school.

Lastly, there is the type of student who goes to school for athletics. The number of boys who go to school for this purpose is increasing every year, to such a degree that many faculties are enforcing more stringent eligibility rules to make the athletes spend more time on studies.

Various schools have recently had conferences for the sole object of improvising a new way to deal with two types of student—the mediocre and the athlete. Most authorities agree that high school and college are the places for the scholar, and today faculties are giving an increasingly large amount of time to the students who are most eager to learn.

THE HERD INSTINCT

A boarding school of any kind is the most wonderful place in the world to develop the herd instinct. Immediately that statement will call forth a torrent of protest.

"Think of all the new contacts one can make. Get away from the middle western provincialism, and acquire some of the famous eastern culture. See the places where the history of our country was made."

After traveling a thousand miles more or less, eager to gain all of the culture, refinement, and the art to being different from the poor neighbors who have not had this "same wonderful opportunity," it is terribly disturbing to

find when you reach your destination, that after all, East or West, everyone is just about the same.

The thing that is most noticeable at a glance is the lack of individuality among the girls. They seem to think alike, act alike, talk alike, and even dress alike. It seems to be an unanswerable riddle at first but if much thought is given to the subject the reason is quite obvious.

In boarding school one is thrown constantly in contact with the same people. Unless the individual has a very strong personality herself she is unconsciously absorbed into the stronger personalities around her. If she has any aspirations to become different, these are quickly squelched. The rules and regulations which govern most educational institutions take care of that for at once the strong individualist will meet with restrictions of all kinds, and generally speaking, everyone in authority helps to force characters into a general mold, representative of the school.

It is impossible to like everyone. This is recognized to be true in every place but the secluded community which a boarding school forms. Still if a person refuses to be a hypocrite and shows dislike or disapproval openly towards any teachers, fellow pupils, or rules and regulations, she is immediately branded as a snob and someone to be avoided by the very people who do the same things in an underhanded way.

It is fine and wonderful to love your school and wish to do everything in the world to uphold its fine ideals and standards. But why is it made practically a requirement to keep up really foolish traditions, and sing songs, and join the general "rah-rah," whether you feel like it or not?

The fear of being different! That herd instinct in them all which makes them band together against the introduction of any new and different things that they have not been used to or don't consider correct.

I repeat—a boarding school of any kind is the most wonderful place in the world to develop the herd instinct.

"THEY LAUGHED AT ME AS I OPENED MY MOUTH"

How many of you have had that feeling? It is very true that an accent does set one apart and reveals just what part of the country one is from. A local accent is really like a landed inheritance. It is a natural gift bestowed on us, and with which we start out life whether we like it or not. Of course it is possible to play up an accent and to capitalize on it by way of publicity and attention. But a man does not need to carry the soil of a whole farm around on his boots. Within limits, the accent of a native region is delightful. I like the sharp-edged speech of the Vermonters; the round r's of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the soft, lazy vowels of the South.

In literature, especially the novel, a brogue along with a large amount of oddities of speech and peculiarities of custom is called "local color." As in Mary E. Wilken's stories of New England, and in O. Henry's stories of New York City, local color plays a prominent part and holds the reader's interest by the odd colloquialisms.

"Sho' enough" is truly a southern colloquialism that cannot be disregarded. It is a characteristic of the South that is as essential to their location as their mint juleps in summer. "Corkin'" is a word typical of the New England states. It is a word that can really be applied and generally is, to everything. "He is a corkin' good fellow," and in the next breath, "this is a corkin' fine party." Now if one happens to be a Westerner attending an Eastern school, the phrase "wait on me," instead of "wait for me" will call forth a great deal of mirth from one's Eastern friends. On the other hand, though not a colloquialism, the Eastern way of saying "idea" with an "r" tacked on, will make any Westerner laugh heartily. So it is with most of our speech—local accent along with local phrases and colloquialisms set us apart. After we have been catalogued by our accent and pet phrases, then we are as much characterized by these, as by our mannerisms, that singularize our

separate personalities. How dull would be our friendly chats if strangers did not aid with peculiar expressions of "Harvard" without the "r" and "i-dea-r!"

"SURGEMUS AD ASTRA"

When we feel discouraged with everything here at school, and when we begin to think we are not doing our best; when we listen to other people give perfect recitations and we sit by in ignorance that is not bliss, let us suddenly straighten our shoulders, throw back our heads, and with defiant eyes, say:

"She is no better than I. As she can do, so can I."

There is a saying about eagles, that I like especially. I found it in a religious poem by Richard Crashaw.

"She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries, the points of her young eagle's eyes."

It means that the eyes of the Christ Child are looking into its Mother's eyes, meeting them steadfastly, just as the young nestlings are tested by the mother eagles against the sun to prove their strength to see keenly, far distances.

Let us try to hold those smart-recitationists up, as the sun, and test ourselves against them. Meet them all the way; raise all our forces and make ourselves not only their equal, but their superiors. There are so many things we can

readily do if we try hard enough and never give in to whispering voices that suggest failure.

The world, you know, is joined to Heaven by a thin, strong, golden cord—prayer. Prayer is the loveliest thing. It helps so much to reach out one's hand and feel a warm, soft caress as the answer. Everything is ahead of us if we keep our heads high and look to the stars. They are never cold, only always warm and encouraging if looked at with determined eyes. Be a young eagle. Let some high standard, as a goal, test your strength, then take your place beside it.

Don't get within the collar—that confining rut; don't march with the common herd, be above it; walk with kings, for ideals are beautiful things. Without them life never really has a meaning or a purpose. Listen to what George Herbert says. Let us say it over and over again to ourselves:

"Is the year only lost to me?

Have I no bays to crown it,

No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted, all wasted?

Not so, my heart; but there is fruit, and thou hast hands!"

Reach out, for it is there somewhere. It needs only initiative and determination with prayer behind it to seek and to find.

Lift your head, feel the sun in your heart and have the stars in your eyes—you'll lead.





Under again welcomes back all the girls, making no distinction this time between the old and new. We hope you all had as enjoyable a Christmas as was expected and desired, and have returned with a lot of new ideas for short stories.

Somehow there seems to be a lack of short stories lately, and as has been said before, it is the literary end of a magazine that makes it popular. We are proud to mention Dorothy Brown's story, recommending that you read it with an understanding heart. Rachel De Wolf's *Retribution* is a story that we know you will enjoy, as it is entirely different from any we have published before. Dorothy Carmer has given us a true thriller, with lots to think about and we hope she will write some more for us. The little sketch written by Charlotte Cahners is certainly cleverly done, and is most humorous.

The Aftermath of a Love Affair by Charlotte Traylor is one of Under's favorites this month. It seems so realistic, while the feeling of loneliness is remarkably described.

The two essays of Dorothy Glasser are very well done, and ought to bring forth a great deal of comment, especially the article on colloquialisms.

Of the poems—*Wishes*, by Marian Lewis, is the most charming we have read for a long time. Ideas such as hers, are always appreciated.

This month our humorous column is not so long as it has been and we are still begging for more short stories. We know you will all rack your brains for ideas with which to help us out.



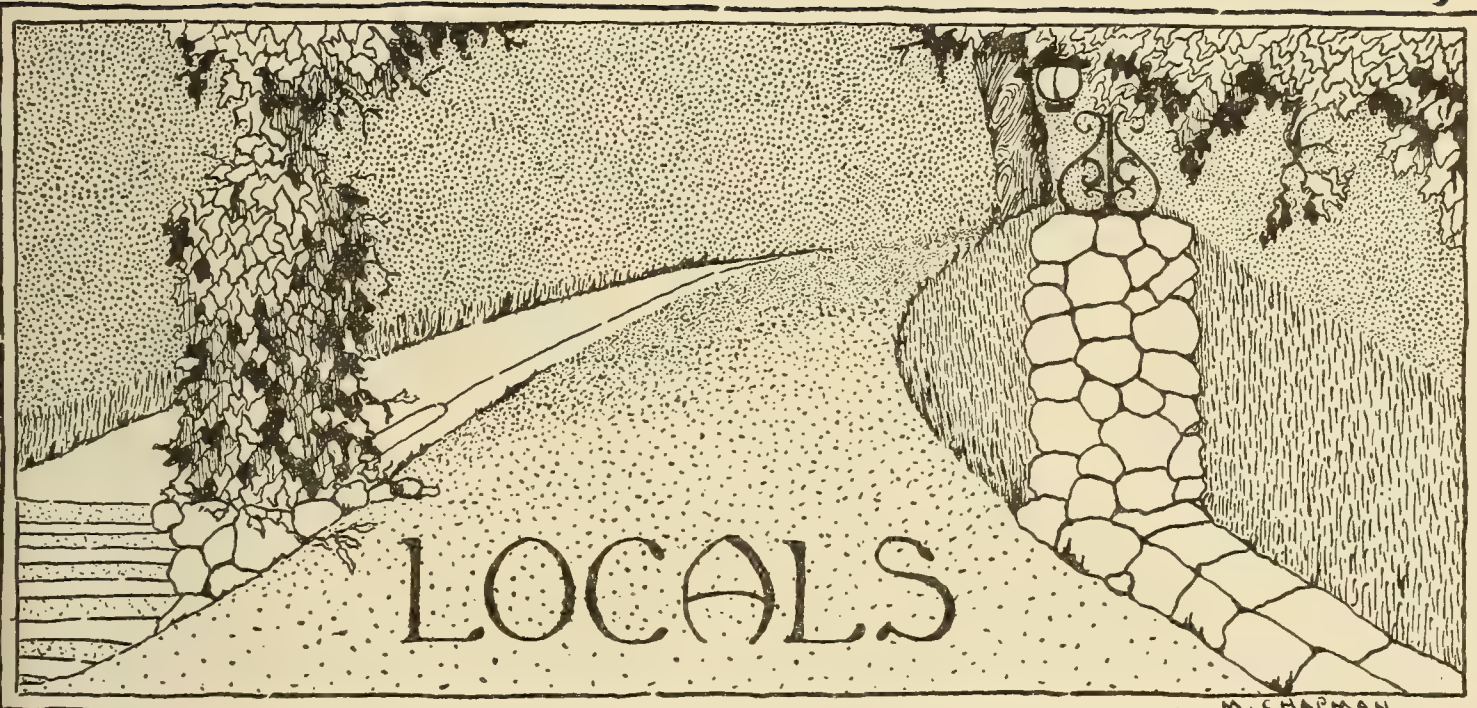
Attention! The White Mountains!

Everyone has been talking about it but nothing has as yet been definitely said. Now we can tell you. The excursion will come during the week-end of February 13-16. Don't miss it! There will be tobogganing, snow-shoeing, sleighing and skiing. Lots of other things will happen too—surprises! We guarantee heaps of snow and fun. Remember—February 13 to 16.

Basketball starts immediately after the Christmas holidays. Anyone and everyone is urged to try. If you can't play, all the more reason why you should come—you'll learn. If you can play, help the others.

On December 11, during the Chapel period, Mr. Seikel gave out the hockey and soccer awards. He closed the period with a short talk on athletics. From his wide experience as Physical Education Director, we feel that his message has been proved, namely, that one advances more rapidly by enjoying, and being able to participate in sports. From now on "good sportsmanship" will be our aim.

"Good Posture a Fine Art." Notice the people around you, and see if they are stoop-shouldered or erect. There is an immense difference between the two. If you would have good posture, you must make an unceasing effort to be erect. If you keep at it, you will soon see that your muscles are not tired by the effort. During the winter program, the Physical Education Department will endeavor to correct all faulty postures.



November 30: Vespers.

Our first Campfire Meeting this year was brightened not only by a crackling grate fire, but also by our three guests, Miss Vera Tsakova of Bulgaria, Miss Yoshi Tokunaga of Japan, and Miss Lois Hwang of China. Miss Hwang told us of her education and personal experiences. Miss Tokunaga gave us a general idea of the Japanese, their dress, manner, etc. Miss Tsakova brought out her very pleasing personality by singing several Bulgarian songs. Their short messages were an inspiration to all of us.

December 2: Senior Endowment Tea.

The Endowment Committee, under their very capable chairman, entertained at tea, at Gardner. The guests' attention was divided between gift and tea tables, where coffee was served frequently. The opportunity to do early Christmas shopping was appreciated by many, as was each guest's patronage.

December 4: Chapel.

Rev. Cornelius Clark of the Congregational Church in Auburndale induced us to think—before nine in the morning. He brought to our attention the “amazing capacity of people to resist an introduction to knowledge.” We have to admit, since our purpose in school is to acquire knowledge, that this subject could bear some consideration.

December 5: Lecture.

Mr. Maurice Colbourne gave us a brief talk on the subject “Modern Theatre”, which included some very interesting facts concerning Bernard Shaw. Why “the theatre is going to the dogs”, was clearly and cleverly explained by the speaker, but why this institution has been on its way for 2500 years and has not yet arrived, and why Mr. Colbourne's idea of a good joke is “telling the truth”—we leave to the next speaker, for as Mr. Colbourne said: “All the world loves a fight, but all the world adores a fair fight.”

December 7: Vespers.

Dr. John Edgar Parks, President of Wheaton College, gave us three very good principles to follow:

1. Keep your real aim in life always before you.
2. Make the world your friend by accepting it, but never accept yourself.
3. Let other people grow up in their way as you feel you have a right to grow up in your own way.

The sum total of these principles amounts to two words, he said, “be gracious.”

December 8: Faculty Tea.

The faculty took tea again at the Bragdon Library. We begin to wonder if “large tea tables” are becoming fashionable.

December 10: Chapel.

Mr. Birks acquainted (at least introduced) us to John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England. He compared the attitude shown in his work before the World War with that written after. In closing, he read to us a poem entitled, "August Fourteenth." We heartily agree since Mr. Birks was himself "at the front," and feel that he was justified in selecting this as his favorite war poem.

December 13: Slam Night.

We had *dinner*, Christmas gifts, *food*, fun, *refreshments*, music, turkey, dancing—and to make a long story short—we ate. Contrary to the former custom of exchanging slams with the gifts, we omitted the verse (?), and made the presents sufficiently suggestive. We have not heretofore heard anyone complain of lack of nourishment, but the party *was* a treat.

December 14: Vespers.

The Glee Club, accompanied by piano, organ, and violins, sang several songs and carols for the Christmas service. Rev. Boynton Merrill of the Second Congregational Church in West Newton brought us a different version of the "Old Story" which left us with the spirit of not merely saying, but giving kindness.

December 15: Faculty Tea.

Mrs. E. J. Winslow was the hostess to the faculty at their tea this afternoon. It is an event to which everyone looks forward with pleasure and as usual they enjoyed the warm hospitality of their hostess.

NOTICE!

The mid-winter reunion of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Incorporated, will be held in Boston at the New University Club, near Trinity Place (good parking) at 12:30 on February 9, 1931. Tickets—\$1.75. Mrs. Sidney R. Flanders, 208 Winthrop Road, Brookline, Mass., is chairman. A short business meeting will be held during the luncheon.



It is an easy and exceedingly pleasant privilege granted Lasell to prophesy a happy New Year for our latest Lasell brides and grooms and brides to be.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Mary Stanton Penfold, '25-'26, to Mr. Walter Scott Draper of Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Krause announce the marriage of their daughter, Loretta Christine, '27, to Mr. Howard Abel Ever on Wednesday, November the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and thirty, in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

On Saturday evening, November 29, at Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin, Juliet Sargeant Warren, '23-'24, married Mr. Elmer Otto Tetzlaff.

Lida Preble Borden, '29, became Mrs. Harold Willis Gruchy on Tuesday, June 24, at Providence, Rhode Island.

Friday, November 28, in Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, Elizabeth Wilkins Selkirk, '27, was united in marriage to Mr. Delmas Delphin Chipps.

A Hartford paper of recent date contained an attractive picture of a former member of our Domestic Science faculty, Miss Helen Jerome, '28-'29, and a full and fascinating account of her wedding. She is now Mrs. Everard Mason Lester. Her husband, Lieutenant Lester, was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and from the United States Advanced Air Corps Flying School at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas.

The *Sunday Morning Star* of Peoria, Illinois, in a recent issue contained a fine picture

of Georgia Parrish, '26, adding the interesting announcement of her engagement to Mr. Sidney Campbell of Los Angeles, California.

On Saturday, January 3, Helen Elizabeth Henry, '29, will be married to Mr. Mitchell Benedict II in Denver, Colorado.

And is it not just like a loyal Lasell bride to remember her Alma Mater even during the strenuous days while "settling" for the first time in her very own home. For example, Betty Van Cleve Giersch, '26, sends up North from her new home in Charlotte, N. C., a charming message. She writes, "These are pleasant but busy days. Yesterday I had a telephone call from my schoolmate, Ruth Mayes, '25. To my delight, I find that Charlotte is Ruth's home city. We are planning to get together soon and have a regular session on "Lasell days." In fact, Lasell associations have played a large part in my life, for it was in Martha Carl Chase's, '26, Schenectady home that I first met my husband. On our wedding journey to Bermuda, I ran across Sally Foster Farnsworth, '26, and her doctor husband. And had it not been that Kay Moore Silverwood, '26, was on her honeymoon the day of my marriage, the three of us, inseparable during our school days at Lasell would have been together once more. After returning from Bermuda, we visited Morristown, New Jersey, where I gathered many of my belongings and from this point, we toured through the Shenandoah Valley down to Charlotte. I have met a great many fine people here and am enjoying my new environment very much. If nothing happens to prevent, I am planning to come back to Lasell in June, our Fifth Anniversary. It does not seem possible that I have been out of Lasell for so long. I do not feel very differently or any older. I do not hear from many of the Lasell girls. Of course you know that Dot Cook, '25, has announced her engagement. I am interested to know if Miss True is still in Auburndale. We usually exchange greetings at the Christmastide. Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and any others who may remember me. Affectionately, "Betty."

At Thanksgiving time, Harriet Cole's, '31, parents joined their two daughters in Boston and later Mrs. Cole paid her respects to Lasell. Her call was brief but we were glad to catch even a glimpse of this dear mother.

One day early in December, Marion W. Harrower, '97-'98 (Mrs. A. M. Walkinshaw), and Bertha Sheldon Barrett, '97-'98, were Lasell's guests at luncheon. It was thirty-two years since these schoolmates had visited the Seminary, but true to the Lasell spirit, they rejoiced over our prosperity and had many loyal, loving things to say about the Lasell of their own day.

Annie Crowe Collum's, '09, visits to Lasell are too infrequent to satisfy us, but we do appreciate the friendly messages which she sends from time to time. To Dr. Winslow she writes expressing her regret at missing the last annual meeting of our Board of Trustees, of which she is a charter member, and asks if the general business depression has affected Lasell's enrollment. We are happy to answer, "Not seriously." Her report proves that the financial depression is not confined to our own country but is also keenly felt by our nearest neighbor, Canada. She further adds, "We are hoping that the emergency measures adopted by our local government may meet the situation. It is at least an effort in the right direction. I was at home all summer and was kept busy as camp treasurer for our Girl Guides Camp. A great many guides avail themselves of the opportunity of this camp. I think we shall have a fine credit balance. It may interest you to know we only charge one dollar a day. The meals were splendid, fresh vegetables, fruit, and all the milk they would drink. The last week in August, the British Medical Association met in Winnipeg and we had a most interesting time. My delegate guests were delightful. When I heard from Edith Johnson, '26-'30, she was playing every week over the radio and enthusiastically preparing for a recital." Annie closes with continued good wishes for Lasell and an especially friendly greeting to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow.

Josephine Curry's, '23 (Mrs. J. D. Warren), present address is 10 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, New York. The message was very brief but very, very pleasing, for she wrote, "We have a two-year-old daughter, Nancy Jo Warren, whom I hope will be a Lasellite some day."

The next best thing to seeing Emily Crump, '29, face to face is receiving a letter from this dear graduate. Mrs. Hooker is the latest one of our number to be thus favored. Emily writes in part, "I think about all of you often and just wish I could run in and say 'hello,' but my greetings now will have to go through the mail. Dad gave Mother and me a perfectly glorious trip to Texas in September. We came back by New Orleans and Atlanta where I saw Claire Hightower, '30, and Ruth Rowbotham, respectively. It surely is great to see Lasellians in whatever city one happens to visit. I am busy as usual this winter and enjoying Richmond immensely. It seems a long time ago since I pulled that bell in front of Bragdon. I simply loved Lasell while I was there and now I find myself growing more fond of it in retrospect. My best wishes to Lasell and to everyone who makes it such a fine school."

Seldom have we seen a more business-like and also artistic circular than the one sent out by our Helen Linnehan, '21 (Mrs. F. G. Loud), Directress of the Braintree School of Dancing. Her classes are for little kindergarten folk and on up to their elders. A fascinating program accompanied the circular. Incidentally, Helen mentioned the fact that she now has enrolled some two hundred pupils and occasionally Secretary of the L. A. A., Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '20, serves as a patroness.

Honor to whom honor is due! From an outsider we have just learned that our Helen Cole, '29, is President of her Senior Class at the Leland Powers School of Expression in Boston, and her schoolmate, Evelyn Douglass, '28, is Class Treasurer. "Doug" kindly came out to Lasell one evening in December to lead our C. E. meeting. The new girls were delighted with her frank manner and fine message.

Ruth Hopkins, '23, was in Boston last month for a few hours. She did not have time to run out but thoughtfully took out time enough to call up and give a good report of the twin sisters and their younger sister, Ruth. We appreciate her thoughtfulness.

Hortense May, '24-'25, Secretary of the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club, does not wait for a group meeting before sending in a report, but is constantly furnishing us with some interesting news items gathered in between meetings. Her latest choice bit is this. Maude Tait, '20, is now a transport licensed pilot and has had the highest rating given by the United States Department in Aviation.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Sagee announce the arrival of Kenneth B. Sagee, Jr., August 1. In her Lasell days, Mrs. Sagee was Marian Burnham, '20-'21, and her new address is 250 Park Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut.

Barbara Vail Bosworth, '05, has moved into a new home in Leominster. Her present address is 257 Merriam Avenue. Added to her gift as homemaker and ideal hostess, Barbara finds time to do a lot of worthwhile work as Girl Scout Directress. Leslie White Alling, '05, and Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05, were her luncheon guests recently and after the meal their conference lasted several hours. Barbara declares it was largely given over to Lasell, her past, present, and future. Exclaimed Barbara, "Who says that the old graduates are wholly taken up with other interests? I am sure that the older we grow the more we appreciate Lasell."

It is good again to hear direct from Celina Belle Isle Forman, '21. En route home from their delightful vacation in New York, Celina and her husband spent a few days with Grace Gates Brown, '22, and declared, "It was just wonderful to see her. She has a beautiful new home and the dearest little daughter who will be two years old in January and is so sweet. Later on our homeward journey we spent a few days with Marian Bliven MacDonald, '21, and while her guest, Muriel James Morrison, '20, called. I am hoping to 'make' Lasell in June. This will be our reunion year. Just

think, ten years have passed since we were graduated. I could not do without the LEAVES so am enclosing my subscription." Good work, Celina, and a good letter! We thank you for both.

Barbara McLellan, '18, and Octavia Hickcox Smith, '18, were classmates at Lasell and have kept in close touch during the dozen years since they were graduated. Octavia, Lydia Adams, '18, and Barbara held a Lasell reunion in Boston in December. They all very properly reported at Lasell. Lydia coming in advance, made her call during the absence of the Personals Editor, to our regret, but Barbara and Olivia followed a few days later. Barbara is still serving as hostess in her father's home and Olivia frankly confesses that supplying the needs, real and imaginary, of her two little daughters and their brother, furnish her with a sufficiently full program. They left Lasell declaring, to our satisfaction, their good intentions of returning at Commencement time.

Mildred A. Carey, '26, evidently did not mistake Lasell Seminary for a finishing school. She has gone on with her studying at the Rochester Dental Dispensary and is now a licensed dental hygienist. Our congratulations to Mildred. She makes friendly inquiries for Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Potter, and is the first "old girl" to wish Dr. Winslow, our principal, a Merry Christmas.

Three of our more recent graduates are making good in the Boston business world. Katherine Braithwaite, '29, and Dorothy Young, '30, Auburndale girls, are in training with Filene's Sons Company, hoping eventually to serve as buyers, while Rosalie Brightman, '27, has advanced into a enviable position with Jays, Inc. She has promised to talk to our girls early in the New Year on "The Lure of Winning One's Way in Business."

Lasell joins with Phyllis Hessin Judson, '24, and her husband, Mr. John Wyman Judson, in welcoming their little daughter, Pamela, born November 7. One month later, on December 2, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Riley, Jr., announced the arrival of their little daugh-

ter, Nancy-Jane. Happy New Year to these newest of new Lasell girls and their parents.

Bess Mattison Behr, '08-'09, of Pasadena, California, was one of our December visitors, or more strictly speaking, callers, for we failed to retain her for a real visit. Business brought her husband to New York and loyalty to her school brought Bess to Boston and out to Lasell. It was difficult to realize that this still very young looking Lasell girl is the mother of a son six feet, one inch tall and weighing one hundred seventy pounds. The surprise increased when we learned that this "six-footer" is only fifteen years old. Also, from this Pasadena delegate, we were told that Marriott Degan MacDonald's, '06-'08, son is attending Stanford University and her daughter graduated from the Pasadena High School this year. Irene Vedder Reighard, '10-'11, has a son thirteen years of age and her gifted husband, Bess declares, is one of Pasadena's litterati. Katherine Wadsworth Ahlswede, '06-'08, has three children, is a devoted homemaker, and is also recognized as one of Pasadena's finest horsewomen.

What a complete surprise Mary P. Witherbee, '92, did give us, slipping unheralded into Boston and out to Auburndale for dinner with the members of the faculty of her day, followed by a social after dinner *kaffeeklatsch* at our Principal's home. We were grateful for her visit and regretted its brevity. On her way back home, Miss Witherbee visited briefly Miss Alice Hotchkiss, '97-'00, a former Lasell teacher and librarian, dear friend, and a lovable lady, in Middletown, Connecticut, where she and her sister live together, a quiet, happy life. Those girls who were fortunate enough to have her for a teacher in literature and history know something of her personal charm as well as her ability. A day or so, too, she spent "with Louise Paisley, '09, and her lovely mother in New York City. Their little gem of an apartment gives them wide and beautiful views over the great city. Louise is absorbed in her work at Scribner's, and very happy in it; and at home she and her mother are 'shut up in measureless content.' Ida Mal-

lory Lyon, '03, quite as young and vivacious, I'm sure, as daughter Lenna dares to be, contributed much to my delight by lunching with me one day, and then drew out the pleasure still further by inviting me to dine with her at her attractive home in Merion. I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of friendly little Miss Marjorie, and of increasing that with her genial husband."

Alice Dunsmore Van Harlinger, '78, writing from Atlanta, Georgia, on December 10, invites her Lasell friends, whenever they visit Washington, D. C., to be sure to get in touch with her daughter, Louise, whose husband, Captain Royal E. Ingersoll, is stationed there. This naval officer is the son of retired Admiral Royal R. Ingersoll, and his son, Royal R. II, is now a full-fledged midshipman at Annapolis. Alice has been a semi-invalid recently but is sufficiently improved to make it possible for her and her devoted husband to plan for a Christmas visit with their daughter and son-in-law in Washington. She enclosed a clipping of some fifty years standing, giving a lively description of a visit made by "ye old Lasell girls" in Washington during Dr. Bragdon's regime. At the time, Dr. Bragdon invited the class to pay their respects to the Honorable Lyman Gage, then a Cabinet Member.

Myra Schofield Magnuson, '08-'09, and family have moved to New York. Her present address is 9 Gracie Square, New York City. She writes assuring us that they are enjoying the new apartment life and also makes inquiries concerning the New York Lasell group, date of the mid-winter reunion, and addresses of her former Lasell schoolmates who may possibly be living in or near New York. These questions indicate her unfailing loyalty to Lasell and we are happy to answer them. Her daughter is at present a Freshman at Beaver College near Philadelphia. Lasell has noted with especial interest that Myra's sister-in-law, Mrs. Emma Fall Schofield, who was the assistant state attorney of Massachusetts, has been honored by Governor Allen in being made one of the judges. This is the

first time in the history of our commonwealth that women have been thus honored. /

One of the earliest Christmas greetings received by the Personals Editor came from Doctor and Mrs. Henry Turner Bailey. "We are now living happily in our original home, Trustworth, North Scituate, Massachusetts.

'Home! Home! The old desire!

We would shut out the innumerable skies,
Draw close the curtains, then with patient eyes
Bend o'er the hearth; laugh at our memories,
Or watch them crumbling in the crimson fire.' "

A new Lasell boy has come into our midst. December 9, Alvin Goddu Litchfield joined the Litchfield family. (Mrs. Litchfield was formerly Audrey Goddu, '23-'24.) Our congratulations to the parents of this dear Christmas baby.

Mrs. Helen Watson, a former member of our office force, was recently the guest of Miss Constance Blackstock. We learn that her father, Reverend H. A. MacDonald, who was for years an invalid, passed away in the fall. Mrs. Watson's mother and her daughter, Dorothy, are making their home with her in Melrose Highlands. Lasell wishes to express her sympathy for Mrs. Watson and her mother in their recent bereavement.

It is a sad message that comes to us from the secretary of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club announcing the passing away of our Florence E. Chaffee, '24-'25. Hers was a long and courageous struggle. For this school-mate, this is a blessed release. Our tender sympathy is extended to her parents whose devotion during this daughter's years of invalidism was beautiful and unfailing.

We trust every near-by "old girl" will read and heed the invitation which precedes the Personals. Last year was one of the best reunions ever! This year let's stand by the new L. A. A. President, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, and our efficient and enthusiastic Vice-President, Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05, Chairman of the Mid-Winter Reunion Committee.

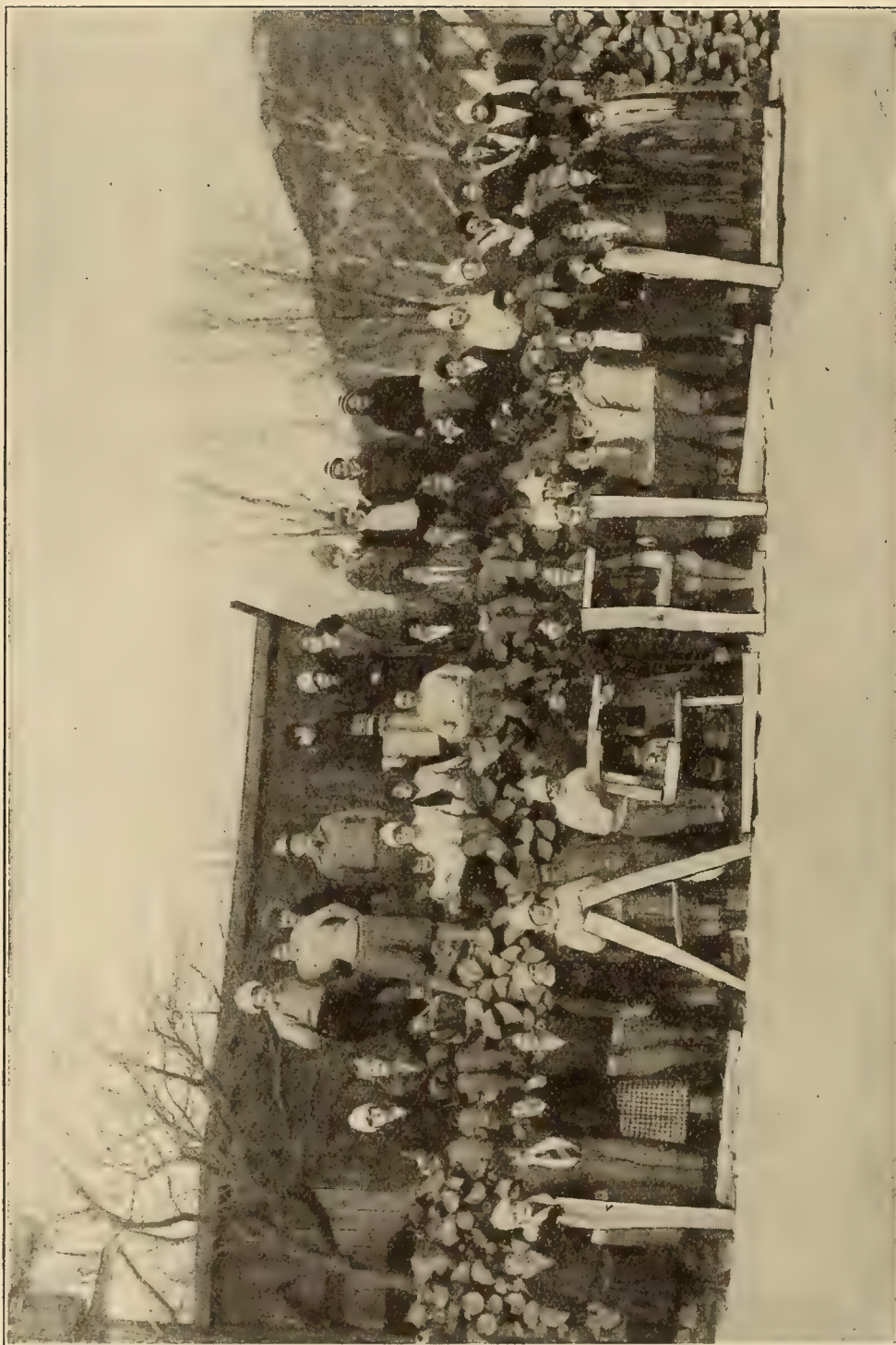
Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10, and her husband, Mr. Philip Sheridan, are now in residence at the Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Florida. Mr. Sheridan is manager of this hotel. Julia recently sent a most attractive illustrated booklet describing this Spanish-American hostelry which she declares is the prettiest hotel in Florida. We wish all Lasellites going South to make a detour, if necessary, in favor of this attractive Inn where our graduate is waiting to give to them a real Lasell welcome.

CORRECTIONS

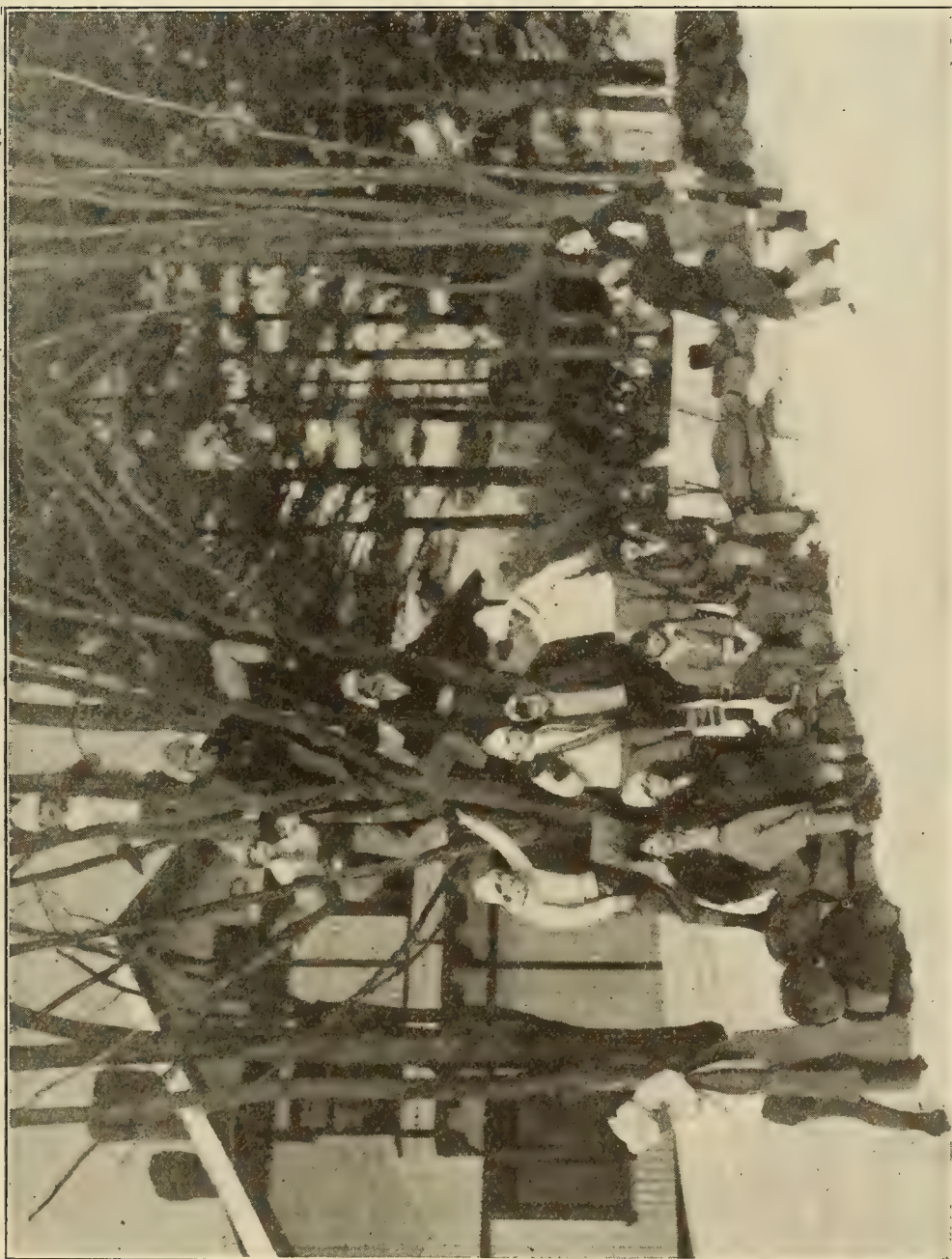
In a recent number of the LEAVES, mention was made of the possible change of residence and work of Phyllis Rowe, '19. The arrangement was not consummated and we are happy to report that this Alumna is still at Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she has served long and acceptably in the department of Dietetics.

In the November LEAVES we said that Elinor Packard, one of our prize-winners in the Newton Tercentenary Essay Contest, was a member of Mrs. Jewett's English division. She belonged instead to Miss Irwin's section of English 4.





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Associate Editor

Norma Keller, '31

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Barbara Hunt, '32
Charlotte Cahners, '32

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THE experience gained in the last four decades while working with the students and faculty of over fifty schools and colleges in the Eastern United States is a splendid background for planning a new publication in the scholastic field.

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MR. WALTER R. AMESBURY

TO
MR. WALTER R. AMESBURY

On reaching his "majority" (twenty-one years) in the
Lasell household and in recognition of his loyal
and faithful service, first as teacher, then
as Director of the Secretarial Science
department and now as treasurer,
we, the Leaves staff, affectionately dedicate this
our mid-winter
number.

MOST ROADS LEAD MEN HOMEWARDS;
 MY ROAD LEADS ME FORTH ACROSS
 THE SEAS OF WONDERLAND
 TO EUROPEAN SHORES



Ruth Van Allen

EUROPE—1931

The Shrines of Music in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Switzerland

A very interesting tour to Europe has been planned by Miss Williams of the Lasell Music faculty.

It will include not only the principal musical centers in Europe in which a concert or opera will be heard, but many other places of historic importance and interest. An extension of two weeks in Norway may also be taken at an additional cost. The party will sail on June 17, in the S. S. Leviathan, returning to New York on August 8, in the S. S. America. The price of the regular tour is \$695.00, and the extension will be \$225.00.

Miss Williams is also booking people for very attractive tours in Great Britain and in Europe. For further information regarding a trip to Europe, write to Miss Mary E. Williams, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Massachusetts.

LASELLITES ABROAD

There is an old sailor superstition that a clergyman on board brings bad luck. We had no less than eleven on the "Aurania" which sailed from Montreal June 20, 1930, so what luck could we expect? Therefore, our detention of sixteen hours on account of fog was no surprise to the crew. We made the best of it

in having a good time and had the rare experience of seeing scores of massive icebergs all around us when once the fog lifted.

We arrived at Havre and there, after the grand scramble of Customs, we met our Swiss Courier, M. Jacot, who expected to meet a group of experienced teachers, but to his great chagrin found a wild eyed, untamed bevy of school girls ready for an exciting and romantic summer. (After a long month of traveling he had partially recovered from the shock).

Paris! Who in our midst doesn't thrill when Paris is mentioned? It is a center for thought, style and luxury and as we traveled hour after hour there was always some open square that was dazzling us with swiftly moving life, or art museum that lured us to see its many historic treasures. We made one of our first visits to Chartres Cathedral. It was a delightful two-hour trip through the Norman countryside where great fields stretched for miles, and the characteristic poppy and corn flower gave a very interesting touch of vivid color along the way. Our huge bus wove in and out the tiny streets, until suddenly, without warning, we drove up to undoubtedly one of the most magnificent structures in the world. After a splendid visit in the Cathedral and also down in the Crypt we left that glorious Chartres, settled down comfortably in its small square, rather defying the ages.

We did and saw all that the average sight-seer in Paris does, but outstanding amongst these were one evening at Montmartre, the alleged artist quarter, another at the Opera House to hear "Tannhauser" and still another at the "Folies Bèrgère."

A splendid visit to Malmaison was planned for us after an interesting morning of believing ourselves back in the time of Napoleon and Josephine. Our lunch hour during this particular day was spent at the site of Louis XIV Boat House on the Grand Canal. A delightful walk about the beautiful and well-kept grounds of Petit Trianon where Marie Antoinette spent such youthful and joyous days, was a walk never to be forgotten. And from the Petit Trianon we went on to the Palace of Versailles and enjoyed going from one room to another where so much French history was born and will always live through the ages. A trip to Fontainebleau was one of great interest also. We stopped on our way to visit Millet's picturesque home in Barbizon, and as we drove on we passed through the fine old Forest of the Bourbon Kings. The Château of Fontainebleau has been a favorite abode of French royalty for seven hundred years and so we went through another magnificently decorated volume of French history filled from cover to cover with pageantry, luxury, comedy and tragedy.

The Fourth of July was a most unusual one for us American girls and I think because it was so unusual it became one of the outstanding days of our trip. The whole of France was sizzling hot and we left Paris early in a strange foreign train for Marseilles. We were rather jammed into our small compartments and before we had gone very far the dust and dirt had played havoc with our fresh complexions. During the whole day at intervals we took cold cream baths and just at the right time Miss Blackstock would come to our rescue with cologne water, which we would souse on our necks and arms in real European fashion. The country was very interesting. At the first of our ride it was rather flat and mostly vast fields of hay and gardens with pop-

lar trees in groups or rows every now and then. After our evening meal which was a dusty, bumpy one, we went through the Maritime Alps country, and a colorful sunset made those lovely mountains look like a vision.

This part of France was quite fertile and the homes were mostly constructed of brick, fenced in by green hedges or delicate willow trees. By this time of day the Lasell party looked very much like varied sizes of chocolate fondant. "Bee" Alderman insisted on wearing her traveling gloves all day long in 106 degrees of temperature, which caused much amusement. That evening we all hung out of the wide windows, like dough-boys, to get our first glimpse of the Mediterranean at moonlight and it certainly was a perfect sight. We threaded along the rugged chalk cliffs and could look down hundreds of feet to the shimmering water below. Sometimes a tiny cliff house could be seen tucked on to a shelf of bare rock and the only sign of habitation was a candle throwing its warm, flickering flame of true hospitality out to the world. At last, Marseilles, and what a bedraggled and weary-looking group we were as we stepped from the train! Because of some unfortunate misunderstanding, we had to carry all of our handbags to the Hotel. We really appeared as station porters rather than a private party, for our black faces just suited such a position. "Uncle," our Swiss Courier, marched ahead with his little carpet bag in one hand signaling us with a toss of the head and a wave of the umbrella like the Pied Piper of Hamelin and, we all came trudging after, bent over with the weight of our bags, and at last, bumping, sliding, we kicked our baggage down the very beautiful and lengthy steps into the city. Our Hotel Mistress, when she first saw us, had to enjoy a very hearty laugh at our expense. For her to enjoy such a delightful outburst shows that we must have been quite an amusing looking group.

Marseilles, the chief port for the Mediterranean and the Far East, is a great manufacturing city. It is very quaint and has a real foreign atmosphere. We took a tour

around the city and enjoyed a pleasant visit at Notre Dame de la Garde. This is the richest church for its size and is highly decorated with beautiful mosaic. Tiny copies of ships and aeroplanes hang from the ceiling as sacred gifts to the church and are left there by individuals before starting out on new adventures. After an interesting ride through the small streets and a drive along the coast we were ready to move along to Nice.

Along the Riviera between Nice and Genoa stretches the finest coast-drive in the world. The city of Nice is perfectly lovely and perhaps along the shore, poets might say that it is part of Paradise. Palm trees are very numerous and they certainly give a suggestion of the Orient. We had a fine swim in the blue, blue sea and found that the water was a bit more salty than that of the Atlantic. One of the high lights was a ride in an old Victoria one warm evening, up and down the Promenade. Five of us were anxious to ride together so four managed to crowd into the back seat and I sat with the driver. That was a grand evening, for our driver was rather an old shriveled John and chewed tobacco beautifully. From my position I could look out to the lovely sea with the full moon making a path of light on the water and oh, what a night to be driving with a Frenchman! However, we took a splendid trip on La Grande Corniche Drive. We climbed up the mountains until we reached a height of 2,000 feet above the sea. There are three roads: the lower, the middle and the upper. At different intervals we could see all three and out beyond, the Mediterranean. Wildflowers were growing everywhere and the mountainsides were covered with olive groves, apricots, lemons and bananas. As we drove down the hillsides, we could see Monte Carlo in the distance and before very long, we were stopping at the Casino to lose some money. Our visit was very interesting and the types of people were unusual. They were all quite shrewd and certainly knew how to play the tables. Charlotte Sherman was the only lucky one and we got a huge thrill watching her have some good fortune only to

lose it again. Back to Nice by the lower road and the end of a gorgeous afternoon.

We left Genoa early for Rome and this was another dirty train ride, especially as the Italian trains are far from being immaculate. The countryside was very lovely as we went along the Mediterranean coast. Later we crossed a great stretch of marshland which Mussolini had had developed into beautiful fields of grain. From that lowland we climbed into the Italian Alps and at one spot we had a marvelous view of the Carrara marble quarries, which looked like snow in the mountains. That night we arrived in Rome and as the train stopped, "Uncle" was in such a hurry to get off that his long legs got tangled in the baggage and he fell directly into the Temple Tour agent's arms.

When we glance at our maps we notice a river which flows out of the Apennines into the Mediterranean Sea and this is the Tiber, older than any work of man. The plain is the Campagna, and the seven hills for more than twenty-five hundred years have been the site of one of the great cities of the world, the city of **Rome**. With this in mind we started out on our sight-seeing tours.

The huge amphitheatre is the Colosseum where nautical games were held, and had in the old days seating capacity for over 80,000 people. A little to the left of the Colosseum is the Forum, the common meeting place when the city was a republic, and where famous old orators spoke. The Forum has been dug out and is now a huge pit in the heart of a modern city, filled with broken columns and blocks of marble. We visited next the Vatican Library and Museum, which was all very fine; and later we enjoyed St. Peter's. The church is the largest in the world and in one visit it was almost impossible to comprehend the immensity and to appreciate its great beauty. It was rather difficult to adjust ourselves to the true proportions, for we were asked to touch the toes of two marble cherubs who supported a fount of holy water and found it quite impossible; and after close examination, we saw that at a distance they looked like children but



actually were in full dimensions of adults. The delicacy of work throughout was marvelous and we certainly enjoyed our short trip. The Capucines Cemetery in the cellar of an old church was interesting and a trip to the Catacombs which extended twenty-five miles underground and where millions of people have been buried, was another point of interest. It is almost impossible to tell about the other numerous places we saw, for Rome is filled with nothing but fascinating relics of what used to be. I am sure the classic statues, imposing ruins, and splendid churches will linger in our minds forever.

Our next trip was to **Naples** and so we followed "Uncle's" waving umbrella to the train and before long were on an old Italian express to get a first glimpse of that exquisite Bay of Naples where legends and history follow back through 2,000 years. We could see at night from our hotel the beautiful Mediterranean, lighted by a shimmering path of the moon, and Vesuvius, that dark volcanic cone rising 4,000 feet, seemed to be threatening the heavens with its voluminous tongues of flame and smoke, while near our windows great palm trees were whispering in the gentle, warm breeze of the evening.

We stopped on our way to Pompeii and the Amalfi Drive, at a Coral Factory and it was most interesting to watch the men cut the delicate pieces into charming bits of jewelry. From there, we drove on to the ruins of Pompeii where 1,800 years ago the streets of this city were filled with joyous life. It was a very warm day and so we were obliged to make our tour as rapidly as possible. In all of the larger homes we found that invariably

there were quite spacious courts. The streets were very narrow, one way streets at that, and often along the roads were the ancient stepping stones. Between them were deeply cut ruts made by the wheels of the chariots. The old bakery and all of the public meeting houses were also a part of our walking trip of the city. The museum was most interesting, as sheltered there were casts of a dog who undoubtedly died in great agony, others of men and women in like positions while about the room were any number of household materials and even samples of their food found during the first of the excavations.

The road beyond Pompeii, on the southern shore towards Sorrento and Amalfi is one of the finest in the world. We drove through pretty mountain towns, passed miles of vine-clad terraces and abundant stretches of lemon and fig trees while sometimes we were up on a shelf of rock thousands of feet above the sapphire blue of the sea. A bit later that day we enjoyed a real Italian lunch at an old convent, now the Hotel Luna, and again we drove along the jagged coast on a wickedly narrow road where we could look down abruptly hundreds of feet to the waves of the Mediterranean. On the hillside of the road, every so often great torrents of sparkling water rushed down gullies and dropped to the depths to mingle with the salty jade-like sea. A short visit at Sorrento, a delightful hillside town, and back to Naples rather finished a very beautiful day. As it happened it was Jane Gray's birthday and Miss Blackstock and I had a most amusing time trying to buy a corsage for a little remembrance. We had quite a struggle to make the florist understand that we wished some real flowers and not the wax type, for it was far from a funeral, and eventually we had to make the corsage ourselves by using bits of string and numberless pins. That evening at dinner Jane was surprised with a lovely birthday cake. The various girls had birthdays along the way and Miss Blackstock had a cake waiting in the pantry each time, decorated with tiny candles for the excited foreign waiter to bring to the table.

The trip to Capri was rather disappointing for the sea was so rough that a visit to the Blue Grotto was quite impossible. However almost everyone on board had an interesting time being seasick, so the trip was after all one of individual concern and each has now her own memories of how her attentions were engaged. Capri is only four miles from the mainland but it took three hours to reach it. When we arrived in the small harbor we were taken from the large boat to shore in tiny skiffs propelled by an oar and when we stepped onto *terra firma* and had an opportunity to look about, we found that the island was only about six miles in circumference. After an unusual ride to the top of the cliff in a car, driven by hydraulic power, which lifted us almost vertically, we all indulged in a hearty meal. During our lunch we were serenaded by a rather odd couple whom I remember distinctly played and sang "Te-rarr-a-boom-de-a," and "It's a Longa Longa Way to Tipperary." The little shops were fine and we had a pleasant few hours there. Our trip back was much smoother and the sunset that night was vividly beautiful on the water.

The next train ride was to Florence and as we rode through the countryside from Naples to Rome, we found it very lovely. Here and there were women tending great herds of pigs on the rolling pasture land, while again there were white oxen working the fields, all making a delightful picture against the green of the orchards and thriving, extensive grape arbors.

"Florence, the cradle of the Renaissance and the beacon light of the world." How true those words are and what a debt of gratitude we owe her! Our first adventure in this ancient city was to the Cathedral Baptistery, one of the oldest and most interesting structures in Florence. It is comparatively small and was originally the cathedral of the city. The Baptistery has in its possession a series of bronze doors which have been the admiration of the world for years. They were designed and made by Andrea Pisano and Ghiberti and the panels are filled with life-like figures and por-

tray a very beautiful story. Across from the Baptistery is the Cathedral, said to be the third largest in the world, with its stupendous dome by Brunelleschi, and adjoining the Duomo is the Giotto Campanile, universally thought to be the most perfect structure in the world. A trip to the Pitti and Uffizi palaces were included in our tour of the city and proved to be very fine indeed. The Ponte Vecchio is the oldest and quite the loveliest bridge which crosses the Arno. It has a great many small shops along the lower story, which is all enclosed, except for a pretty portico; the upper section shelters a long passageway built to connect the two palaces. One of the other places to which a visitor always turns his footsteps is the square of the Senate, where stands the Palazzo Vecchio, which has been standing for six hundred years and used to serve as the Senate House during the Republic. The square is filled with copies of sculpture by the greatest masters, of which Michelangelo takes the largest part.

The day before we left for Venice was spent touring to San Gimignano and Siena. As it happened that day the soldiers were having their monthly races over the mountains and so it was a pretty dusty ride for they were driving enormous army trucks. We rode over nothing but mountains and the only thing visible on all sides were the olive terraces. San Gimignano was a curious little town of towers far in the hills and the people very interesting indeed. From there we drove to Siena in the heat of the day, but thoroughly enjoyed a meal which was so characteristic of Italy, starting with a perfectly huge dish of macaroni and finishing with cheese and freshly picked fruits. Later some of us took a long hike about the unusual town with a charming lady guide. Siena is noted for the most exquisite wrought iron work in the world and a very beautiful example was pointed out to us in the gates of the Royal Palace. We also saw the square where the famous horse races take place once a year. A horse is chosen from seven districts in the town and the day before the races the horses are led into the Cathedral and are

blessed. It is quite a gala occasion in Siena and one that I should imagine very fine. The Cathedral is lovely and we all enjoyed its beauty to a great extent, although Jane and I had a rather unusual experience, as we forgot about our short sleeves in our summer dresses and were kindly asked to retire, but not long afterwards the same gentleman came running to us frantically and waved high above his head two hand towels. We had quite a struggle trying to drape them over our arms, but after much figuring, we managed very nicely and walked about the interior like Siamese twins. In the middle of the afternoon we started back to Florence, a tired but happy party, never to forget the delights of the little Italian hill-side villages.

Our visit to Florence was over and we all enjoyed the quaintness of its charms so much that it was indeed a hard task for "Uncle" to get us packed into the bus ready for the station. However, we had the thrills of our lives trying to imagine ourselves in a few hours' time, being passengers in gondolas. We arrived in Venice in late evening and from the iron horse we were dropped into another world, for instead of automobiles to meet us, we saw a multitude of gondolas ready to take us to our hotel. The evening was delightfully quiet, and the moon was brightly shining down upon us and the only noise was the splash, splash, splash as the gondolier sculled his boat along the tiny canals that wind about in labyrinthine style.

The first place we visited the next morning was St. Mark's Square, the Forum of Venetian life. All around the square are beautiful marble structures and within these long arcades are the most attractive shops in Venice. At one end of this square is St. Mark's Cathedral, which is like no other structure in the world. Its domes and minarets make it a gloriously fine example of Oriental architecture and its exquisite mosaics in the interior made our heads whirl with the cycle of astounding color effects. Beside the Cathedral is the famous Campanile and very near by is the ancient Doges' Palace, where we spent a great

part of a morning learning about its fascinating history. Part of our tour was directed towards the art galleries where we saw many Titians and Tintoretos, perfectly marvelous paintings. One other fine experience we had was a visit to a glass and bead factory which was of course most interesting. We watched the girls make delicate beads one after another under a red-hot flame. A little trip which we enjoyed during our stay in Venice was a visit to the Lido, a small island about ten minutes in a ferry from St. Mark's. We all took our bathing suits and after a most unusual jaunt in a small electric car to the other end of the island, we found it didn't take us long to jump into the Adriatic and have a fine swim in its deliciously warm salt water.

Our party was fortunate indeed to be in Venice at the time of the water carnival, and by chartering gondolas we were off to enjoy a delightful evening watching the Venetians during one of their gala times of the year. At evening time in Venice there are few things more enchanting than to float through the small canals and see the mysteries of each one unfold. This night everyone in Venice was afloat in some type of water craft living a few of the most joyous hours of their lives. Each square was decorated in supreme taste, each gondola was garlanded with laurels or tiny electric lights, and each individual was excited with the newness of the activities. We watched later in the evening a splendid display of fireworks across the water and again slowly made our way back to the hotel through the traffic of boats.

During our short stay in Venice we found that it could not be compared to any other city in the world and one that is most unique. "She is adorned with jewels of courage, beauty, and glory and how wonderfully she wears them!"

The little band of Lasellites arrived in the Milan station late at night and off down the street we passed with weary "Uncle" in the lead, taking as usual, five strides to our one.

Milan lies in a very rich farming district and in the city proper are wide streets and

parks. Everywhere are statues celebrating the triumph of Italian unification in the nineteenth century, for it was from this section of Italy that the heroes of that time came. We visited a large cemetery merely to see the best examples of modern sculpture not only in Italy but perhaps in the world. Some of them very impressive. But the statue which attracted our attention the most was the one of St. Francis of Assisi. It is of heroic size and the figure of the monk is bending over the watering trough and fountain, erected for the comfort of the dumb animals of the city. Opposite St. Francis was a dove just about to drink some water. The whole effect is so life-like that as one suddenly comes upon it, one is thoroughly startled.

In Milan we visited the world-famous and gorgeous Duomo which looks like an exquisite bit of lace from the outside and magnificent and gigantic inside. In the refectory of the little monastery attached to Santa Maria della Grazia, we gazed admiringly on Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." As we went across the yard to enter the church we were struck by this notice, "Any lady presuming to enter this church in indecent costume will be asked to leave." At once we looked at one another's clothes but were reassured by the guide who said it meant a sleeveless frock and one that was too short. If Boston keeps our reading pure, the Italian churches keep our dress decent.

That afternoon we left for Montreux, Switzerland, and what a happy group of girls, realizing that we were actually on our way to the wonderland of the world. Now we were on Swiss trains and what a difference in the service, and the neatness of the conductors "floored" us. Brisk, fresh, business-like and yet marvelously human were these Swiss trainmen and what a contrast to the slightly soiled Italians and their ill-trimmed moustaches, and lazy manners. However, "Uncle" had succeeded in gathering his brood of chickens long enough to get them on the train and we were off on a short trip into Switzerland. The

compartments fairly shook to Miss Blackstock's and Eleanor McKenny's favorite yodeling, "Meee—nnnnnn to Meeeeeee, WHY must you be meeeeeeee—nnnnnn to meeeeeeee?"

It was a delightful ride through the mountainous country, past Lake Como and Menaggio and through the Simplon Pass to Brig. At this little station we were delayed and found that because of floods ahead we would have to change our route. As time went by we realized that we were being transported from one end of Switzerland to the other and that the time of our arrival at Lake Geneva was most uncertain. So we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, as comfortable as possible! Some of the first-class carriages were available so we stretched out in their luxurious softness and managed to get a bit of undisturbed sleep. Suddenly I was being shaken quite violently and at first I thought, "Well no wonder, here I am riding in that old carriage with Eleanor McKenny in Rome and the poor old horse has fallen on this slippery hill, of course we are rather shaken." Then I felt another shake and again I thought, "Oh yes, I guess it must be that silly Vesuvius erupting once more, and hear those people talking, talking, talking." The next jolt was a furious one and my eyes opened only to look into the clean, fine face of a Swiss conductor and he was urging me to listen to his exquisite French. "*Change ici pour Montreux.*" After a long moment, Charlotte Sherman and I raced along the car like two Paul Reveres and at the same time the excited Swiss was talking ever so fast, to himself evidently. In the station of Lausanne eight half-awake girls in a compartment were trying each to find her own belongings. "Where's my hat?" "I'll throw the bags to you." "Look out for your head." "Who has my coat?" "Where are we, Uncle?" "No, lady, you can't have a seat here until we get out." "I say, may we help you?" came from a group of English boys already in the train aisles. By this time a lady had managed to squeeze in and made herself the ninth person. Out on the platform at last, we found "Uncle" racing around in small

circles, waving his arms and filling the air with umbrella, carpet bag and French ticket stubs. It all meant that there were no porters as it was 2:50 a. m., so Edith Fulton and Eillie Pitcher were head-runners in catching the portmanteaux as they dropped from the wide window high above. After a prolonged search to see if all the bags were present and after "Uncle's" usual counting us by the "*une, deux, trois, quatre*" method, we finally found another small train that was to take us to Montreux. Arriving there in rather a sleepy condition we staggered to the wave of "Uncle's" arm, to the hotel. The anti-climax came when four of us climbed into the wee elevator and it labored up at least three feet, panted, sputtered and died. So brave, courageous Jane jumped from



the dizzy height, landed safely, and we chugged onward and upward to our destination. I remember very clearly that at this hotel Jane and I met with difficulty when we tried to determine whether to sleep on or under the voluminous, white eiderdown quilts. As the Swiss air was rather chilly, we decided after much experimenting that it was better to hide ourselves under them and so enjoyed our first short sleep in Switzerland.

And so, we were out of the land of blue skies, sunshine and gelati and in the land of mountains, waterfalls and clean electric trains.

(To be continued)

Helen Roberts, '30.

"Mid the Hills"

'Mid the hills of old New England,
Is a school that we love.
Peaceful in its old traditions
As her trees up above,
So then, our young voices to her
Let us raise in happy song
That they may her praise re-echo
The years and years along.

CHORUS

Come girls, sing a song that resounds clear,
To the school that we hold dear
Raise your voices one and all,
In true devotion, from ocean to ocean
For we are ever loyal, to each other,
And Oh! Lasell to you.

Dorothy Brown, '31.

A SILVER THREAD FOR A LOCK OF GOLD

"Adams?"

"Here."

"Barker?"

"Bell?" several moments elapsed, "Anna Bell?"

A jab in the ribs from her neighbor.

"Oh, here," replied Anna in a dazed voice. "Here?" Not entirely, for Anna held in her hand—

"Miss Bell, if you don't care to pay attention you may leave the room."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Jameson."

"Answer the question please—was it Thackeray or Eliot who used lengthy descriptions concerning the appearance and character of his people?"

"Thackeray, I believe."

"You believe? Well this happens to be a class where you know or you don't know. We don't care what you believe."

"Yes, Miss Jameson. I'm very sorry."

"What's wrong with you, Anna? You'd better not act so queerly or Miss Jameson will send you down to the office."

"Oh, I'm all right now, but you see, I just got this letter from Roger and I was a bit stunned for a moment. He says—"

"Miss Bell and Miss Scott, if I have to speak again you're to leave the room. Go on, Miss Jacobs."

Doris Scott looked at the letter in Anna's hand and saw a tiny lock of golden-red hair. Anna was staring at it with despair in her frightened eyes. Miss Jameson was writing on the blackboard. Her back was toward them.

"For heaven's sake, Anna, did Roger send a lock of his hair? Doesn't he know that went out with hair furniture?"

Anna stared at her with reproachful yet unseeing eyes.

"And now, Miss Bell, do you know which came first?—Miss Bell, leave the room."

The room was silent. "Miss Bell!" a thunderous peal from the depths of Miss Jameson's contralto vocal chords.

There was a slight rustle of paper, of silk—a book fell. There was a crumpled body on the floor with a white envelope grasped in its hand. Miss Jameson shrieked.

Anna opened her eyes in a cool, high-ceilinged room which was unfamiliar to her. There was a slight sound beside her. She turned her head wearily around and faced the direction from which the sound had come. No one was in sight. The room was white. Who could have brought her here? It was night. Roger was gone. She must eat. Eat! Yes, surely she must eat. And here her poor mind stopped and she laughed foolishly before relapsing again into oblivion.

The laugh was heard outside the door and the nurse rushed in but Anna was sleeping peacefully again.

"What shall we do?" sighed the nurse to the house-mother. "If only we could find that letter. What do you suppose happened to the letter, Nellie? Shall we phone her family?"

"For heaven's sake Helen, stop asking me questions! How should I know what to do? Aren't you the nurse?"

"Yes, but I've never had an experience of this kind before and I can't imagine what keeps her in that stupor. What really is needed is

a detective to solve the mystery of the letter she was reading. Have you questioned Doris?"

"Yes, her story is that she just tried to help with Anna and forgot all about the letter."

"Then who—?"

"Sh-sh, was that Anna? Listen again."

"Yes I'm almost positive. Come, I'll go with you," as she pushed the nurse ahead of her into the infirmary.

Anna's cheeks were red. Her feverish eyes were open, staring at the ceiling. The puckered little mouth looked like that of a stubborn child about to cry because he has been crossed. Nellie, the nurse, laid a cool hand on the hot forehead and picked up the left wrist of the girl in her other hand. She smiled reassuringly at Helen, the house-mother, after a few minutes' counting.

"How do you feel, Anna?" she asked in a calm but sympathetic voice.

"Oh Roger, Roger, how could you be so cruel? I never thought you would torment me in such a fiendish way!"

"Anna—you're all right dear. Roger has gone. You are all safe with Helen and Nellie."

"Roger gone?" The question was asked in breathless fear. "Where has he gone? You did not let him get far did you? No, no, we must catch him. Come, come quickly." She would have been out of bed and down the hall in a flash if Helen had not blocked the door. The two put her back into bed and she lay there panting for several moments. Then she seemed to be quite her normal self again and Helen took up the questioning, for they must solve this mystery or phone for her family and it would not be speaking well for their capability, if they could not handle the situation themselves.

"Do you feel better, Anna?"

"Yes."

"From whom did you get that letter, Anna?"

"From Roger."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd been sick and was not going back to college until mid-years."

"Is that all?"

"No."

"Well what else?"

"I—can't tell you." The lips quivered, the eyes filled, and there was a rending sigh.

"But what made you carry on so, dear? You know you fainted and you've been unconscious for an hour and three-quarters. The whole school is in an uproar and Nellie and I simply have to straighten things out. Now it's up to you to help us!"

"Here, Anna, drink this."

"Thank you, Nellie. I feel better already."

"You'll tell us quickly then, and get it over with?"

"Of course, I will. You see I hadn't heard from Roger for about three weeks and I had written him several times asking what I had done to displease him so. Roger, you know, is my brother. Why—where is the letter?"

"We can't find it."

"I'll bet Doris took it so you wouldn't read it. I've always let her think Roger was—well—my sweetheart. I don't have one and she thought it quite impossible for any average girl not to have 'a man,' as she puts it, and was all for trying to get me one by asking her friends to bring some nice fellow with them every time they came to see her. I hate being polite and entertaining to some poor, dumb, conceited man, so I thought up a story about Roger to tell her. She probably thinks she's saved me by not letting you have that letter. But she really only meant to be kind to me. Do forgive her."

"Yes, but you haven't told us what your brother said that made you faint."

"Oh, of course. Well, he's had my chow puppy clipped to look like a lion and sent me a lock of his hair. I know my poor doggie will catch cold and probably die!" she ended on an hysterical note and burst into tears. Nellie the nurse, and Helen the house-mother, shook their heads and left the room.

Charlotte Hanson, '32.

I am Asking Not for Riches

I am asking not for riches,
I care not for material gain,
There is more to life than pleasure,
Do not let me long in vain.

Just give me a friend I can love,
And one who can understand,
Who can see my faults and forgive them,
Who will stay by me 'till the end.

For the best that life can offer,
Is found in the heart of a friend,
Whose life is always open,
And eager with mine to blend.

Dorothy Herring, '32.

"GOING PLACES"

As the Transcontinental Limited pulled out of Chicago on that first night of June, it was hard to realize that we soon would be seeing the far-famed Golden West.

The vast prairie lands of Minnesota and North Dakota viewed during the first part of the journey were later contrasted with the snow-capped Rocky Mountains of Montana and the heavily forested peaks of Washington.

Crossing the Great Divide in the Rockies we went through a blinding snowstorm which sent those on the observation platform scurrying inside to the warmth of the car.

At length the clicking of the rails beneath us stopped. We were in Seattle, and what a hilly city it is! The downtown section is built on one steep hill after another. We almost expected to see the inhabitants with one leg shorter than the other as a result of climbing around so much, but they were all apparently normal.

A very enticing "ad" noted there read, "Fly to Alaska," reminding us that Seattle was indeed the gateway to Eskimo Land. Just then, though we were intent upon getting to another point—Vancouver, British Columbia.

Upon arriving there, a sight-seeing expedition took us up on Grouse Mountain to a very inviting looking Chalet. In the winter the Vancouverites go there for the skiing and tobogganing, and what a good time they must have!

The interior of the Chalet was the "answer to a sportsman's prayer." Rustic furniture, rugs of sleek bearskin, a mammoth open fireplace, Indian trappings hanging around—it made us wish for winter, that we might spend some time there.

From the front veranda we looked out upon the City of Vancouver far below, flanked by the mighty mountains of the Cascade Range. British Columbia is verily a scenic paradise.

We saw "an" grouse up near the Chalet who made a noise that sounded like someone blowing into a bottle! (Believe it or not).

In the front yards of Vancouver we noticed tall hedges of holly growing, so all they'd have to do would be to trim them at Christmas and make their own holly wreaths!

Early one morning, after driving through Stanley Park, of which the city is justly proud, we boarded a steamer enroute for Seattle by way of Puget Sound.

We slipped along past beautiful wooded islands to Victoria, a most picturesque and extremely British town. The huge impressive looking Empress Hotel which faced the harbor was almost mistaken for one of the stately Parliament Buildings standing guard on the waterfront nearby.

Stop over privileges were granted for only a little over an hour, so we hardly had time to see much of this quaint city. All exploring was done in The Empress and on Victoria's main street. The general atmosphere was as though we were in some distant foreign port.

On the boat again as it ploughed its way toward Seattle, we caught glimpses of majestic Mount Baker with snow lying far down her sides. It was enough to cause a middle westerner to stare in amazement at such a thrilling sight.

Hardly docked at Seattle, we were off on another train trip, this time to Portland, Oregon, the "City of Roses."

Driving out the famed Columbia River Highway there, it was readily seen why this part of the country is lauded for its beauty. Several falls were visited, among them historic Mult-

nomah, six hundred and twenty feet high. On both sides of this broad river the rolling scenery was equally as charming, not only for the few miles that we traveled, but all the way to the sea. Needless to state, our admiration for the West was still further increased while taking this wonderful drive.

Leaving Portland we spent a night and day in getting to San Francisco. Distances are certainly great out in the wide open spaces!

At Shasta Springs, snow-capped Mount Shasta poked her head through the clouds into the blue of the sky above, a rare painting, fit for the gods!

Down through the Sacramento Valley the heat was terrific. Ice cream stores at the different stops along the way did a land office business that day.

Nearing Oakland it was necessary to cross a small body of water by means of the largest ferry boat in existence. The train was divided into sections and run onto the boat on three separate tracks. Passengers stepped from their cars to the deck and walked to the bow to drink in the breeze off the water. If their cars happened to be at the stern, their walk was a good city block.

At last we arrived in Oakland, and leaving the train took a smaller ferry across the bay to San Francisco. Some day a bridge will span it, and then the trains will be able to go right in, we were told.

Resorting to a "rubberneck" bus in order to see the points of interest, we visited the Mission Dolores, the Seal Rocks, Golden Gate Park, the Presidio and last but not least, the Golden Gate itself. As it was a fine, clear day, our view of it was perfect. It appeared to be a much narrower strait than we had imagined, but presented a never to be forgotten picture.

The nights in San Francisco were almost too cool for comfort. Though it was June, there were many people in fur coats on the streets.

Market Street, the main thoroughfare, has four car lines on it, two different companies claiming two tracks apiece. In crossing this

avenue it was necessary to keep a sharp lookout for the cars.

Another touch of hot weather was experienced in going through the Santa Clara Valley to Los Angeles, an all-day trip. We passed vast orchards of peaches, prunes, apricots and cherries, and on down near Santa Barbara, the oldest olive grove in Southern California was visible from the car windows.

The route followed the Pacific shore line for a hundred miles, providing a welcome relief from the stifling heat of the valley.

Once established in Los Angeles, our headquarters for the next month, we proceeded to make side trips from there, in an endeavor to see as much as possible in that length of time.

In the immediate vicinity of "L. A.," we went to Hollywood, a most interesting and thriving little movie kingdom; to Beverly Hills, where a great many of the cinema folk live, and to some of the beaches where the more fortunate beings own attractive beach houses and belong to the "swelegant" beach clubs.

The palms and gorgeous array of flowers provide ideal settings for California homes. Of Spanish architecture, they are mostly built of white stucco and there are boulevards and more boulevards lined with these beautiful residences.

At present, Miniature Golf is the chief diversion of the inhabitants. One course was dubbed "Dinkey Links," while another bore the title "Putt in On the Ritz." Very clever, these Californians!

"The Brown Derby" restaurant is quite a famous establishment located on Wilshire Boulevard, and is built in the exact shape of a derby hat, with steps leading right up to the door at the base of the crown. A sign on top invites one to "Eat in the Hat." Inside are little booths with the lights therein shaded with brown derby lamp shades.

Besides this unique eating place, there are orangeade stands constructed in the forms of mammoth oranges, and ice cream cone stores built in the shapes of gigantic cones. These different sort of shops are not only novel, but

give the city in which they are erected an artistic touch.

We motored to San Diego one day, a distance of one hundred and thirty-six miles, and stopped at Ramona's Marriage Place on the way down. An inscription over an old wishing well in the garden read:

"Quaff Ye the waters of Ramona's well;
Good luck they bring and secrets tell;
Blest were they by sandaled Friar;
So drink and wish for thy desire."

Due to the bottom of the well being strewn with dirty looking coins, we refrained from quaffing, but added to this "sunken fund."

Part of the fleet was in at San Diego and the town was over-run with sailors. At night the rows of lights on the huge battleships at anchor were a pretty sight to behold.

Balboa Park, where the Panama-California Exposition was held in 1915 is an enchanting spot. The magnificent exposition buildings look as new as though recently put up.

In San Diego the climate varies but ten degrees all year, making it a favored place in which to live. There is much rivalry between the citizens of Los Angeles and San Diego on this question of climate. In fact it is a widely discussed subject, all up and down the coast.

One morning we ferried over to Coronado Beach and traveled along the Silver Strand bound for Mexico, "home of the bandits." The Strand is a narrow strip of land just wide enough for a roadway, with the blue Pacific on one side, and on the other the waters of San Diego harbor.

We were not questioned by the Customs Officials upon reaching the border, but were forced to submit to a few queries on the way out.

Tiajuana is not as wild and wooly as it is painted. Of course it is full of gambling houses and saloons, but everyone seemed to be minding his own business and all was peaceful.

About three miles below it is the Monte Carlo of America—Agua Caliente. One would hardly expect to find such an entrancing place in "Baja (lower) California."

The casino, with its fascinating gambling

room and its typically Spanish patio, shares honors with the charm of the already famous Hotel Agua Caliente. There is golfing, tennis, riding, swimming and the race track for the pleasure of the guests. It isn't any wonder that crowds throng this playground. Week days or holidays, it is always jammed.

With this excursion to Agua Caliente, our outing in the San Diego region was over, and we turned our car towards Los Angeles.

Stopping overnight in Riverside gave us an excellent opportunity to explore the Mission Inn, one of the showplaces of California. Underneath this rambling replica of an old Spanish mission are low ceilinged passageways leading to rooms containing curios and objects of art which date back to the early days of the Padres. It would take a whole day for one to wander leisurely about this museum and examine everything. We came up to the outside world from a two-hour visit among the relics with our minds chock full of the quaint things we had seen.

From Riverside we again started for Los Angeles, going by way of the Lake Norconian Club on Lake Noroc, said to be the finest resort in the West. It is not a private organization, but is open to the public. Set against the dark background of the distant mountains, the splendor of this enormous white stucco club house with its terraced gardens leading down to the lake is hard to describe. It is a breath taking veritable heaven which we left reluctantly, hoping to return some day for another and longer visit.

Hardly had we settled down in "L. A." when another playground claimed our attention—Lake Arrowhead a mile high on Arrowhead Mountain. Only a marvelous feat of engineering has made possible the excellent highway which winds up the mountain, presenting new and awe-inspiring views at every turn. Arrowhead Village, nestled by the side of the lake, is the center of activity for the cabin dwellers in the many canyons close by. Being up so high, the atmosphere is very clear and thereby most healthful. There is swimming,

tennis, fishing, speed boating and even a golf course for one's entertainment.

We wondered what next these Californians would have to offer and found the answer in an ocean voyage to Santa Catalina Island, "where the flying fishes play." Incidentally, we saw some come zipping up from the sea and then plunge beneath the surface again.

The harbor of this mountainous Isle was dotted with pleasure craft of every description. As we debarked at Avalon Town, it looked as though all the resorters were down at the dock. Upon catching sight of someone whom they knew, a loud cheer would rend the air, and general razzing ensue, making the object of their fun feel very foolish indeed. It was just an old Catalina custom, so we were told!

The latest in beach finery and sunburned backs was on display wherever we went. The whole place had a "vacation air."

Of course we had to board a glass-bottom boat and take a squint at the Submarine Gardens. They lie close into shore in a little cove, and as we gazed through the glass panel into the depths, many odd marine specimens were discernible. Among the kelp and mosses darted golden perch, blue perch and rock bass, one of them coming boldly up to the glass and staring at us curiously.

An incident of the trip featured a diver who dove under the boat, waving and smiling as he came past our line of vision far below.

Following this expedition, we took a sky line drive up the mountain upon which is perched the home of William Wrigley, Jr., the "Chewing Gum King." An excellent panorama of the harbor was gained from this point.

Then down to Avalon Town, and after inspecting a new million dollar Casino housing a spacious ballroom and moving picture theater, we were ready to cruise homeward once more.

Sight-seeing in southern California had to end sometime, so we soon found ourselves listening to the clicking of the rails en route to Chicago, by way of Salt Lake City and Denver.

Crossing the desert in Nevada the thermometer registered 112 degrees, causing the usual

boost in ice cream sales at the different stops.

Utah proved to be a cooler state, much to everyone's joy. Salt Lake City, home of the Mormons, lies at the foot of the granite-topped Wasatch Mountains. Our familiar method of seeing things, the "rubberneck" bus, transported us to Saltaire Beach, on the Great Lake. It is impossible to sink while swimming, for it is approximately 22 per cent salt. Bathers float merrily around like so many corks, having the experience of a lifetime.

Before leaving town, we strolled through the historical grounds where stands the Mormon Temple, the Tabernacle, and the Museum of Pioneer Relics.

"The Panoramic Special," "ritzy" sounding name of our Salt Lake to Denver train, was routed through the Royal George, Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, another engineering marvel. Two thousand foot cliffs rose above the tracks on either side, and at the "high spot of western travel," the renowned Hanging Bridge spanned the canyon, a magnificent sight.

Due to rain and haze, it was impossible to see Pikes Peak from Colorado Springs, but we obtained a long distance look at it from Denver a day or two later.

Two automobile jaunts were taken while in this mile high city, one to Buffalo Bill's grave on Lookout Mountain, and the other to Estes Park Village, in Rocky Mountain National Park, a ninety-mile trip.

"Pa-Ha-Ska Tepee," a memorial museum at Colonel Cody's tomb, contains many interesting things. The Colonel's buckskin clothing, his guns, the trappings for his horse, and even an Indian scalp, a prized possession, are all to be found there.

To reach Estes Park Village, we ascended a winding canyon road beside a roaring mountain stream, whose pools are the delight of many a trout fisherman.

Colorado's Rocky Mountains must be seen to be fully appreciated. They are rocky in every sense of the word. Huge boulders balance themselves on lofty ledges, daring people

to travel beneath them, for rock slides are not infrequent occurrences in this territory.

Returning from the village, a cozy mountain retreat boasting several exclusive hotels, we climbed some more, to the foot of snow-creviced Longs Peak, which towers skyward fourteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-five feet. From there, we began the descent to the lowlands, dropping down through another canyon whose grandeur easily equaled that of the one we had ascended.

Bidding Denver and the mountains farewell, we continued our journey to Chicago, then on to Detroit, the original starting point of "Going Places," feeling very "travel-minded" and "travel-wise," indeed.

Kay Forgey, '28.

My Dying Rose

Softly, gently—you unfold,
Pink, coral, rosy red.
Peace, beauty, your story told,
Lie at last in glory—dead.

Betty Lyman, '29.

SATISFACTION

Carlisle, Vermont, was one of those towns that boasted the motto, "one of a kind." There was the general store that Georgie Moore owned, which had everything in it from tinware to the latest modes in millinery. Across the street stood a filling station which Georgie also owned. He always found time to dash out of the store to wait on customers and delighted in asking them where they were going, and at the same time managed to tell them what a growing town Carlisle was. It so happened that Georgie owned several lots of land that he hoped some day would make him a rich man. Down the road from the filling station, stood the village church, which also served as a town hall and a place where sewing-bees, basket parties, and church suppers were held, as there was no other place large enough to house all the people. Social functions were so few and far between that when anything out of the ordinary did happen, everyone attended.

Georgie was once more in his glory on Sun-

day mornings and evenings when he played the organ which wheezed above the falsetto notes of the congregation. Without a doubt Carlisle was the town for Georgie because Georgie was so important, but then his mother always had said that he was going to be a great man and nobody could equal Georgie Moore.

The inhabitants of Carlisle were a pleasant folk and were the type of people who enjoyed talking about everyone else's business—and—occasionally about their own. Of course anything out of the everyday life was a novelty to them. The two Bolam sisters had always been a mystery to them and more gossip hours had been spent in discussing them than any other person or thing they had ever talked about.

Some two miles from the town, between two fair sized hills, stood a Georgian type of house. It seemed out of keeping to the meager sized farmhouses scattered here and there in Carlisle, but then, the Bolams would have to be by themselves—they were queer—or at least the people of Carlisle thought so.

Everything within the house was beautiful. All the furniture was early-American. Instead of pictures on the walls, there were etchings that aroused envy in many people who saw them. It was very apparent that many of the furnishings had been brought from countries all over the world.

Eppie and Myra Bolam were now in their early forties. For the last fifteen years they had always returned to Carlisle for the months of April and May. Nanny Grant and her brother, Herman, lived in the house all the year round, and when it was time for the sisters to return, there was always plenty of excitement. The Misses Bolam, during the other months of the year, traveled wherever they had the greatest desire to go.

The people of Carlisle were always eager to have them back even though they were "queer." The Bolams did a lot for the town, and through their kindness there were no needy families.

One morning Eppie was sitting up in bed reading the morning paper. Her sister, Myra

was sitting beside her eating the breakfast that Nanny had brought to her. Eppie was reading aloud, snatches from different columns that held a common interest for them. While glancing over the paper, her eye was suddenly arrested by the caption, "Youthful Bandit Caught." Usually such things held no interest for her, but under the caption was a picture and under that she read, "Robert Mitton." Her eager eyes hungrily read the article and as she read her face paled, her throat became parched and her tongue thick. Here was Sally's son held for theft—Alan's son—Alan—. Suddenly in a hushed voice she whispered, "Myra—Myra, listen to this. It's about Alan—oh—I can't read it. You'll have to do it. Well," and she laughed hysterically, "Sally is getting what she asked for. She ruined my happiness and now she will probably have an idea of what it is like to have something very dear taken away from her."

* * * *

Eppie, Myra and Sally Bolam were the three beautiful, cultured and well-educated daughters of Samuel Bolam. Their mother had died when they were very young. As children they had been put in a convent and at fourteen they had been sent to one of the best schools Europe had to offer. They divided their winters between Cannes and St. Moritz, and spent their summers on a ranch in Montana. Samuel Bolam had made his money by introducing to the market "Bolam Saws." He had been born and reared in Carlisle and had always requested his daughters to live at the old homestead during the months of April and May.

While the girls had been in Europe, Eppie had made a very close friendship with Betty Peterkin, who was a typical all-round English girl. Betty was always giving house-parties and her brother, who was a student at Cambridge, usually brought some of his friends to the parties. It was on one of these parties that Eppie met an American lad by the name of Alan Mitton. They were the only two Americans present. They were mutually attracted to each other and before the week-end

was over, they were both quite fully convinced that they were really in love. It wasn't the kind of love that you read about, it was what they termed "real love." As they parted they promised to write and Alan said that he would do his best to see her in Paris before she sailed for home, which was only a few months off.

When Eppie arrived back at school, she could hardly wait to tell Myra and Sally all about Alan, how handsome he was, and how much she loved him. Both were almost as enthusiastic as she, and it was quite apparent that they were more than eager to meet him.

Alan held true to his promise and came to meet the three sisters in Paris. Eppie was so happy to see him that she failed to notice just what Myra and Sally had said or done when they had met him. It never dawned on her that Sally, who was the prettiest of the three sisters, had never looked any lovelier than she did that day.

During the week that they spent there, Eppie saw Alan every day, and yet she had very little chance to be with him alone. Somehow or other Sally always managed to be along and it was many times that Eppie saw her gazing wistfully at Alan and she didn't fail to miss some of the smiles that Alan bestowed on Sally.

The day before they were to leave for Havre, Eppie pleaded a headache and left Sally to entertain Alan. Somehow or other she couldn't face him. There was nothing wrong and yet she didn't want to see him, at least not until she felt better.

Sally and Alan had been together all day and when they returned to the hotel in the early hours of the morning, Eppie and Myra were nearly frantic because of the absence of the two. Finally they walked into the room, which adjoined the girls' rooms. Eppie and Myra were waiting for them and as they entered Eppie said:

"Well where have you been?"

"Eppie, we've got something to tell you—Alan you tell her."

"Well—Eppie—Sally and I were married this afternoon."

"Married," cried Eppie, "Married—why—you two fools! Alan, can't you see she's just a child? She doesn't know her own mind! Well, what do you intend to do now?"

"My mother and father are on their way to London and we shall join them there. I hope we haven't hurt you, Eppie. You see I never thought Sally meant so much to me until this afternoon."

"Hurt me? No, you haven't hurt me—you've just killed something inside me that can never grow again. I loved you, Alan, but you were fool enough to marry her, so it's up to you to take care of her. As for you, Sally, I never want to see your face again. I only hope that some day you will know what it is to lose every bit of happiness life holds for you."

Eppie and Myra sailed for home without Sally and returned to Carlisle. Six months after their arrival home their father died, leaving everything to the two sisters. In all these twenty years they had never seen Sally. The only thing they had heard from her was that soon after the birth of a son, Robert, Alan had been killed in a hunting party. And here—after all these years they were reading that Robert Mitton, aged eighteen, son of Sally Bolam and Alan Mitton had been arrested for theft.

"Well, Myra—I guess Sally knows now how I felt when she took Alan from me. At least she can have her son back again—but—I can never have Alan. Poor Alan, imagine how he would have felt. I'm glad he's dead—I'm glad she couldn't have him all her life—poor Alan—poor Sally!"

Dorothy Brown, '31.

ENGLAND

When one goes to England one remembers forever. One never forgets,

"Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day

And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness in hearts

At peace under an English Heaven."

My steamer docked me at Southampton,

that old, not so pretty city of southern England, the getting-off place of many American tourists. It seems fitting that one's first glimpse of England should come from this quaint city. But it's rapidly losing its oldness and decrepancy so marked in the other little towns and hamlets of England. It is becoming new again with its ship building and commercial interest.

I explored Southampton for three days and then I travelled on to Winchester.

Winchester—the old Camelot of Tennyson's "King Arthur." Enthralled, I stood and gazed about me at the greenness, for it was heavenly English spring—at the flowers and the snuggling houses hidden by boughs, vines and clinging valerian. I strolled down its narrow, paved streets with the overhanging trees whispering and rustling in the late afternoon breeze. I visioned the Round Table and all of King Arthur's knights—Lancelot, Gareth and Galahad. Off to my right in the center of Winchester Square stood a statue dedicated to King Alfred, the fugitive king. Passing this, I entered Winchester Cathedral, one of the most beautiful churches in England, built in the days of William the Conqueror. Above me in the nave its great arches curved and golden light sifted through the simple glass window, throwing grotesque shadows down the long, dim aisles.

I spent two days in Winchester, then took one of the funny English trains to Salisbury. The Cathedral of Winchester had been so exquisite, I longed to enter the famous one in Salisbury so finding myself a room in one of the small hospitable homes I prepared to stay.

The great Gate of Salisbury, Valentine Lane, and the Poultry Cross beside the Cathedral are some of the sights of that little town.

The streets are narrow and the common conveyance, as in all parts of England, is a bicycle. Valentine Lane is just one of the typical little English dirt roads running past grass-thatched houses, half hidden behind vines, trees and foliage, and winding down past gardens, streams and green meadows.

The Poultry Cross stands at the side of a

square and in olden times fowl were brought to be blest by the priest before being bartered. It stands symbolical of medieval times, one of those things that will never perish.

The Cathedral, dark and grey like a rock in a sea of green, loomed up—one of the beauty spots of England.

Hampton Court, a little village surrounding a great Elizabethan palace, of the same name as the town below it, had many attractions. The palace had belonged to Cardinal Wolsey in the time of Henry VIII. When the Cardinal lost his power it was taken from him by the king. It now belongs to the ruling king and a few of his pensioners live there. Its gardens are a wonderment. I strolled through its loveliness, pausing at pansy beds, stooping to the mignonettes, looking into the faces of the tiny daisies, smelling the great red roses and lingering over the sweet lavender and valerian growing out of the rocks. I wandered under tall yew trees and cedars thriving on the slopes that rolled gracefully down to the River Thames.

Next, I traveled to Coventry where Lady Godiva rode. Coventry—with its funny streets, so narrow that the roofs of the houses nearly meet over the pavement.

It was early in May when I reached Banbury, just a month's time from my arrival in Southampton. Banbury with its famous cross in memory of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I. The king, six hundred years ago, had erected this cross to her memory with many others at each resting place of her funeral procession on its way to London from Northern England. This cross is immortalized by the little Mother Goose rhyme which constantly ran through my mind as I searched out all the little hamlet's hidden delights—

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury cross
To see a fair lady ride on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
For she shall have music wherever she goes."

Back to London, I left all these fairy-like places. As one neared London after visiting all the towns and villages surrounding it, it seemed as if a dream had suddenly terminated

and all had turned to stark reality, for London's shops and wide city streets, its bustle and newness, were all far different from Salisbury and Banbury. And then through London, once more on the road past the hurrying city, until the spires of Oxford rise piercing the grey, sullen skies, and one rides gladly into

"that fair city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening!"

Rachel DeWofe, '32.

Ode to the Day

Morning:

Misty pink—the morning breaks,
As if in gentle way to wake
The sleeping world.

Noon:

Gloating, white, noon-tide rides
Like a master he ceaseless drives
The toiling world.

Night:

Jet black, mystic, night descends,
Like a magician his arts to lend
The wearied world.

Betty Lyman, '29.

One Wonderful Day

J. Percival Rand, II, multi-millionaire, lay in his bed in the palatial mansion that he called his home and frowned at the ceiling.

What was it he had told the pretty little show girl the night before? He remembered a promise to meet her in Atlantic City and a vague impression that he had made arrangements to fly sometime that day. Damn it! He would have to stop these liquor parties. Some day he would wake up with a breach of promise suit on his hands. With this good resolution, forgetting that he had made it many times before, J. Percival Rand stopped frowning at the ceiling, turned his portly body to a more comfortable position in the spacious bed and went to sleep again.

* * * * *

No one would have noticed John Randall, newly made buyer of ladies millinery in Goldsmith Brothers department store, Kalamazoo, Michigan. There was nothing outstanding

about him from his slight body covered by a neat blue serge suit, a tiny bit shiny in the pants, his nice but commonplace face, to his sandy brown hair, the bald spot covered by a slightly battered felt hat. The only thing that a very close observer could have noticed would have been a drawn appearance around his mouth and a wistful expression in the honest blue eyes. A psychoanalyst might have been able to tell you, had you been at all interested, that here was a splendid example of one with a very bad inferiority complex.

John Randall stood at the corner of 42nd and Broadway and stared bewilderedly up and down the street. There were literally thousands of people swarming like angry bees, dodging nimbly in and out of traffic and all in a great hurry. Every one of them had a worried expression on his face and an air of mystery as though the errand that he was hurrying to do would settle the problems of the world, not just his own little world, but something much more important.

The atmosphere of New York had a strange influence on John Randall who had always lived in Kalamazoo. It made him rebellious, it made him think strange thoughts that had never occurred to him before. He wanted to do something big; be someone who was noticed and looked up to, if only for a few hours. He was tired of being just good old John who could always be depended on, who never did the unexpected. He wanted to show those folks back home.

Suddenly a reckless thought came to him. He would take a day off and go to Atlantic City. He wouldn't go the ordinary way, but would fly there. That would be something to tell them back home.

With this momentous decision, John Randall assumed the important air characteristic of New Yorkers and, joining the swarming mass of people, hurried toward his second rate hotel.

The ticket agent of the Capitol Airway transportation line heard a discreet cough and looked up from his work to see a mild looking little man dressed in a shiny blue serge suit standing in front of his desk. He was laden



DAUGHTERS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Front Row (left to right)

Student
Raine Renshaw

Jane Spear
Dorothea Powell
Lenna Lyon

Mother
Laura Birdsey, '97-'98 (de-
ceased)
Ray Spitz 1901-03
Dorothea Saunders, 1905-'06
Ida Mallory, '03

Back Row (left to right)

Kathleen Comstock
Marjorie Mayne
Elizabeth Follett
Marion Newfield

Ella W. Wilson, '96
Zoe Hill, '01
Edna Thurston, 1903-'07
Frances Hartman, 1905-'06



FOUR (1)
Mother—Mrs. Henry Furneaux
G. Wells, (Edith Burke), 1902-03;
of Professor J. C. Burke, Lasell,



100 SONS
 (s), '29; Grandmother—Mrs. H.
 mother—Mrs. J. C. Burke, (wife
 by— June Furneaux.



SISTERS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Front Row (left to right)

Student
Barbara Cowdrey
Harriet Cole
Wilma Griffin

Betty Pepper
Carol Griffin

Eugenia Loomis

Rachel DeWolf
Vesta Black

Sister
Corinne Cowdrey, '30
Helen Cole, '28
Mrs. John McDonald, (Ruth Griffin),
'16
Nancy Pepper, '29-'30
Mrs. Ellsworth Wolcott (Marion Griffin), '16
Mrs. Paul Leining, (Freda Griffin) '20
Mrs. Charles Collingwood, (Margaret Loomis), '21
Mrs. Carl Steubing, (Cecile Loomis),
'22
Mary M. DeWolf, '24
Mrs. George Sprague, (Helen Black),
'25

Back Row (left to right)

Enid Jackson
Julia Case
Virginia Hinshaw
Irene Ginzberg
Lillian Carl
Virginia Cleasby
Betty Parrish
Janet Kennedy
Mary Tucker

Audrey Jackson, '24-'25
Mrs. Harold Bidwell, (Harriette Case),
'22
Mrs. Henry Toohey, (Helen Hinshaw),
'23
Mrs. Leopold Sonnabend, (Florence Ginzberg), '28
Mrs. Harold Chase, (Martha Carl), '26
Charlessa Carl, '28
Doris Cleasby, '27
Georgia Parrish, '26
Mrs. Thatcher Blanchard (Eleanor Kennedy), '27
Joyce Tucker, '30

with bundles and had a determined gleam in his blue eyes.

"I want a ticket to Atlantic City on the first plane that leaves New York."

The ticket agent assumed the patronizing air that ticket agents always assume and said in a labored fashion:

"I'm sorry, but we haven't a thing on the next plane."

Just as John was walking away with a crest-fallen air, the telephone on the desk rang, and after a brief conversation he motioned to John.

"Just had a reservation canceled on the 12:30 plane. If you can make it you can take that ticket, and by the way," he added, "you know whose ticket you are getting? None other than J. Percival Rand's, one of New York's richest men—you know the one that hates publicity so that he refuses to have his picture taken. Not more than a few people know who he is."

John's eyes brightened, here was really an experience. He glanced at his watch, 11:30, he could make it. But first he must put on his new suit of clothes—he was really being extravagant, but this one big experience could not be taken in a casual spirit.

He did not look like the same person in his well-cut suit of conservative brown, and with a new hat perched at a jaunty angle no one would have suspected the bald spot it covered. Even the whole expression in his face was new. The blue eyes were no longer wistful but snapped—very much in keeping with his whole air of importance.

John settled back in the taxi and looked at his watch. Only fifteen minutes left! He simply had to make it. This adventure had taken on almost the proportions of life and death. He felt that his whole outlook on life would be changed.

"You have simply got to get to pier 43 in fifteen minutes; no matter how fast you have to go to make it, I'll make it worth while for you," he told the taxi driver.

Who has ever heard a taxi driver admit that anything was impossible for him to do? This particular one grinned with satisfaction and stepped on the gas. In and out of traffic they

swerved, barely missing cars and paying little attention to cops and traffic signals. Suddenly the taxi halted with a great jerk. The driver turned around, and with a muttered oath:

"We're in a jam so you might as well run for it—it's only a block away—but," he added with swift assurance, "we coulda made it easy."

John pressed a bill into the outstretched palm and with bag in hand dashed down the long pier just in time to see the boat carrying passengers to the plane about a hundred yards out in the water.

What could he do? Looking around distractedly his eyes suddenly lighted on a magnificent speed boat with a liveried chauffeur warming up the engine. John dashed up to him and asked hurriedly:

"Are you doing anything in the next five minutes?"

"Why no Sir," answered the man with a puzzled air, "why do you ask?"

"I'll give you five dollars if you will take me out to that plane," John answered, pointing to it.

The man looked a little doubtful until he felt a five dollar bill being pressed into his hand.

"All right, jump in," and with a roar of the mighty engine they were off. They sped over the water like a bullet and soon caught up and left far behind the boat carrying the other passengers. Surely this must be a great person coming up in this style. The rumor soon started and grew to enormous proportions that this important-looking man must be the J. Percival Rand who had been reported to be taking this plane. Some one spied the initials J. R. on his bags and that was enough to confirm the report.

From that time on John was the center of a flattering crowd of people who agreed vigorously with anything that he said, and looked at him with eyes of wonder.

Of course John was terribly flattered and attributed their attention to the fact of his new-found importance. The first clew that he had to the real cause was when the colored porter, after asking solicitously about his comfort said:

"Mr. Rand, yo' all won't get none of this here publicity yo' hates so much from this plane. We don't tell the reporters nothin'."

At John's amazed "What in the world are you talking about?" he only looked a bit puzzled for a moment and then smiling knowingly went on at his duties.

The more that John thought of posing as this famous millionaire, the more the idea intrigued him. It would only be for these few hours. He knew that he would have a hard time persuading the passengers of his identity anyway, so why not reap the benefits? What an adventure! John had no idea what trouble this craving for adventure was going to bring him.

The news of J. Percival Rand's arrival had preceded him. When the plane landed at Atlantic City, there were crowds of reporters waiting to take his photograph. Several of the brave ones pushed up to him through the crowd and asked where he was staying and if they could have his idea on the present business depression.

To all questions John Randall answered with an air of importance, standing very stiff and straight to hide his shaking limbs and using the heat as an excuse to wipe his pale and perspiring forehead.

"I am staying at the Ritz, you may reach me there." He said the Ritz, remembering that in all society stories the wealthy always stayed there. At the same time he was busily planning how he could take the next train West. He was tired of adventure!

One of the reporters insisted on getting a taxi for him and jumped in with him. So there was nothing for John to do but proceed to the Ritz. He made the reporter leave him at the door and waited inside until he thought he had left. He had just grabbed his bags and was going to sneak out when a porter came up to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you are Mr. Rand? A young lady has been waiting here for an hour, says she has an appointment with you. Just a minute, here she comes." He turned and nodded toward a tall blond lady, dressed in exquisite clothes, who was coming

toward them. "Here is the man you have been waiting for, I believe, madam." He turned around to indicate John, and to his surprise there was nothing but an empty space where John had been standing.

Two hours later an insignificant looking little man in a shiny blue serge suit was speeding West. He was engrossed in the paper and the screaming black headlines:

"J. Percival Rand Impersonated in Atlantic City. City Scoured for Imposter."

This same unassuming man could be heard saying, apparently to himself.

"Thank God for Kalamazoo and Goldsmith's department store—but it was an adventure."

Betty Dean, '31.

Your Wings Black Scorched, a Little Seared

I know, dear, but you loved her—just loved too well.

You didn't know that thus it could not last.
To you she was the glorious golden sun
And in her perfect glow you soared too high and fast.

Then, as swift as winter night brings dark
As swiftly did you fall;
Your wings black scorched, a little seared,
You would not answer more her call.

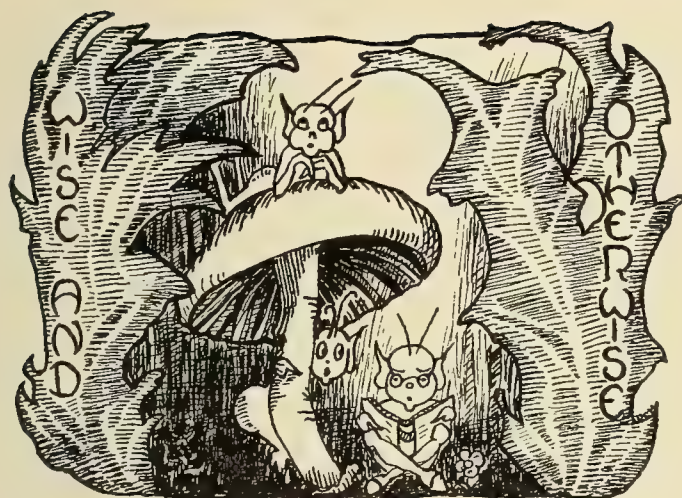
And so did hapless disillusion
Bring down as nought the heights you flew,
But I think—excuse me, dear, this chance remark,
Mortal-like you love her still—for she was mortal too.

Katharine Hartman, '32.

Today

Today—an age of materialism
Buildings rising over night,
Men growing smaller—smaller—smaller
Just a tiny animal among its own creations.
The roaring of high-powered cars,
The whirl of planes soaring above,
Sky scrapers concealing the very heavens,
Lights glaring down upon streets crowded with people
Always hurrying to create new marvels
Waiting for nothing—plodding on
Always to something a little higher up,
The world growing larger—larger—larger,
An age of materialism—nothing more.

Dorothy Carmer, '32.



Attention! Young Writers!

When M's are like U's, and J's are like G's,
And A's and O's are as one,
It's the copyist who grits her teeth,
And wishes the LEAVES never begun.

* * * *

It's nice to be a writer
If just to be able to say,
When surrounded by admiring readers,
"Oh, I just DASHED that off yesterday."
But the copyist would bless you,
If she heard you say instead,
"Yes, I copied that off with a slow, firm hand,
So that it could be easily read."

Who? The Copyist.

The Man

His hair is light
And curly too,
His eyes are big
And deep, deep blue,
And when he laughs
You have to smile
For there's a twinkle
All the while
He isn't rich,
He isn't cute,
He hasn't style
But all the while
You have the feeling
Your heart he's stealing,
And way down deep
You're glad, glad, glad!

Barbara Hunt, '32.

It's the Truth

The girls from Clark are very brave
And when they get here, how they rave,
Up Bragdon's icy hill they climb,
To arrive there just at breakfast time.

Carpenter is not so bad,
For early rising is their fad,
But then, they take so long to dress
They arrive at breakfast out of breath.

Gardner girls get here for lunch,
But then they come all in a bunch.
And blame it all upon the bell
Which failed to call them from their cell.

Hawthorne House and Blaisdell too,
Behave just like the others do
They sleep 'til seven twenty-nine,
Yet for breakfast they're on time.

Bragdon girls get up at dawn
And make their beds with many a yawn
While the Woodland girls can stay in bed,
Until they're ready to be fed.

Dorothy Herring, '32.

The Salutation

Idly I watched the clouds roll by,
And counted the birds high in the sky,
I felt as lonely as lonely could be,
When from the stillness I chanced to see
A birch leaf green, wave its hand to me.
"Hello," it cried, and waved again,
"Hello," I called to my new-made friend.
We chatted on for an hour or so,
But at last the leaf said it must go,
For the wind with a gentle hand blew it high,
And lost the leaf in the azure sky.

Idly I watched the clouds roll by,
Counting the birds high in the sky,
But nothing could break the monotony,
For the other leaves weren't so friendly, you see.

Betty Lyman, '29.



EDITORIALS

ON REACHING ONE'S MAJORITY

"The massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our life its after-tinge.
"The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings, after all."

The gates of circumstance at Lasell opened twenty-one years ago last September to receive a young gentleman who so fitted into the Lasell family that he seems to have become as much of a tradition here as Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, "Mademoiselle," Miss Potter and Miss Witherbee. His name is Walter Raleigh Amesbury. Day and night he has labored for our beloved Alma Mater, doing the important and homely task of seeing that we are all housed and fed and have the wherewithal to educate and be educated. Many a time he has had to perform an unpleasant and difficult task but he has done it with his customary courage, even at the risk of criticism.

Always courteous, a true descendant of his distinguished forbear, he has helped us, both student and teacher, over many a hard place. With a cheery word and a merry twinkle in his eye he has disentangled our financial problems, whether it be filing an income tax return, balancing a check book or getting "ads" for the *LEAVES OF Lamp*.

We are proud to think that his helpmate at home is a Lasell girl—Jane Ford ('01-'03). Those of us who have been privileged to enjoy the hospitality of the Amesbury home have better understood why our treasurer could work both late and hard, for when he goes home, he is greeted by a charming wife and a lively household of three boys and a still live-

lier daughter, who make him forget the worries and cares of making ends meet at a girls' boarding school.

Last but not least of Mr. Amesbury's accomplishments is yachting. He, with his children, sails every week-end in the summer and the proof of his skill lies in the collection of presentation cups in their house. Every year the Lasell family enjoys the hospitality of the summer cottage at Duxbury when the school has its annual clambake there in October.

And so with great pleasure we welcome "the year of majority" of this distinguished son-in-law of our Lasell family, and with sincere regard and true affection dedicate our magazine to him.

"In this rough field of earthly life I have
reaped cause for tears enough,
Yet, after all, I think I've gleaned
my modicum of Laughing Stuff."

IDEALISM

Does idealism hold any place in this day of practical values and standardized morality? There are certainly those who attempt to refute its possible value. Their claim is that so long as it is truth that is the ultimate goal in all things, we should adhere only to tangible quantities and not vague shadowy visions.

For those coldly practical people, this code is understandable, but for most of us, ideals are visions which act as a spur, as well as a goal worth our every effort to attain. They act as measuring sticks by which we reckon all things in their relation to our conception of the perfect.

True, there are to be found people who lose all benefit of this idealism by failing to realize that there must be an interplay, a

mingling of practical values; as an example let us speak of a most unusual friend, a true idealist, perhaps to some an absurd Platonic. His is an extreme artistic temperament, and his is a world of mental fancies, of idealized people and Utopian-pictured institutions. But occasionally, he chances upon a man in whom he finds something that responds to qualities in himself. He swiftly lifts him out of the common run of mankind, elevates him to a sphere among the gods, among those whose every word and action is above reproach. For a varying length of time, he fulfills his trust and is supremely, joyously happy. Then mortal-like, he reveals a weakness, imperceptible perhaps to most people, but an awful omission and sin in his eyes. He is utterly bewildered and disillusioned. Thus his life is one continual swift change from supreme happiness to utter depression. Each time his faith in his fellow beings is a little more seared. His world is one of constant disillusionment and misunderstanding, and it is but a matter of a short time until he will be a hopeless cynic.

On the other hand there is the man who is an idealist of the highest order. But going hand in hand with his ideals goes a practical understanding of human nature and standards. Here is the true Platonic.

FAITH IN THE PAST, HOPE IN THE FUTURE, COURAGE FOR THE PRESENT

New Year's Day with its promises, its hopes, its resolutions, is a day set aside that we may once more erase discouragements and begin anew.

It is now a matter of history that the year 1930 has been fraught with business and economic depression and unemployment throughout the world. Like other histories it has its value, and it is essential for the future progress of mankind that similar errors and omissions be avoided and guarded against.

The United States being the richest and

most progressive of nations and having the highest standard of living was naturally the first to feel this depression, and for the same reason must be the first to recover. The fact that the depression is world-wide would seem to indicate that a world-wide cause was responsible.

It is only a few years since the great World War. The cessation of fighting and the signing of treaties did not apparently bring to an end the evil and mischief war had created. Think of the tremendous drain on the financial and spiritual resources of our country, the fabulous sums of money diverted from the normal channels of trade! The nations of the earth must necessarily go through a period of adjustment—how long this will take no one can tell. To quote a great philosopher, "Man is impatient, but God is not."

Let us look to the year of 1931 with hope and optimism. Let us put aside the failures, discouragements, and false hopes of the past and place all our courage, faith, good will and energy on the incoming year. Let us have Faith in the Past, Hope in the Future, and Courage for the Present.

CARGOES

Each summer trans-atlantic travel is increasing and tourist agencies are bidding for trade. We sometimes wonder how they can all carry on until we see Paris, Rome, Florence and the rest literally teeming with Americans. Everywhere we turn in Europe we see new evidences of catering to the American tourist. And amongst these American tourists we see all types of people—the earnest kind taking voluminous notes, the frivolous kind interested only in shopping, the bored kind determined to get what they have paid for but anxious to have done with art galleries and museums as soon as possible, and lastly, those who are hoping to pick up valuable cargoes of "ivory and apes and peacocks, sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine."

Of course everyone would like to belong to

the last-named company but so few have the imagination to know how to get into the group. Standing in front or inside of Chartres, York Minster, St. Mark's, or Sainte Chapelle, how few feel that,

"Amidst the rush and roar of life, O beauty carved in stone, you stand mute and still, alone and aloof. Great Time sits enamoured at your feet and repeats to you,

'Speak, speak to me, my love; speak, my mute bride!'

But your speech is shut up in stone, O you immovably fair!"

And yet if we are to bring back the right kind of cargo we must feel the richness of the beauty of these stone-carved objects.

It is at times like these that we realize the lack of not having built up in our own lives those things which would help us to feel. We know that we should have a host of associations, both historical and literary, in order to fully appreciate what we see with our physical eyes. In Florence, who can feel a thrill unless one can also feel in the presence of that liberating and enriching influence—the Renaissance? In Geneva we stand thrilled before that most unique of monuments, the Reformation, to commemorate the liberty of the individual. For the moment we forget Calvinistic cruelty and remember only that these were the men who chose the stake and any form of physical torture rather than to sell their souls. We go to the Tower in London and again we don't see mere cells of imprisonment but we see those individuals who dared to face death, unjust and cruel as it might be, rather than to lose sight of their vision which was the cause of their being there.

To those who are contemplating a trip to Europe we ask the question, what is your return cargo going to be? Are you coming back, "With a cargo of diamonds, Emeralds, amethysts, Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores" or are you going to be laden "With a cargo of Tyne coal, Road-rails, pig-lead, Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays?"



Under wants to bring special attention to the travel articles in this number. Two of these numbers are done by graduates, Helen Roberts, '30, and Kay Forgey, '28. We wish to extend our appreciation to them and hope that they will contribute again soon.

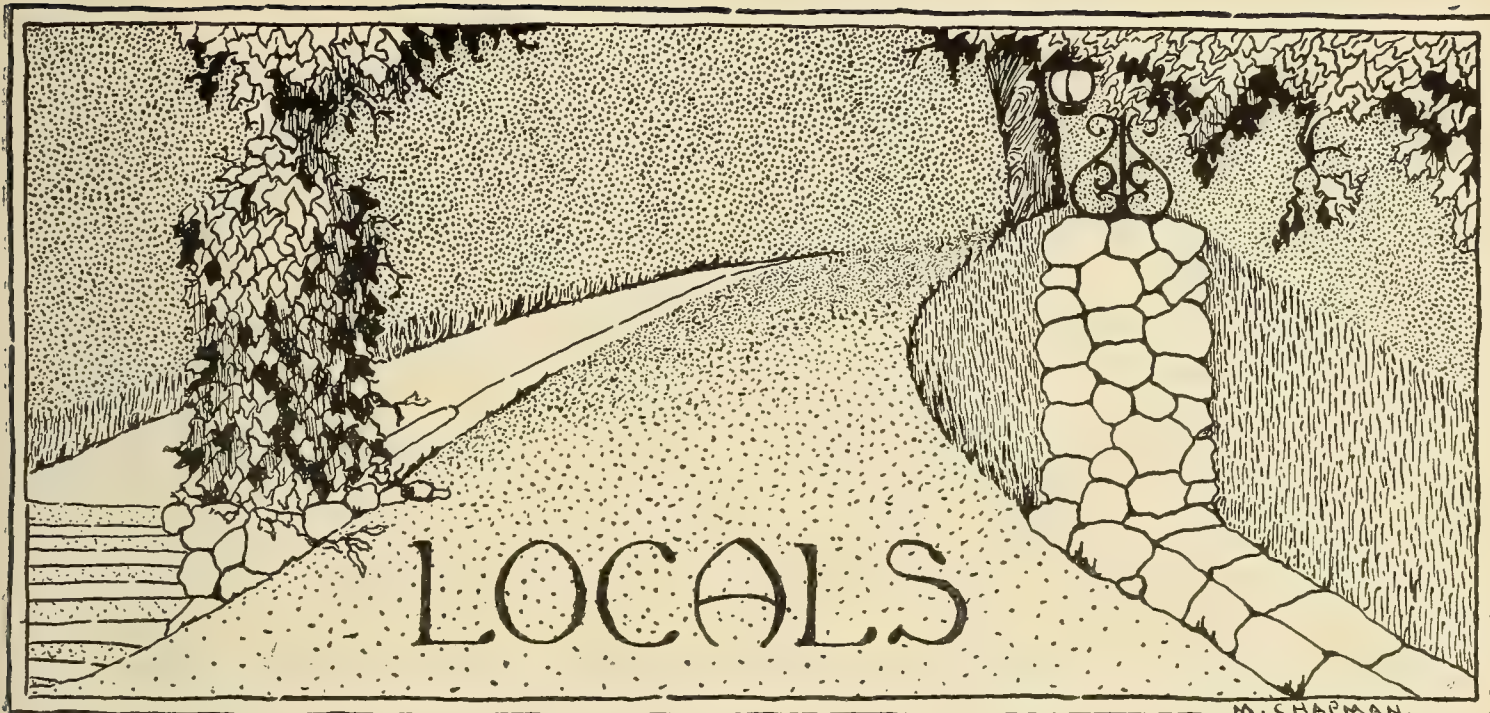
There are several delightful stories which we want to mention particularly. Charlotte Hanson's we like especially, perhaps because of the surprise ending in one, and the clever way in which they are both handled. Dorothy Brown's and Betty Dean's are both charming stories which greatly add to their list of former contributions.

The essays speak for themselves but we do wish to commend Katharine Hartman's. The poem she has written is one of the most fascinatingly wistful ones we have ever published and we know you will agree with us.

Dorothy Herring's poem is well done, and expresses a well-understood sentiment in a new way.

Under wishes to remind the Juniors of the coming Junior number of the LEAVES. We should like every contribution in that number to be from a member of the class.

We are glad to draw special attention to the new song, "Mid the Hills," music and words composed by Dorothy Brown. We trust that sometime we can publish the music as a supplement to the LEAVES.



January 6: Registration. The "Merry" vacationers returned with the usual invigorating after-Christmas spirit, ready to study for January examinations. There's no place like home, but it's always good to be back.

January 8: Chapel. Mr. Edwin O. Childs of Newton summed up his brief talk by giving us his key to education. "The right word at the right time." He encouraged us by his obvious confidence in youth, which he believes is *much* better today than it was a hundred years ago. We hope we shall never be guilty of disillusioning our Newton friend.

January 9: Lecture. A *Time's* critic wrote: "As a speaker, Dr. Vincent is natural, witty, transparent, interesting in every sentence, and presents his subject with the charm and grace of a brilliant conversationalist." This expresses our sentiments quite adequately after hearing Dr. Leon H. Vincent speak on "Shakespeare's Youth and Dramatic Career."

January 10: Dance. The strains of a good peppy orchestra brought back to us memories of a perfect New Year's Eve—somehow, somewhere, sometime—and the consciousness of a jolly evening in our chapel at Bragdon. The dance had all the "earmarks" of a real party—refreshments—late hours!

January 11: Vespers. Rev. Arthur M. Ellis, of the Newton Congregational Church, spoke to us on "Faith Faileth Not." He said,

"Keep faith in people, have confidence in self, but—use discretion, for men who are sure of themselves are insane." We fear this applies to young women, as well.

January 12: Faculty Tea. The tea was held at the home of Mrs. Wilson, sister of Miss Ross, and with the latter's "sister in crime," Miss Hayden, assisting, and so the event was successful—and as usual, enjoyed by all.

January 16: Lecture. We had the pleasure of again hearing Dr. Leon H. Vincent, who told us briefly about Ben Jonson and reviewed three very interesting books written by him.

January 18: Vespers. Professor Elmer Leslie of Boston University was our speaker. We can easily remember him by his clever use of the similes, "We are clay; God is the potter; our lives are now at the moulding stage; if we are not properly moulded the first time, we can always 'try again.'"

January 19: Faculty Tea. The faculty enjoyed a rainy afternoon at home, the Bragdon library. Their three gracious hostesses, the Misses Brooks, Beede and Heap, and a crackling gratefire made the afternoon another enjoyable one.

January 20: Chapel. Dr. A. Eugene Bartlett began the day right for all of us by living up to his reputation as Joy-Maker—at 8:30 in the morning, too!

January 25: Vespers. Our Chapel was transformed into a colorful art gallery, through the courtesy (or rather "spell") of Mrs. W. R. Morse. Her paintings of scenes in China, illustrated Mr. Morse's talk on the "Spirit of Adventure—Plus." Our guest missionary, Mr. Morse, dean of the Medical College of Union University in Chengtu, West China, made the campfire meeting even more interesting by introducing us to his daughter, "A Lady of Fashion in China."

January 26: Faculty Tea. The faculty enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Amesbury at her home. Mrs. Amesbury was assisted by Miss Carsley at the tea table. We understand that no "pink slips" were distributed, in spite of Mr. Amesbury's precarious position during "these hard times."

January 27: Chapel. Mr. George Baugus, a senior at the New England Conservatory of Music, played a group of violin selections, accompanied and described (with variations), by Mr. Schwab. We enjoyed having Mr. Baugus with us again, and hope he will make a practice of visiting us frequently.

February 1: Vespers. Dr. Frank Palmer Speare, President of Northeastern University, with his refreshing sense of humor, told us about "The High Cost of Ignorance." None of us can afford this extravagance, regardless of the condition of the stock market. Dr. Speare suggests that we begin asking ourselves a few questions: What can you do? How well can you do it? What contribution have you made to society?

February 2: Faculty Tea. Miss Hummell and Miss Spaulding were the hostesses at tea in the Bragdon Library.

February 3: Chapel. We admired Mr. Austin Key's frank admission of the fact that he was "not pleased to make a speech," and we appreciated hearing Latin *read*, instead of *translated*. The great Latin poet, Catullus, was Mr. Key's subject.

February 6: Lecture. Mr. Stephen P. Alden took us on a long journey "on the screen." The subject of his lecture was "My Trip Around the World." With Mr. Alden describ-

ing his great collection of pictures, as each flashed on the screen, and with an added touch of the speaker's personal experiences abroad, we felt as if we weren't so far from the rest of the universe after all.

February 7: Winter Carnival. Tobogganing, ski jumping, ice hockey, hot dogs, and baseball on snowshoes! These were merely an introduction to the gala affair. The Carnival Ball would have been of delight to any newspaper man. The color scheme (or colorless) of black and white was brought out, not only in costumes, but also by the elaborately decorated chapel, modernistic silver leaves, white balloons black and white wall decorations. Even the orchestra (in tuxedos) were in "harmony." The "democratic" Carnival queen was robed in silver, and with a black velvet background (her throne), she outshone the brightest jewel in her crown. During the course of the evening we enjoyed dancing exhibitions, indoor snowstorms, musical entertainment—and luscious refreshments. Need we ask, "was everybody happy?" There were prizes, too.

The Winter Carnival: The day that had been looked forward to for so long finally came, and with it, the perfect weather for outdoor sports. The scores were even. The day was closed by the Black and White party. There was a good orchestra, and dancing. Suddenly the lights were dimmed, and flashed, and finally put on again, and for the first time we knew that the Carnival Queen was Dorothy Peabody. The stage was very effectively decorated, and while the Queen look on, the grand march took place, and then everyone went forward to pay respect to her.

WHITES WIN

Most 90% or better!

Second Quarter

February 8: Vespers. Chester H. Howe, pastor of the Washington Street Baptist Church in Lynn, was our speaker for the evening. In giving us advice on the subject of "Appreciation," Mr. Howe said, "the only way to be a Christian, is to live as one." Had we given this a thought?

Basketball games coming! The Faculty game, the Blue and White, and the Interclass. There are sixty girls out!

Posture! Don't forget your Posture Poster, and, by the way, is your name on the Posture Honor Roll?

Swimming! Help your class out—there is swimming practice on Wednesdays at 4:10.

1930

We are grateful that our efforts to obtain news of the 1930 class has been so successful. So far as we know **Sarah Clark** is the only one about whom we could get no word. If she, or anyone else who may have information about her, will send it to us, we shall be glad to add it to the Personals column next month.

* * * *

As we look over the list of graduates it is very apparent that the business world holds the most fascination for them. Without a doubt this proves what a splendid training one can acquire at Lasell. Matrimony seems to be rather left out, but from what we hear, many are contemplating it within several years' time, which indicates that the business depression can effect 'most anything. However, everyone is chanting, whistling and singing the tune, "Better Times are Coming." Many are boosters of the saying, "There's no Place Like Home," and we are certain that after all this is true if we judge by the number of girls who have remained at home.

Graduates remaining at home are: **Peggy Boyd**, **Clara Deitz**, **Ruth Doughty**, **Dorothy Douglass**, **Ruth Ericson**, who is now Ruth Howerton, and residing in Grand Rapids, Michigan, **Libby Hershon**, **Betty Heyer**, who is now Betty Kennedy, **Virginia Johnson**, **Katherine MacLean**, **Marjorie Magune**, who is planning to return to Lasell in April to graduate, **Dorothy Meeker**, who feels a wanderlust is leaving for England in May. **Eleanor Raymond**, who is now Eleanor Thomas; **Char-**

lotte Ridley writes that she has been singing on Sundays in church and at various socials. She also says that when she gets into Opera she will let us know. **Charlotte Sherman**; **Frances Smith**; **Teresa Sweeney** says that she is doing Social Work one day a week. **Elinor Taylor** writes, "I have been playing the organ at the Baptist Church every Sunday, thanks to my one year of study with Dr. Dunham." **Joyce Tucker**, **Janice Whittaker**, who is taking a course in Psychology at Harvard, but we know that won't be for long because she is soon to join the married set. **Gladys Vuilleumier** is the last of the group at home.

Ten members of the class apparently have a desire to acquire more knowledge in a scholastic way. **Dorothy Camin** plans to enter Northwestern the second semester; **Corinne Cowdrey** is attending the Tuckerman School in Boston, which will fit her to be a Parish Assistant or a Director of Religious Education. **Edith Fulton** is studying at the King Smith Studio in Washington, D. C. **Doris Hatch** is studying at Boston University in the Art Department. In a recent exhibit of drawings completed in the first semester's work Doris was awarded first prize. **Marjorie Hubler** is a Junior at Northwestern. **Ruth Lenahan** is a Sophomore at the University of New Hampshire. **Eleanor McKenney** is studying at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. **Helen Morgan** is a Junior at Albion College. **Marjorie Richards** is attending the Yale Art School. **Helen Roberts** is taking courses in academic work at Harvard and Boston University before entering an art school.

Several of the girls are attending secretarial or business schools. **Natalie Converse** and **Elizabeth Day** are attending Katherine Gibbs' School in Boston. **Sylvia Goldenson** is attending a business school in Pittsburgh. **Betty Hanmer** is attending the Merchant and Bankers' Business School in Hartford. **Carolyn Jameson** attended the Business Institute in Detroit. **Sue Morgan** is studying at the Burdett Business School in Boston.

Five girls are entering the field of Dietetics

in some form or other. **Evelyn Brownell** and **Winifred Felch** are attending Fanny Farmer's cooking school in Boston. **Helen Neilson** and **Rosalind Roberts** are doing student dietetic work in the Post Graduate Hospital in New York. **Ruth Oppenheimer** is working in the dietetic clinic of a large New York hospital and in the afternoon she takes courses at Columbia.

Beatrice Alderman stands by herself as she is entering the Children's Hospital in Boston. She writes, "I shall prepare to enter the Children's Hospital for a three-year course, specializing in Physiotherapy with the intention of doing part work with Grenfell and the Shriners Hospital in Springfield."

And now for the "working girls." It seems impossible that it was just a year ago that all these "workers" were running around the corridors without a care in the world, and now they have reached the state of independence and are striving for high and successful positions in the business world. **Martha Jane Adams**, **Helen Crego**, **Dorothy Inett**, **Harriett Kimberly**, **Mary Moss**, **Mary Ann Norton**, and **Emma Jo Thompson** are all private secretaries. **Martha Jane Adams** is private secretary to the Vice President of the Export Corporation of the Willys-Overland Co. "**Creg**" is secretary to the general agent of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa. She writes, "Believe it or not, I adore it, but I still may be frightfully abnormal in saying I'd much rather get a report card than a check every month." **Dorothy Inett** is secretary to a lawyer of the Massachusetts Protective Life Insurance Co. **Dot** writes, "The last time I was in Auburn-dale, Mademoiselle had not returned. Somehow, I always think of her whenever anything comes into my mind about Lasell. It would be difficult to express the desire which she gave me to observe more closely, and to appreciate the finer things. Mademoiselle gave me a real gift, and that is the way to read with both pleasure and intelligence, without forgetting the humor. I believe that she is one person who might be termed 'individual,' and I'm very happy that I could have known her." **Harriet**

Kimberly is working as assistant secretary to Dean Weigle of Yale Divinity School. **Mary Moss** writes, "I am playing private secretary to Robert H. Beattie, minister of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church. I don't have anything to do except take-down sermons, addresses, letters; open and sort mail, make engagements for Dr. Beattie, send his suits to be pressed, operate a switchboard, file everything in sight, make stencils for the Sunday School department, remember everyone's name in the congregation, find Mrs. Joe's little daughter's mittens, make rentals for the Community House, hunt in cupboards for kangaroos that Jackie made in kindergarten, and in my spare (?) moments, type. I adore the work and have a small private office all my own." **Mary** should complete her program by singing in the choir or playing the organ! **Mary Ann Norton** is a private secretary in New York City. **Emma Jo Thompson**, besides being a secretary, is very much occupied with Scout work. **Rosamond Adams** is working at Forsyth Dental Infirmary. **Priscilla Barber** is at her mother's shop in Concord. **Alice Bohn** writes, "These winter months find me down here on the Cape rubbing elbows with other folks in the teaching and educational line. I find it very pleasant to live in New England by the sea, but miss my school days just the same." **Esther Brodeur** is a stenographer, working for Brown and Soulliere Insurance Co. of Worcester. **Bertha Burnham** has been working in a tea room. **Kathryn Chamberlain** is working at the Edison Electric Co. in Boston; she is in the Home Service department and is demonstrating and lecturing on various appliances at schools and clubs. **Joan Collier** is modeling in Boston. **Betty Jane Davis** is working and **Kay Fitch** is working for her father. **Janette Gessner** finds the banking business both interesting and profitable. **Rosslyn Gorney** is working for her father. **Clare Hightower** is working in a florist's shop with the intention of becoming a landscape gardener. **Phyllis Jensen** is working in Waltham and **Helen Jordan** is working in her brother's office. She also takes part in amateur theatri-

cals. **Dorothy Kaull** was working this summer at the Art Association; she hopes to do something during the winter months. **Alyce Martin** is working for her father and **Ida Murphy** is working in an insurance office in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. **Eliazbeth Rogers** is working in an insurance office. **Camille Williams** is a district field supervisor for the Girl Scouts and is stationed in Scranton, Pennsylvania. **Helen Whittle** has been helping in a nursery school in Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester. She writes that there are nine children to take care of, and they are supposed to be problem children, some are slow; while others just have to be taught to do things for themselves. **Dorothy Young** is taking a buyer's course at Filene's. We sincerely hope that the class of 1931 will be able to adapt themselves to as many and as varied vocations and we feel that the class of 1930 has set a splendid example.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To "old girls" and new, members of our present faculty and former teachers, a Happy New Year! Remembering that the February Alumnae number of the LEAVES would reach a larger group, we have purposely delayed, until now, our grateful acknowledgment of your generous holiday greetings. Back to you from your school home among these New England hills, we send the old-fashioned response, "Same to you," dear girls. And how can we express our delight over these likenesses of little daughters who, wise mothers declare, are to be future Lasell girls? Nor must we forget to mention the rollicking group of little brothers, literally dancing attendance on the wee sisters—a prophecy mayhap, of their future devotion to some Lasell girl or girls. We are most grateful for these unfailing, heartening expressions of your love and loyalty to Lasell and to us.

GUY M. WINSLOW,
CLARA A. WINSLOW,
LILLIE R. POTTER.



While Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon did not send holiday greetings direct to the LEAVES, we learned of a happy Christmas gathering at the home of their son, Mr. John Bragdon, where naturally our Principal Emeritus and his wife were guests of honor. Lasell's affectionate greetings and good wishes for 1931 to Dr. Bragdon and family!

The following excerpts were received through the courtesy of Miss Witherbee but came a little too late for the January LEAVES. Marion Roberts, '29, is still well content with her secretarial work in Portland, Maine, and she writes, "Because the leisure hours of my day are so few, I am resolved to omit dressmaking and instead, am trying to catch up along the line of good reading. I was fortunate this year in getting home for Thanksgiving, the first time in four years, and was impressed as I rode up on "The Flying Yankee," by the extent to which one might observe the Thanksgiving spirit even from a train window. So different was it in each of those little homes built close to the railroad tracks. Some were outwardly all gaiety, while others right next door were almost sombre. Through kitchen windows I saw family after family busied preparing the grand feast while children played outside, in some towns in a flurry of snow. At one house, the mother was hanging out her washing. With her, Thursday instead of Monday was evidently wash-day and not even Thanksgiving could interfere with the weekly program. In several towns the dwellers were hurrying to the little church for the holiday service, reminding me so much of that picture of the early Pilgrims going to church."

Jeannie MacKay's, '11-'12, report of conditions in Montana, while somewhat universal, is well worth quoting: "We are suffering between drought and low prices. Sheep bring one-third of last year's price, but the tenants on our farms had beans and beets, and since they had a lot of irrigation water they have done very well. Our trip to Canada was a delight and joy from the hour we left until we returned. We made the 700 miles in two days and our family met us some 100 miles from Calgary. We were thrilled beyond expression by the rolling fields of wheat. It gave us some idea of why "overproduction" is more than a term. We went some 400 miles north and it was one vast wheat field and a gorgeous crop. It was just in the golden state, with wisps of green, or the patches of bright golden green oats. One had to forget the commercial side of it and just glory in its beauty. After all, surely a land of plenty is more to be desired than drought. You will easily recall so individual a personality as Gertrude Shaw, '15-'16. I received a letter from Harriet Frey Golder, '14-'16, recently fairly seething with news. It seems that the telephone summoned her one day, and a voice asked if this were Harriet, etc., and Gertrude Shaw was passing through and would like to see her. Harriet gave the address and in a short time Gertrude and her mother arrived. The caravan at Harriet's door consisted of a sedan occupied by Gertrude and her mother in riding clothes, dogs (I am almost sure it was dogs, and not a dog), and in a trailer behind rode Gertrude's favorite horse. The animal's name was "Grey Eagle," and he was trained to do almost everything that a horse seldom does. They were returning to England, car, horse, dogs, etc. The intervening years have been spent in many ways. What chiefly comes to my mind is, that they drove a four-horse team and covered wagon from Los Angeles to St. Louis, then went back with the horses in the freight car. They had written a book about this journey which was published in England. How dull our conventional lives would seem to that family. I am almost jealous of their

freedom but would be far too lazy to carry out such a course. Our home has been made desolate by the death of our bird. I am almost ashamed of myself to feel so keenly the loss of a mere bird. But he was such a happy little chap and so much a part of the household. Even Hugo the cat seems to miss him." There is only one Jean MacKay in our Lasell world, her comments on financial conditions so well worded and wise, her descriptions of her Canadian days inspiring and how human and touching her tribute to that dear little dead bird.

/ Barbara Hamlin, '28, one of Lasell's worldwide travelers, has sent some fine moving word-pictures of her journeyings from the Atlantic to the Pacific and then down into the Panama Canal Zone. Later, her wanderlust took her over sea and land to Egypt and Palestine, but we must let Barbara show her own pictures. She writes, "From Miami to Key West we went by rail, crossing some thirty-six bridges, one of them seven miles long. The sail from Key West to Havana was over a quiet sea; flying fish, Spanish men o'war, and sea turtles could be seen on all sides. It was another dream come true when we steamed into the harbor of Havana, passed Morro Castle and the old fortress. En route from Havana to Panama, the heat was intense for nine days and nights. The electric fans were in constant use. My sister, Marguerite Houser Hamlin, '19, and I spent most of our time in the ship's swimming pool. One of the most interesting days of entire trip was the one spent in going up the water stairs to Gatun Lake, then through the narrow, winding channel where great boulders seemed threatening to fall on the ship at every turn, then down the stairs and out into the Pacific. At Balboa we stopped for several hours and you may be sure we did not miss the opportunity of visiting the interesting ruins of Old Panama. Then on again up the coast with high mountains in the distance. Our next stop was at San Diego. We visited Ramona's home with its beautiful garden which she loved. Here at the Wishing Well we drank of the water, but alas, that night a fellow traveler

on our ship exclaimed, 'Did you actually taste that water?' and when I admitted my guilt, he added, 'Well for that you will not have good luck, but hydrophobia.' At Salt Lake City, our hotel windows faced the magnificent Mormon Temple and away to the west where the setting sun tinged the waters of the Great Salt Lake and then disappeared behind snow-capped mountains." We are hoping the privilege will be granted us of giving a bit from Barbara's Palestine notes in the next issue of the LEAVES.

Dorothy Barnard, '24, of Concord, New Hampshire, is as busy as Sarah Caldwell, '06, of Corpus Christi, Texas, and along the same line. Her report is fascinating. "For five months I managed the tea room at the Municipal Golf Club. Served luncheon, tea or dinner from eleven A. M. until eight P. M. daily including Sundays and holidays. We had a large screened-in porch overlooking the fairways for service in favorable weather, and a sunny living room with a huge open fireplace for service on cool, rainy days. I found the work most interesting. I looked forward to each new day with keen delight. This was Concord's first adventure with a Municipal Club. It proved an excellent investment as well as a happy privilege for the citizens and general public. The clubhouse itself is prettily situated among tall pines. The tea room was attractively decorated and equipped for serving seventy-five people at one time. We had a good many parties of that size, such as the New Hampshire Town and City Clerks for a luncheon meeting, the Merrimac Valley Medical Association, the weekly Kiwanis Club luncheon on Monday noon, the D. A. R. annual meeting and tea, the State Board of Education with Governor Tobey as guest of honor, etc. It was great fun. It was confining, but to be doing what one most enjoys makes the work less wearing, and I did enjoy my work this summer more than anything else I had ever done before. I expect to go to New York later to spend a few days with my old Lasell roommate, Mercedes (Rendell) Free-

man, '23. Her baby girl, Joanne, is now eighteen months old. Ruth Hopkins, '23, who lives with Mercedes, has recently announced her engagement. She is a brilliant girl, has a fine position in the Yonkers Branch of the New York Public Library. My roommate of 1924, Frances Bliss, '24, writes that she has been having a series of gay times in Buffalo with Lillian Doane Maddigan, '21, Louise Puckett Neill, '23, Priscilla Wolfe Scarth, '23, and Mary Puckett, '24-'25." We are delighted with this report of Dorothy's successful business venture and these new items concerning her classmates.

In her New Year's greeting to our Principal, Dr. Winslow, Katherine Kelley, '25, writes from Saginaw, Michigan: "For the past two years I have been teaching in Saginaw, and enjoy it very much. Enclosed you will find my subscription for the Lasell LEAVES, which I look forward to receiving as it is the only means I have of knowing the whereabouts of my Lasell classmates. Never have I had two happier years, and I shall never forget all that you and Lasell did for me." Katherine closes with affectionate greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and cordial remembrances to our faculty of her day.

It was rumored that Catherine Beecher, '25, flitted in and out of Bragdon Hall not long since, but the Personals Editor missed her call. Now comes this fine report direct from "Kay" herself to our Principal, Dr. Winslow. "This is my fourth year in the Concord, Mass., High School. Our Home Economics Department is growing. In September, we moved into our new High School. I not only teach all of the classes in my department, but have charge of the cafeteria. We feed between three and four hundred daily. Four years ago, the cafeteria was about four hundred dollars in debt. By careful planning we have gotten our heads above water." We congratulate Catherine and the Concord High School where she is serving so efficiently.

In a letter to Mrs. Hooker, Janet Hannah Gibbs, '21, closing word is encouraging, "I

hope to attend the Boston Lasell reunion in February." The past year has largely been devoted to her dear invalid mother whose home is near Janet's. Her little daughter accompanies Janet in her daily visits, carrying comfort and joy to the dear invalid. She also writes, "At this Christmas time, I received a lovely card from Isabel Maude Fish, '20, whom you and I have tried in vain for some time to locate. She is now practicing her professional duties as a nurse in Brookline, Mass., address, Pelham Hotel, 1284 Beacon Street." We are pleased to hear from both of these graduates.

Accompanying a beautiful Christmas card, Eleanor K. Schrade, '29, writes, "My thoughts are with all the girls at Lasell at this time of preparation for the vacation, the school Christmas dinner, and all the good times. I have wanted so to get back to see you all, but my work keeps me occupied. Dentistry has become a very interesting profession for me, especially since I have taken over x-raying. Can you ever imagine me treating my own superior officer professionally? However, I did, and he came out of the struggle alive and satisfied. Wishing you all a most prosperous New Year." E. K. S.

A little white dove in a red coat, bearing a tiny olive branch in its beak and below these words, "*Fortis et aequus*." This was the coat-of-arms on the attractive holiday greeting sent to us from Mr. and Mrs. Percival M. Dows-
well (Natalie Albury, '22-'23) "Florence Villa," Nassau, Bahamas. In her personal word accompanying the card, Natalie rejoices that Mary De Wolf's sister, Rachel, is now a Lasell girl and we answer back: "Lasell is well pleased with Mary's studious, attractive, sister." She also reports receiving a recent delightful letter from Alfild Trondsen, '22-'23, and Natalie "harks back" to the wonderful summer in Europe with our Dean and the Lasell party.

Jane Gray's, '29, holiday greetings were brought to us by a number of doves whose wings had caught the blue of the sky through which they sailed, and this in part was her dear message, "This is the time when everyone is

thinking of her friends, and of course I am thinking of my friends at Lasell and wishing you all a prosperous New Year." Tucked in the wing of one of these little "flyers" was a dainty souvenir gift brought from overseas. Jane, we gratefully acknowledge this missive and gift.

We have her own word for it that Emma Jo Thompson, '30, is busily engaged in secretarial work, "has gotten along nicely," and adds, "It may seem strange but I actually love it more and more." Emma Jo keeps in close touch with some of her classmates and promises that before long she, Dorothy Innet, '30, and Helen Jordan, '30, expect to visit Lasell. Girls, see to it that your good resolutions materialize.

Our Mary Tucker's, '32, mother and sister, Joyce, '30, are now in residence in Boston—very happy plan for Mary and her many friends who are already enjoying the hospitality of these loyal Lasellites.

Beulah Coward, '15-'18, is at present a very successful woman of affairs, in the employment of William Filene's Sons Company, going from town to town as a sort of field manager. Her duty in part is to arrange the window displays in the suburban branches of the successful business firm. She deserves a godspeed from her old school.

Alice Frasch Smith, '12-'13, writes from her home in Los Angeles expressing again her pleasant recollection of her last summer's visit at Lasell, her regrets at having missed Miss Irwin, and her pleasure over the school news found in the monthly issues of the LEAVES.

Only an item or two came to us recently from Mrs. Hunter Pendleton, Jr., (Marguerite Scaling, '19-'20), but it was all good news. Marguerite is now at home at 4332 Byers Street, Fort Worth, Texas, is the mother of two little daughters whom we have "made bold" to register on our Lasell waiting list.

The Christmas greeting of Kathryn W. Forgey, '28, was unusual and attractive, but best of all was the little word which accom-

panied it. Thank you for keeping us in such friendly remembrance.

"Times change and we with them, but not in ways of friendship," so runs Lois Elizabeth Bryant's New Year's greeting. This is happily true, Lois, your friendly word finds an echo in our hearts.

Edith Shalit, '28 (Mrs. Samuel Richmond), Marguerite Picard, '27-'28, Esther Angel, '29, and Clara Dietz, '30, returned to Lasell together. Their stay was so brief we might literally describe them as "on a standing committee," but how glad we were to welcome them home and listen to their unmistakable enthusiasm over their Alma Mater as she was and is. Lasell's godspeed to each of these loyal "old girls."

A recent issue of the *Saratogian* contained a column and one-half write-up of a travelogue given by our Alfhild Trondsen, '22-'23 in Schuylerville. The discriminating reporter spoke especially of Alfhild's vivid description of the Passion Play given in a clear tone with the choice of most excellent English. Lasell girls living in the vicinity of Schuylerville would do well to avail themselves of this gifted "old girl's" illustrated travelogue talks.

Mariesta Howland, '26, has recently been made a member of the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants. She is the tenth in line from John Howland of the Pilgrim colony.

President Earl E. Harper of Evansville College, Indiana, was happily represented recently in Auburndale and Boston by his wife who received a cordial welcome from the parishioners of their former Auburndale church and the Copley Methodist Episcopal Church in Copley Square, Boston, where she was the soloist the same Sabbath.

Marjorie Blair Perkins, '28, and Helen Bliss, '24-'26, motored out to Lasell recently and "handed in" a very satisfactory report. Marge is devoting her time to her little daughter and husband. Her looks and words declare that she is enjoying homemaking. Helen is now with L. P. Hollander Company, Bos-

ton, "learning the trade." Both girls have evidently mastered the art of taking their tasks happily. It was good to see them.

Just what we prophesied has come to pass. Our merrie Mary Moss, '30, is already a well established private secretary to the pastor of one of Buffalo's most prominent and efficient churches. "It all came about so unexpectedly," confesses our modest last year's Senior president, but some of us at the school base see very plainly the hand of Providence in this fine opening for this most worthy and competent alumna. This is Mary speaking now, "I certainly have been happy to receive the Lasell LEAVES. I cannot tell you what memories they bring back and how much it means to me. I have some marvelous news. One of the girls in the class of '21 (Lillian Doane Maddigan), is starting a Buffalo Lasell Club. We are all having a tea together at her house on the tenth of February. Julia Tiffany, '29, who was in Emily Krump's class called me up and told me about it this morning. There will be about seventy-five of us at that gathering. Julia has been working in a very high-hat milliner's store until her sister's little boy arrived and then she jumped into the rôle of nursemaid for the other two little tots until the baby and his mother come home. Phyllis Beck, '29, is going to Art School here in the city, and Jessie Taylor, '27-'29, is working in Mrs. Tegler's Gown Shop. We are all happy and are looking forward to talking over old times at our Lasell tea. Helen Crego, '30, Frances Smith, '30, Ruth Doughty, '30, and I have been exchanging correspondence ever since graduation and are all hoping to be in Auburndale for our first reunion in June. I know I'll be more homesick for Lasell than ever when Spring comes. There is something in the air in a Massachusetts Spring which makes my heart race. I can almost smell the violets hidden under the trees and in the long grasses down the hill by the Athletic Field. Please remember me to Miss Wright and Miss Blackstock and all the new and old Lasellites. One of your little b. . . k doves."

Marjorie Gifford Grimm, '22, her little

daughter and son are wintering in Florida. Marjorie accompanied her parents on this trip. Her lawyer-husband remains at home and is busier than ever, for in addition to his former duties he has recently been made Leader of the Essex County Assemblymen of New Jersey. Our Personals Editor acknowledges receipts of unusually charming pictures of the Grimm children.

Eloise Carey, '20, states that she had fully intended appearing at Lasell last June, but instead went to the hospital. Dear Eloise, please make another try soon in favor of Lasell. We promise you a glad welcome.

Lasell has recently learned with deep regret of the passing away in Westerly, Rhode Island of Mr. Edgar Potter Maxson, husband of our Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12. For nearly twenty years, Mr. Maxson was the city editor of the *Westerly Sun*. He was actively identified with the important educational and philanthropical associations in his native town. Lasell joins with his fellow citizens in expressing sorrow over the passing away of this beloved editor and extends sympathy to the bereaved friends and relatives.

Just now there seem to be a number of fascinating openings for Lasell girls in the travel zone. First of all we naturally stand by our own official leader and her unusually attractive program for a summer abroad, but if one has made "that grand tour" and is looking for fresh travel fields, we recommend Katherine C. Tufts', '16-19, Norwegian Tour, address, Miss K. C. Tufts, 248 South Mountain Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey. In Katherine's personal note to the editor she writes, "I meet Jess Shepherd, '17, often. She does not change a bit. Hazel Brady, '17, lives only two blocks from me. I see her often. Esther Norcross Dougherty, '18, writes me every week. Janet Edgerly Fellows, '17-'19, lives in Lynn now and her two daughters certainly keep her busy." Thank you Katherine, our best wishes for you in your unique vocation.

At last we have had a line from our Mrs. Caroline Sibley Saunders, '17-'30. She is get-

ting increasingly interested in her new field at Dearborn Morgan School in Orange, New Jersey, but true to her former co-workers, expresses a feeling of homesickness whenever she "harks back" to her Lasell days. She has a good report to give of her dear daughter, Mary Saunders Houston, '22-'23. We are still missing this former head of our Home Economics Department, but nevertheless send a hearty godspeed to her as she takes up her work in a new field.

Elizabeth Way, '29-'30, does not forget Lasell and Lasell still holds her in friendly remembrance. At the holiday time she and her mother in a practical way remembered a dear shut-in, in whom Betty became interested while at Lasell. Such thoughtfulness doubly endeared to us the giver.

Former editors of the *LEAVES* who are still remembering the aid given them by Mr. Jack Connolly of the Boston *Herald* will be interested to learn that after several years sojourning in Europe, Mr. Connolly and his family have returned to America and are living at 134 North Chatsworth Avenue, Larchmont, New York.

Julia Clausen, '29. We too were "terribly disappointed" upon learning that we just missed each other during our visits to Minneapolis. That was a loyal and pleasing word to us when you declared, "I know I shall never have as perfect a time again as I had at Lasell." but L. W. D. we venture to prophesy for your dear self some wonderfully deserved joy and success in the near future.

And Margaret Anderson Gage, '26, you, too, and your "professor," we were sorry to miss, especially after you had driven clear across the continent to see your Lasell friends.

What report could be more satisfactory than this last word from our Barbara Jones Bates, '14, "We are all happy and I, never as well as I am just now."

A lovely picture of a Bethlehem shepherd and his flock came from Bess Shepherd, '94, with the explanation, "This was my father's favorite." Rebecca is busy with church work

and anticipates going abroad next summer accompanied by a group of friends.

A fine optimistic message came to the Personals Editor from Julia Potter Schmidt, '06. It takes more than temporary financial reverses to down the spirits of this dear alumni, especially when she reports herself and family "well and happy."

This is the latest word from Esther Pizzini, '23, "I would much rather greet you personally, but since this is impossible, I choose second best and send my good wishes via mail. May the coming year bring to you health, peace, and happiness. (Signed) A faraway Texan dove."

Elizabeth Stephens Fuller, '21, is now located in New York. To their satisfaction, Mr. Fuller's business has called him back to his native state. Betty made Lasell and Mrs. Hooker a flying visit before leaving, remaining just long enough to allow us to wish her godspeed.

We are glad to share with a host of "old girls" a friendly greeting from our dear Emily Genn. Lasell sends back loving good wishes to this friend of many years and many "old girls."

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gilbert Collingwood (Margaret Loomis, '21) surprised us recently, in the vernacular of the doves of today, by sending an adorable picture of Gilbert, Jr., five years old and his little sister Marcia, aged nine months. We rejoice in this new and dear possession.

Helene Grashorn Dickson's, '22, latest greeting is worth repeating: "I hope you have not forgotten one of your L. W. D.'s. I have meant to write many times, but with two very active children I don't find much leisure for writing. My little boy is five and his sister is seventeen months old. I received the last LEAVES and simply devoured it from cover to cover. Wishing for you and Lasell a New Year full of happiness—" The same to you and yours, Helene!

One of the very latest messages came from a member of the Class of 1923. She writes, "I think of Lasell so often and only wish I were

near enough to run in and personally greet you all. I do wish, too, you might see my two darling children. My little girl is four and my baby boy two and one-half years old. They are just at the age to keep me moving. You are always in the hearts and thoughts of your Lasell girls. Christine Laley Sullivan, '23."

Our Christmas joy would not have been complete without a word from dear Mrs. Mabel Briggs. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs are now in their new home, Greenwood Road, Los Gatos, California. While we were literally shovelling snow and coal, these Californian friends were preparing their rose garden, resting between times to look admiringly at the "lovely green hills not far away." Just the favored spot for these apostles of nature and, dear Mrs. Briggs, we expect some glad day to stand in your rose garden and look, too, at your friendly green hills.

Here is a choice bit from Mayno Seltzer Richmond, '22, "How I should love to walk in to see you tonight, and have a real good visit. I have been thinking a great deal about Lasell and all you dear people lately, and am already trying to make plans whereby I can come to our reunion in 1932. To be sure, with two little ones it seems to take a lot of planning. We are now in our new home and I love it."

Modest Doris Hatch, '30, did not tell us so, but the Boston press did that she was recently the First Prize winner in one of the art courses at Boston University.

Miss Norma L. Washburn, '29-'30, former member of our faculty was one of Lasell's January callers. The Personals Editor missed her call but received her friendly note, and also learned from a close friend that congratulations are in order. We hope to complete the announcement later on.

Indiana does not seem so very far away when Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, "gets on the line." Her new address is 1022 Indiana Avenue, La Porte, Indiana. Her latest friendly word, with a promise of a letter soon to follow, is gratefully received by her Lasell friends.

Edith Burke Wells, '02-03, is almost too per-

sonal to repeat, but this much we will venture to share with her former schoolmates. "Here we are nearly twenty-five years married and yet I get the same thrill when I think of all the joys of Lasell years ago. Then to think our Betty had so much of Lasell blessing and now also looks back with appreciation to those school days. Her baby, June, is a darling. Louise Fischer, '29, has been her guest lately and went 'crazy' over the baby. Madoline Mears, '27-'28, often drops in to daughter Betty's delight. I hope that all the 'little white doves' are good. Lovingly, E. B. W."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Higgins (Marie Washburn, '22,) and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pollard (Marion Owen, '19,) were the recipients at Christmas time of very choice gifts. To each of these families was born a son. Little Clair Owen Pollard's birthday was December 16, and Mr. and Mrs. Higgins' little son arrived December 29. Lasell's loving congratulations to parents and children.

One of our former graduates, Elizabeth Harwood Fones, '89, wife of the President of the Junior College of Connecticut, passed away early in the year. Mrs. Fones was a very active member of a number of charitable organizations and greatly esteemed by a large circle of friends. Seldom has Lasell been as shocked and saddened as when news came of the sudden passing away of Evelyn Dunham Mason, '15. When word reached Lasell, one of Evelyn's former teachers exclaimed, "It is impossible to realize that our beautiful Evelyn Dunham Mason has left us." Our very deepest sympathy is extended to these bereaved families. Dear Annah Wilson, '04-'06, life will indeed seem incomplete for you without the companionship of your noble father. We regret that we are unable to give in any commensurate way excerpts from the beautiful tributes to the lives and labors of these dear ones who are just away for a while from their devoted families.

We have been wondering if the picture of a beautiful doorway sent to us not long since by Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10, actually

represents the entrance to her home. Anyway it looks hospitable and we are enjoying it.

Our Dean's disappointment was doubly keen when after many days she learned that Eleanor Warner Salisbury, '11, had come in to Minneapolis from her summer home on Lake Minnetonka three days in succession in the hope of finding Miss Potter, but each time the phone failed to locate the Lasell visitor. The Personals Editor appreciates Eleanor's repeated friendly efforts and hopes for better luck next time.

Early in the year three of our official members lost near and dear relatives, Mrs. McDonald, a cousin, Superintendent of the Orthopaedic Hospital in White Plains, New York, Mrs. Hooker, a beloved older sister, Miss Grace Williams, an aunt with whom she was at home during the summer months. A few weeks later, our Miss Witherbee's only brother passed away, and Mrs. Hunt's husband died in December, after a long illness. Lasell extends its tenderest sympathy to these bereaved friends. We are also holding in sympathetic remembrance Doris Rogers Grover, '20, and Margaret Basley, '28, each having lost her father last month and Roxanne Christopher, '31, whose dear mother recently passed away.

Although Florence Nelson Aplington, '07-'10, was her sister's guest but a few days she found time to make a pilgrimage to Lasell. Fortunately for us we were at home to welcome her. What a stranger she was and how well she looked! Florence had many pleasant things to say about Edna Rogers Carlisle, '05, her interesting family, and most beautiful apartment. Mildred Hall Leber's, '12, home must be ideal as she described it to us. Also, she added that Nadine Strong James, '26, is a very near neighbor and a very sweet Lasell mother with an attractive baby.

Nell Jones Yeomans, '05, writes, "Our daughter, Janet, is in the University of Illinois this year, specializing in textiles. She likes it very much. We had such a lovely visit with Edith Ebersole Doud, '03, and her delightful husband. We had not seen Edith for twenty-

nine years. She has really changed very little. Her daughter, Harriett, is a Sophomore at Randolph-Macon and rooms with a friend of our Janet's. Two Sundays ago, we spent in Champaign where my husband was asked to assist at a communion service at the McKinley Foundation Presbyterian Church. It was the most thrilling and re-assuring sight to see six hundred and fifty students at such a service." We thank you Nell for every word of your fine message.

Lela Goodall Thornburg, '08, has fully recovered from her recent illness. Her beautiful holiday greeting suggests her recent sojourn in sunny France.

A SUMMER ABROAD!

Lasell girls and their friends are offered an exceptional opportunity for the coming summer. Sailing from New York June 17, on the famous steamship Leviathan, the party will visit England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Six hundred and seventy-five dollars will cover the expense of this fifty-two days' tour including one musical performance, opera or concert in ten of the cities visited. The Lasell chaperone is a member of our school music faculty and an experienced European traveler. As this music group is limited to fifteen members, a prompt enrollment is advised. For further information and circulars, please address Miss Mary Williams, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Those of us who knew Frances Bragdon West, '05, during her student days at Lasell, will believe that hers is a busy worthwhile life and yet she stops in the "midst of things" to send a gracious greeting to the old guard still in residence at Lasell. We appreciate her friendly message and send back Lasell's best wishes to Frances, her husband, and their dear little daughter.

This month the Personals Editor has purposely reserved the best news items for the last. To this friendly rating you will all subscribe as you glance over the following announcements.

In LaJolla, California, Alice Andreesen Kountze, '95, and Mr. Gould Dietz were married the twentieth of December.

Mrs. C. Henry Rand Smith announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Dorothy V. Smith, '22, to Charles Francis Roe Slade of New York City. A spring wedding is planned.

On Tuesday, December 30, the marriage of Grace Olive Lawrence, '26, to Mr. Edwin Lester Groves took place in Summit, New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. Groves are at home at 399 Lincoln Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.

Helen Elizabeth Henry '29, became the bride of Mr. Mitchell Benedict, 2nd, on Saturday, the third of January, in Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Lelia M. Smith announces the marriage of her daughter, Miriam Smith, '22-'24, to Mr. Harold Little Dawson of New Rochelle, on January 17, 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Kramer announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Hazel, '26, to Mr. Henry Francis O'Donnell on Saturday, January 19, 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. DeVeaux McKee, of Argyle Avenue, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sara Louise McKee, '29, to Mr. John C. Cooke of New Rochelle.

On Saturday, January 24, the Lasell Club of New York held its thirty-eighth annual meeting at the New Yorker Hotel with fifty-three present. A reception was given before the luncheon, during which we talked with Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, and met Mrs. Olson, the President of the Connecticut Valley Club. The meeting and luncheon was opened by our President, Maudie Stone, '88, who welcomed us. During the luncheon several of the old Lasell songs were sung, and in our spare moments between eating and singing, we filled out questionnaires that had been passed to each one. At the conclusion of the reports of the questionnaires, the Secretary's Report was read and accepted, followed by the report of the Treasurer, which was also accepted. Susan Hallack Couch, '88, reported for the Memorial Committee, reading the deaths of the following: Lillian Packard, '83, Ruth Tal-

cott Britton, '99-'01, Florence E. Chaffee, '24-'25, Elizabeth Harwood Fones, '89, Jennie Raymond Geyer, '81-'83. As Mrs. Geyer was a former President of the Lasell Club of New York, a motion was made and carried that a page be inscribed in the minutes book. The secretary read a letter from Mary Packard Cass, '89, thanking the club for the flowers sent to her sister, Miss Packard, who had died before we had gathered for the previous meeting. A motion was made and carried that the usual telegram be sent Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon.

Edna Strickland Olson, '07, brought greetings from the Connecticut Valley Club and told us about their meeting last fall, at which Miss Stone '88, and several of our members were present. Lillian Grant, '20, secretary of the same club, sent us a telegram of greeting. Mrs. Winslow told us about the activities at Lasell. The faculty meetings are now held on Monday afternoons in the Library or at one of the houses on the campus, at which tea is served. Dances for the girls are held, so that the old and new girls can become better acquainted. Teas for the sisters and daughters of "old girls" are given. There are now four Senior Houses with Blaisdell for P. K. Our next speaker was Dr. Winslow, who told us that the European trip this year was to be chaperoned by Miss Williams, a teacher of music. Pictures and catalogues were passed around, some dating back to the "eighties" and Dr. Bragdon's time at Lasell. Dr. Winslow reported that the school was in a fine, sound condition financially and that Lasell has recently been admitted as an active member of the American Association of Junior Colleges, although the school has in fact been what is now called a junior college since its beginning in 1851. The Lasell Forest in Vermont, with its many spruce and pine trees, was of great interest to us. At the close of the talk, Gladys Stults, '09-'10, suggested that a sum of money from the Club Treasury be given toward the buying of more trees for the forest. The amount of this sum was to be decided by the executive committee. The meeting was closed by the singing of our Alma Mater.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Gladys Stults, '09-'10, Maudie L. Stone, '88, Audrey Jackson, '24-'25, Edna Strickland Olson, '07, Dorothy Cook, '25, Myra Schofield Magnuson, '08-'09, Louise Morrell Nestler, '08, Helen Neilson, '30, Florence Swartout Thomassen, '09, Rosalind Roberts, '30, Ella Hazelton Russell, '04, Catherine Holby, '27, Ruth Hopkins, '23, Grace Huntington, '89, Sally McKee, '29, Helen Louise Ohm, '29, Alyce Martin, '30, Mabel Mathews, '26, Florence Boehmcke Simes, '23, Florence Longcope, '21-'22, Elinor Stevens, '26, Elizabeth Kimball, '26, Dorothy Hagadorn, '25, Marjorie Kuehn, '29, Louise Paisley, '09, Ruth Doughty, '30, Florence Zacharias, '29, Dorothy K. Willspaugh, '23, Mercedes Rendell Freeman, '23, Annie M. Gwinnell, '88, Hilda Doyle, '29, Katharine Edwards, '29, Susan Hallack Couch, '88, Marjorie Churchill, '29, Dorothea Clark, '29, Clara Parker Colby, '12, Margaret Contrell, '29, Annette Harvey, '29, Mary Etta Williams, '27, Ruth Balch Ott, '10, Katherine Tufts, '27, Hazel Brady, '17, Edna Thurston Follett, '03-'07, Barbara Powers, '29, Elizabeth Walsh, '28-'29, Margaret Woods, '28, Dorothy Quimby, '27, Miss Mills, guest, Ina Martha Harker, '06, Rosalie Rennold Dean, '07-'08.

We publish with pleasure this informal newsy report of the Chicago Lasell Reunion sent by the old and new president, "Trudie" Wagner, '28. "We had a lovely party January 3rd. The number was not large but I was not a bit disappointed because it was a very busy time of the year—all our refusals were because of previous engagements. I had numerous telephone messages to that effect, also one from our former Social Chairman, Mrs. Cornelius J. Peebles (Mary Thielens, '04-'05).

"We had a delightful luncheon bridge at the Stevens Hotel Saturday afternoon, January 3. We wanted to have some of the girls who are at Lasell at present at our party so we planned it for that time. We also held elections that day. You will be interested to know who our new officers are: President, Gertrude Wagner, '28; Vice President, Helene Grashorn Dickson, '22; Secretary, Margaret

Gregson Barker, '09-'13; Treasurer, Margaret Loomis Collingwood, '21; First Vice President, Mary Mann Baird, '27. We have all new officers, excepting me, and I think it is a very fine board to work with. Dorothy Pearson, '24, is going out of office as secretary-treasurer as she is going to be married this June. She was a splendid worker as was Mrs. C. J. Peeples.

"In going over the list of girls' names who were at the luncheon, I will write all I can recall. In the change of the old secretary to the new one, the list was lost so I will do the best I can: Jeanne Greenlee, '29, Julia Clauson, '29, Martha Ridgely Bohan, '26-'27, Mildred Chapman Clement, '28, Margaret Loomis Collingwood, '21, Cecile Loomis Stuebing, '22, Frances Loomis, '32, Dr. Emma Hackett, '90-'91, Lizinka Kuehl, '21-'22, Elizabeth Thielens Miller, '04-'05, May Thielens Peeples, '04-'05, Helen T. Buettner, '23, Gertrude Buettner Janusch, '17, Dorothy Pearson, '24, Bess E. Emerine, '15, Marion Brown, '26, Dorothy Schwartz, '29, Mary Mann Baird, '27, Nancy L. Pugin, '27, Miriam Richardson, '27, Helen Carter Johnson, '07, Margaret Gregson Barker, '09-'13, Helene Grashorn Dickson, '22, Mary McNulty, '32, Eleanor Idler, '31, Dorothy Taggart, '32.

"There were others and quite a number of guests. It was a delightful party as the Stevens Hotel always carries out the blue and white color scheme so completely for us. During the luncheon a telegram came, telling of Miss Laura Hayward's illness. She has been in the Passavant Hospital. We do hope by this time she has fully recovered.

"I have a few news items. Mary Mann Baird, '27, and her husband have gone to California for the winter. Marjorie Taylor Flemings, '28, Mr. Flemings, and baby, have moved to Utica, N. Y. Business caused them to move. Helen Campbell Sawyer, '27-'28, and her husband have a son, Frederick Campbell Sawyer, born January 26. I received the announcement yesterday. I heard from just loads of Lasell friends this Christmastime and my! it seemed good. Those friends we will never

forget. Please give my regards to everyone, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Wright, Miss Eastman and Miss Hayden. I am enclosing my two dollars for the LEAVES. Don't you think it quite time? Most sincerely and gratefully, Gertrude Wagner, '28."

This is one of the friendly messages that came to the Alumnae Reunion in Boston. "Just a word of greeting from the class of '26. I wish we might all be together at this mid-winter reunion. We hope to do infinitely better in June! Until June, then, 'good health, good luck, and good cheer' to all. Doris Schumaker Walthers (Secretary, Class of '26)."

The annual mid-winter reunion and luncheon of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., was held February 9 at the University Club in Boston, where eighty-seven guests united "for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

The usual informal reception, providing a happy half hour of reminiscing with the old friends and greeting the new, preceded the luncheon which was served at one o'clock in the dining-room where the tables were attractively decorated with bouquets of spring flowers, while from the peak of each napkin, folded in "wigwam fashion," a spray of lavender sweet peas poked its cheery head to say, "Something good is surely coming." And come it did, for from the delicious fruit cup which followed, straight to the demi tasse, everything was just *so good!*

A new feature of the meeting this year was an "outside" speaker, Mrs. Robert Dodge, former President of the Y. W. C. A., of which the first organization was started in Boston. She was introduced by our President, Mrs. Josephine Woodward Rand, '10.

President Rand then appealed to the members to pay their association dues in order that they may be considered active members. Embarrassing situations have arisen due to the fact that votes have been cast for officers by those not eligible to vote because of this oversight. She reminded us that the association is now incorporated and everything must be done in accordance with the laws of the Com-

monwealth of Massachusetts governing such corporations.

Our President also stated that at the last meeting of the Directors, those present decided that the money in the treasury should be designated as the Building Fund, which name, she said, would probably be established when the matter is put to vote. An announcement was made that Mildred Goodhall Campbell, '10, will open her home soon for a benefit bridge, the proceeds of which shall be used to increase this Building Fund. Notices will be sent out as soon as a definite date is decided upon.

President Rand then introduced Dean Lillie R. Potter, toastmistress, who extended greetings in her gracious way and in turn introduced Dr. Winslow.

Dr. Winslow reminded us that this summer marks the eightieth year of the life of our Alma Mater. He spoke of the extensive use being made of the playground, the typical New England winter we have been having, providing plenty of opportunity for winter sports. Not only are there now tea dances and proms for the Seniors, but this year the Juniors are also to have a prom, for the first time.

While at the opening of school there were twelve less than the usual number of students enrolled, there is, Dr. Winslow said, a better financial showing than was expected under the circumstances, although the Seminary, like so many other institutions, had felt the effects of the stock market crash and subsequent business depression. The endowment fund, he reported, was over \$80,000, and this last fall, Lasell was admitted to active membership by the American Association of Junior Colleges, a Junior College being an "institution which does more or less work in advance of the high school and sometimes a combination of high school work and college work." He stated that Lasell has been doing practically two years of advance work since at least 1898 and that eighteen colleges and universities allow Lasell graduates to graduate in three years. The number of such institutions is growing and Lasell is thereby gaining more recognition. In speaking of the stability of Lasell, Dr. Wins-

low stated that there are now ten faculty members at the Seminary with an average service of twenty-five years.

He requested that any bits of evidence in regard to the history of the school be forwarded to him. In this connection he mentioned the recent acquisition of a portrait of Rev. James Means, principal from 1860-1861. Dr. Winslow closed his "topics of the day" by urging us all to come back for commencement, June 9. Dr. Edward Payson Drew, formerly pastor of the Auburndale Congregational Church, will give the baccalaureate address and President John A. Cousens, of Tufts College, will give the commencement address.

Dean Potter then introduced Mrs. Winslow, who said if she had a speech to make she would like to call it "A Toast and a Bouquet," in which case, her toast would be to the health and happiness of Lasell girls and their families and her bouquet would be to the Alma Mater and would be composed of flowers from all the countries which have been represented at Lasell and all the states as well, "not forgetting a bough from our own forest in Vermont."

A vote of thanks was extended to Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05, and her committee, who was in charge of the luncheon. Marjorie DuBois, President of the Senior Class, and Ruth Rohe, Vice President, extended greetings, pledging their loyalty to their Alma Mater, not only for the present, but for the days which are to come.

Greetings were also extended by Mrs. Statura Preble McDonald for Woodland Park, Miss Margaret Rand, late Dean of Hiram College, and Miss Grace W. Irwin. Mlle. LeRoyer gave her greetings in French.

Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, for twenty-seven years head of the Department of Expression at Lasell brought greetings in her inimitable sparkling buoyant manner. She paid a splendid tribute to Lasell, Dr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, Miss Witherbee, Mlle. LeRoyer, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Miss Wright, Miss Dolley, and in fact, all the faculty members who have made Lasell what it is.

Dean Potter extended greetings for Mrs. Hooker and Senora Orozco and other faculty members who were unable to be present because of duties at the Seminary. Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, brought greetings from the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club, and Lillian Gertrude Grant, '20, brought greetings from the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club of which she is Secretary, urging as many as possible to come to Hartford on October 3, when the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary.

During the meeting many interesting photographs of students and present day activities at Lasell were exhibited. The delightful meeting adjourned at 3:45 p. m.

Respectfully submitted,

Lillian G. Grant, '20,
Secretary, *Pro Tem*.

Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mrs. McDonald, Mlle. LeRoyer, Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Miss Irwin, Miss Wright, Miss Margaret Rand, Jean B. Ayr, '29, Helen Cole, '28, Ardelle Chase Drabble, '28, Marjorie Blair Perkins, '28, Edith F. Hussey, '28, Ruth B. Newcomb, '18, Adelyn B. Pearce, '17-'18, Barbara McLellan, '18, Ruth Cody Ball, '16-'18, Janet Edgerly Fellows, '17-'18, Phyllis R. Shoemaker, '22, Marian B. MacDonald, '21, Florence M. Mann, '21, Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender, '04-'06, Geneva Strong Harlow, '05-'06, Miriam Nelson Flinders, '05, Mildred Peirce Fuller, '06, Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, Marietta Chase Stedfast, '24, Helen B. Perry, '24, Grace Douglass Murray, '08-'10, Myra L. Davis, '95-'97, Winifred A. Felch, '30, Virginia Lee Johnson, '30, Corinne Cowdrey, '30, Elsie Moore, '30, Ber-

tha Burnham, '30, Dorothy Messenger Heath, '26, Margaret Rix Cole, '26, Grace Warner Stickland, '21, Doris Brown Ranlett, '21, Betty Neal Odenweller, '23, Susan Tiffany, '15, Lucia Parcher Dow, '02-'03, Edith Burke Wells, '02-'03, Mrs. Joseph C. Burke, '82-'85, Josephine Chandler Pierce, '96, Nellie Briggs Chandler, '93-'95, Louise Forbush Prout, '20, Ruth D. Hayden, '20, Helen Sweney Jensen, '17-'20, Antoinette M. Bromley, '23, Hazel A. Morrison, '21, Helen B. Jones, '27-'28, Betty Wells Furneaux, '29, Preble Borden Gruchy, '29, Helen K. Roberts, '30, Sylvia Morgan, '30, Hester M. Shaw, '28, Esther T. Josselyn, '27, Dorothy L. Quinn, '27, Elizabeth Gilbert Forsyth, '29, Minnie Remick Dandison, '27, Helen Davis Lummus, '27, Edith P. Stone, '27, Harriet Fera French, '16-'17, Mildred Strain Nutter, '17, Marjorie Morrison Coburn, '17, Mabel Straker Kimball, '16, Florence Bell Merrill, '17, Harriet G. Scott, '94, Rosamond R. Best, '88-'89, Sybil Webb Dougherty, '06-'09, Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10, Sally D. Moore, '07-'08, Edna Thurston Follett, '03-'07, Hattie Greenleaf Smith, '87, Edith Shalit Richmond, '28, Frances Angel Levenson, '22, Clara Dietz, '30, Marion Ordway Corley, '11, Lillian Grant, '20, Sally Guething Herrick, '07-'09, Eleanor McKenney, '30.

EASTER VACATION IN WASHINGTON!

Lasell is expecting as usual to send a party of girls to our national capital at Easter-tide, date, March 27 to April 3. "Old girls" and their friends are cordially invited to join the party. For further information address Miss L. R. Potter, Lasell Seminary, Auburndaie, Massachusetts.



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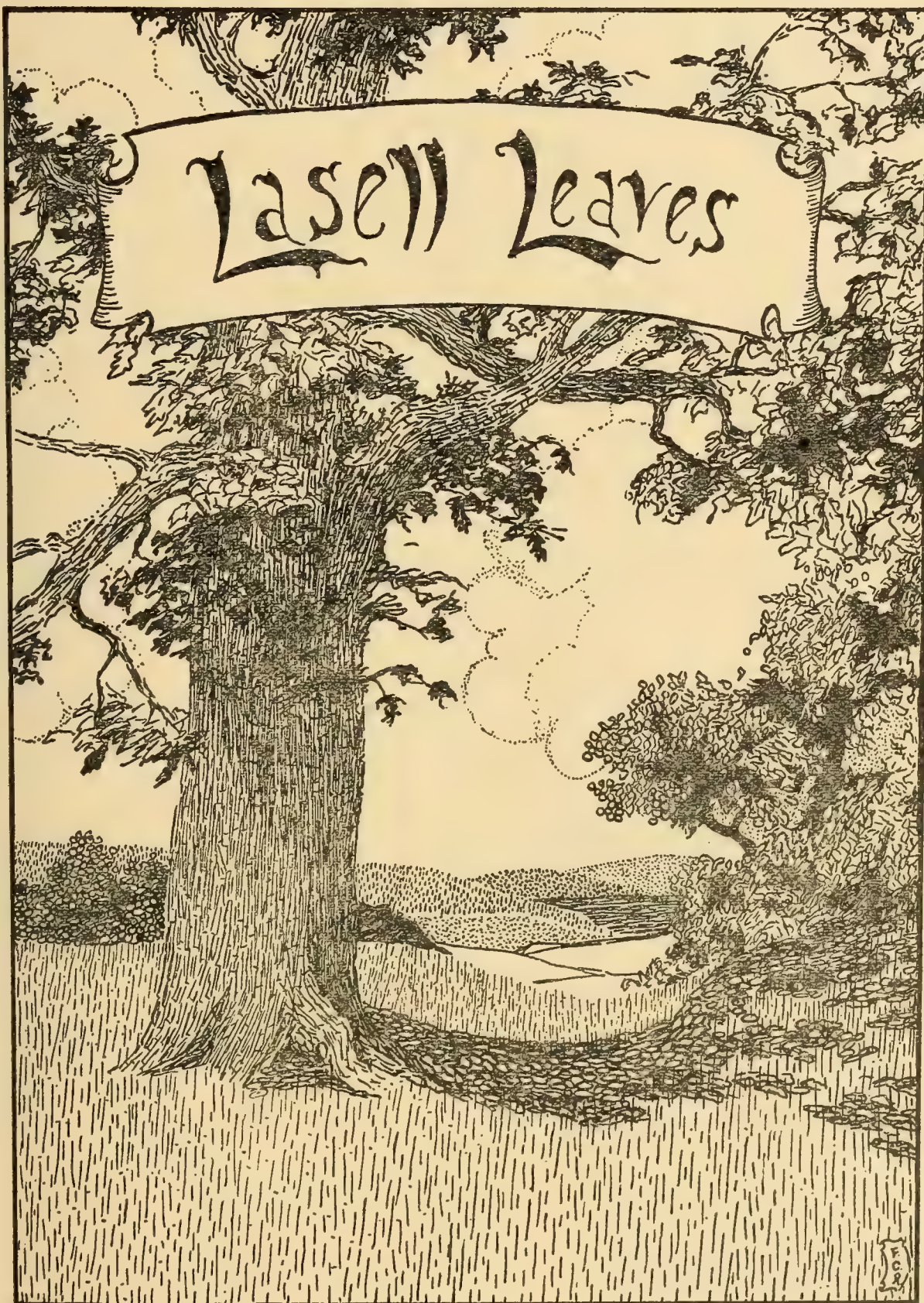
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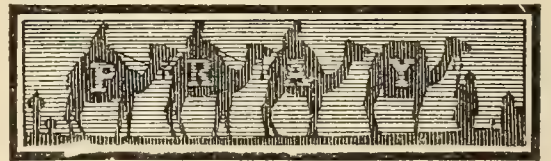
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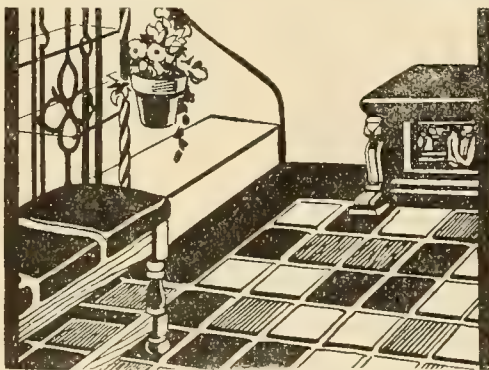
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LITERARY

LASELLITES ABROAD

PART II

Switzerland is often called the playground of Europe and summer or winter thousands of tourists from everywhere flock to enjoy the hospitality of its people. About one-third of this small country is bare rock, another third covered with forests except for the good pasture land high in the mountains, and the last third seems to hold the people. The hillsides are dotted with tiny farms and vineyards although only one-ninth of the total area is under cultivation. However, in the Swiss Alps, lie the sources of the important European rivers, therefore Switzerland is of great value to the continent.

Artificial and mechanical devices in great cities may lure and charm but Nature wears a glory and freshness that can never fade. This we realized all too well, while going down Lake Geneva in an excursion steamer. It was early in the morning that we started, the water was a cobalt blue, the shore line on both sides was distinctly visible and as we stopped at the little towns en route, we felt we could almost smell a delicious freshness from the piles of green vegetables and lusciously ripe fruit that we saw being sold in the market square.

Geneva has one of the loveliest situations of any city in Europe. It is curved, crescent-like, around the southwest corner of the lake, and the river Rhone divides, and makes a glorious opportunity for many extremely fine bridges, which connect the various sections of the city. As we stepped from the large boat we were graciously met and escorted to an enormous bus. We were driven about the city and during our stop, conducted through the

International Labor Office, where we saw many interesting rooms fully furnished by members of the Organization, their gifts mostly consisting of products for which they are most noted. We also passed the League Palace, where a tablet in memory of Woodrow Wilson was placed by the city of Geneva on the wall surrounding the garden of the Palace. The next interesting stop was The Reformation Monument, a perfectly astounding piece of work and thrilling because it represented the aspirations for world freedom. During the Reformation, Geneva was a Protestant stronghold, and John Calvin lived there for years and so it is fitting that the monument should have been erected here. We included a visit to a small church, once upon a time Roman Catholic, and had the privilege to sit in Calvin's old highbacked chair. A few of us went through the rooms where the World Red Cross originated and it was recalled that the Red Cross flag is the exact opposite of the Swiss national flag. Altogether we had a very delightful ride around the city and on our return we stopped in the center of a bridge and at a dizzy height looked down upon the Rhone, clear as crystal and the Arve, brown as Swiss chocolate itself, and watched the two great rivers join and blend into one. It was an unusual sight. After leaving our guide we all fairly mobbed the jewelry shops on a watch stampede. Some of us were quite foolish enough to walk miles to a well-known café to try their sodas, but came away quite a little disappointed. On our way to the station, we passed Rousseau's Island, a sharply pointed island named in honor of the famous man whose birth the city claims. Geneva is certainly grateful to him, for it was

he who first made this fair lake renowned in literature, and called to it the attention of the world. The train ride back was very interesting for every now and then a beautiful view of the lake and mountains came into sight and it made a pleasant change from the boat trip.

The next morning, we walked down to the landing and joyously climbed aboard a very lovely speed boat which took us to the Castle of Chillon. Our conductoress was fortunately clever enough to say her speeches first in French and then in English so her accent added to the atmosphere in every sense of the word.

This time-worn structure boasts a thousand years of story and romance. We first visited the famous dungeons, where that Swiss patriot, Bonnivard was chained to a pillar, and languished for six years in its darkness and where Byron carved his name in the same great pillar. Here too, five centuries ago hundreds of Jews were tortured, and then buried alive on the infamous suspicion of poisoning the wells of Europe. Down in that darkness we were taken to a very small chapel that was used ages ago. In the upper courtyard we went through many beautiful rooms of the castle, all furnished in the old manner and the decorations extremely well-executed, giving them individuality and character. After walks around the old wall we again climbed into the speed boat and enjoyed a perfectly lovely ride around that section of the lake. Brownie and Jane had reserved seats on the small roof and found it a great deal of fun. We passed a gang of men working with a primitive dredge in one section and it was interesting to watch their progress, and to compare it with our efficient type of harbor dredges.

The Swiss have built cog railways by which one can ride to the top of the highest mountains to see the fine views. There are so many of them that Mark Twain has said there is scarcely a great Alp that has not one of these railroad ladders running up its back like a pair of suspenders. This is of course exaggerated,

but nevertheless a rather interesting statement. That afternoon we started out from Montreux in a small cog train to venture over the heart of the Bernese Oberland. It was an exceedingly fine trip and the beauties about us were so numerous that we were fairly dizzy trying to absorb it all. There were green hills all about us, tiny Swiss houses dotted the countryside and then suddenly we would come to a gorge, roofed by the blue sky, rocks half moss-covered and scarred by glaciers, while far below the river roared, milk-white and as cold as the icy caves where they were born. Then again it was interesting to see the industrious families haying on their almost vertical land. The whole family would pile the hay on to the father and when he had reached his capacity he would march off to the barn like a walking haystack. **Interlaken** reached but because of mists the Jungfrau was hidden from our view.

It never rained harder than it did next morning. The heavens opened and poured forth such an abundance of rain that it was truly heartbreaking. However, ten of us went forth prepared to do or die and enjoy ourselves. So after many fond adieus we started out for the station much bundled and each carrying a small pink paper bag of lunch. We were prepared for the Jungfrau trip with high hopes of the weather clearing. It was at the station that morning that we saw word of the volcanic eruption in Naples, and we certainly felt quite thankful that we had escaped it. During the first of our trip we were busy changing trains for as we climbed higher, different types of cars were needed. There was a most congenial elderly German in the compartment with us and before we had gone very far Mrs. Meeker was enjoying a bit of folk singing with him and it rather made things a little more cheery. As we climbed we left the small cultivated farms and vineyards, and climbing higher and higher, passed through forests of beeches, chestnuts, and walnuts. We glanced downward and looked upon the beautiful valley

spotted with farms and cottages across from which fell the Staubach, boldly and courageously over the brow of the mountains. Long before it reached the ground it was changed into mist and spray and scattered fantastically. We ascended to the highlands where there were only forests of fir and pine trees, and little pastures with cows, sheep and goats feeding upon them. Higher still the trees disappeared and shrubs and strange flowers took their places. There were many bushes, Alpine roses and creeping azaleas. The grasses grew shorter now, but everything smelled so sweet as we occasionally opened a window, that we did not wonder that the cattle were so readily eating them. Suddenly it started to snow and it was very difficult to see anything. After a chilly ride to the top we climbed out of our little car and were thrust immediately into the midst of the coldest of winter weather. We warmed ourselves in the interesting dining-room and then in a starving manner prepared our generous helping of lunch. However, some of the delicious pastries were also bought and we feasted like the royal family itself, and none could have been happier, I am sure in spite of the miserable storm. We soon descended because it was quite impossible to go any higher and on our way down stopped to buy great bunches of Alpine roses (they are very much like our laurel, only more intense in color). As we went down, down, down, it began to clear and before we had reached Interlaken again it was almost fine. That night just before dusk we saw the glory of the Jungfrau, queen of the Alpine heights, her mountainous self encircled by other peaks forming a dazzling centerpiece of ice and snow.

The shops in this part of Switzerland are very fine and it is in Interlaken that certain types of wood-carving are excellent to purchase. A few of us had an interesting time shopping with "Uncle" and also sharing his umbrella. Jane and I had quite a struggle to keep up with his seven league stride, but it was certainly lots of fun.

Our little party left Interlaken early the next morning and enjoyed the beautiful scenery as we sped along through the mountains. Suddenly in the midst of great restfulness and repose, "Uncle" became terribly excited and said we were soon to change cars. As this happened on the average of three times a week, we were not at all surprised. However, there was much scrambling and juggling of baggage as we steamed into the station. "Uncle" at last had us comfortably seated in another express to Zurich and we were off again!

At **Zurich** we ate a very delicious luncheon and afterwards took a walking tour of the picturesque city. The little shops tucked away in tiny nooks were very interesting and the people more so. These mountain folks are a very wholesome type and have extremely fine faces. They wear enormously heavy boots and the rest of their costume is in accordance with them, sometimes even topped by a woolen cape and hood. We purchased some fine Swiss chocolate in a clean, immaculate store and again resumed our walk across one of the numerous bridges. The lake was like sapphire and the snow-peaked mountains in the distance made a delightful picture. The old section of the town was interesting and we enjoyed rambling through the small alleys back to the station.

Insbruck, Austria, was our stopping place for just one night. It is a very charming foreign city and one that seemed to appeal to me very much. The city itself is right at the foot of mountains which seem to fairly tower above the city buildings. The men and women here are a sound, out-of-door type. Their very faces portray their love for nature and their dress is certainly most sensible for the wholesome lives that they live. The gentlemen enjoy leather shorts, sometimes heavily embroidered, heavy woolen shirts open at the neck, leather jackets, short heavy socks to the knees and most extraordinary ankle socks with a space between the two. Their costumes are topped by jaunty hats decorated with a brush

or feather while always they carry a cane. Most of the women dress in somewhat the same manner and together they go hiking about the countryside, usually singing folk songs at the top of their lungs, and truly enjoying life.

We drove in a large bus from Innsbruck to Oberammergau, and what a glorious ride it was! Each little Tyrolese village we passed was a realm of color, for their homes are built sometimes pink, green, blue, or yellow in pastel shades of stucco with small fences bordering the houses and flower gardens. It all made a setting unequaled anywhere. As we neared Oberammergau we could see crosses on the tops of the mountains and that in itself made a very great impression on us.

Oberammergau as its name indicates, is the upper of two villages situated in the Gau, or district adjacent to the river Ammer, and without doubt it is in one of the most beautiful valleys in the Bavarian Alps. It has a most historical background which is certainly striking and unique and it seems only appropriate and natural that the Passion Play should be performed in this particular place. The mountains, which encircle the village, enchantingly rise nine or ten thousand feet high, beautifully fresh and green. But the one mountain that must seem like a true friend to the villagers is Kofel which towers two thousand feet above the town and on the top of which stands a mammoth cross. The people live very quiet, religious lives and in fact a religious fervor seems to pervade over everybody and everything. The Passion Play is the one big feature in their lives and from childhood they look forward to some day perhaps each one having a part in the great Play. Their homes are very interesting for they too are colorfully painted, not only the outer walls of the houses, but an addition of frescoes, some pretty and some grotesque, most of them religious in nature. Their dress was much the same as that of the Austrians whom we had so recently seen. Everything this year was new; the theatre, the players, and even the costumes which were made by the villagers.

The actors' pay was tremendously small and the money received is used for conducting of schools and other public uses.

When we arrived in our big bus we were immediately surrounded by red-capped porters but they certainly were far different in appearance from ours. Their hair was long and they all wore beards. Very carefully they in turn took our bags in little cars and we followed them to our various destinations. We were scattered all about the town, a few of us in each home. The hostesses were extremely nice to us and the food quite delicious, tasting much like "home."

The evening before the Play there was great joviality and the one feature of the evening was the march through the narrow winding street led by the band and loyal villagers following. Crowds of people of all nationalities, were thronging the little shops and streets and true to their type the actors and actresses held open house and were quite willing to meet visitors and to autograph their cards.

We met quite unexpectedly an old Lasell girl that night, Elizabeth Forsythe, '29, and enjoyed "coffee" in one of the small cafés in her company.

Sunday morning the majority of us rose quite early and either attended the beautiful little church service or enjoyed a fine morning walk out into the lovely country where it was delightfully peaceful.

About half past seven we started out towards the new theatre, and found the walk quite pleasant beside the small stream which, because of the quiet, truly murmurs and laughs away to itself, which makes it seem as though it were talking. The roofs of the houses were rather interesting to us for as we walked along we noticed that each roof was covered with rocks and later it was explained that they were necessary because of the severe winter winds.

Never had we experienced such crowds. The theatre holds five thousand people and as we glanced around we noticed that the stage was open with a fine blue sky for a canopy.

When it rains we were told that the cast has complete garments made of rain-proof materials.

At eight o'clock the Play started and finished at six with an intermission of two hours. During that time we sat spellbound at the marvelous work and the tremendous power with which the Play was enacted. Each scene, masterful, and perfectly portrayed, made us realize what a stupendous story we were witnessing. The character of Christ was beautifully played by Alois Lang and with every motion he, in his gentle way, gave to us the real Jesus himself. The scenes in which Judas betrayed the Master were very fine and Guido Maier acted his part with careful reality. The scene of the Last Supper was wonderful and likewise Jesus taking leave of his Mother, the last night with the disciples, before Pilate, carrying the cross, the Crucifixion and Descent from the cross. Between each scene the prologue and chorus led by Anton Lang (Christ of three plays) came out and sang the introduction and then moved back and revealed the tableaux. A great many in these tableaux were children and we marveled at their ability in holding most difficult poses. Even though the play was all in German, it was so splendidly given that the story was a delight to follow. It will always be a vivid memory and one that we will hold close to our hearts.

After leaving the quietude of Oberammergau, we were thrust into the hustle and bustle of the large city of **Munich**. While in Munich we took a delightful trip about the city including the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, an unusual modernistic monument, the interesting Munich clock, and a drive about the beautifully planned gardens and parks. Another fascinating place that was visited was The Deutsches Museum. It is an enormous place, full of scientific experimental devices, plans and practical miniature discoveries. We saw all types of aeroplanes, the first automobile, a section of a coal mine with wax images working, a submarine cut lengthwise, rooms of an ocean liner reproduced in full size, even to

the promenade deck, a room having every kind of a piano ever made and played by a very clever gentleman telling us the history of piano making; visited laboratories, and upon the top floor saw a planetarium which finished an extremely fine museum trip. It was a building that could easily be seen numerous times and fully enjoyed each time.

That evening a few of us took a little extra trip with the guide. Our first stopping place was the Lowenbrau. Our admission was a few cents and we walked into a perfectly enormous room filled with German men and women all enjoying their great steins of beer and applauding the over-energetic band on the platform. The portly master, with his drooping moustache and waving arms was certainly a character, while his group of loyal musicians blew their immense brass horns so vigorously that we expected their sheet music to fly into our excited faces. We sat at a wooden table and after ordering our drinks bought some delicious pretzels sold by a pretty blonde girl. It was very interesting to watch these people enjoy themselves and what a contrast to our young Americans! We left them expressing their great approval of the robust smiling, bowing band, and directed our footsteps towards the other end of the city. The second was a café, and one that was most delightful indeed. Here we found an excellent orchestra and very high class people. They were not dancing or feeling gay, but had just dropped in for the evening to drink, eat and talk about the table. After a few quiet selections of "old jazz" we sauntered to the hotel satisfied with the evening's adventures.

Nuremberg is one of the most interesting cities of Germany, with its old walls, gates, bridges and fountains. At twelve o'clock we all gathered in the Market Place to watch the curious clock, over the portal of the Church of Our Lady, with its moving figures of the Seven Electors bowing before Charles V. The whole square was a riot of color and the delicious fruit and vegetable stands shaded by bright awnings were indeed tempting. Our

sight-seeing tour that afternoon took us to the most quaint and interesting parts of the city and we drove about the districts of the moat-towered city walls laden with beautiful ivy, through narrow winding streets lined by unusual overhanging houses. These homes were extremely unique because of their sharply pitched roofs with tiny dormers, and every window-sill filled with an abundant growth of red geraniums. These bright blossoms made the medieval city a warm and cheery spot.

Each city of notable size in Germany has an old castle for the Emperor's use and so we visited the one in Nuremberg which is noted for its paintings and wood-carvings. It is situated on a hill far above the city and the view from the old defense wall was supreme. A very ancient well near the main court yard was two hundred and fifty feet deep and in order to show us its terrifying depth, ten amounts of water from a dipper were tossed into its inky mouth and as the tenth left the container the first was heard by a hollow splash at the bottom. The main rooms in the castle were large and ornately carved, while the Emperor's suite of rooms was as small as a modern apartment. Later we were taken through the torture chambers, a small building behind the castle, and there we saw the various instruments used in the days of long ago when hearts were more animal-like in nature and laws permitted horrible things. The Iron Maiden seemed to be chiefly used and one that certainly made a horrifying appeal. On our way we had had our pictures taken in the bus and so we hustled back to the waiting car anxious to see the finished products. Nuremberg wares are well known, such as wood specialties, bone carving, lead pencils and chemicals, but the one main industry is that of toys. We had a jolly time the rest of that day visiting toy shops, and what perfectly exquisite things they had in their decorative tiny stores. One store certainly looked familiar to us all and that was the first Woolworths' we had seen since leaving home and it was in-

teresting that they were exactly like ours for we could find no difference.

A very wild, yes, in fact terribly wild experience came to us the morning that we left Nuremberg for we had more than the usual fight to get our reservations and many comical situations presented themselves. To continue with the morning's start, about an hour's ride was over and suddenly we rolled to a stop only to find that the wheezing, puffing, groaning, tired engine had lost a wheel and so we all climbed out to seek some food and excitement. The first brave step was made when the station restaurant was mobbed. Peggy Putnam was exercising the station master's bicycle up and down the platform. On top of that Teddy, Ellie, Brownie and Lena played horse with an enormous baggage-cart while a few of us hung on with death grips to the edge of the wagon, much to the amusement of the train passengers who leaned out of the wide windows, cheering us on. In an hour's time a new engine was attached and off we sped leaving the little country station to quiet down to normal life again. About noon, word came from nervous "Uncle" that we were to change trains so the old game again started and we staggered off like pack horses after our racing leader. The new train waited especially for our party and so the last of us had to be dragged on by coat tails as the train slowly gained momentum. Well, we had just wiped our brows and exclaimed how lucky we were that we had made it when McKenney started to throw the luggage about and it was Heidelberg station.

The romantic old city of **Heidelberg** is situated on the river Neckar which flows into the Rhine a few miles away. The greatest attraction here is of course, the famous castle, picturesquely located more than three hundred feet above the river and the view looking down the Neckar valley is certainly unsurpassed. There had been a light shower just before our arrival and as we walked up the road to the castle grounds a fresh earthy atmosphere seemed to surround us and the abundant ivy

and foliage was as green as a jungle. The walks about the medieval ruins are Lover's Lanes and are occasionally spanned by aged arches, tenderly covered by wild flowers and delicate vines. The courtyard of the castle gives rather an unusual impression as the architecture is of great variety. The castle was built under the rule of successive princes during a period of more than three hundred years. The ruined walls, mostly twenty feet thick, can not help but impress one of their former strength and massiveness. As we looked about we recognized the historic façade with its statue-covered walls and marveled at the courage with which these old sculptured warriors had withstood the numerous invasions.

The largest wine-cask in the world is in the cellar of the castle and is twenty-four feet high, holds forty-nine thousand gallons and has been filled three times during its historic life. On top there is a good sized dance floor and gay times were enjoyed during Heidelberg's festivities.

We included in our tour the original beer garden of the Student Prince and saw the room where the duels took place until 1927. Now they are held outside of the city. The garden where the moving picture was staged was also pointed out to us.

The Heidelberg University is the oldest one in Germany, and many interesting traditions of student life were told to us. We visited some of the old classrooms and also the unusual prison where all chaps serving for misdemeanors of any kind were stationed. The custom was for each boy to paint the walls in his most artistic manner and some of the subjects were certainly quite rare. The "cell" door was covered with photographs of boys who had served a sentence in that particular room and I believe to have missed this curious spot during college years was to have missed one of the greatest things in student life.

It was a beautiful day that we started out for Coblenz on a Rhine boat, and as we wended our way we saw the famous Rhenish hillsides. What stupendous amounts of labor

have been spent on these steep terraces and to believe that it has all been done by human hands seemed almost incomprehensible. Thousands of miles of cemented walls have been constructed in order to keep the vineyards in careful condition. Soon after leaving Mainz we came to the region of ruined castles at one time the residences of robber barons. They were silhouetted against the sky, some stupendous, some exquisite, and others like exhausted warriors. Upon the turret of one of the castles flew an American flag, and the first impulse was exhaltation, and the second was solemnity and a salute, while the third was wistfulness and long lingering glances until it was far out of sight. On a rocky island in the river, we passed a tall square tower connected with a very curious legend and the title which will cling to it forever is "The Mouse Tower." According to the story the cruel Bishop Hatto was eaten alive by rats. Just beyond we saw on the top of a hill at the height of seven hundred and forty feet above the river, the German National Monument. It commemorates the German victories in the Franco-Prussian War. After glorious views of the rugged cliffs and being truly thankful that we were not dashed to pieces by currents where the legendary maiden is supposed to reside near Lorelei Rock, we arrived at the one-time old Roman City, **Coblenz**.

The promenade along the river banks is the one feature of this historic city. It is very beautiful and continues about two miles. The main streets are terribly crowded and unusually small. We took a walk down this crowded thoroughfare and were mighty lucky not to be run over by baby carriages, bicycles, electric cars, fruit dealers, or a group of students. That evening we enjoyed dancing in the available rooms and the hotel managers watched with extreme care to see just how we Americans adjusted our steps to jazz.

Bright and early the next morning we were all packed and ready for a delightful motor ride into Cologne. As we left Coblenz we passed the enormous statue of William II, and

further on enjoyed continuing along the Rhine banks and watching with awe the busy tugs and river boats as they manœuvred about each other without collision. Our big bus carried us comfortably along while in back of us labored a little 1910 model. It was terribly amusing, for the small car was loaded with much veiled and feathered occupants hanging on to the old frame and occasionally calling to the dust-coated driver who was pathetically bent over the small wheel busy enough without back-seat drivers. The peasants in this section are most industrious and as we drove by one farm after another we noticed that the whole family were present in the fertile fields even to the worn baby carriage, and the infant child usually was playing in the brown soil, splashing it about him with much delight.

Our guide pointed out to us very pretentious homes as we entered **Cologne**; some belonging to the owners of Bayer Aspirin, race horse kings, chocolate kings and cigarette manufacturers. The city has many beautiful parks in which are innumerable playing fountains and as we passed one of these, our guide in a subtle way remarked that Cologne had such an abundance of "4711" that it spurted up in the form of exquisite fountains. Mrs. Meeker for a short moment believed him.

The city of Cologne is the wealthiest and most renowned along the Rhine. It is the chief commercial city of the Rhine basin, and nearby are some of the richest coal fields in Germany. Manufacturing of many kinds is carried on, and it is said that at one time during the Middle Ages it had as many as eighty thousand weavers.

The Cathedral, the finest Gothic structure in all Germany, rises high above the city. It was started in 1248, and not finished until 1880. The two lofty spires reach the height of 512 feet, which just equals the entire length of the cathedral. The exquisite nave is one of the most impressive to be found in any country, and the enormous flying-buttresses, statues, gargoyles and fret-work make the whole most perfect and complete.

That same day late in the afternoon we struggled again for our seats and settled down for a comfortable trip to Amsterdam in the small German train. At the Holland-German line our snorting iron steed pulled to a stop and as we hung out of the wide windows many people were leaving other friends on the train and great ceremonies took place, parting songs were sung and those that couldn't sing, wept great tears. Just then we noticed poor "Uncle" extending himself to the waist out of the window jabbering with the conductor and as the discussion continued the more excited they got. At last we expected to see him go flying out of the window into the portly gentleman's arms, but I guess Miss Blackstock had hold of his seven league boots, coming to the rescue as she always did. However the big argument ended and we were all to move four cars ahead. The great tragedy of this newly acquired information was, that there were no porters. So the strongest Lasellites started to help push the trunk-like bags down the narrow aisles. One after another we would go at a racing speed, while the occupants of the compartments thrust their heads in the doorways watching the energetic Americans. Occasionally we would run into difficulties. There was one man whom I shall never forget. He insisted on keeping his large bag in the aisle. As we went by we would throw his bag into his compartment, utter a few words and stagger onward. Miss Blackstock was one of the brave rescuers for she attempted two pieces of luggage at a time and gradually our first abode was unattached and we went merrily on our way to the Dutch city.

Holland is a great commercial center and has thousands of vessels moving back and forth over the seas carrying goods from one country to another and especially to and from Holland. These people have a large colonial empire, and it is interesting to know that they own more than sixty times as much land outside, as in Holland itself. Manufactured goods and raw materials from everywhere come to Amsterdam and Rotterdam whence

they are carried on the river boats and barges into the interior. One quarter of the whole kingdom lies below the normal level of the sea, while thirty per cent of all the territory of the country would be submerged but for the dikes. With these few things in mind we find ourselves in the chief city of the land of wind-mills and canals.

Amsterdam we found to be a very delightful city, and one that we all spoke of as being a very pleasant place in which to live. The appearance of this old town at once impresses one with its solidity and massive proportions. Its wide avenues and large buildings do not suggest that this city is supported on piles connecting some ninety islands, excepting the frequent crossing of bridges, which number more than three hundred and fifty. So many are the waterways of the city that the map resembles that of a spider's web in form. The Hollander's love for music cannot be disputed and we were reminded of the fact by the continuous performance of belfry music when the chimes in the church tower rung in each hour of the day or night with a flood of harmony.

On the front façade of many of the houses hanging between the windows are mirrors, placed at such an angle that those inside, without being seen, may view the street in either direction. They are called "Spies" and were originated at first because of the quiet home lives that many of the people lived.

We enjoyed a fascinating tour of the city one morning and our first stop was made at the famous royal Palace built in 1648, and on one thousand four hundred piles. Its massive walls enclose beautiful rooms exquisitely decorated and the Royal Ballroom, said to be the largest in the world, was like a fairy icicle palace in itself. Enormous mirrors, gold leaf, and gorgeous crystal chandeliers made the room shimmer. The large stadium where the Olympic games were held and which will hold fourteen thousand people, was pointed out to us. As we drove along the lovely modern streets we noticed that the houses alternately

down the avenues had their flower gardens first in front and then in back. This gave the street an unusual appearance. Weeping willows decorated the small parks, and roses were in bloom everywhere. On our way back we visited a diamond factory. This is an important industry in the city and the employment of twelve thousand of Amsterdam's Jewish population work in the polishing rooms. It proved to be rather mechanical work and the processes that we saw were the cutting, sometimes taking a week to go through some stones by the use of extremely fine emery wheels, the sizing and the polishing. One thing that I learned, and that was that all stones are cut exactly alike and with the same number of facets, the only difference between stones being the size or the perfection of their cuts. As we rode along the sides of the canals, we were told that seventy-five per cent of the cargoes go by barges through the city, some painted red and yellow, others light blue or white. The small canals throughout the city were crowded every moment with boats, manned by the characteristically wooden shoe-clad captains and crew.

It was on Sunday that we took the fascinating trip to **Marken**. The day was an extra special one, for to start with we had our first Dutch breakfast, a much heartier meal than the usual European one. It consisted of raisin buns, cheese, bread and coffee. Beside the shock of more food at breakfast time, "Uncle" came gallantly into the dining-room wearing a new blue suit. He looked years younger and we all commented on his fine appearance, much to his great embarrassment.

As poor "Uncle" stood on the street corner trying to hail a small electric car to transport his brood of twenty excited followers, we noticed that everyone going by was riding a bicycle. The majority were young people going arm in arm, peddling away, laughing and talking, interested in themselves. Occasionally a small family would go by, the mother on a bicycle, while the father and young son got along remarkably well on another. We saw

one man evidently going on a camping trip with all of the luggage, tin pans, tents and food on his little wheel, while the whole family in turn followed after. Our destination reached, we climbed aboard the canal steamer, "Havenstoombootdienst" and soon were off to enjoy the "Dead Cities" of Holland so called, Vollandam and Marken.

We first went through a series of locks to get out into the main channel. The working of these was very interesting as they opened and closed in the old fashion. The ride through the canal to Boek in Waterland was fascinating. On one side of us was a small road for travelers and on the other side, stretching for miles, was the characteristic green country where sleek herds of cattle grazed on the sweet, fresh grass. The windmills were lovely as they slowly turned to the gentle breeze.

At Boek in Waterland we left the boat and walked through the little town. The homes were very small and box-like yet they all had fine flower gardens along their front walks. The people were mostly dressed in unusual costumes and wooden shoes, while the children were simply darling, blue-eyed and golden haired, clumping along in their tiny wooden shoes. We visited a village church and farther along a cheese factory. The cheese is pressed and goes through various processes, later being salted down and kept for three months. The cattle, cheese and people all live in the same house and yet it is about the most immaculate place anyone would care to visit. Some of us enjoyed our first glass of milk there since leaving home and it certainly tasted good.

When we met the steamer again our lunch was all prepared. After a very hearty meal, our boat started towards Monnikendam, which was a most interesting old town. The streets were narrow and made of rough cobblestones, while small shops along the way had attractive bits of brass for sale. Just before reaching the boat a most unusual train passed us going down the middle of the road, the cars being

open much like our old open electric cars. **Vollandam**, an attractive old town was our next stop. Here for centuries one generation after another of the people have lived on in the same rut, content to exist in the memory of the past. At the same time it is terribly commercialized and they all work especially hard for the trade of the tourist. The advantage of visiting the place on Sunday was that the three hundred or more boats comprising the Vollandam fishing fleet had returned for the day. They always return, when possible, to their homes for Sunday that they may attend the church services, visit their wives and sweethearts, and if the weather permits they promenade with them on the clean brick road, the principal thoroughfare that crowns the great stone-faced dike protecting the town from the waters of the Zuyder Zee. Most of the people of Vollandam are Catholic and so their costumes vary from those worn by the Protestants. They wear quite ill-fitting queer-shaped garments in bright and contrasting colors and shuffle along in clumsy wooden shoes. Some promenade back and forth along the length of the little town and here and there were groups of old men squatting in their wooden shoes, so motionless that one could almost imagine them to be a species of snail that had emerged out of the shoe and would soon draw back within its protection. The younger Vollandamers begged to have their pictures taken and after the act was done they expected a tip for posing. A light shower came along as we strolled down the narrow roadway and the small children hurried to take off their freshly starched lace caps only to hide them under their heavy aprons and when we looked again they had on small black satin skull caps as another protection for their light blonde hair. It is said that in some sections the women wear as many as four types of caps, two of which might possibly be of lace. After buying a number of pretty things, even to the voluminous costumes themselves, we climbed aboard our waiting ship and bid the cunning children good-bye.

The little isle of Marken, located about an hour's sail on the Zuyder Zee from Vollandam, comprises about as quaint a portion of the Netherlands as exists. The life and customs of its population, which numbers about one thousand Protestants, dates back to an earlier period than does that of Vollandam, and their dress is even more peculiar. The manner of dressing the hair of the women is characteristic to the island. The hair is cut across the forehead, leaving a heavy bang just above the eye-brows. On their heads they wear white lace caps, which tie under the chin and from the sides of the faces emerge long curls, which swing and dangle about their shoulders. The little girls were their mothers in miniature when it came to dress, but the little boys, who could not be appareled like their fathers and wear their hats at the same angle, were the unhappiest creatures for they had to be dressed as girls until they arrived at a certain age. Their homes which have remained unchanged through the centuries possess striking tiled roofs and are connected by narrow embankments paved with tiles. As the majority of the homes are below the sea level, they are constructed on stilts and look as though they might take a notion to walk off on their many legs when the tide comes near at hand. We visited one of their homes and were greeted by a very old lady. The kitchen was tiled in blue and many bits of china and odd brass were very much in evidence. When we entered the next room of the house we wondered if they slept like the Japanese, until a folding door in a wall was pulled aside disclosing the secret. A kind of cupboard was built in the wall about three feet above the floor and contained all the bedding necessary for the parents and younger children. There was also an old stove and it is said that when a fire is built the smoke gradually finds its way to the hole in the roof purposely made. There we saw the one wedding dress used for everyone on the island for years, as is the custom, and thought it quite a contrast to the sheer lacy white gowns of our mode and fashion. Gradually we wended our

way back to the little wheezing boat and waved to our new acquaintances a fond adieu.

Our trip back was a very rough one, and the waves seemed almost to wash over us as we sat in our chilly stern chairs. The Zuyder Zee was certainly in an uproar and it kept us pretty busy dodging the ample amounts of spray. Back to Amsterdam, and what a day of crowded and new experiences, we joyfully wrote to our friends at home.

A two hour ride through the fertile and low sections of Holland brought us to **The Hague**. Here we made a nearby hotel our stopping place for a few hours, while we enjoyed a tour of the city and beach. The Hague is a charming place, not as old as Amsterdam and the majority of the streets are not canals. It is a most businesslike city and extremely immaculate. The forest of the Hague forms one of the most magnificent parks in the world. The collection of trees includes elms, oaks, alders, and the largest beech trees to be found in Europe. The love for these proud, beautiful monarchs of the forest is great. Sacrifices have been made many times to save them from sale. Through this delightful route we reached **Scheveningen**, once a little fishing village, now Holland's most popular resort. The great surf was rolling and the sandy beach reached far into the distance. It certainly appealed to us and had it been warmer "Uncle" would have had his hands full trying to keep us from taking a fine swim, I am very sure of that! Part of our tour was directed to The House in the Woods, a winter palace built four hundred years ago. It contained a priceless interior and in one room we saw the exact table where Roosevelt signed the peace treaty. Our guide seemed to be feeling unusually happy that day and he caused much amusement in the party, calling blushing "Uncle," Sir Jacquo.

The Hague seemed to be a city of bicycles for we were told that there was a population of seven million, five hundred thousand people and that there were six million bicycles.

Later that evening we drove in an excellent bus to the Channel boat and before we

realized it were tucked away in our little state-rooms ready for the boat to sail at mid-night to cross the English Channel.

Helen Roberts, '30.

(To be concluded)

DEALING WITH SMOKING

In the manner of *Ernest Hemingway*:

Raleigh's boat put in to the dock. There was no welcoming committee.

"Back, eh?" Elizabeth asked Raleigh.

"I don't know," Sir Walter said, "doesn't it look as if I'm back?"

"I don't know," said the Queen, "I don't know if you don't."

"Well, it looks as if I'm back, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it looks as if you were back," said Elizabeth. "What about the colony?"

"Oh, the colony," said Raleigh.

"Yes, the colony," Elizabeth said.

"Oh," said Raleigh, "it's a great colony."

"Sure," said the Queen, "Sure, it's a great colony."

"It's a good colony," said Sir Walter. "We raise tobacco."

"Oh, you raise tobacco. What's tobacco?"

"A vegetable," said Raleigh. "Or maybe a weed."

"Oh, a vegetable, or maybe a weed. You're just a bright boy. What good's a vegetable or maybe a weed?"

"You smoke it," said Raleigh.

"Just a bright boy," the Queen said. "So you smoke it. What do you do, make a bonfire of it?"

"No, you smoke it," said Raleigh. "I'll show you."

The odds are that Raleigh would have been executed anyway.

Carl Sandburg

Smould' in a green spittoon,

Fume in a cuspidor,

Burn and sizzle in a side-street gutter

It's all in a day.

Folks will point with their thumbs

And remark, "It's all in a day."

And the hoboos will pounce on the snipes.

Milt Gross

Second Floor:

"So, Isador! (smack) tsigaretts you smoking don beck hellies yat! (smack) For dees I'm geeving you a heducation yat, ha? You should be peeking hup from the gotter tsigar botts maybe, (smack) odder you should gredually poff from a con-cub pipe already. (Smack) Does the Momma smoke? Does the Poppa sm—— geraddahere queek—go prec-tice by you the feedle, or I'll geeve you what you shouldn't know where it was coming from!"

Walt Whitman

I sing the tea-room

The tables, doilies, the sprawling murals,

The dishes, the syrups,

The melted sundaes,

The cigarette stubs, the smoke;

The ashes . . .

I sing the ashes

And the blue air

That curls about the patrons,

The waitresses,

The counters, the tables, and hides the murals.

I sing the smoke,

A factory could make it.

Shelley

I met a junior from the school Lasell

Who said: "restrictions wait for them who err

And are caught smoking. This they know right well,

Yet vainly hold before their eyes those ads Extolling things tobacco-makers sell;

Magazine margins tell those pages read

Which yet survive, uncut by vandal shears,

They would preserve them, and their eyes be fed;

And on the dog-eared leaves these words appear;

'My name is Old Gold, Camel, Chesterheld,

Think of my smoke, ye schoolgirls, and despair!'

Nothing beside remains. They only can
thumb

The page till it is worn no longer fair
And gaze upon the pictures, mute and
dumb."

Edgar Lee Masters

EPITAPH FOR EPHALIAT LAWNSPRAY

I settled in New England
And built my cabin in Auburndale,
One time Indians came
Driving the settlers away from their homes,
And tying them to poles
And setting fires about them;
My doctor often told me I should not smoke,
But regardless I was burned to the stake.
That is all
What is this I hear of degeneracy?
On Thursday nights the village sniffs
And says, "They burn the steak."

Norma Keller, '31.

"SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA"

I have always thought I might write a great book about my first experience playing in a symphony, but unfortunately (perhaps fortunately) I am not literarily inclined, in fact I find it most difficult to express my emotions orally even to musicians who I know will understand.

I thought, at one time, that it was the greatest moment of my life when I was one of the five, out of eight hundred students in the Creighton Conservatory of Music, chosen as a substitute for second violin in the Haven Symphony. Again I experienced one of those rare triumphant sensations, when I was informed of my first opportunity to actually play in the opening concert with this great band of real musicians.

It was eight o'clock when the elite of Haven began strolling in with that peculiar air that only important characters of that type can assume, and imitate. Evening gowns rustled busily, the cellists began picking a cautious

"A", opera glasses focused to the left, right, back and front, while our two harpists played bewitching little melodies—all in the process of tuning. More people, that comfortably stout looking age, squeezed through the aisles, pulled wraps more tightly around them—they must be crazy—my head, neck, hands and feet were perspiring in terms (or quantities) of quarts.

At last the lights were dimmed. My violin was in perfect condition—the bow resined as I would have it at best. Our opening number was *Symphonia Domestica*, Opus 53, by Strauss. Need I remind you of this beautiful selection played in one movement? Everything was silent—awfully silent. All eyes were focused on our leader, Mr. Stronski, and then we were playing. Funny I should be so nervous. I wondered why I was so conspicuously placed instead of hidden in a back row—just in case I, the amateur, should make a mistake. Everybody in the orchestra, first balcony, second balcony—Lord, if they opened the back door, everybody on the street could see me. Well, why should I worry—I knew the music, I wasn't playing alone after all—and just then something red flashed before my eyes. Seemed as if someone in the audience must be flashing a red flood light on me. No, not even my roommate at school would dare such an outrageous low-down—it wasn't a light anyway, it was just red, a red object moving quietly midst the audience. An unbridled feeling of curiosity filled with an insane desire to look at those people, now staring so intently—it seemed—at me. I turned my head the slightest fraction of an inch and directed my stolen glance toward the red object. Dorothy—my one ideal (although her highest aspiration was to see me lead a jazz orchestra). Well, she was only a young girl at boarding school. Horror! I was bowing wrong, if Stronski ever noticed that! Bet there wasn't a soul in the place who hadn't seen my dreadful mistake. What was Dorothy doing down there with a chap I'd never seen before? Didn't she know I was going to marry her as soon as I got

to be a leader of two or three of these big bands? My hands were almost dripping, still they were cold. My face was burning. Soon we would come to the "chimes." They seemed to take on a new significance, as slowly, each bell beat out the rhythm for the instruments, now softly accompanying. Chimes—they seemed to ring out the old love, instead of the old year at the customary dance on New Year's Eve. Why did I dance anyway? The awful trash (they called music), played at dances was an insult to everyone of the instruments used in a jazz orchestra. Why did I dance? Heaven help me, I was playing the "pianissimo" loudly enough for seven violins. Would Stronski know who it was making all the unnecessary racket? How could he help knowing it? Well, I supposed people danced because they liked their original partner. Dorothy! What was she to me? Just another fickle female who couldn't appreciate music, real music. The chimes again—this time like a weird death toll—and we approached the end of the selection. I must have been in a daze for at least five minutes, for the next moment, I was conscious of applause, bows, mopping of brows, and water at last.

Perhaps this is a queer, even ridiculously pointless experience for me, as retiring leader of this orchestra to relate to you, but I feel that in consideration of the fact that I have sacrificed everything—all the good that was ever in me, for the wonderful art, music,—that you may appreciate my sentiment when I say that music might replace something in life, were we always at the same age I was when I made a wonderful, yet drastic decision. But now, that I must give up the thing that seemed like life itself—I wonder if I was so wise—at the age of twenty-one.

Lillian Carl, '31.

"ARE WE THROUGH, TOO?"

Reluctantly the sun parts from
The world and sinks in the West,
Leaving an unbroken trail of bright
Color to cheer me as I think of you.

Dark clouds have silver linings and
Light clouds are dyed deep pink,
Why did you go?—you always
Watched the sunset with me.

Fiery colors tell me the end of
Day is here. Slowly the sun
Disappears behind the tall grey mountains
Of clouds. Are you watching it, too?

Tiny, fleecy wisps move slowly
About, now orange, now purple
Now deep blue, but soon the
Sun has gone. Are we through, too?

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

"A LIFE"

As I look back on it all now, I feel prejudiced against God. All I had done; all I had felt; all I had seen had to end as quickly as it did. At any rate I had lived perhaps more than any woman of my time. I probably had tipped my cup of life a bit too far and it was the shock of the cold silver that I suddenly sensed lay at the bottom, that deprived me of Life.

At seven years of age, I had not begun to realize the significance of life—what it meant, and how it must feel to die. I recall no qualms at the mention of death. It seemed to me then, just another big adventure.

At seventeen I had grown to love it too much. Its full meaning dawned on my pleasure loving brain. Why—I would eventually leave the spring and its lazy, comfortable feeling; there would someday be no summer with its warmth and fun. Winter would come and go, the snow that I loved so would fall, then disappear, just a few numbered times more in life. Could I stand to leave autumn—its rampant color and the long, long tramps in the woods?

I began to live. I lived high and fast from my seventeenth year on. I was a hungry child watching the rind begin to show through the thick meat of the fruit I held in my hand. Life! Could I live it enough?

At twenty I joined a party of total strangers traveling in Bengal. In the group were four

other young people and six elders. I'm afraid to tell what I did—living there in such close communion we all grew to know each other too well. Their characters began to reveal themselves to me as the weeks flew along. There was one who remained as I had analyzed him from the start. His name was Ben, young, wealthy, and romantic. I've forgotten now, the particulars of that summer, but at the time I know I was in love. We hunted animals; tigers in particular. Doesn't one usually in the Bengal? We were lost one trip and lived on raw meat and coconut milk for five days on the trip back to civilization. We slept beneath infested leaves at night. How we lived is something beyond me. It was just meant that I live on, I guess.

Back in New York after the trip, I took up flying for diversion. My family had long since surrendered me to my ideals. They gave me the money I wanted and let me go. They knew the wild, open glint in my eyes. I'm glad now, they understood. I flew 'cross country and on the Pacific Coast shipped for China. There I did as the Chinese did. Ate rice, listened to them prattle until I found myself prattling too; wore their clothes and smoked their opium—but not too much. Finally I found myself involved in a Chinaman's feud. My passion for the exciting got me into many a scrape. I incensed one of the leaders by my American impudence—if I could live once more, I think I would not repeat what I did in that instance. Still I was only a young adventurer. What price a feud! I recall—a Chinese girl by admirable strategy obtained her brother's clothes for me, the day of my planned death by fire. Again the Fates smiled on me and led me through the iron prison gates as a guard. Like a fool I stopped and threw a stray piece of wood pulp on my own death heap just inside the entrance. That little gesture, I remember, gave me a lot of satisfaction.

Then came the World War and 1917. I helped at home then sailed overseas as a nurse. I didn't know a thing about what a nurse should do, so I danced and sang for the dough-boys, driving an ambulance on the side. Fol-

lowing the war I went back to aviation. Through my own brazenness and bluff, backed by my intense feeling for the dramatic, I was given a position as test pilot with an aviation company and delegated to transfer gunpowder from the manufacturing plant to the government buildings. Each day passed with calm and serenity. Still I had fun just hoping. But there was never a crash.

Always I had an impregnable feeling that I wouldn't die. It lasted way up until the end and even then I didn't realize. I do not know what I thought would ever become of me but surely death never entered my mind. I just knew I had to live—live and then—I didn't know.

Eventually I gave up flying and sailed for the Sahara. I had read, when very young, about the Touraregs—those Desert Devils! How they always wore black capes that blew out behind them, fluttering like ominous clouds blown by a great gust of wind, as they rode on and on across the desert, plundering and killing. The French consul forbade my crossing the desert at the time of my arrival. Undaunted I hired a caravan of my own and plodded my glorious way across the seas of sand and under immutable sky. I felt Life slipping from me. I had set the pace, I must go on, so staying in Paris, whence I hurried after my safe arrival in Algiers, I set out to write a book on my life thus far. It was so tedious—I got as far as my twelfth year and stopped. What were mere papers, pencils, words and sentences when outside—the sea, the sun, the stars and the high-road all shimmering ahead of me; beckoning me on to their distance, their mysteriousness and their glorious promises.

I set sail on the Bradley from Liverpool on the 20th of August and landed in Mexico after two months of ceaseless wanderings. Revolution raged. My uncle had influence and I became much to my joy, an American spy. Four times I was set in rebel territory, each time I returned with my information. I should have missed just once and then all that is to follow would not have happened. Finally I

came home. I forget what called me. Back in New York I admit I felt at home for the first time in eleven years. Perhaps I began to soften. I don't know—I was in my middle thirties and modern New York was very comforting. The glint was in my eyes still but it faded in my heart. I stayed awhile, content. Then one night I shook myself out of it. I must stop now, I must get straight back into the old ways—pack my one bag and be off—off at dawn before the homey hum of lower New York could even start to discourage me. Out—out to anywhere. So long as the birds sang; so long as it was spring and so long as I could live! I lay awake all that night and as dawn crept upon the skyscrapers I could see from my window, I arose and dressed. I packed my bag feverishly—I must, for the glimmer of a flame that was being rekindled in my heart—and be off again.

At eight I was half way down town. Somehow I felt differently, and I stepped from my cab and suddenly, without warning, felt a jar against me. Stunned I lay still for a moment in the street where fell. The car that had hit me passed on. Then slowly I got up and laughing aloud, walked away.

I spoke to a few people I met and knew. They passed unhearing. I saw and was not seen—touched them and was not felt. Strangely carefree, I stopped on the corner, I remember, and waited to greet an old friend approaching me. He passed by, unseeing. I stooped and looked at my hands—slowly I brushed the dust of my fall from their palms. I had died—at last.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

WAR!

WAR! The thundering of guns
The roar of cannons
Flashing of bayonets
Screaming of men—

HELL! Lifeless bodies
Remnants of once-called men
The whirr of a plane
Mud-spattered fields—

WAR! The curse of a nation
A bloodthirsty monster
Drinking the gore of men
Men—helpless in its grasp—

WAR! Laughing at the helpless world
Feasting hungry eyes upon its slaughter
Lapping up the blood, breathing in the
stench,
War! Torture! Hell!

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

SEVEN HILLS ROAD

"Come in—well, you fool where do you think you've been? You're ten minutes late already. Do you think Skye can keep Mulligan's mouth closed and the bank door open all night? Come on—explain—fast."

"Sorry, boss, but my girl was kind of against my coming tonight."

"Oh yeah, well from now on, you'll just forget about that dame—see? She's kept you once too often. Now step on it and see how fast you can get to the bank without attracting attention. Remember the combination and the third wire on the left. Get out and don't come back till you can bring the dough with you."

"Okay, boss, g'night."

A tiny flame wavered outside the door; it died but left a round surface glowing behind it. The glow brightened as the force controlling it moved it swiftly down the stairs and up the street. After a journey of about two minutes the hot little point fell to the ground and was crushed by the dark monster which had been supporting it.

"Skye?" the trembling excitement was noticeable in the question.

"Yeah, Kid, over here. Hurry up will ya? I've shut Mulligan's mouth too tight. The boss sure will be sore. I don't like sticking around here much longer. For gawd's sake, don't forget the third wire on the left. Shuffle out as fast as you can. I'll see you in the truck out back. S'long, Kid!"

"S'long Skye."

The white figures on the clock watched. They saw the drill in a young man's hands.

They saw him light a match, cup it in his palms and burn the third wire from the door of the vault. Those same hands played on the little round knob on the front of the big silver safe. There was a scraping sound, so soft it almost frightened the second hand out of motion—and the door slid open. A light searched the interior, found what it sought, paused for a moment, and went out. Darkness—the clock saw no more.

The third window from the left in the basement had been opened and two of the protective bars filed at the base.

"Skye?" again that tremulously, husky voice.

"Sure, Kid, it's all right. You've done great, Kid! The boss oughta be proud of you. Gawd knows what he'll do to me." It was a proud father's voice filled with tender assurance and praise which changed to despair. "Come on, climb in, I got Mulligan hid under them milk cans."

"Skye, the boss, he said I couldn't see Jane again."

"Oh, Kid, don't take the boss too serious; he was just kind of scared you might not show up and he'd have t'do the job himself. He's not so brave as he tries to make out. Anyway stick out your chin 'cause we've got to face him now. H'lo boss. The Kid's got the goods. Everything went great with him but I got kind of hasty and closed Mulligan up for good.

"Oh my gawd—you fool, what did you do that for? Now we'll have to clear as fast as we can. Get out the Packard, Kid. Come help stack up the dough and Mulligan, Skye. We'll drop Mulligan at that farm on the Seven Hills Road and head for safety, pronto. We oughta make the farm in about an hour."

* * * *

"That hour is up, boss. How much farther do we go?"

"It's on the next hill. There's the pond. Squelch the lights, Kid, and drive straight ahead till you hit that bank. Take it slow. Okay, Skye, grab his feet. Got the rope,

Kid? Sh-sh, not so noisy with them doors. Hitch that rock on the rope. Okay, careful, Skye—quiet, Kid—drop him—over."

* * * *

"And here we are in eighteen hours, worth \$500,000 apiece and not a damned thing to do with it. Will we always have to scurry around like rats on a wharf, Skye?"

"You will not! Look at this, Kid—you, too, Skye."

The glaring headlines read:

"Night watchman disappears with \$1,500,000 from Colonial National Bank."

Charlotte Hanson, '32.

OLD AND NEW

The portly old moon may
Be full and bright,
And may sail far and wide
On the high winds of night,
But the slender silver arc,
Of a moon just born
Has a far sweeter light
And shows the other glory-shorn.
And that is why my love is cast,
Not with the moon whose life is past,
But with the tiny, silvery babe-like one,
That carries a promise of things to come.

Katherine Hartman, '32.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

Silence now reigned in the large, airy room, which had such a short time before been filled with laughter. This would not have been a surprising fact had the room been any other than one in a dormitory filled with girls. But there they were, five usually, jolly, laughing, talking girls now lazily lounging on the beds and chairs, occasionally munching on a sweet, turning a magazine cover, or looking out of the one spacious window, overlooking the campus. This was one of their typical Sunday afternoon "get togethers," with the exception of the lack of hilarity. Yet there was a reason for this quietness. Each girl had contributed her bit of news, gossip, or even jokes, and now at four-thirty o'clock they were

at a loss for something to say or do. Of course there was always studying to be done, but it was so much more comfortable to be across a bed, legs dangling, and a chocolate nearby. A girlish voice broke the monotony. All eyes turned to the doorway.

"Hello everybody, did you miss me?" There she stood, a mere slip of a girl, eyes bubbling with laughter, a rosy glow on her cheeks from the sharp wind. She was breathing quickly because of her recent run up the long flight of stairs.

"Hello Jose Ann."

"Have a nice week-end?"

"Did you go to the Copley to dance?"

"Who were you with?"

"See anybody we knew?"

Such were the questions hurled at Jose Ann by the group of girls who, it seemed had not, as yet, learned the virtue of patience.

"Oh dear, do give me time to take off my wraps and then I've news for you all—real news!" exclaimed Jose Ann with an attempted worldly look on her childish face.

"Do hurry Jose Ann," commanded her roommate, June Marie, "I'm passing out with sheer suspense, I'm dying of doubt."

Jose Ann began to unpack her small case and carefully put her clothes away.

"Well June Marie, I met an old friend of yours, I want to tell you about him."

"A friend of mine? Where? How do you happen to know him? You did say HIM, didn't you?"

"Not so fast, June. Yes, I said him—and most of us do know him, but you know him best. It is Fulton Lee."

"Not Norma Lee's brother?" chorused the girls.

"Yes, the same. Now will you stop interrupting and let me continue?"

"We're sorry," said June, meekly.

Jose Ann continued putting her clothes away and told her story as she did so.

"Saturday morning I was walking down Tremont Street in the city, when I heard a

familiar voice shouting, 'Papers! Get your Boston papers! All the latest news, only three cents!' For a moment I turned around in amazement to see from where the words were coming. I looked at the ragged newsboy to see if it were possible that I knew him. Sure enough, he was Fulton Lee."

"Selling papers?" cried one of the girls, "it's impossible! I met him in Boston a short while ago and he was driving his own roadster and was dressed to kill. You've been out with him haven't you, June?"

"Why yes," answered the bewildered June. "This past summer I met him while we were traveling, he seemed to have plenty of money to spend. I can't believe it, why—what about Norma? She's still here at school. I don't understand it. Did you speak to him Jose Ann?"

"Fulton could give me but little time on account of his rushing business. He did however, tell me to tell Norma that he would call her Sunday night and that's tonight."

"But Jose Ann, Fulton was planning to enter Harvard this fall."

"I'm telling you June dear, that such a fellow, dressed in rags and selling newspapers, could not possibly be a college man."

The girls were intensely interested in this story. Another of them entered the conversation.

"His father played the stock market didn't he?"

"You don't suppose the crash——" piped in another.

"What will Norma do?" inquired a third.

At the sudden entrance of a girl the topic under discussion ceased. It was no wonder for the girl was Norma.

"Oh, Jose Ann, oh June Marie, oh girls, he made it! He made it!" she cried.

"Who made what?" demanded the girls.

"Don't you know? Fulton said you saw him during his initiation stunt. He made the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Harvard!"

"Initiation stunt—fraternity?" gasped Jose

Ann, but the words were cut short as the warning bell sounded and a pillow flew across the room at the psychological moment.

Charlotte Cahners, '32.

"MARIONETTE"

Someone said that love was "grand"
That all you felt was joy,
But all the love I've ever had
Has made me like a toy.

A puppet's life is ruled by strings
Pulled here and there by man.
And we've all lived the Puppet's life
E're since the world began.

The tugging of relentless strings
Has wearied me of love,
I'd gladly change the Puppet's role
With man who rules above.

Dorothy Brown, '31.

RETURN TICKETS

Jean was relieved when the train finally showed signs of departing. Looking out of the frosted window once more into the station, she saw a young man run for the train and swing himself up the high step just as the big wheels started to move. Looking up a few seconds later, she saw him enter her car in a rather hot, disheveled condition. Apparently, he was rather disturbed, and his roving glance showed that he was looking for someone. Jean looked intently out of the window as the young man approached her seat, and, after seeing that she was traveling alone, stood beside her and murmured, "May I sit here?"

Jean turned her head just enough to give consent.

The young man sat down quickly, and as the train pulled out of the station he gave a deep sigh. He certainly looked as if he would like to talk, but Jean continued to gaze fixedly out of the ice-covered window.

After the conductor had punched the two tickets and passed by them, the young man very nervously remarked, "Nice day." Almost anyone could have relaxed and forgiven him for his impertinence just to hear his low pleas-

ing voice, but not Jean. If possible, her back became more rigid, but she did answer although she addressed it to the flying telephone poles, "Yes very."

A warm flush crept up the young man's neck. One less daring would have taken himself into the smoking car, but the young man seemed quite anxious to continue this frigid conversation, which so far as Jean was concerned had ended long ago.

"Going far?" queried the young man. Such nerve! Jean would like to have kicked him or to have slapped his eager, fine face, but she did answer in a sharp cutting tone.

"No, I am going only to Hartford. My mother is meeting me." That should scare him. But no, he just looked down at her fine, ungloved hands.

"Leaving your husband?" Was he trying to be funny?

"Yes," Jean looked him square in the face.

The young man squirmed, gulped and asked bravely, "Why?"

By this time she decided that she might just as well speak to him as to ignore him.

"Because he reads the paper at breakfast, because he has a terrible disposition until he has had his dinner, and because he doesn't like bridge," she recited all three definitely in a voice very near tears.

"I say, have you told him about this?"

"Well, no, not exactly. You see—well, at least he doesn't read the paper all the time." She smiled musingly to her self. Then the young man took courage.

"Really I don't think you should leave your husband without telling him why. My wife has irritating ways, but I'd never leave her." Jean flushed and turned away.

"Would you tell me what they are?" The man glanced at her quickly and saw that she was in earnest.

"Well, my wife always wants me to listen to all the gossip about the neighbors—when I don't care a hang. When I come home from my work at night, all I want to do is have my dinner and have it quiet."

"Oh," murmured Jean.

"Another thing that's bad, she doesn't like me to touch the guest towels and I always forget." Both the young man and Jean looked guilty. Suddenly they both burst out laughing, rocking from side to side, drawing the attention of all the others in the car to themselves; but no one existed but themselves.

"Oh, Joe, you did look so embarrassed. Mother isn't meeting me, and I didn't decide to go until you left this morning without kissing me good-bye."

They were both talking at once.

"I wouldn't have found out if I hadn't left the office early. I went home to apologize for everything and found your note. Let's visit your mother anyway and go home tonight. I say, Jean, I never knew before that it was so hard to pick up a girl." At this they both went into gales of laughter.

Virginia Riley, '31.

MY DISGUSTING HEALTH

I believe that I am a misfit in modern society; I have never been sick, I haven't even a minor operation to my credit, and my frequent ill-fated attempts at acquiring an air of delicate health only meet with knowing smiles from my unsympathetic family. Even my friends, understanding as they truly are in most things, point out my unfailing fitness to their families as a testimonial to unscientific care of the body. I look with poorly-concealed envy on my less robust friends who enjoy regular appointments with their doctors for such beautifully poetic weaknesses as a weak heart or nervous disorder. When I consider the many dainty heroines who faint away with little provocation and who are tenderly and anxiously worked over until their long-lashed lids flutter open, I sigh deeply at my own ordinary strength. There is something common about being eternally well, it seems indelicate and unladylike. Normally I'm not a jealous creature, but I just can't smother a little stab of jealousy that I always ex-

perience when some one appears at a party with a real headache. Not that I have never tried to attain the same attention by deceiving the other guests with an account of my throbbing temples, all the while smoothing my hair wearily back from my forehead, but my attempts are always thwarted. Either some one innocently announces my superb health or I inconveniently forget to continue my performance when the dancing begins. I derive almost fiendish pleasure in dosing my little brother with cod-liver oil and carefully measuring exact quantities of spinach and orange juice for his beautifully regulated diet. Of course I can't help looking back on my own neglected childhood, when I practically lived out of doors and ate the same meals as the rest of the family, with a wistful air of regret, but I have taken a solemn vow to raise my own children very, very scientifically so that they may never have to face the world with the indecent health of their mother.

However, as if to recompense somewhat for my phenomenal endowment, nature has rewarded me with many bumps, cuts, burns and bruises. In fact as I write, I have a lovely black and blue mark on my forehead. Needless to say I have arranged my hair very carefully so that it does not in any way obscure my newly acquired mark of distinction. Indeed fortune has smiled on me lavishly recently, for I have, for two days now, cherished and helped along a bad ankle; (I say "bad" because it eliminates the necessity for any definite statement regarding the seriousness of it); in the the fond hope that by the week-end it will be sufficiently developed so that I can honorably call it a sprain. But doubts really assail me and I shall probably have to resume my healthy way, resigned to my fate.

Charlotte Traylor, '32.





HEARD ON THE ROAD TO GARDNER GYM

"Gosh! one hour of out-door gym, and I haven't got my ski pants yet—well, there's one consolation, I won't have to jump that awful horse, darn it anyway, I never can get over it—I just wasn't born athletic. Ethel skims right over it, and I land on my ear the first thing and can't sit down for a week—keep out of the road? Keep out of it yourself. I don't care if I'll be an angel, it's better than where you're going—gosh, this road's slippery. I hope I fall and break an arm, so I can walk for the rest of the quarter. Did you hear that I got out of swimming, too? Told them I was at home in the water. I am at home, but in hot water most of the time—gosh, I don't see how the girls in Gardner climb this hill every day, they shouldn't be made to take gym, this is more than mere exercise, this is torture. Well, here we are, curses—let's go down on the toboggan, and maybe we won't have to pull it up.

* * * *

On the same road to Gardner Gym, one week later!

Look Betty, I've got my new ski pants and boots; aren't they keen? Yes, I noticed it, out-door gym all this week. I love out-door gym! Gosh, it's slippery along here, look out don't pull my arm so, I don't want to fall and tear these new pants of mine. Steep? Gosh, what are you kicking about? It's easy. Not half as bad as climbing two floors in the main building right after dinner. Here we are, for

goodness sakes, Betty, pep up, be athletic, Hello girls, isn't it a great day for tobogganing?

"What a whale of a difference——!"

Virginia Riley, '31.

A BLOTCH ON MY GOOD NAME

I was stunned! What could it mean—how did it get there and why was it for me?

"Perhaps you're going to get a present," offered one of the excited group that had gathered around me.

"It's so odd," wailed another, "I don't ever remember seeing one before in all the years I've been here."

"Why do you suppose they picked on you?" commented another friend.

"I imagine," said one coldly, "that you've overstepped the boundaries of decent society a trifle."

I gasped as did the others. Then I noticed, much to my horror, a tiny whispering among my so-called friends. I watched with a cringing fear as it grew and spread—louder and louder—I was helpless.

One after the other turned and left with only a quick backward glance, full of contempt.

I put out a hand to detain them, but let it fall limply again. Tears stood in my eyes.

I was alone! I was ostracized because the friends I had called mine didn't understand—and I couldn't explain.

My reputation was ruined—absolutely ruined, and I scowled fiercely at the unfriendly slip of paper which read, "Please See Miss Badger."

A CLASS?

Muffled groans followed by strange rappings and thumps—gasps in great sobbing breaths for air. Bloodcurdling shrieks falling slowly to a moan.

A brief silence then a strangled voice.

"I can't—I tell you I simply can't do it—you're cruel, cruel to ask me. This has kept up for half an hour and I've reached my limit."

A menacing voice, cold and cruel.

"Just a few more times, you promised me that you would stick it out. No backing down now."

More strangled gasps and louder thumpings making the very walls shake. Then silence.

"All right, that will do for this time," and another class in exercises for the reduction of the inmates was finished at Clark.

Betty Dean, '31.



INFIRMARY BLUES

Nose is running, head aches,
No classes for today.
I gotta go t'the infirmary
And get all tucked away.

Clean sheets, they smell so nice
They've just been washed pure white,
To match the straight rods on my bed,
There's lots of air and light.

It's lonely though, you'd rather be
Away at home I'll bet,
Listening to your radio
And puffing on a cigarette.

TOO BAD!

You're a darling little girl,
With hair of dusky brown,
Even your painted lips allure
The sophisticates of town.
Your oval face is quite naive
Your eyes appealingly blue,
But you see I met your sister
So I haven't a cent left for you.

Vesta Black, '32.

THIS FICKLE AGE!

Merrily hop to the barber's shop
To have a shoulder bob,
Five days later the papers read
"Short hair is now a flop."

A struggling year of hairpins caught
In locks which simply fall,
Then when the final climax's reached
M'lady's hair must be short!

* * * *

Down the long dark alley a whistle was heard
Weird and shrill in the cool damp air,
A figure in white stepped stealthily on—
Another nurse with a young interne!

* * * *

A scream rent the air
A form was hurled
Into open space it seemed,
Then a sickening thud
And a rising spray,
As Jane took her first flat dive!

Barbara Hunt, '32.

AMERICA

Children whining
Motley throngs
Peculiar odors
Clanging gongs,
The five and ten!

Aristocrats here
Immigrants there
Swarming about
In the stifling air,
The five and ten!

Toys clatter
Victrolas moan
Bells tinkle
America's home,
The five and ten!

Vesta Black, '32.

WOULD YOU?

The Prom is o'er
We've parked our car
The moonlight casts a spell,
My kiss you spurn
But would you dear
If you thought I'd never tell?

Vesta Black, '32.

EDITORIALS

"THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DISCOVERY, AND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SELF-DISCOVERY"

As the dictionary would define it, "discovery is the act of finding out and bringing to public notice something before unknown or unperceived." Self-discovery applies to this general definition of discovery in that we as human beings have many hidden possibilities and qualities, which might make us a success in life; it is by exerting self-discovery that these qualities are brought forward.

Now we all know that discovery will not come to us of its own accord. Consequently we must discover for ourselves. Henry Ford, in one of his talks to young men emphasizes "investigation" strongly. He says that in writing a thesis, designing a machine or in improving some process, it is very necessary to first investigate. From this we see that discovery in general can be furthered only through investigation and by the "trial and error" system.

History tells us that Columbus discovered America by sailing forth into an unknown world. Columbus overcame the fear of uncertainty by actual knowledge. Is not then all fear a lack of knowledge? Can we be blamed then for fearing our behavior when a crisis comes in our life and we are in ignorance of our possibilities?

It seems that one of the most important reasons for knowing oneself is the interesting side of it. We have our whole life in front of us to make of it what we will. In the quotation, "We look too far for things close by," many of us realize our mistake. We are too busy studying problems of the day and in social events to realize that the big chance of our life is close at hand; "To discover thyself."

It naturally follows that if we grasp our opportunity readily the other questions will work out, too. Our personality will be in a more favorable light and we will be far wiser persons, for any mode of life, whether social or business, due to our "discovery."

Many failures in life, along with poverty and disgrace, can be traced to the lack of knowledge of the laws that govern us. The failures in life are to be classed along with the criminal. This is because the uncertainty of laws that govern us is no excuse in this day and age, when the self and its laws are so thoroughly discussed by all people. A criminal generally knows the laws and deliberately acts contrary to these laws. So then the failures in life must take the punishment too, for acting contrary to the laws they might have learned by the study of self-discovery.

In order to really be a success in life we have to examine and weigh our possibilities and limitations. We must know just how much to expect of ourself and if we fall short in some respect, correct the mistake at once. This is one of the advantages of self-discovery.

WHO SHOULD WORK?

This depression! Everywhere it stares at us. Letters from home unmistakably bear its traces; people are watching dimes with as careful an assiduity as they used to watch their dollars; magazines are freighted with articles on it; and the blackness of the cloud that throws its oppressing shadow on almost every household in the country shows little promise of immediate brightening. But what, you ask, can we do about it?

Frequently there creeps into newspapers, stories of wealthy girls, perhaps heiresses to

great fortunes, who are working; some in dress shops, some in department stores, others in offices, and so on; and the papers flaunt blatantly the splendid example of these girls who, tiring of their lives of indolent leisure have fallen into the rank and file of their working sisters.

But immediately the question arises; is it commendable of those girls to fill positions, to take money that would naturally have gone to girls who were in dire need of it?

True, the wealthy girls in most cases derive a great deal of pleasure in their work; they have tired of falling back and leaving their more active sisters to surge ahead in all fields of working endeavor, while they sit and meekly fold their hands. They have a right to the happiness and enjoyment which work can offer them. They have an equal right to push ahead with the rest.

On the other hand, there are undoubtedly thousands of girls working today to whom employment is a vital necessity, sometimes for their own livelihood, many times for the livelihood of others who depend on them. Are they to be thrust back and rejected merely because some girl who has an abundance of wealth and pull, has taken her place?

It is our contention that this is not as it should be, either from a social or humanitarian point of view. Nor, paradoxically do we believe that the wealthier girls should be deprived of their work. But it does seem that there are jobs to be filled that would work to advantage for both. Charity work, which might at first seem most plausible, is however a very limited field for so few girls are suited to its needs. But there are professional careers; a wealthy girl is in a position to set up a business of her own and more power to her, should she bring it to success. The field of occupation offers an abundance of positions she can fill without the danger of wantonly snatching it from the hands of a girl who has a vital need of it.

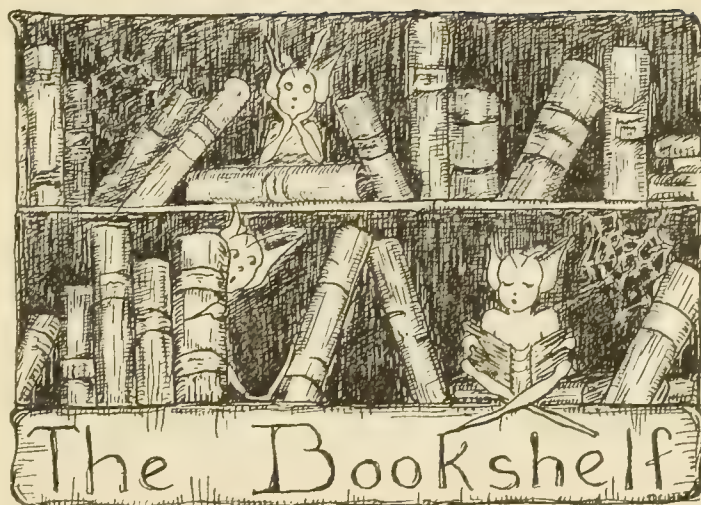
WAR ON ADJECTIVES

How often we hear the words, "Isn't it cute?" "Isn't it just too adorable," and "look at that divine man." Then there was the word "intriguing," and how long it stayed in vogue. Today the word "gesture" is used far too often, especially by critics. The word "Victorian" has slipped into our vocabulary until we use it half-blindly for everything that has to do with the mid-nineteenth century period, whether we know anything about that period or not. All these words are overworked and in most cases are misused. It is the herd instinct to follow the crowd, and is very evident in this case of adjectives. Each generation has a choice of pet words that are used meaningly and thoughtlessly. Each school has a few adjectives that are used just a little more often than other words by its students. And so, on and on it goes. Just a game of "following the leader"—only instead of the leader, it is the generation or the crowd at the school which give others choice bits of slang to misuse. Sometimes it is not so easy to break away from the crowd in greater problems, for it would ostracize one in many cases, but in such a small affair as one's individual speech—and in one of our minor parts of speech at that, we can at least give some thought and attention. If each student would think before she bursts into rapture before some picture, or dress, or whatever it may happen to be and use the correct adjective for that particular object, our war on adjectives would end, and how original our school would be!

ON BREAKING NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

One of life's little tragic comedies is the inevitable end of New Year's resolutions. Most people during the relaxation of the post-Christmas week, and in an atmosphere of lofty ideals inspired by the season, are victims of conscientious self-scrutiny that reveals various phases of their weakness, and so they nobly resolve to mend their ways and set about living model lives. Decisions of this kind find

expression in self-denial of some form of personal martyrdom. Such stock examples as going to church, getting more exercise, catching up correspondence, returning borrowed books, and spending more time with the family, soon join the hosts of eternity. Probably the reason for such rapid decline is that there is some immediate and tangible fulfillment that we can point to and say, "well, done!" and then settle back and let such obligations accumulate for another fifty-one weeks. The less definite resolutions of governing bad tempers, being more neighborly, understanding the children, and being more efficient in daily routines are far more elastic and accordingly have a longer period of existence before their author abandons them. Not that the latter group have more true merit, but their flexibility makes them more adjustable to the conscience. Of course with resolutions as with anything else, some are unscrupulous in their dealings. Fortunately, however, there are comparatively few of this ilk, the large majority of resolution-makers being praiseworthy folk who, if they know the doubtful value of their pets, at least have the grace to shield them lovingly from public amusement and scorn. There was one sweet old lady who kept a resolution for six months and then had the subtle tact to die, leaving the world in awe of one who held firmly to her purpose till the last. But as law-breakers are usually fortified with fool-proof alibis, resolution-breakers are not without complete and logical explanation for their lapses. Time, that grand old ally of many a hard-pressed witness, with his tongue in his cheek is always ready to testify in the defendant's behalf. He forsakes not even the humblest and he gladly lifts the burden of resolution-breaking from the shoulders of the oppressed. Loose interpretation of the resolution does his little bit in exonerating the offender. So we spend January, in greater or lesser degrees, in juggling our worthy resolutions that have a way of making us exceedingly uncomfortable, until February begins, when for most of us, the last resolution has gone the way of all flesh.



"JOHNNY REB," BY MARIE OEMLER

"Johnny Reb" is a Confederate veteran of the Civil War who comes back to his home in Maryville, South Carolina, to find his worldly goods destroyed. The Confederate veterans bestow on him the street-car franchise. Later he sells this franchise and with some of the money he sends Miss Amy Roberts, a cripple, his girlhood sweetheart, to the North to be cured. On her return they are married, to the delight of the people of Maryville.

"Johnny Reb" had many friends. Among them was Dr. Stephen Ambry, who came to Maryville at the request of his college friend, Paul de Villepointeaux. While in Maryville, Dr. Ambry falls in love with beautiful Cynthia Stoney. Byrd Fuller, a wealthy banker, wants Cynthia for his own. He looks into the past life of Ambry and finds that he has a wife and child. Fuller sees to it that the people of Maryville hear about this. People say that Ambry isn't any good and will never be a success. On hearing about this, Cynthia marries Fuller and Ambry is plunged into unhappiness.

Dr. Ambry loses all his friends, except "Johnny Reb." The doctor decides to go away and forget about this unfortunate accident. One day, however, a young girl comes to him and asks him to help a little boy who has been hurt. These children are poor whites and have no money to pay a doctor. Dr. Ambry's love for children forces him to go. He finds many of the people ill and without any medical aid. With the aid of "Johnny Reb,"

he does research work and makes some startling discoveries. His work among these poor whites is heard about in neighboring states and he becomes the famous Dr. Ambry. When the people of Maryville hear that he is a success they forgive him.

A short time later the United States has trouble with Cuba. Dr. Ambry offers his services and is one of the first to go to the war.

On Memorial Day the town of Maryville is filled with excitement. The people have erected a monument in memory of Dr. Ambry, who brought health to the "poor whites," and showed the people of Maryville that he could be a success, and lost his life in a brave attempt to fight the malaria of Cuba.

The small boy who had started Dr. Ambry on his road to success had been adopted by Ambry and was following in his footsteps so that he might go on with the work among his people.

Mary E. Marble, '31.

THE FOUNTAIN

Eugene O'Neill

Until this time I have been very much prejudiced against Eugene O'Neill and all his works, for I had only read his "Strange Interlude." "The Fountain" is as idealistic as his "Strange Interlude" is realistic, but it is portrayed with the same vividness, and splendid characterization.

The play itself is the first of a trilogy which deals with the Spaniards and their first attempts to colonize America, and to find Cathay and the Golden City. Juan Ponce de Leon was a young Spanish nobleman, soldier and adventurer who sailed with Columbus on his second voyage to America. Twenty years later we find him the governor of Porto Rico. All of this time he has been searching in vain for the Fountain of Youth, of which he had first heard tales from a Moor in Spain, and of which he had since discovered rumors from an Indian Chief, Nano. Juan had been overcoming the

Indians and taking their land in the name of Spain; and his Monks, in their efforts to baptize them and collect from them tithes for the Church had resorted to methods of the utmost cruelty, and succeeded in arousing only the hate of the Indians. Nano had been captured and in order to save his life he offered to lead Ponce de Leon to the Fountain. He led him to Florida, where he betrayed the Spaniards to the Indians. In the fight that followed Juan was injured but not killed. His friends returned him to Porto Rico where he lived long enough to learn and to believe that the Fountain of Youth was within himself. Or as O'Neill expressed it; "One must accept, absorb, give back, become oneself a symbol! Juan Ponce de Leon is past!" He died in exaltation.

WATERS UNDER THE EARTH

Marion Ostenso

"Waters Under the Earth" is the story of a father deeply devoted to his seven children, who blindly bring disaster to their lives. Carla, the youngest child, is the only one who is fearless of her father and who is able to shape her own future the way she wants to. Mr. Welland, the father, is a religious fanatic with very narrow-minded views. He casts a penetrating fear over all but one of his children which they are never able to throw off. This element of such possessive and dominating parental love is most tragic as it is shown dooming the lives of the children.

Martha Ostenso carries an oppressive mood all the way through the book. She shows vividly a small town atmosphere and its effects on its inhabitants. She shows how it closes in on people's lives and shuts out any tendencies for individuality. The author develops her story in the form of a series of biographies with her fascinating style predominating each. May she write another novel equal to "Waters Under the Earth."

Elizabeth Bear, '31.

EXCHANGES

The Columns, Cornell University, is a new addition to our list. We especially note "Book Reviews" for their completeness and excellent reviews.

The Jabberwock, Girl's Latin School, Boston, is also a new exchange. We are going to draw from their joke column, *Ridenda*, although it is against our principle to have a joke column in our magazine, because we believe this one would be in harmony:

"You wouldn't think," said the Mississippi youth, "that my musical talent was the means of saving my life."

"No," remarked his friend, "I would not. Tell how it happened."

"Well, there was a big flood in my home town and when the water struck our house, father got on a bed and floated down stream."

"And you?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

The Tammy Howl, Gulf Park By-the-Sea, Gulfport, Mississippi, is one of the most interesting issues we have seen. This is their slogan:

"*The Tammy Howl* is essentially a howl. It is literally thus in that it is not a studied, practiced attempt at journalism but is as spontaneous as Tammy's own howl."

This magazine is a *howl* and very much alive according to their limitless joke columns. Here's one that might be a Lasell "howl":

"Even her best friends wouldn't tell her: so she flunked the exam."

In reviewing *The Brambler*, Sweet Briar College, we are following up eagerly the continued story "The Murder of Arthur Evans," by Margaret Lee. Also, we note an exchange from the *Mount Holyoke Monthly*, "You Are Too Proud," by Elizabeth Wentworth Seaver, 1933, and we are indebted to the exchange editor of the *Brambler* for this excellent poem.

You Are Too Proud

You are too proud. Go walk among the dead,
With those uncounted stones above their
dust.

Walk there, feel their unending silences,
And question if eternity is just.

You and the dead will both learn only this,
While their cold stillness holds you by their
side:

That the living is accurst among the dead,
The dead among the living, glorified.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

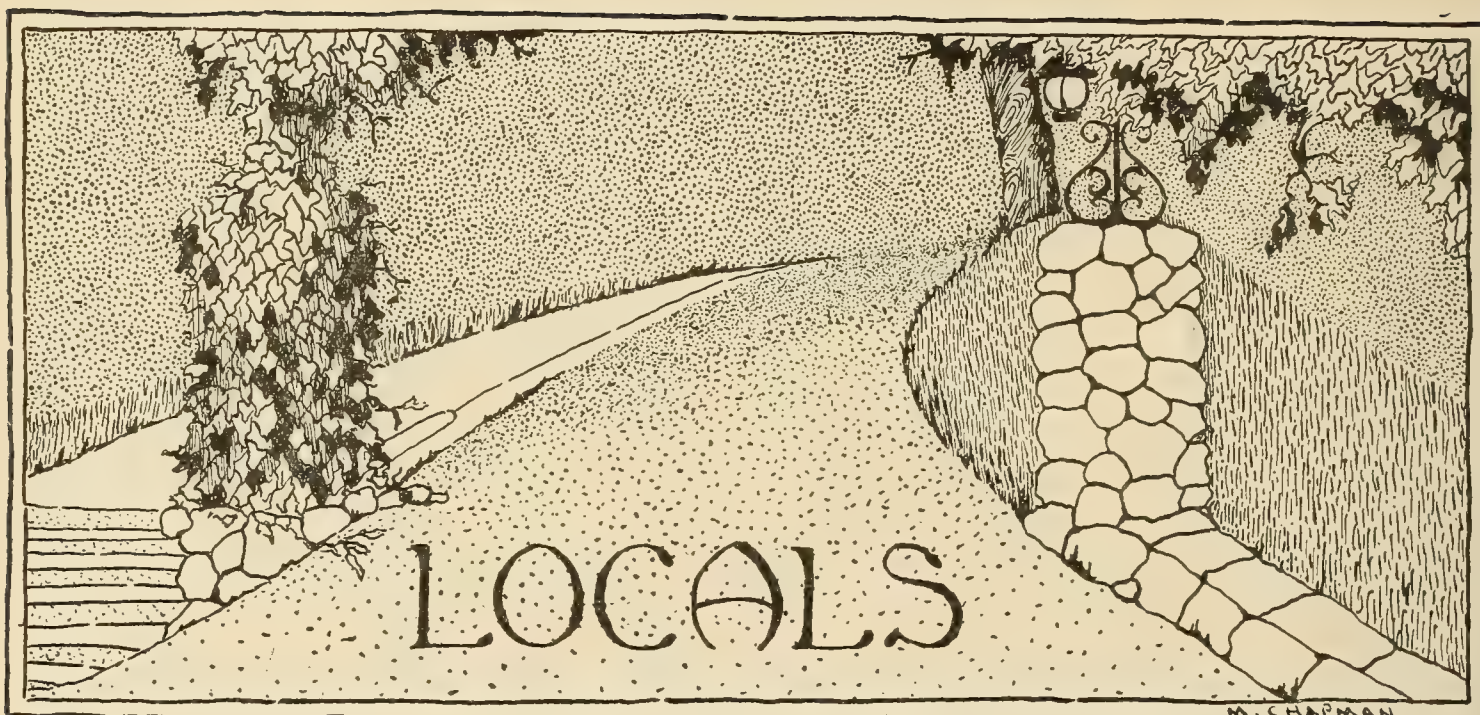
Boston University News—Boston University; *Connecticut College News*—Connecticut College; *Emerson College News*—Emerson College, Boston, Massachusetts; *Martha's Mirror*—Martha Washington College, Virginia; *Polytechnic Bulletin*—Billings Polytechnic Institute, Montana; *The Abbot Courant*—Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts; *The Agawam Mirror*—Northeastern University, Boston, Massachusetts; *The Reporter*—Bradford Academy, Bradford, Vermont; *The Ridge*—William Smith College, Geneva, New York; *The Sullins Silhouette*—Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia.

Virginia Allen Riley.

WINTER

Great gaunt skeletons of trees
Stretch their arms upward
In prayer. The sky, clothed
In the grey of a nun, a dull
Color, but harmonious with the
Dullness of earth. A small brook,
Only a thin, ribbon-like stream
Of water, running over the frozen
Ground. The cheerless song of
Two birds, winging their way
High up in the still, cold air. And
Lastly, the wind, like a weird
Song from heaven, whistling
Over the otherwise silent earth.

Marion Lewis, '32.



February 11: Faculty Tea.

The Misses Badger, MacClelland and Downing very cleverly transformed the gym into a charming candle-lit room, made delightful hostesses, in ski pants and berets, and served a real cup of tea straight from their own kitchen to the rest of the faculty. The informality of the affair was a pleasant change, and the appalling part of it all—the guests were not required (or even requested) to attend “in uniform.”

February 10:

The Art class and their guests accompanied by Miss Peterson experienced a rare treat, visiting Mrs. Jack Gardner's palace on the Fenway, Boston. Here, they inspected one of the most interesting art collections in the United States. This is a private gallery and all who went felt indeed privileged to have the opportunity of enjoying such a rare display.

February 12: Chapel.

Edwin O. Childs of Newton was our chapel speaker. He told us some new and interesting facts about Abraham Lincoln, and gave us one of the Emancipator's principles to put to use: “Don't try to fix a mud spot on your coat while it is wet, let it dry and then brush it off.” Can you apply it?

February 13: White Mountain Trip.

The fact that February the 13th just happened to fall on a Friday didn't phase a single White Mountain enthusiast. Fifty-five well bundled Lasellites, including Miss Hoag and Miss Danforth, squeezed in and out of buses and trains and finally rolled into the Intervale station. From that time until their return February 16th, there was one jolly conglomeration of snow-shoeing, trailing, tobogganing, skiing, night sleighing, and need food be mentioned?

February 15: Vespers.

We had the privilege of visiting at the “Church of the New Jerusalem” in Newtonville. Mr. John W. Spiers, pastor, spoke on “The Goddess Speaks by Fire.”

February 16: Faculty Tea.

The faculty met in the Bragdon library and were served by two representatives from Carpenter, the Misses Irwin and Rachdorf, two very interesting as well as gracious hostesses.

February 21: Martha Washington Party.

Martha, George, and the cherry tree were very much in evidence at the banquet and dance held at Bragdon. In fact the whole atmosphere was filled with the “spirit of '76,” though we might add the orchestra substituted their various instruments for hatchets.

February 22: Vespers.

Reverend Douglas Horton of the Leyden Congregational Church in Brookline was with us for the vesper services and spoke on "What is the Gospel?" He concluded with a short sentence that might be very well for us to remember: "There is a place in life for people who know where they stand and what they stand for."

February 23: Faculty Tea.

Senora and Miss Perley poured at home, Hawthorne, where the faculty enjoyed another Monday afternoon of tea and talk.

February 26: Chapel.

Mrs. Charles Towne, wife of the former assistant principal of Lasell, said in her brief talk to us: "A book is known by its lasting qualities." Do you apply this to anything beside books?

February 27: Play.

The Dramatic Club was quite successful in putting over a well chosen play "Seventh Heaven." All who attended the performance felt well repaid—and those who did not—have one thing to look forward to—the next one.

March 1: Vespers.

Miss Ruth Seabury of the American Board of Missions is traveling to "see people as they are." She told us a great many interesting and inspiring things, some of which, doubtless, we shall not forget soon. Let us remember: "In order to be educated you have got to know people"—and "This very good book (Bible), got words for life."

WHEN I DIE

In my ideal heaven when I die
There'll be mounds of ice cream and apple pie.
I shan't go to bed when the clock says 'leven
And I wont wake up when it strikes just seven.
I'll play all day with the moon and the stars,
And at night I'll go dancing on the red tip of Mars.
I'll walk right down the milky way
And watch God change the night into day.



Under is simply amazed at the great amount of contributions this month and begs that everyone notice particularly the humorous and editorial columns.

We are still reading with interest Helen Robert's "Lasellites Abroad" and how we envy every minute of that trip!

Norma has scored again, and without a doubt her little sketch is one of the cleverest we have ever read. Lilian Carl's "Symphonia Domestica" is well done and very interesting to those of us who have never had that experience. Rachel DeWolf is still proving herself versatile, by writing a most interesting story. It is one we know you will all like. We know how you will all respond to Charlotte Cahner's story; initiations are always interesting.

We have Virginia Riley to thank again for a very clever little story that is full of Virginia's well-known humor.

Dorothy Carmer is a writer who holds great interest for all of us, and this time she has written a remarkable poem of war in all its horror.

Vesta Black has given us several little poems of clever wit that we like a lot. Katharine Hartman and Rachel DeWolf have written wistful poems that are sure to appeal to everyone.

There is no room to comment on all the articles this month, but needless to say, we are proud of each one.



The closing days of February witnessed at Lasell an unexpected and delightful reunion of a group of 1930 graduates. Among the number were: Alice Freda Bohn, Esther Simcox Brodeur, Dorothy Elizabeth Inett, Virginia Lee Johnson, Helen Jordan, Charlotte Ridley, Emma Jo Thompson, Sylvia Morgan and Winnifred Alice Felch. Happily for Lasell, Charlotte's visit came "on a Sunday," and that dear virtuoso of last year, assisted us at our Vesper Service. When Charlotte sings, we recall a saying of Phillip Phillips, "Some men write the Gospel, some preach it, and others sing it." Charlotte Ridley certainly sings it. Not until later, did we know that Alice Bohn is teaching regularly and successfully in a Cape Cod school. The other classmates and their occupations have been written up in previous issues of the LEAVES. Some have more business-like obligations than others, but all are certainly busy enough to "keep out of mischief."

! By virtue of their relationship to our Lasell girls, the husbands of our graduates and former students are naturally adopted as honorary members of the Lasell family. We rejoice over the success which so frequently marks the careers of these Lasell husbands-in-law. The latest news item from a St. Paul, Minnesota, paper deserves further publicity and will be especially appreciated by the friends of Marion Joslin Oppenheimer, '12. It is the custom of the Cosmopolitan Club of St. Paul to present, every year, a medal for distinguished service, to the citizen who has helped advance the United Improvement council program. This award has just been given to Mr. Oppenheimer. In the leading editorial of *The Daily News*,

the writer declares "No honor has ever been more merited." In accepting the medal, Mr. Oppenheimer said, "The credit belongs not to any one man, and certainly not to me, but to the public-spirited men and women who, subordinating personal interests, thought of the city as a whole and gave unstintedly of their time and energy to the advancement of St. Paul's welfare." The reports which appeared in the different press notices, gave an interesting and exact description of the result of this wisely planned program. Marion adds in her personal note, "Even in this time of depression we are still building, the men working in three shifts. At present we are building a new Court House, a new Post Office, a new Welfare Club, and a large addition to our auditorium."

That was a gratifying report which Miss Blackstock has just received concerning Camille Williams, '30, and her progress since graduation. "Last summer she was swimming counsellor of the Lackawanna Co. Girl Scout Camp with headquarters at Scranton. In all, she had over eight hundred girls in her swimming classes during the camp period, ranging from non-swimmers to Juniors and Life Savers and had two assistants. At the end of the camping period, she had registered at Lock Haven Teachers College but was offered a position as Field Captain in Girl Scout work to be located at the Scranton Headquarters. She accepted the position and is indeed carrying on a very creditable piece of work. Her salary has been advanced and she has the use of the Scout car and one of four paid workers. The Director, under whom Camille is working is a woman of very high ideals. Camille is able to spend week-ends at home and is free from after 1:30 on Saturday until Monday noon. During the week she conducts swimming classes, but visiting and organizing is the main part of her work. Never has she been as happy as she is in this work, and she has been told that the position is hers just as long as she wishes it. Word has reached us that Ida Murphy's, '30, sister from Porto Rico is planning to come to the States next fall.

Ida is almost confident that she will enter Lasell." Mrs. Holbrook, Camille Williams' mother, who kindly sent this word to Miss Blackstock, closes with reassurance of her appreciation of all that Lasell did for her daughter.

The last word from our national treasurer of the L. A. A., Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, reports a pleasant visit with Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, Secretary of the L. A. A., who is visiting in Miami. These two are planning for a local Lasell reunion in the near future.

The newest items from the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club reporter are these: "Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lucas of 8 Riverview Terrace, recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Alta, '23-'24, to Clifton Pike, son of Mrs. E. J. Pike of Mittineague. Mrs. Carl R. Lumbert has moved again. Her new address is: 192 Pick Ave., Villa Park, Ill. Mrs. Carl Lumbert was formerly Sarah Senior, '24-'25."

Isn't this good news from Ruth Hutton, '27. She is writing to our Mrs. Hooker. Her initial request is especially pleasing to Lasell. "Will you please send me a new catalog with application blank? My sister wishes to enter Lasell in September, 1931. How I wish I were sending in my application! It almost scares me when I think that a year from next June will be my fifth reunion! I do hope I can get back, for there's nothing I'd like better. In July I am going to visit my father's brother in Mexico City and expect to be gone six or seven weeks. I understand there is a Lasell girl, either '28 or '29 at Elmira College, whom I expect to meet soon through a mutual friend. Dot Case, '26-'27, of Elmira and I see each other all too infrequently to suit me. We are thankful for visits over the telephone! Please remember me to Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter, and Lillian Bethel. I shall never forget Dr. Winslow's kindness to me. It was deeply appreciated. I think the LEAVES staff deserve much commendation for their very interesting

magazine. The Alumnae column in particular, is very interesting to one, who, like myself, rarely sees another Lasellite to talk to. What is Miss Witherbee's address, and also Mrs. Saunder's new address? I'd be most grateful to have them. Ruth Hutton, '27."

To Mr. E. J. Winslow, Helen Whittle, '30, sends the name of a friend, possibly one of next year's new girls. So characteristic is this message of Helen's that we are venturing to quote a bit from it without "per" from Mr. E. J. or even Helen. She writes, "Of course I want this friend to go to my dear Alma Mater so am doing what I can to have her choose Lasell. It really does seem strange to be addressing a letter to you, Mr. Winslow, which does not contain a request to be excused from classes and a week-end permission. I can only wish that I still had that privilege, and hope that my friend will be doing just this thing next year. All best wishes to Lasell."

Ruth Oppenheimer, '30, writes to our Dean from Palm Beach, Florida, "Just a line from sunny Florida where we have it about as cold as in Boston." Ruth's terse weather report reminds us of a witty reply given by Kate Fields, who had sought the genial atmosphere of Washington as a health resort. It rained nearly five weeks out of six and when someone asked Miss Fields if she liked the climate of Washington she answered, "Washington may have a fine climate, but the weather was terrible!"

Anna Andrews Barris, '01-'02, has returned to her favorite haunt, Washington, D. C. She seems to have about wholly recovered her health and is again busy with her pen. In one of her lively accounts of her visit to the Senate and House, she reports this amusing incident. "At one session, an aged and respected member passed up some resolution to be read. By mistake, the Senator had sent the wrong paper. The clerk, not noticing its contents, began reading in a loud voice—'The interest on your mortgage is long overdue.' He stopped suddenly amid the laughter of his

hearers and even the guilty Senator joined in."

Every bit of news coming our way concerning Mary Packard Cass, '89, is treasured. After attending a large Missionary gathering in Boston recently, an old Lasell girl wrote, "The program was inspiring and one of the best messages was given by Mary Packard Cass. She is always fine."

Accompanying the following announcements of Lasell girls' marriages and engagements, go our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

February 19, 1931, the marriage of Jessie Caulk Shepherd, '17, to Mr. Henry Mott Brennan took place in Middletown, Delaware. Mr. and Mrs. H. Mott Brennan will be at home after the first of April at 264 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edward Thornton announce the marriage of their daughter, Hope, to Mr. Charles Francis Burke, on Saturday, February 14, 1931, in Pawtuxet, Rhode Island. Mrs. Burke was a former teacher at Woodland Park School. They are at home at 10 Manhattan Road, Worcester, Mass.

Helen Louise Duncan's, '26, engagement to Mrs. Charles Dinsmore Peterson was recently announced.

The engagement of Margaret Elms, '27, of Auburn, Maine, to Mr. Cutler Macauley Godfrey is announced.

The announcement has been received of the engagement of Bertha Burnham, '30, to Mr. Norris Crowell Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald T. Brown announce the marriage of their daughter, Francis Jeanette, '29, to Mr. Griffith Joel Winetraub on Saturday, January the thirty-first, nineteen hundred and thirty-one, in New York, New York.

Annie Kendig Pierce, '80, and her cousin, Ella Stedman Frank, '82, have just enjoyed an outing together in the southland. Mrs. Frank has returned to her home "up North," but Mrs. Pierce will remain in the genial South until late Spring.

A charming etching of the Cathedral at Chartres came to the Personals Editor's office not long since. The giver was Mrs. Harriet Holden, '26-'27, a former member of our Faculty. Accompanying the picture was this explanation, "This is one of the things which pleased us most in all our last summer in France." The etching brings back to us the distinct memories of a beautiful Gothic interior and marvelous old stained glass. We gratefully acknowledge the gift.

Beatrice Alderman, '30, is enjoying her first year's training in the Boston Children's Hospital. One day she devoted her "hours off" to Lasell. We happen to know that the training in this exceptionally fine hospital is exacting but of the very best. Notwithstanding long hours and hard work, "Bee" never looked better or seemed happier. She tells us that Peggy Ward, '29, is also in training in the same hospital. We are proud of these "professionals in embryo."

Marie Houghton Gilman, '16, now of Brattleboro, Vermont, confesses her increasing liking for her new home but exclaims, "Alas, there is a complete lack of Lasell girls hereabouts." She finds in her eight year old daughter an unfailing source of joy and comfort. Marie, we appreciate your hearty good wishes for your Alma Mater.

Frances Smith, '30, in a friendly vein, declares, "I can truthfully say that my two years at Lasell were the happiest years of my life. I hope every girl now at school will get as much out of it as I got." Frances, this outspoken tribute is deeply appreciated.

In Des Moines, Iowa, on January 30, Mr. Nathan Emery Coffin passed away. A large circle of former Lasell "old girls" and Faculty will join with us in extending tenderest sympathy to Mrs. Coffin, our Winnie Belle Ewing of 1889.

Reverend and Mrs. L. L. McCutcheon (Gladys Wilkes, '15) and family remembered their friends this year with a choice and beauti-

ful greeting. This sermonette will furnish inspiration for many friends for many a day.

We have frequently felt that a blue ribbon decoration should be given to the Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club, meeting monthly for years without any abating of active interest, usually working toward some fine philanthropic objective, and anon, their loyalty to their Alma Mater expresses itself in direct generous giving. In a recent informal report to our Principal, Grace Allen Clarke, '95, writes, "Enclosed please find our contribution to the Endowment Fund, \$25.00, from the Omaha and Council Bluffs Club. We wish it could have been larger. We have our good meetings as usual, the first Tuesday in every month, and all the girls are enthusiastic. Added to our happy social times, we accomplish much in sewing for charity. I've often thought of my lovely day last June, Commencement Day at Lasell. Although none of my class of '95 were present, I saw other old girls I knew and was so happy to see them.

"At our meeting last Tuesday, at Kathryn McClanahan Henske's, '06, there were nineteen present, and all sent best wishes to you and Lasell. No special news to you except that Alice Andreesen Kountze, '95, married Mr. Gould Dietz of Omaha, in December. I must tell you also, of Mabel Taylor Gannett's, '95, oldest son, Taylor, being a Vice Consul in Havana, Cuba, and doing fine work. Our youngest son who was graduated at Yale last June, went to South America with the Yale Spanish Debating Team for all summer, debating in Spanish with the leading universities there. He has decided to stay in Buenos Aires with the First National Bank of Boston, a branch of the Boston First National Old Colony and is delighted with his new position and will remain for three years, at least. With best wishes to you and your family, and for the success of dear old Lasell, Very sincerely, Grace Allen Clarke, '95."

We are still missing from our ranks, Elizabeth Walther, '29-'30, but rejoice in her success

at Western College, where she received "A" in Home Economics, when "B" is usually the highest grade given. Good work, Elizabeth! Accept our congratulations.

That devoted home-maker, Mary Potter McConn, '05, has made, for her, quite a detour this winter. She has been visiting in Fort Madison, Iowa, and was her sister, Julia Potter Schmidt's, '06, guest in Evanston. She sends a gratifying report of herself and all the Lasell connections in her family.

A goodly company of "old girls" will recall Lasell's missionary neighbor, Mrs. Richard S. Rose, and her delightful talks on India and her charming novels depicting life in India. On her way back to India, she and her husband are spending some time in Athens, Greece, where Dr. Rose is the acting President of the university there and his gifted wife, a member of the Faculty and College Librarian. At the holiday time, they both sent greetings to their Lasell girl friends, expressing sincere appreciation of our gifts to their beloved missionary field.

Dear Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, has been running, so to speak, a private hospital this winter—her three darling children being the patients, but they are fast recovering and Caroline, as usual, is coming out of the experience smiling. This optimist reminds us of Charles Lamb, who when accosted by a friend one day, with the question, "How are you?" answered, "with the exception of neuralgia, rheumatism, and neuritis, I am very well, thank you."

Frances King Dolley, '08-'18 (a former teacher at Lasell), in a personal letter to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow mentioned a Lasell tea, which she intended giving. We have learned that this social function came to pass and we are hoping soon to have a report from one of our Cleveland Lasell girls who enjoyed Miss Dolley's recent hospitality.

The last, but indeed, not the least important news items are the arrivals of a little Lasell

girl, Anne, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Osborne (Theresa Thompson, '22), and also, a little daughter came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Bell Wisdom (Mary Freeman, '26), and a wee son, Robert James, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Knowlton, Jr. (Mona Towle, '22-'28).

Misses Abbe, Tillotson, Hartman, Steep and Sproat have all been favored lately by visits from their parents, while Rachel DeWolf's, '32, sister, our own Mary Merchant DeWolf, '24, came home to Lasell for an overnight stay. Lasell was gratified to meet and greet these dear visitors.

Mrs. Charles Towne, wife of our former Associate Principal, was a guest of Mrs. McDonald for a few days in February. She kindly consented to take the Chapel Service one morning. The hearty applause of the new girls must have made Mrs. Towne feel at home. We appreciate her willingness to again serve, as she expressed it, "her Lasell girls."

Students who were attending Lasell during the years 1897-1900 will be saddened to learn of the death of Mrs. Stockton Heth, 1900 (Ella Brooks Cotton), which occurred recently. Mrs. Heth was a social leader in her home city and active in many charitable organizations. Lasell joins her host of friends in extending sincere sympathy to the stricken family.

Good wishes come to us often from unexpected quarters and from old girls from whom, alas, we have been out of touch for awhile. Avila Grubbs Lafon, '99, at last, to our joy, writes: "This is indeed a voice from the past, but while in Seattle recently, I spent a day with Clara Davis Lounsbury, '98. She showed me a Lasell directory in which I was put down as 'address unknown.' Will you please let it be known that I am at 1461 Minto Crescent, Vancouver, B. C. My husband is in the timber business here. My children are now Flo, 19, John, 16 and Patsy, 13. It would be a pleasure to hear from any of the old mates who make a Western trip. With

every good wish, Avila Grubbs, '99 (Mrs. John Lafon)."

From Portland, Oregon, Grace Austin (Librarian from 1918-1926), writes a newsy, charming letter, and among other happenings, describes a "sugaring off," which she superintended lately to the delight of her Oregon friends. The sugar came from Vermont and Mt. Hood furnished the snow. She also adds this bit of Lasell news. "Eila Patterson Rogers, '05, shared with me her class letter just received. It had been on its way a year and a half and was intensely interesting." The Personals Editor longs to "run it over." Eila, can't you furnish us with some choice clippings which your classmates of 1905 would be willing to share through the LEAVES with a host of "old girls" of your day?

In a recent letter to Miss Potter, Julia Plunkett Barham, '21-'22, writes, "We are still living in Tulsa and like it very much indeed. We made a trip home this summer to Boston, but were not there long enough to visit as many friends as we wished. I did manage to see my former roommate at Lasell, Dorothy Campbell Smith, '20-'23, who is living in Wollaston. But that was all. I hope some day to be in Boston long enough to run out to school and see how it looks once more. Please give my regards to Mrs. McDonald and to any of the girls whom you may see that I used to know. I wish you all a very happy year."

It has been a long time since our Principal has heard from Amye Vickery Bright, '02-'04, and it was a real pleasure to receive the following newsy message. She writes from Austin, Texas: "It is a long time since I addressed a letter to Lasell, but in the intervening years I have retained a delightful memory of the place and it is my regret that I have not dropped in to see you and Mrs. Winslow.

"I have a young daughter whom I am educating in our splendid State University, just the same I realize she has missed a great deal not to have had the advantages of Lasell

and Boston. Margie will soon be eighteen and is now completing her sophomore year in college (she is working toward a B.A. and B.J. degree). She belongs to the Glee Club, the Dramatic Club, a literary society, and writes on the college "daily." Just now she would like to secure a junior counselorship in some camp for the coming summer, preferably in New England. While Margie plays tennis, swims, and rides horseback, etc., she prefers tutoring either French or English, or some other manner of assistantship over a group of very young girls.

"I forgot to say that when my daughter was graduated valedictorian and received the

scholarship to the University, I came down here to Austin to be with her. I am intensely interested in the young people and the different phases of college life. I do little but make a home for my daughter. It is not long, however, until I shall have to find other interests and occupation. I spent Christmas in Fort Worth with Anne (Vickery Davis, '07). She is quite well, has a beautiful home, but no children. It is a long time since I had any Lasell news. I seldom get far from Texas. Would like to hear about your family. Give my love to Mrs. Winslow. Your very sincerely,
A. V. B."



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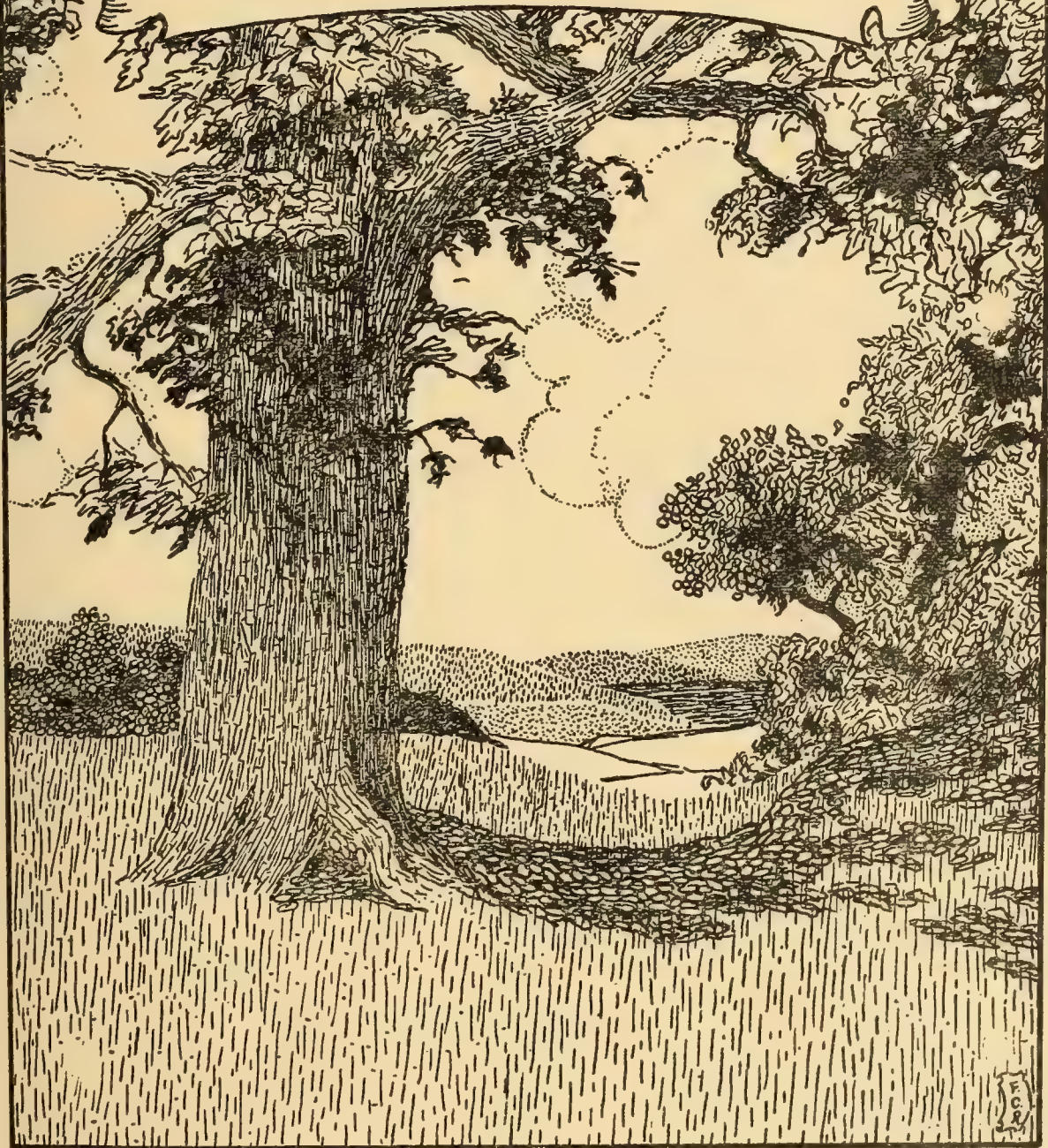
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No. 7

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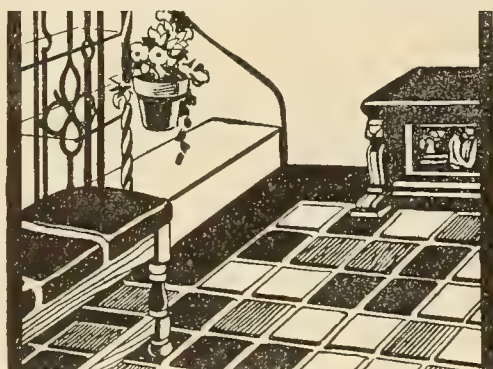
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THERE must be a reason that so many of our publications have been printed by us for so many years—that year after year these friends return to us when they need printing. Every year there is added to this long list new names and new friends. It is evident that they must have been satisfied.



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LITERARY

ROMANCE IN THE SUMMER

It was June again, and again the lake was an unreal summer blue; little quivers of heat shimmered over the hard white glitter of the sand; far above the lacquered surface of the water came the thin, eerie cry of sea-gulls that poised and dipped and glided with the sun flashing whitely on their wings. Along the weather-smoothed dock, Elise stretched her tawny length like a sun-drugged cat, and through half-closed eyes peered down through the cool depth of the water where the eel-grass was a sage-colored blur.

She was out of love again.

First there had been Freddie; Freddie was of two summers ago. She had met him at a marshmallow-roast; there had been something so fascinating and masculine about the unruly toss of his head and the nonchalant flare of white shirt-collar from the tan of his throat. Freddie's eyes had the abstracted look of a day-dreamer or a pensive cow, but this appearance of slightly dazed gentleness was belied by the pugnacious squareness of his chin and the bulge of his hulking shoulders. When he spoke, his voice came in a subterranean rumbling; and after three sentences, his conversation veered to football. Should the talk stray to another subject, Freddie's forehead would wrinkle in vague bewilderment, and he would sit in miserable mute confusion until, with an air of brightening relief, he would seize upon a pause and fall to discussing the intricacies of football.

All through June, Freddie was the most interesting person Elise had ever known. In July and even August, Freddie still was the best-looking man at East Bay Beach, and Elise was supremely conscious of the other young ladies of the summer colony. Strangely though,

by September, Elise could endure mention of neither football nor Freddie.

When summer came again, Cyril Norcross came with it. Cyril was fascinating; he had such a lofty mind, and he read Shelley and Byron so soulfully. There were colors in the sand, in the lake, even in the pebbles and the sadly neglected, withal smelly, dried eel-weed that had gone unseen until Cyril had delineated them; then subtle colors fairly leaped at Elise from every empty mussel-shell and water-worn board—sunsets became overwhelming. As soon as warm dusk set the tree-toads to take up their shrill, wavering chorus, Cyril would appear with a small pocket-flash and a thick volume of verse. The nights—the countless nights of Shelley and Byron and Cyril and clouds of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. The day of Shelley and Byron, and Cyril, skinny and chilled in a baggy bathing-suit. Cyril went with September.

It was June again. The afternoon heat pressed down upon the water, and the lake was unbelievably smooth. Somewhere on shore a locust was whining. From far out in the lake there came a deeper, steadier whine that slid downward to a drone; Elise propped her head on her crossed arms and watched the curling slash of white that cut through the enameled blue of the water.

"Mmmmm," murmured Elise, "fast boat."

The slash widened, and the droning resolved itself into the even, deep undertone of motor, and the steady hiss of water thrown in sheets from under the bows of a speed-boat.

Elise was extraordinarily interested in the eel-grass below the pier when the undertone changed to slow, sullen chugs, then ceased altogether; there was the wooden rattle of a single oar used paddle-wise, then in measured inter-

vals, broad ridges of water, rounded and oily-smooth, washed under the dock and rolled toward the beach. So entranced by the eelweed was Elise, that she was quite oblivious of the thud and jar of the motor-boat as it slid beside the dock.

"May I borrow your dock for awhile?" His voice was a low tenor, his hair would be smooth and brown. Elise's movement was wide-eyed and startled. (Yes, his hair was smooth and brown, and his eyes were cool grey in his lean, tanned face.)

It was June again.

Norma Keller, '31.

A CRUCIAL INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN JACOB MARTIN

There was a great storm. John Jacob Martin was getting a little sleepy and was ready for bed. It was eleven o'clock and almost time for his family to be home from the movie—that movie, "The Laughing Lady" with Miss Chatterton, that so easily persuaded home-folks to leave warm comfortable houses and venture forth into the cold, even in a terrific storm. John was glad in this particular case that the persuasive powers of Miss Chatterton could attract his family, for all day,—this being Sunday—he had withstood the attack of a forceful mother and two nagging sisters. It wasn't the time that he hated to lose, for after all, Monday at the office was a slack day and he was sure the boss would let him off for an afternoon, but it was the idea of the thing. Why couldn't his mother see that the time tomorrow wasted on visiting "Miss something or other" at Miss something or other's school could be so much better employed in browsing around for material for his book—the book that was to one day make him famous—or he could be with Mary Lou for a whole afternoon. Oh, there were just lots of things he would rather do than to visit a young female with money. It would be a "let down" though for his mother, after she had promoted the contact so tactfully with a very far distant relative, of the

family in fact it had always been doubtful to him whether old Mrs. Waters had ever even been remotely connected with the family. But he'd see about it—sleep on it—that's what they always said. There—what was that! He'd have to hurry up the back stairs if he wanted to escape his chattering family. As he went up the stairs wisps of the conversation floated up to him—such things as "did you see the way that evening dress was made? Don't you think mine could be fixed that way? Didn't you love———" That was all he heard as he closed the door of his room, crossed over and stood before the picture of his father.

John's room was small and narrow. It was a typical man's room with its shelves of books on one side and the narrow bed and a desk on the opposite side. On the desk a student's lamp was conveniently adjusted and served its purpose many a night—or rather many an early morning. There were times when his mother had been difficult about this—his late studying on a "worthless piece of work." This room of his, situated as it was in the rear of the two story house, was a retreat for John whenever he wanted to quit his mother's rooms with their gaudy and cheap furniture. It was a place where he could go on making his life what his father had wanted it to be. It was in this room that he could go on with his writing—a chance his father had not had. It was an unfortunate marriage, that of his father. His father had realized when he married his mother that their views were different, but his serious nature had been attracted by the pretty fluffiness of hers. He didn't realize, of course, that his marriage would completely finish his writing career, for his wife had a social ideal ever before her and constantly reminded her husband of the need of getting ahead in a "useful work." John's father, however, died loving his useless but ornamental wife, and left as well, a comfortable income for her and the three children. He died with his son's promise (John was then twelve years old) that he would always respect his mother's wishes but that he would foster the talent that had

been left him for writing. Innumerable times John had renewed this promise to his father, half-kneeling on his bed as he did tonight, before the huge portait of his father, that dashing young man in a jaunty tight-fitting suit with bowler hat in hand, his serious grey eyes set off by his fashionable side-burns. It was here that John made his decision that called for its answer tomorrow.

* * * * *

Several times girlish giggling had interrupted his thoughts as he sat here in the young ladies' school. Girls had flashed by past the open door, leaving a trail of perfume and powder behind them. Some had looked in at him sitting there—he was handsome in a way, but there was a certain aloofness that hung about him. His clothes were well-cut and his coat fitted snugly about his broad shoulders. There was something of the artist about him—his long tapering fingers and thin sensitive face.

Suddenly a louder burst of noise—high heels clicking and feminine voices bidding, "Betty to be careful and to send mamma's boy home early." Then the crowd of girls went clicking down the hall, having escorted their leader Betty to her "heavy date" and having accomplished their purpose—that of humiliating John. She must have known that he heard them, but there she stood indifferent and unruffled—that slight wisp of a girl—a very picture from the top of her blond perfectly marcelled hair to her tiny feet in their three-inch spike heels.

John was not dumb—he gave credit where credit was due. She was a perfect specimen of her type, if you liked that type; personally, John did not,—this girl with her stuck-up friends who didn't seem to care whether or not they trod on another person's feelings.

But here she was, just a sophisticated wealthy, indifferent girl; a girl who would later grow into that type of woman who has weekly facials, and steam baths to keep herself in trim—this being the only way she would know how to hold her husband; if this type but knew, husbands require love and compan-

ionship and an understanding heart;—but what was the use? He must say something for maybe he was wrong—he'd give the final judgment when he heard her speak. John stood up with his hat clasped tightly in his hand.

"Oh, are you here?" Betty said in her best and grandest tone. Ma-th-ah said someone would be calling to see me. Re-ally it was awfully nice of you to come. Won't you sit down—though I've only———."

John knew what her words were going to be so he saved himself further humiliation.

"No, I'm sorry, but I just stopped in for a few minutes to say hello—and, and I must be on my way now."

"Oh, if you must rea-ally be going, but I was so in hopes you could stay———."

and her voice trailed on and on saying meaningless things. Her urging had no force, no sincerity behind it. John knew this. Just a school girl of about twenty years trying to be grown-up and superior. What did his mother mean trying to make a match for him with this youngster who knew nothing about his life or his dreams and hopes? A picture of Mary Lou rose before him—Mary Lou—that was it! This was the solution to his problem—why hadn't he seen it before? Mary Lou who understood him and would be a helpmate for him in his struggle for success. Why, just the other day Mary Lou had seemed so interested in his book; snatches of the conversation came back to him and he suddenly wanted to go to her as quickly as he could and tell her of his discovery—a discovery that perhaps she had been waiting for and wanted to be told about. He had been too blind to see it before. His mother—but all that was past, he had striven too long to please her. This was his chance to be happy, and Mary Lou was the only one who could do it.

* * * * *

Long after, with Mary Lou sitting there beside him—both happy in his success, the publication of his first book, John wondered if he had bidden Miss Van Riper good-bye on that memorable afternoon when he had rushed

hastily out, and whether Betty's friends were satisfied that "mamma's boy" went home early. It was true that he went home early, but not because he had been sent home. John chuckled softly. He could almost bless that "smart infant" for waking him up and bringing him to his senses. Why if it hadn't been for her, why—why—

Dorothy Glasser, '31.

APRIL RAIN

Rain on the roof
Rain on the road
Rain on the window—
Rain

Rain on the ocean
Rain on a lake
Rain on a brook—
Rain

Rain on my face
Rain on my hand
Rain in my heart—
Rain

Dorothy Brown, '31.

THE VIE CLUB

"This stock market business certainly has wrecked a lot of lives," meditated George Baker aloud over an *Evening Tribune* and a long, black, cigar. Several men looked up from their papers and muttered in agreement. The small, square clubroom was crowded with large upholstered arm-chairs, non-tipping smoking stands, evening papers, stock market reports, and ten members of the Vie Club—all nearly blotted out by a thick, blue-white cloud of smoke.

"Boys," he continued running his big hands over his thin, grey hair, "everything's gone, every cent I have." There was a deep murmur of sympathy.

"George," spoke up a thin, bald-headed little man sitting near the blazing fire, "you know anything we have is yours." His head trembled with every word he said.

"Thanks, John, but my boy will take care of

me" said George proudly. The members of the Vie Club were startled.

"Why, I didn't know you had any children, George" queried Joe, whose amazement showed clearly in his face, in spite of the long, red scar that gleamed across it from the corner of his left eye to his stubble chin.

"Well, he isn't my son exactly, Joe," said George looking into the fire. The men remained quiet—the war had taught these ten men the value of silence. George had never been one to talk about himself and had remained more or less a mystery since he had entered their sacred club nine months before. His war record had been his only recommendation, and no questions had been asked. When George started to tell his story, they quietly put down their reading and sat back in their deep, lounging chairs.

* * * * *

"Across the street from us, when we were living in Philadelphia, I guess it was twenty years ago, there lived a family by the name of Crompton. Odd name isn't it? Sort of a mixture of Compson and cramp. The old man was a queer sort of a fellow like his name. Worth a million or so. Made it all by himself, too, in the shipping business. His wife wasn't a pleasant sort. I guess she married Crompton for his money. They had one boy. When he came along the ol' man was old, and she was well along, and that makes a difference when you're bringing up children. She'd been a writer before her marriage—not very good, though; but she took to writing after the boy came and she couldn't get around much. He had nurses, governesses, and private tutors hanging onto him until he got old enough to go to college. He was smart enough but looked kind a lonesome to me. Never had any real love or fun, I guess. I used to try to get him to play ball once in a while with some of the kids in our backyard, but he didn't like to play very well. He went east for an education—good education, too, went to Harvard. When he came back he'd changed. Wasn't so shy. Seemed he had some idea of writing for his

living—that was before his Dad's money was gone. Ol' Crompton got mixed up in something that wasn't his business, and they broke him. He died from a shock within a week after it happened. Then his wife caught cold at his funeral—it was a cold, wintry day—and it developed into something serious, and she died a week later. My wife, Belle, said she didn't dress warm enough. She was always going around, that is Mrs. Crompton, dressed like a young flapper.

"Well, Richard—that's his name—he tried writing for a while, and then he began to sell things. Belle used to say every time she looked out the window that there was a truck in front of the Crompton place taking something away. She got real worried about what he was sleeping on and eating off of. We invited him over several times for dinner. He didn't come much at first, but my wife used to tell him that she liked company, 'cause she didn't have any children and got lonesome once in a while."

George Baker looked over his pipe into the massive stone fireplace and fixed his gaze upon one bright flaming log that suddenly split and sparks flew in every direction. One member of the Vie Club too near the fire, slapped his leg suddenly where a gleaming spark was eating through the material of his trouser leg. With his good leg—the other was only a stump—he pushed his chair sharply backward. George shook himself and leaning over picked up the burning end of a charred stick and lit his dead pipe.

"Well, Belle and I even spoke of him as sometime being our son, but I guess the boy had other plans. Well, he sold a story and after that we didn't see him much. Said he was too busy writing nights, to come over. Belle was heartbroken. Then one day I came home and found Belle crying. She hadn't cried since our baby died, and I sure did get a scare. Richard had come to say goodbye. He'd sold the house to a new family by the name of Blodgett—most unpleasant people—and was going to New York, to get local color or some

nonsense like that. She hadn't told him what we'd planned." George snorted and took out a big striped handkerchief and blew his nose violently.

"We didn't hear much from him, although Belle used to write regularly every week. He was writing all the time then. He sold a story or two and took an apartment in Greenwich Village. Then when the war came along, we moved to Washington, and I worked there, as you know, until America got into it. I was pretty old then and didn't think they'd call me, but between my being an old Army man and their needing older officers pretty badly I was taken. Belle was ailing at the time, and I hated to go. Funny, boys, how everyone got the idea that we all went to war for a glorious cause and because we couldn't stand by and see our country soiled. It was a rotten mess. I'd have given anything to have been at home taking care of Belle those last years. And you fellows, did you ever meet a fellow with the idea that he was doing something glorious? Hell, all most of us wanted to do was to get back alive and quickly."

The men around the fireplace stirred reflectively. Peter who was blinded in one eye and who shook like a leaf everytime he lit his pipe, picked at the loose horsehair in the arm of his chair. The other nine looked grimly into the fire.

"One day Belle wrote me that Richard had been taken and was at the front. Her letter was frantic, and I didn't realize until then how much she cared for the boy. She might have been his mother the way she pleaded for me to look after him. It was pretty hard for me to get away just then, but when I got leave, I looked him up. He was in pretty bad shape, just a scarecrow. Scared to death. Well, we were all afraid, too, but some of us bluffed, laughed or cracked up, but he just existed. He wasn't even glad to see me, and I don't think he even knew who I was until after a couple of days. He had had all the fingers shot off on his right hand. I tried then to cheer him up by telling him he'd learn to write with his left

before long, but he used to shudder and sob that he'd never write again. I couldn't do anything for him, so after my leave I went back. He was so bad that he didn't seem to care whether I went or not.

"Then Belle went. When they brought me the news, I went all to pieces. I was only human. They gave me leave, and when I returned, Richard had been sent back. He stayed pretty well back the rest of the war—did special work. A couple of months later I got a letter from Belle—it was like receiving a letter from a ghost. She had known she was going to die, and had written Richard of our plans, and he had accepted. She wanted me to treat him as if he was our boy we lost.

"We started out together, but he was too young a fellow to be cooped up with an old man like me; so when he started writing again we decided to part. Oh, he's still my boy, you understand, but he took his old apartment in Greenwich Village, and I came here. He writes about the war mostly and has become real famous now. I don't see him as regularly now as I used to, but he'll be around soon. You've probably heard of him, his writer's name is Richard J. Cromwell." The crowd about the dying fire stirred and several of them nodded.

* * * * *

Outside the clubroom door two younger members stood looking in at the ten absorbed listeners.

"That's old George Baker," said the younger one confidentially. "He was worth a million before the war. Now he lives here with these other cronies—all ex-Army officers."

"Is that so?"

"They call their club the Vie Club, French for life. The irony of it is that every man in it is pretty near shot to hell."

"How did he lose his money—the war?" asked the other lighting his cigarette gracefully.

"No, the great Richard J. Cromwell spent it for him."

"That rotter," exclaimed the older man. "Not the Cromwell who just spent a fortune

publishing his new war novel 'The Glory of Battle?'

"The same. It seems that old Baker and his wife knew Cromwell as a boy and became attached to him. When the ol' man was across, she died and left the money to the old man with the stipulation that he always take care of poor Richard," the younger man sneered.

"Doesn't Baker realize what stuff Cromwell writes?"

"He read one of his war stories once and has never read one since. One of those glorifying war and such bunk. It's just as well, though, he doesn't read them."

"Why?"

"Well, Cromwell, like the cad he is, is writing a story now about Baker. You know how he'll use him. All he ever uses him for, now that he's spent most of his money, is to get character and local color."

"Say, this George Baker, he isn't the one that I heard about here a little while ago, who just dropped his last cent in the market?"

"God help him if it is," mused the older man as they walked on into the lobby. "He won't get any sympathy from Cromwell."

* * * * *

"Yes," said George Baker, "my boy can take care of me now. Thanks just the same men." He put the battered Peter Schuyler into his mouth and picking up the *Evening Tribune*, began to scan the market quotations. One by one, the men lit their cigars and pipes and resumed reading—in a few minutes a thick, blue-white cloud of smoke again blotted the room.

Virginia Riley, '31.



SONNET

We walk erect; the small unstable earth
 Spins on its tilted path in endless space,
 A satellite that moves its circling pace
 Far into time, and of no greater girth
 Than atoms, finite worlds obscure of birth.
 We stand; the winds of space sing past our ears;
 We cut eternal time in measured years
 And set our values naming dross and worth,
 The while our island whirls among the stars,
 By subtle force its orbit held in void.
 We walk erect, nor even wondering
 At awful wisdom; yet the lot is ours
 That throat be tightened, heart be all employed
 At thought of last year's songs or this year's Spring.
Norma Keller, '31.

"THIS DEPRESSION"

There once lived in a dormitory of a girls' school a family of mice. They were well-mannered enough, and didn't go poking around into other people's affairs any more than was necessary. The girls liked sweets, and had spreads often (the cleaning up after which was not too complete) so that the family was considered well-to-do even in the highest mouse society.

Aloysius Mouse ruled his wife Etta, and his children Marjorie, Louise, Ruth, Howard, Philip and Edward, with an iron rule. (Very appropriately he had named his daughters after the girls under whose room the family lived, and his sons after the young men they spoke about most often.) But it must be said for him that he exercised his parental authority wisely. He provided the best food obtainable in the village, and his wife was so well-dressed as to inspire envy in the Sewing Circle of the local church to which she belonged.

"Etta," Aloysius always said, "I want you and the children to have everything that I am able to give you."

So Etta dressed the children well, sent them to private school, had them take music and dancing lessons, and altogether they were a credit to every one of the best families of Mousedom.

But one day at dinner Etta noticed that her spouse was worried; try though he might to conceal his emotions, she was always sure to see through his deceptive good humor.

"Etta," he said after dinner, "this depression is the worst I've been in in fifteen years, and we're going to have a hard time of it to pull through until the first of the month."

"You know," Etta replied, "I've felt that something of the sort was bothering you, so I've been saving a little each week until now I have one English muffin, one hard roll and six bon-bons which ought to help for a while anyway."

"Etta," said Aloysius, condescendingly, "you are only a woman, and I can see that you do not fully appreciate the situation. There is actually a scarcity of food. After searching and hunting the whole day long, I have been able to find only a few peanuts and a Hershey bar.

His wife was first astonished at this revelation and then actually frightened. But never having experienced being without everything she wanted, she did not comprehend the seriousness of it all.

But Aloysius did. And he knew then and there that steps would have to be taken—and quickly—if they were to survive. The girls brought less food to their rooms, and they seemed to be experiencing somewhat the same difficulty themselves.

Aloysius tried going through bureau drawers, but with no apparent success. The girls saw that he had been there, thought that he was ransacking just to make a nuisance of himself, and were more careful to close the drawers tightly. Then he attempted to enter the tin boxes which he knew contained food, but he could enter only one, and that one yielded little enough for a family of eight.

Aloysius was in straits and he knew it. So he called upon his helpmate. It was she who suggested doing it—he never forgot that—for, under no circumstances could he have concocted such a foolish trick. He was worried enough to be influenced by her; he would never have consented to it had he been in his right mind.

"My dear," said Etta, one evening after a fruitless day's search, "there is only one thing left, and that is the waste basket. I am sure

that I saw some choice morsels go into it to-day."

So Aloysius, struck with the seeming facility of the plan, determined to see what there was in it. He jumped from the floor to the chair, from the chair to the desk, saw the whole end of a loaf of bread in the basket, and landed in it, amid the rustling and crackling of papers.

Helen, who was not a very heavy sleeper, awoke, but hid farther down beneath the covers.

Aloysius started to gnaw the bread into pieces small enough to carry off. Such luck—why hadn't he thought of this before! All went well until he tried to get out; he had neglected to ascertain whether it was a tin or a wicker basket and horrors above—it was a tin one! His sharp claws made no impression upon the sides, only tiny, bright scratches.

"Etta, Etta," he called in his distress, "come here and help me."

Etta came and saw but could do nothing; she was as powerless to help as he. She could only suggest that he heap up the bread and try to reach the top in that way. But alas, he had done his work to well, the pieces were too small.

Etta, scurrying about on the desk, pushed a fountain pen to the floor, and Ruth awoke.

Ruth, always the braver of the two girls, decided to investigate; but like most of her sex was loathe to step on the floor when there was a mouse in the room. But feeling that she must demonstrate her bravery to her roommate she hurled a shoe in the direction of the noise.

The first one went wide of the mark, but the second overturned the basket, and Aloysius escaped, forgetting to take with him that for which he had risked his life, in his desire to be free.

The next day Aloysius, disheartened; Etta, almost in tears; and the family were sitting around the fire. Everyone was unnaturally quiet until Aloysius broke the silence.

"I really don't know what we shall do for the three remaining days until the first of the

month. None of us has had a full meal for a week, and I have two more white whiskers from worrying about it."

Etta sighed but said nothing. She glanced around the room despairingly until her eyes rested upon the calendar. She had forgotten to tear off the slip for the day. From force of habit, she dragged herself across the room, tore it off, and what was there beneath it but a big ONE, just a ONE, which means nothing but the beginning of a new month.

They had forgotten that February has only twenty-eight days!

Aloysius looked up at his wife's cry, and saw, too. He arose from his chair a young mouse again, his two white whiskers resuming their former pearl-gray color, for he knew that the next day would bring plenty.

But Aloysius thenceforth had foresight, as one might realize, if he looked under the third board from the wall, for there is a cache, that would keep the cat from the door many weeks on end.

Jane Hupman, '31.

LASELLITES ABROAD

PART III (*Concluded*)

On the night of August 7, we left the continent of Europe behind us and eagerly looked forward to our first visit in England. Fortunately a bright moon shone when we left The Hague so the English Channel was found in a very calm mood. Early the next morning we arrived at Harwichport and after assuring the Customs that we had none but the right amount of dutiable goods we sped on to London.

On arrival at the station we were met by our charming guide, Major Hope, who whisked us off for our "city drive." London is as yet the biggest city in the world and we were surprised to hear that in it one would find more Scots than there are in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin and more Jews than in Palestine. There are also thousands of our own compatriots in London engaged in all kinds of business. Our first glimpse of London included the objects such as the Tower, St.

Paul's, The Bank, Scotland Yard, Trafalgar Square and all the rest, made familiar both by history and literature. St. Paul's interested us greatly for it was Christopher Wren's great architectural achievement and since we were familiar with his work in many of our colonial buildings we were thrilled to see his great masterpiece. We arrived at the delightful, homey Milton Court Hotel in Kensington in time for lunch, but as usual there was the general scramble for mail. Poor Uncle! By this time he had learned to crawl out of the seething mob shouting for letters and let us manage for ourselves.

The next morning, the tenth of August, found us ready bright and early for our lovely motor tour through the English countryside. Our first stop was Eton, the famous Boys' School. Our guide, his father, grandfather and oldest son were all graduates so that our tour through the school proved most interesting. Here were truly timeworn and time-scarred buildings, scrupulously neat and clean, but with so much of history and association. We saw the famous switching-block at which it is an honour, rather than a disgrace to be brought. In fact, Major Hope informed us that any boy graduating from the school and who had not suffered the penalty of the switching-block, had not been supposed to have fulfilled all the traditions.

Across the river we went to Windsor and our main objective there was Windsor Castle, the real home of the monarchs of England since Elizabeth's time. We were fortunate to arrive just at the hour of "changing guards," a very picturesque performance. The officer in charge of the Company of Coldstream Guards that morning happened to be none other than the brother of the Duchess of York. The castle is full of tradition as is everything else in England, but because it is especially associated with the Tudor dynasty we were more familiar with it. The great sight today is the Queen's Doll's House, an enormous affair enclosed in a large glass case and wonderfully furnished. We were told that everything in

the house moved and of course it is lighted with electricity. The room in which it has been placed was especially adapted by Sir Edward Lutyens, the "Christopher Wren" of the present-day architecture. Perhaps the quotation from the guide book best explains it: "The purpose in the minds of those who designed, constructed and furnished the Queen's Doll's House was to present to her Majesty a little model of a house of the 20th century which should be fitted up with perfect fidelity down to the smallest details, so as to represent as closely and minutely as possible a genuine and complete example of a domestic interior with all of the household arrangements characteristic of the daily life of the present time. And now we were all ready for lunch and were taken to Nell Gwyn's house where there is a charming tea-room. We ate real English beef-steak pie. We were shown the spot which led to the supposed secret connection to Windsor Castle through which Charles II used to come to visit his favorite.

We were peacefully riding along through winding lanes, bound with the famous hedges, when to our surprise we stopped at the entrance of a small mossy footpath. We followed it through a most beautiful cemetery to the church and church-yard, which Thomas Gray has made so famous. It was so quiet that for a moment we were hardly conscious of even the gentle breeze rustling through the great old, dark yew trees. We felt at once:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Gray himself lies with his forefathers close to the old walls of the church with its "ivy-mantled tower." For the first time we saw here the "leper's squint," an actual hole in the wall through which lepers on the outside might receive Holy Communion from the inside. This used to be the country-seat of the Penns and we saw their pew, commodious enough to have a fireplace in it. This latter is of course no

longer used, but the present squire of the manor and his family still use the private entrance especially reserved for them.

Our next stop was at Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of George Washington. The house is well-kept by an Anglo-American association and the garden was one of the most charming we had ever seen. And now it was tea-time, that most charming and delightful of social customs anywhere in the world. Across from Sulgrave Manor was a lovely tea-room where we ate real Banbury tarts and recalled the old nursery rhyme. At last just as a full moon was rising we crossed the Warwick Castle bridge and found that we were going to stay at the Woolpack, Warwick's oldest inn. The inconvenience of "a bowl and pitcher," was soon forgotten when we snuggled down into the capacious four-poster beds.

The next day we walked over to Warwick Castle whose dowager-mistress has identified herself with the Labor party in England, but whose nineteen-year-old earl still will probably vote Tory. This is of course one of the finest of the castles in England and truly we couldn't imagine anything finer. Our guide, who was the head overseer of the estate, assured us from time to time that the present earl actually ate in the dining-hall we were seeing and entertained his guests in the various rooms through which we were taken. Of course the Brussels tapestries and the old Holbeins and Rembrandts are amongst the finest in the world, but our interest lay in the association we had of Elizabeth and Leicester. Out in the fine gardens were beautiful peacocks strolling about in the natural grandeur of their plumage.

After lunch we stopped at Kenilworth on our way to Stratford-on-Avon. We had as our guide the one-time Shakesperean actor who has not forgotten his histrionic talents and who made the ruins live for us as they had actually in good Queen Bess' time.

Stratford-upon-Avon needs no detailed description for it has become so familiar to us. One of the most beautiful vistas we saw in England was the one from the right bank of

the Avon near the Shakespeare Memorial Theater up to Trinity Church. The river looked so placid, the swans so graceful, the rowboats so jolly with their holiday merry-makers. We were so glad that this greatest of all Englishmen rests forever in this heavenly spot which he so loved. From Trinity Church we drove through a narrow country lane to Shottery, just a mile away, and were shown through Ann Hathaway's house, beautifully preserved with its tiny dormer windows, its fine old-fashioned garden full of all the flowers Shakespeare has ever referred to. It really appeared like a delicate water-colour, framed in its small, white fence, with dark box hedges lining it.

Back again to Stratford and this time to the poet's birthplace. It loses some of its charm because of the crowds which one finds there, but the garden is lovely. We delighted in walking about the tiny streets and visiting the small shops. After a delightful tea, we went back to Warwick for dinner. The real treat of Stratford-upon-Avon was reserved for the night. We went back to witness a most excellent performance of Macbeth by the Stratford Players who just last winter played to



crowded houses in Boston. After the theater a fine mist had settled over the country-side and the effect of the moon shining through and the glimpse of an occasional cow resting for the night in the meadow, made us feel romantic indeed and so we sang the most senti-

mental songs we could think of on the way home.

The third day of our motor tour was to be spent in Oxford. We stopped at a little house in which the late President Wilson is supposed to have stayed over night. As we drove into Oxford, we were at once reminded of the poem, "The Gray Spires of Oxford," which have been such an inspiration to many and which have held so much bitterness and resentment to others.

Perhaps the two colleges from the many we saw that we shall always remember were New College and Magdalen, the latter the most famous. The chapel of New College was exquisite and the stained glass reminded us of Chartres and Sainte Chapelle. The garden in the "squad" is the prettiest in Oxford. What interested us most were the winding lanes which led from one college to another and we marvelled that anyone could learn their way around. At Magdalen we were especially interested in the tower and Addison's Walk and and hearing the names of the illustrious men who have studied there, amongst them the present Prince of Wales. The evening of the third day found us back again in London, glad to be back in order to digest all we had seen in our three days in the heart of England.

There was yet much to be seen in detail in London. One afternoon we went to the Houses of Parliament, but unfortunately the guards hustled us along so that we didn't take in as much as we should have, but we had a good look at Big Ben which booms the hours out so that one can hear him all over the city.

The object of greatest interest to the average visitor in London is Westminster Abbey. Washington Irving has described it thus: "At every turn I met with some illustrious name or cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death it catches glimpses of quaint effigies, some kneeling in niches as if in devotion, others stretched upon the tombs with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armour as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes

and coronets lying as it were, in state: In glancing over this scene so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being had been transmuted into stone and we step softly and cautiously about." To us of this generation one of the most impressive moments was when we stood at the "Grave of the Unknown Warrior" which bears this wonderful inscription:

"Beneath this stone rests the body
of a British Warrior
unknown by name or rank
Brought from France to lie among
The most illustrious of the land
And buried here on Armistice Day
11 Nov: 1920, in the presence of
His Majesty King George V
His Ministers of State
The chiefs of his forces
And a vast concourse of the Nation.

They buried him among the kings
because he
Had done good toward God and
toward his House."

The Tudor Chapel is a Gothic gem and one of the most interesting relics there is the Stone of Scone on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned for centuries before it came into the possession of the English in 1297. It was placed in an oak chair by order of King Edward I and for the last six hundred years all English Sovereigns have been crowned in it in Westminster Abbey. In this chapel is also the tomb of Elizabeth on a slab supported by lions couchant and with an effigy of the mighty Tudor queen stiffly arrayed in very correct fashion. Some of us, I am sure, tried to understand something of the profound purpose which inspired the artists who thought out and executed those unapproachable rose windows, through which the light of day was coming so full of richness, brightness and beauty that it fell like a benediction on the reverent and uplifted brows of all who visited

there. And so we left Westminster Abbey hallowed in its royal and great associations.

One moonlight night some of us with Miss Blackstock took a bus down to Westminster Bridge and walked across. Parliament Square a very busy centre during the day was now still. On one side rose the towers of the Abbey, on the other the spires of the Parliament buildings and Big Ben's booming sounded very solemn indeed. The lights along the embankment were lovely indeed and the river looked very dark except as the moon rays struck it every once in a while. We couldn't help thinking of Wordsworth's fine sonnet describing this bridge at midnight.

"Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep,
The river glideth at his own sweet will
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

Our visits to the National Gallery and the Tate were the never-to-be-forgotten kind and we were fortunate to be able to take them at a leisurely pace. However, the gem of museum sight-seeing for some of us was our very well-arranged one in the British Museum. One of the scholarly curators took us around and showed us just the most important things that had to be crowded in, not only in our limited time but also all that we could satisfactorily digest. Our first object to see was the famous Rosetta Stone which has been the key to all the ancient writings. Our guide explained briefly how the key was discovered. The next thing we saw were the well-known Elgin marbles brought from the Parthenon frieze and another from a famous old tomb. Then we went to the gem room and were shown the most precious cameos and also instructed as to how to really examine them. Last but not least we went to the Manuscript room and here we could have stayed for hours. We saw the original Magna Charta, Milton's contract for the publication of "Paradise Lost", the original of Gray's "Elegy", the oldest manuscript of the Bible and many other interesting documents. We did not wonder any longer why this was considered the great treasure house of the world.

We were very fortunate to be placed in a hotel only a stone's throw from Kensington Gardens. After dinner we could stroll over and visit the Sunken Garden attached to Kensington Palace and a perfect jewel of a flower garden. We enjoyed looking through the natural windows made in the high vine-covered fence and the four large doorways. We sometimes watched the children sailing their boats on the Round Pond and since no motors are allowed both dogs and their masters have a fine place in which to romp. Of course the Mecca in Kensington Gardens is the Peter Pan statue. At any time of the day one can see children playing about and lovingly touching the rabbits, mice and squirrels. In fact some of the little bronze figures are quite worn in spots where they have been so tenderly caressed. We could almost hear the music from Peter's flute so alive and real did he appear at the top. And so after a most delightful eight days we left London for York.

The walks and gates of York surely vied with the Cathedral as far as our interest was concerned. We were very privileged indeed to have as our guide one of the resident canons who had been attached to York Minster for twenty-five years. He asked us how much time we had. When we replied "all morning", he was delighted and he most patiently and interestingly explained every detail to us. In fact we felt that now we could visit more intelligently by ourselves any cathedral. The most famous windows are those known as the Five Sisters which date back to the 13th century and they were very beautiful. The canon explained what a tedious and hard task it was to clean these old windows. The chapter house was filled with interesting mementos, both ancient and modern but perhaps the most thrilling thing was to go down to the Crypt where they are excavating and have found the old walls of what they believe was the original Cathedral. After leaving the Minster we walked through the Shambles and were much interested in the very curious old houses.

From York we went on to Edinburgh where we were to celebrate two birthdays. We had

already had one in Naples, one in Munich, two in London and now two in Scotland.

Our first trip from Edinburgh was to Abbotsford made famous by Sir Walter Scott. The house and gardens are well kept and the surrounding heather-clad country was so beautiful that we did not wonder that the poet and novelist loved it so. After lunch in a quaint town where we also did much purchasing of Scotch woolens, we drove to Melrose Abbey, a very beautiful mass of ruins. Our second day in the Scotch capital was spent in a tour around the city which was extremely interesting. We visited John Knox's house, St. Giles Cathedral and best of all Edinburgh Castle where there is a very fine and unique war memorial. In the afternoon we went to Glasgow, the last lap in our regular itinerary. Our main objective here was the visit to the Trossachs. Surely nothing more beautiful exists. We were further thrilled by the sight of a rainbow, not in the sky but stretched out across the hills of heather. It was truly a very thrilling moment because of its rarity. And the next morning our hearts were heavy as we bid goodbye to half of our party who were sailing home to Montreal in the S. S. "Antonia". But when we of the extension group got out of the train at Penrith and drove through the beautiful Lake District, the jewel-spot of England, we were glad we were there instead of in the steamer.

It is difficult to adequately describe this lovely peaceful countryside. Our hotel at Grasmere was most comfortable and we should have liked to have stayed at least a month at the Swan Hotel there. We rambled all over, went to Windemere, Keswick and realized why Wordsworth loved to get away to his beloved spot. His little cottage was just down the road from us. Much as one wanted to linger we couldn't, but pushed on to Chester, that most picturesque mediaeval town. We walked around the walls, through the Rows and visited the Cathedrals, and hated to leave but our next point of vantage was Llandudus, Wales. Llandudus is a typical British seaside resort,

cheap and tawdry but we delighted in the motor trip we took to Bettsy-Coed and some thought it was more beautiful than the Trossachs.

After a week of meandering back again we arrived at the good old Milton Court for one last week in London. It seemed like coming home. Hot though it was we were undeterred and this time we saw the extras, such as Madame Tussand's wax-works, Regent Park (zoo), Westminster Cathedral (Roman Catholic) went to services at St. Paul's and the Abbey, saw them change guards at St. James' Palace and one of the finest excursions was an all day one to Kew Gardens by steamer. Here we ate our lunch and then on to Hampton Court Palace where we had tea in the old Tilting Yard and the trip down the river is one that none of us who took it will ever forget or want to miss. It was in the cool of the evening and all the way down are summer homes with gardens extending to the waterfront and hundreds of gay house-boats. We forgot the heat and only the memory of the beautiful river-banks will remain. And now our hearts were heavy as we took the boat train to Southampton to sail in the "Carmania" for home. Of course we wanted to see our families; we wanted to tell about all that we had seen but we loved London town and had begun to feel at home. We didn't wonder that so many had lost their hearts to her and we agreed with F. S. Flint, a contemporary poet who sings:

"London, my beautiful
I will climb
Into the branches
To the moonlit tree-tops,
That my blood may be cooled
By the wind"

After a delightful seven days on the Carmania" on which we also celebrated a birthday with a "Lyons Maison" cake we literally fell into the arms of friends and parents who met us in New York and were glad to be at home again.

(The End)

Helen Roberts, '30.



PROMENADING

It's all over now, but we're still talking about the fun we had. The foremost social event of the year in the history of Lasell was our Senior Prom. We had waited for it for two years; then, finally that highly anticipated day arrived.

After we primped till we were sure we were past improvement and had arranged ourselves in some of our own clothes, but perhaps more of those owned by friend classmates, we went buoyantly to the dance transported by the Red Cab Company. Once there, we found our dates and were ushered to our various tables where we were served a most appetizing dinner. The rest of the evening was spent fumbling through the leaves of our programs trying to figure out what number the next dance was to be, the name of the person with whom it was to be exchanged and where that person was. Sometimes he was found in time to dance enough to make use of the last few strains of our whispering orchestra; those whispers which wound up the evening by turning into a symphony of hurried blatant blasts.

Those forty minutes in which we were expected to get home were appreciated by all seniors, as thus our men were able to drive slowly enough to avoid taking any endangering chances. We said good-night and left our men, quoting Ted Lewis, "Everybody happy!"

Elizabeth Bear, '31.

SCATTERING MIND

For hours I pondered upon what to write. First of all I thought of a poem. Now, my ability to write poetry is out of the question,

but at least I thought I might contrive to write twelve fairly intelligent lines. The next thing I needed was a subject. Love—music—school? Finally I decided I'd write about love, but everything began to rhyme and make nonsense. At first I thought I'd be cynical and say something about the other party being sincere—that I was merely fooling. The more I thought of that the worse I felt, because as I analyzed it, it seemed more truthful the other way around, but the poem could not be twisted. After wasting many sheets of paper I finally gave up and ventured on an editorial. Should I write about the attributes of a Senior, or rave at length on the relative values of love and friendship? Neither seemed to sound as if they would meet with success. After throwing everything around the room I eventually decided to try a short story. All my ideas for a plot scattered and I could think of nothing. My cynicism has reached its climax and is fast dwindling; my poetry concerning love has changed with the seasons. Now that Spring is coming I think it time to change everything. My editorials have vanished and now I am left without an idea except that now that the year of Journalism is closing, my mind is closing too, so much in fact that I haven't a thought in my head. It is a pleasing state to be in. In fact it is more than restful. It all brings to my mind the following lines that to me summarize my chaotic state:

"When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome,
Then you're head's not a head,
But a nut."

Elizabeth Bear, '31.

ONLY MONDAYS!

I love Mondays. I can't think of anything nicer than Mondays. In fact, I eat Mondays, I sleep Mondays, and I live Mondays. There is nothing that is more fun than coming back from a week-end (during which I have not slept more than four hours), climb into a suit of those attractive black and white uniforms and go mop up the floor of the spacious gym back of Gardner.

Then, feeling beautifully refreshed, a nice brisk walk in the snow and rain and sleet and fog back to a class.

Any class will do—any class on Monday is enjoyable to me, the seats are so soft, the subject so interesting, and the teacher so sympathetic. Perhaps two classes of the same type, there usually are, and then lunch. Lunch? Well—soup and a cookie, to add variety.

More classes—ye gods, who invented schools with classes, or classes for schools—who invented either one, anyway should be shot.

Glee club then—I love that. It's so nice to sing and rest and think of dinner and—soup—again.

Oh, but the climax is Journalism to which I've been looking forward all day, and after that everything is rather blank and foggy, and bed looms importantly before me, so I crawl in, content and then Tuesday comes.

I love Tuesdays—I can't think of anything nicer than Tuesdays, etc.

Suddenly, there was a deep, muffled groan and a long, shrill whistle. Heads popped anxiously from every doorway and peered down the dark hall. Again everything was still, then a weird moan and piercing whistle startled the listeners, and they clustered together regarding one another nervously. At the blackest end of the hallway a door creaked open slowly and a thin white cloud of vapor poured into the hall. A shout, yells—no, you're wrong, I'll bet you thought it was another case for Phil Vance. But, no, it's just five-fifteen at Gardner and at last there is some hot water. However, dear reader, you weren't altogether wrong, there were several good fights and in the confusion that followed someone did get injured on a cake of soap.

Virginia Riley, '31.

PAINTING

There are many different kinds of painting—painting pictures, faces, fences and even painting houses, but I refer to a more difficult art of painting, and when I tell you all the circumstances I know you will agree with me.

Recently, we were engaged in moving, and as the color scheme of my new room was entirely different from the old one, I resolved to change all the furniture—if possible—to harmonize with its new setting. So late one night—I generally start things late—I picked out two white wicker chairs, and as my new room was done in blue, I planned to paint them blue with bright-colored birds decorating the backs of each.

I began mixing my paint and finding it a little darker than I wanted, I diluted it until it seemed about the right shade. I daubed it on quickly. This only took me a short time.

Now came the most difficult job of all—to paint the birds on the wooden backs. I traced around a pattern I had extracted from an old bird book, then I proceeded to fill in the colors. The first coat was not quite dry and the paint began to run until the birds looked like a bunch of flowers—so I immediately started in perfecting the flowers, until it looked like a modernistic or even futuristic design.

About this time my family were offering suggestions. My father suggested that I paint them black. My grandmother did not say a thing, but I saw a determined look in her eyes—a sweet determination to paint the chair over herself the first chance she got. So I decided I had worked enough for one day and went to bed.

The next morning I was awakened by loud laughter, and I quickly rushed downstairs to find the family gathered around something in the middle of the floor. The chairs! I looked—and gasped—the blue that had looked so lovely at night was a dirty grey in the daylight. It was spotted with white, for in my eagerness to finish I had neglected to paint all the wicker—but worst of all—my beautiful design had turned out to be a horrible purple-red. Purple-red and grey for a blue room!

All that morning I stayed upstairs—I could not bear to watch the second-hand man come and take away my work of art.

Virginia Riley.



**"EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS"
MARIE, GRAND DUCHESS
OF RUSSIA**

In this memoir of one of the last surviving Romanovs, we find an autobiography that deals with the old historical Russia. It is a most interesting book due to the fact that it was written by one who has experienced all the pleasures of one born into the nobility, and all the hardships of one who has witnessed the Russian Revolution. And it shows in a convincing way the intellectual as well as the social conditions which preceded the Russian overturn.

The story moves with the dramatic sweep of a great Russian novel through the banishment of her father for his unsanctioned second marriage, the assassination of her uncle during the 1905 uprisings, her war service as a nurse at the front, the revolution and with the murder of her closest friends and relations, her own thrilling escape with her husband and brother-in-law. As a sister of the Grand Duke Dmitri, she tells his story from an entirely new angle.

The Grand Duchess now lives in the United States and is adapting herself to democracy. Her book is most unique and most enlightening from a historical and individual viewpoint.

Elizabeth Bear, '31.

CATHERINE THE GREAT

by Katherine Anthony

Of all the biographies that have been flooding the literary market I consider "Catherine

the Great" by Katherine Anthony one of the most interesting. At the present time all eyes are focused on Russia and everything about it arouses our interest and curiosity. Then too, Katherine Anthony has a most charming style of her own. She develops all of the dramatic possibilities to their fullest extent and her use of anecdotes relieves any dullness that might be found.

This is a gripping story and holds the intense interest of the reader from beginning to end. The intrigue, the romance, the enthralling beauty and color of one of the most mysterious and romantic countries of the world is pictured.

The life of Catherine is typical of the royalty of the times. She had a wonderful personality. Her quick wit and her perseverance in getting the thing she wanted wins the respect and admiration of the reader although you can not approve of the sometimes unscrupulous methods she uses to fulfill her burning ambitions.

Miss Anthony gives a very comprehensive study of her subject, telling much of Catherine's parentage and giving her early childhood and training. This gives one a more thorough insight into her character.

Catherine, or Fike as she was called in her childhood, was born of a rather obscure prince. Her mother was an extremely ambitious woman and it was really through her influence that Fike is married to Elizabeth, Empress of Russia's half-witted nephew, the Grand Duke. From this time on, Catherine, fighting against great obstacles, works her way up gradually until she becomes supreme ruler of Russia.

Life of royalty, shown behind the scenes is thrilling. The selfishness and idiosyncrasies of Empress Elizabeth, how she becomes a grasping old woman, taking out her starved maternal instinct on the children of Catherine.

Catherine wins through it all keeping her goal to become ruler ever before her, destroys all who come in her way, and finally wins through her own perseverance to ultimate greatness and the realization of her ambitions.

Betty Dean, '31.

EDITORIALS

EDUCATION—BOOK LEARNING

Is education something one can get in an institution? It is generally thought that education is a formal process. People are heard saying, "I did have so many years of Latin," or "I did not get much History." Book knowledge that one acquires in school is thought of as the customary formal education, with which one starts in life. It is a measuring stick and a standard for the rest of one's life.

It is the general tendency of today to skim over as many of the latest books as possible. This leaves no time for the great works of men such as Homer, Plato and Bacon. It is hard to see how one's judgment of the present can be sound if one has no knowledge of the cultural background of our race. Ideas gained entirely from a study of the present are naturally second-rate. Book-knowledge is second hand information and a great deal of it can be learned for one's self. There is the old saying that "we learn by doing." There are those people who never really feel or live anything but gain their pleasure by substituting reading for living, and the book for reality. There are those who never talk about ideas and their views but what the book says about them. Those people merely have a taste for reading, and a memory for repeating.

There is a difference between learning from books and merely repeating passages from them. The learning from books counts in the selection of the book and what one wishes to learn. The ability to know good books from the inferior and the capacity to enjoy good ones is the main stem of any education. Just as the first important job of a librarian is to learn how to use the library, so is the first task of the student to learn from what books to get his education, and to use the possession of his

knowledge in practical life. By reflecting and using his knowledge the student grows in wisdom and is educating himself in the paths of culture.

ILLUSIONS

One of man's happiest faculties is his ability to idealize and build illusions around the everyday things of life, so that they appear to him beautiful and significant in a way different from that in which they appear to anyone else. Unhappy, indeed, is he who has not the power to build his dream castles and strive for ideals which he has invented for himself.

Most of us never see things naked and un-beautiful as many of them are, but we wrap them round with illusion, never once believing that what we see is not the absolute truth. There is only one reason for doing this; it helps us over life as shock-absorbers help an automobile over the bumps and jolts in a rough road. We invent ideals to strive for, because it makes it easier for us if we believe that we are going some place, whether we ever reach our goal or not.

Every girl, before going away to school, has built up illusions around it, whether from the accounts she has heard, the books she has read, or from her own imagination. The social butterfly type sees it only as a place where she can have a wonderful time with a minimum amount of work. All the girls will be congenial, well-bred, and friendly. The intellectual one sees school as a place where she can meet girls interested in culture, eager to impart and to receive new ideas and views. Almost everyone has preconceived ideas about the campus and the buildings themselves that are often due to be destroyed in the process of adjustment.

But whatever a girl thinks that a school is, she will soon find that it is only a group of individuals such as she has known all her life—no better and no worse. Perhaps she will be disheartened to see her illusions shattered, but such things happen to all of us every day—excepting, of course those who are practical and philosophical enough to take things as they come and enjoy them.

Religion and love are two emotions in which this power to build illusions is given full rein. As it would be by no means pleasant to think of ourselves as mere specks on the face of this earth, victims of our wills and desires, seeking to survive in a seemingly futile struggle for existence, we think of ourselves as endowed with souls, beings in whom an omnipotent spirit has an interest, so much so as to guide us upward to his level and prepare us for an after-life. This acts as a balance, gives us some purpose for which to live, aside from the satisfaction of our physical desires.

It is ridiculous to believe that any one person is better and more perfect than many others in this world, but try to convince someone who is in love that this is so. But then, why attempt the impossible? The object of love is so clouded by illusions, that one sees in him every virtue that one would like to see there, and his faults are so blurred over that they are not perceptible. We are set up by those who love us little lower than angels. Perhaps, though we should be glad of this, for it is the nearest we could ever come to perfection.

There is no denying that we are fortunate in the possession of this power of transformation, for the world would be cold and dreary without our rose-colored glasses of illusion. Even the terrible, empty time after our illusions is a price worth paying for the happiness and enjoyment we receive while we still have them.

TRADITIONS

Graduation is the Seniors' part of the year. When in June they walk around, sedate and awe-inspiring in their caps and gowns, and

talk mysteriously of class night, flame speeches, torch-bearers, and all the many other Senior activities toward which they have aspired so long, the underclassmen who have never seen graduation exercises at Lasell are bewildered. Because so many of the girls will lose the significance of the traditional ritual, perhaps it can be somewhat explained.

Class night is the most interesting and thrilling time of all; especially to spectators, for it is a time for frolic, dignified though it may be.

Many Juniors have already been asked by one of their Senior friends to be her "torch-bearer" and that means all that the name implies. The Junior is not only to carry her Senior's lighted torch in the procession following the class night exercises in the tent on Bragdon's lawn, but she is also expected to "carry on" the traditions and ideals which it symbolizes through the next year and in turn hand them down to her Junior.

A great tent will be erected on the lawn and in it the underclassmen and parents will sit to watch the Seniors march in, singing, take their places facing the audience and present to them all the traditional rites such as the class will, prophesy, history and innumerable other things. At the conclusion of the services the Seniors march out again and are found by their Juniors who with lighted torches form a procession headed by a band and the Sophomore president carrying the class standard. In front of each house they form a semi-circle and the Seniors give their farewell to the house which so long has sheltered them. The procession finally ends up on the front lawn of Bragdon around an open fire. Into this a representative of each house casts an object symbolizing all those things which they wish to forget. Then a toast is sung to the president and class officers. The climax comes as everyone links arms; the Seniors black-gowned in a circle around the fire contrasted with the white figures of the Juniors carrying the torches and forming a circle behind them. On the hill alumnae, faculty and parents form a silent shadowy background as strains of,

"Bound firm by a bond unbroken
Love for dear Lasell"

re-echo over the campus. It is indeed a sight worth seeing.

On graduation day the Seniors march to the Church for the last time to receive their diplomas. Then, having fully graduated, they return to the Crow's Nest and after bidding it farewell, the Senior banner is taken down and that of the incoming Senior class is hung in its place.

These are some few of the traditions and customs of graduation at Lasell but words cannot do justice to the unforgettable impression which graduation invariably stamps upon all those who witness it.

Every year a great many of the Juniors go home in June as soon as classes are over in spite of all the invitations and urgings to stay which are showered upon them. We feel that any girl who does not stay for it misses one of the brightest spots in her school life. We too would like to invite and urge you to stay for Commencement.

AFTERNOON OF A FAUN

One short hour ago he stood there,
Laughter flung from his scarlet lips,
Hair all gold and awave with sunlight,
Kissing the rose where the honeybee sips.
One short hour he clung to the wind there
Feeling the transience of ecstasy,
Caught with fingers of trembling eagerness
At the skirts of eternity.

One short hour ago he stood there,
Laughter flung from his lips like gold,
Piling up rose-petals, handful by handful,
Listening to tales of fairies told
By the ancient woman who mumbled and chattered
Creeping closer to watch his eyes,
To touch his cheeks with her wrinkled fingers . . .
Slim and silent, there he lies.

One short hour ago he stood there—
God of the earth where the sunlight fell
Down through the pear tree.

But kings have enemies
Even as authors—and dirks strike well.

Doris V. Lecky, Ex-'31

(Published in "Poetry Quarterly" and printed in the LEAVES by kind permission of the author.)



Under wants to call particular attention to our Senior Cover made by Norma Keller. She is the very brilliant artist of the Senior class, and beside the cover she has written another beautiful sonnet.

We are very proud of our Senior number, as every contribution is by a senior.

Again we have Virginia Riley to thank for a charming story and several humorous articles of Virginia's usual wit.

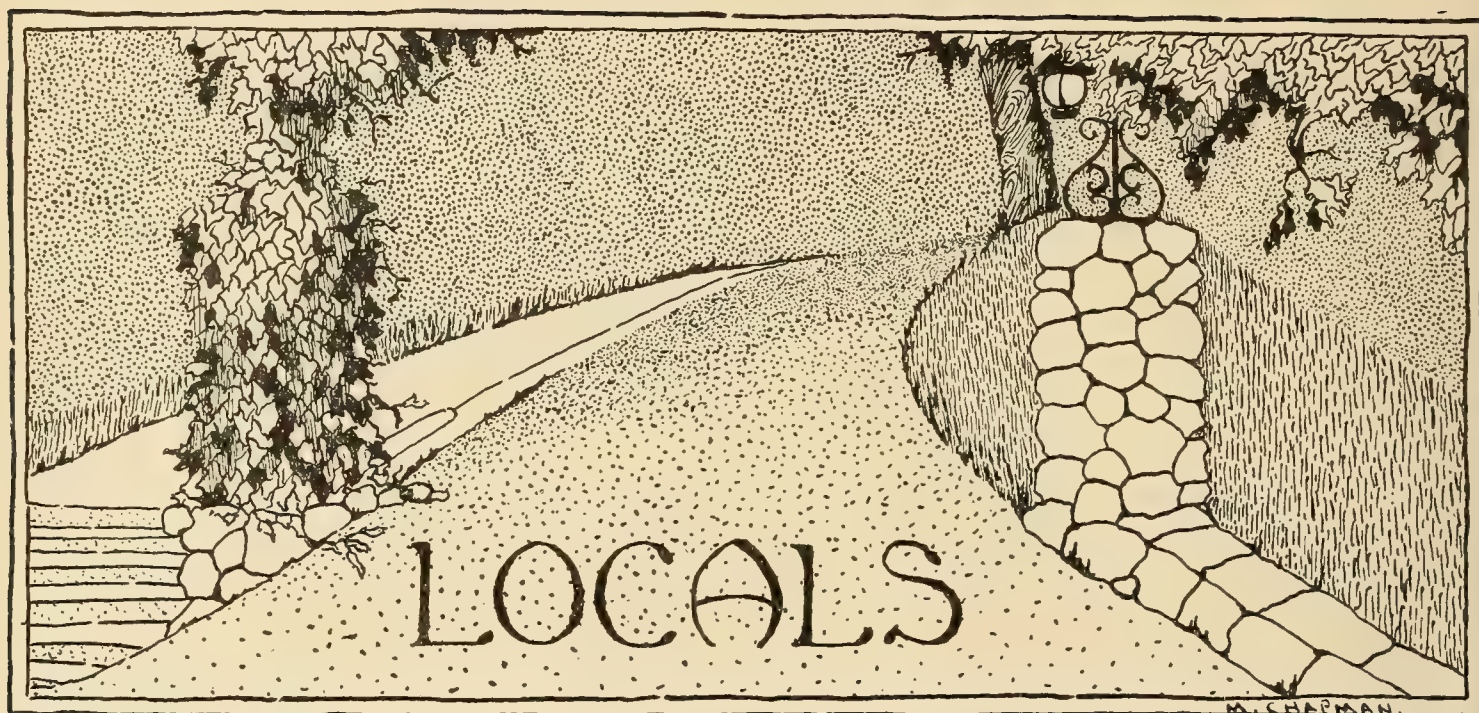
Dorothy Glasser has given us a very interesting character sketch which we like very much.

Jane Hupman with her usual cleverness has written a most ingenious story which we know you will like.

Under hopes that the Junior number will be as successful as the Senior.

We are also glad to include in the April number a poem by Doris Lecky who would have been a member of the LEAVES Staff had she returned to Lasell this year. It was published in *Poetry Quarterly*, a New York periodical devoted to contemporary verse. She is busy at Columbia University but we hope she will keep on with her writing. We congratulate her heartily on her work and wish her every success in the future.





March 7: Senior Prom. Each new gown, glove, shoe and earring was christened and "well done" says every Senior who attended the long anticipated event of the year—Senior Prom.

It was half after six when a crowd of excited (perhaps expectant) Seniors hurried through the spacious lobby of Longwood Towers, and greeted the "honored gentlemen." The reception line gave them a hearty welcome, and quite obviously no one needed assistance where appetites were concerned. The orchestra was well backed during the soup course, and from then on they seemed sufficiently capable of furnishing real jazz. The saxaphones blew the bluest blues; the ivories were tickled from top to toe; the trumpets moaned mellow moods; and crowds of carefree couples carried on in a fashion that we Americans term "dancing." There was a sudden rustling of silk, the scraping of chairs, then alternate pushing from right to left. A light! The prom picture was taken.

The last group of pieces quite appropriately included two senior songs, and the seemingly tireless dancers quite reluctantly were awakened to the realization that "all good things must come to an end." Likewise, we bade Longwood Towers a fond farewell—and took from it "just a memory" of the great Senior Prom.

March 11: Chapel. Mrs. Carter, Superintendent of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, gave us a very inspiring talk concerning her work. After hearing about her great mission, we considered it a great privilege to offer a small donation for the good cause. We hope "Lasell Day" at the home will be among the happiest that every one of the children there have or will experience.

March 13: Pop Concert. What the orchestra had been doing during the course of the year was a great mystery to most of us until Friday, the thirteenth. Then we discovered (without the aid of Scott Detective Service) the reason for the mysterious atmosphere—China! Our chapel was no longer a place of silence(?), but a gayly-colored Chinese garden with cherry blossoms, dragons, incense, and dainty maidens hurrying back and forth between and around tables carrying trays of luscious sandwiches, cakes and drinks.

Let us take this opportunity to extend our sincere appreciation to Miss Katherine Peterson and her assistants for their very successful efforts expended on the elaborate decorations and costumes. It was indeed a pleasure to have Mr. Wentworth from Auburndale (indirectly from China) tell us about China and his experiences there. Between bites, we en-

joyed a reading by Miss Mabel Peterson. To add to the variety of entertainment Mr. Simons sang a group of tenor selections; and the Misses Daggett and Pitcher livened up the intermission with several peppy popular two-piano selections.

The orchestra, having accounted for its long unaccountable silence, concluded the program with a lively march, though (we might add) the audience did not appear too anxious to march home in a like fashion.

Miss Anna Eichhorn has every right to be proud of her work with the orchestra.

March 14: Junior Prom. We have a very progressive and up-and-coming Junior Class in our midst. Their Prom, the first in Lasell's history was a huge success. It was held at the Auburndale Club house, with more than one hundred-forty couples attending. At the clubhouse, the girls were greeted by their escorts—with the characteristic spirit of "on with the dance!"

The hall was beautifully decorated in black and gold—the class banner of these colors affording a very effective background for the orchestra. The intermission was made vitally interesting by a luscious buffet supper. Then, more dancing, and all too soon their chaperones. Miss Potter, Miss Rachdorf and Miss Hummel, gave the familiar signal. Thus ended Lasell's first Junior Prom. Let us hope there will be others just as successful in future years.

March 15: Vespers. Gathered attentively around a crackling grate fire, we listened to Mr. Dan Martin, a living example of "Personality Plus." He told us of the Caney Creek of thirteen years ago—its three log cabins for shelter; the spellers, foundation of their education; and the kind of people who considered ten cents plenty of money. If Mr. Martin is a fair sample of the Caney Creek finished product, we heartily agree that they are more than accomplishing their great purpose: To make the Mountaineers an asset to the United States.

March 16: Faculty. The faculty were served by two more very gracious hostesses, Miss Roberts and Miss McNeil. We hope there

will always be an abundance of tea so that our faculty may continue to enjoy the rare friendships that only habitual drinkers (tea, of course) can know and appreciate.

March 17: Chapel. Mrs. Charles Tiedeman, who has done a great deal of work in the Kentucky mountains, told us some very interesting details about that part of the country. She told us of their peculiar conception of city life and their idea of a city itself, a place much smaller than Auburndale.

March 20: Reception. We were indeed proud to have Mr. Charles Hatfield of Newton included in the reception line. Miss Anna Eichhorn with the rest of her musical group, contralto, harp, and piano, rendered a very enjoyable variety program, after which we adjourned to the dining-room with our guests for refreshments—and further acquaintances.

March 21: Senior-Junior Dance. Our chapel seems to have the uncanny habit of presenting a deceitful appearance. This time we had a ship in all its splendor—even fishes and anchors. To add to the nautical atmosphere, the Juniors donned their best sailor pants and made most handsome looking sailors. The party itself was full of punch and it is yet to be discovered whether the escorts outdid their sweethearts in the sandwich contest. At any rate we all agree it was a "whale" of a party—after peeking through portholes.

March 22: Vespers. When we think of a contagious smile, a good story well-told, a keen sense of humor and a very fascinating personality—it must be Dr. John Parry. Dr. Parry of the Congregational Church in Wellesley came to us with a splendid message—"After consecration comes temptation," quite appropriate for the passing of Lent.

March 23: Faculty. The Faculty met at the home of Miss Turner who was assisted by Miss Danforth at the tea table. The house was very artistically decorated with a variety of flowers. We should hate to insinuate, but it was rumored that the "puffles" added to the table decorations until—they disappeared, never to return.

THREE TRIOLETS

I

Spring Song

*(To various young ladies who will not walk
around Bragdon Hill with me)*

I like to paddle in the mire
So much I'll paddle all alone;
My motives then, are not for hire . . .
I like to paddle in the mire.
Oh, let the consequence be dire
And let the wiser ones make moan;
I like to paddle in the mire
So much I'll paddle all alone.

II

Oh, breakfast is a dull affair
Involving frequent yawns and sighs;
The diners come with martyred air
And breakfast is a dull affair.
Do battle for a decent chair,
And read the news with bleary eyes,
For breakfast is a dull affair
Involving frequent yawns and sighs.

III

Proms must be meant to show off gowns,
(Or then, perhaps, young gentlemen,
Enticed from peaceful college towns)
Proms must be meant to show off gowns
That scarce escape the mentor's frowns,
And tax the dress-designer's ken;
Proms must be meant to show off gowns,
(Or then, perhaps, young gentlemen)

Norma Keler, '31.



An invitation was received recently at Lasell, addressed to Dr. Winslow and Faculty. It read: "The annual luncheon of the Southern California Lasell Club will be held Tuesday, March 3rd, at 1:00 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Preston Plumb (Kate Wheldon, '02), 2041 Ashbourne Drive, South Pasadena." Kate Wheldon Plumb, Secretary and Treasurer of the club, added one minor note to the message, announcing the illness of Emilie Kothe Collins, '00, the President, but added that our Mary Elizabeth Hubbard, '20, Vice-President, would preside. Secretary Plumb, to that last cordial sentence of yours, (We sincerely wish you might be here", we heartily respond, "So do we!"

The stork recently visited the homes of three former Lasell students. January 27, Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Osborne (Theresa Thompson, '22) welcomed daughter Anne to their hearts and home. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hamilton (Ruth Stoneman, '24), on February 20, announced the birth of their little son, John Dickson, Jr. On February 23, a son came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Collett (Ethelle Cleale, '22).

Margaret Heath, '29, it warmed our hearts to get your sunny message. Your enthusiasm over your Florida experiences, made us forget, for the moment, our "bleak New England weather."

Cynthia Madalyn Patten, '27, is still moving upward and this time decidedly westward. At this very moment, she is enjoying her fine new position as dietitian in St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco. As the English would say, "Every moment of the days preceding her Westward flight were bespoke," nevertheless, she took time to say "good-bye," in person, to

her Alma Mater. Lasell appreciates this dear bit of loyalty and predicts ever increasing success for this gifted alumna.

Some people claim to possess education and even religion, but apparently it is not always in working order. Lasell has a considerable group of graduates who are proving satisfactorily that their education *is* in working order. The latest report from these successful workers comes from Betty Lyman, '29, to Mr. Amesbury. She writes, "It may interest and please you to know that I have just lately been appointed to Grace Hospital Staff as an administrative dietitian. I have been with them just one month. I love it and find it most interesting. My best wishes to you and everyone at Lasell. I sincerely trust that I shall be able to pay you all a visit this Spring." Lasell's congratulations, Betty, and please don't fail to pay us that promised visit!

Marjorie Billings, '29, is another graduate who is making good in the business world. She is at present serving acceptably in the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Mary Horton, '24-'25, and Margaret Bennett, '26, looked in on a Sabbath not long ago. They had little to say about their chosen work but it is safe to believe that these bright and "brainy" graduates are most successful. Mary Horton is busily and happily engaged in her Research Laboratory in Salem, Mass., and Margaret Bennett is still a member of the Waltham Hospital staff.

Emmy Marta Aspegren, '27, is again at her chosen post in the Babson Institute. She loves the work, but somehow, we feel that she must have turned over a new leaf this year for she, to our satisfaction, dropped in one Sabbath recently, and we hope this is the beginning of neighborliness on her part. She gave a fine report of her cousin, Ava Aspegren Philipson, '25-'26, who is the proud mother of two little daughters.

It was very gratifying to the old guard recently to welcome dear Mary Packard Cass, '89. She is one of the busiest women we know and yet with all her outside interests is an ideal

homemaker. She brought a good report of her daughter-in-law, Mary Fiske Cass, '16-'17.

We are indebted to Hortense May, '24-'25, Secretary-Treasurer of the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club, for the following news items. "Change of address: Bernice Cunningham, '24-'25, now Mrs. E. Wesley Smith, has moved to Hartford. Her new address is 32 Yale Street, Hartford, Conn. Marion Burnham Sagee, '20-'21, now Mrs. Kenneth, has moved from Hartford, Conn. Her new address is Box 90, R. F. D., Burnside, Conn. Ellice Black, '27, is now living in Lititz, Pennsylvania, having moved from 192 Greenacre Ave., Longmeadow, Mass. I see by the Sunday paper that Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Smith (Clarissa B. Gibbs, '04-'05), daughter, and Helen White, '27, are enjoying a two-weeks vacation in Bermuda."

We are moved to share every word of this report of the recent meeting of the Southern California Lasell Club. "Dear Dr. Winslow: Your letter to Mrs. Plumb was read at the annual meeting of the Southern California Lasell Club, and we were all glad to hear of you and the school and to know that all goes well for the place we hold in happy memory. Our meeting this year was a departure from our regular custom of holding our reunion in a hotel in Los Angeles one year and in Pasadena the next, as Kate Wheldon Plumb, '02, opened her lovely home in South Pasadena for us.

"It was such a delightfully informal meeting amid such charming surroundings, for Mrs. Plumb's home is in a veritable forest of live oaks with orange groves and gardens on all sides. It was hard to get the "girls" down to a business meeting, but there was a short one and the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Edith Simonds Bennette, '04-'05; vice president, Elsie Crowell Bennett, '19-'20; secretary, Louise Wadleigh Bedall, '02-'03; treasurer, Argenta MacDonald Carothers, '02; assistant treasurer, Ellen Chase Wood, '02.

Program committee: Caroline Thomson

Moor, '97-'98; Amy Philips, '18; Eva Mortimer Rice, '25.

"After the meeting, those who cared, played bridge and when we disbanded, everyone voted it the most friendly, enjoyable reunion we had ever had. Very sincerely yours, Louise Wadleigh Bedall, '03-'04, Secretary.

"Those present were: Kate Wheldon Plumb (Mrs. P. B.), '02, 2041 Ashbourne Dr., South Pasadena; Mary Eliza Hubbard, '20, 5418 Russell Ave., Hollywood; Argenta MacDonald Carothers (Mrs. T. L.), '02, Rancho Santa Fe, California; Mary J. Wilson, '74-'78, Sunland, Calif.; Catherine Kendrick Cole (Mrs. Burt), '02, 836 Westchester Pl., Los Angeles; Cleora Brooks Clokey (Mrs. Ira W.), '01, 1635 Laurel St., So. Pasadena; Elizabeth Ewing, '92-'93, 1010 N. 12th St., Alhambra; Louise Wadleigh Bedall, '03-'04, 351 So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles; Lila B. Carhart, '06-'08, 1163 HiPoint St., Los Angeles; Edith Simonds Bennett, '04-'05, 457 So. Madison Ave., Pasadena; Christine W. Rytic, '06-'07, Clarendon Apts., Toronto, Canada; Marriott Degen MacDonald, '06-'08, 1829 Ramona Ave., South Pasadena; Juliette Rideout Smithers, '15-'18, 2028 Rangeview Ave., Burbank; Juliette's guest; Amy D. Phillips, '18, 220 LaFayette Pk. Pl., Los Angeles; Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22, 252 So. Doheny Dr., Beverly Hills; Laura Chase, '02, 1957 Rodney Dr., Los Angeles; Ellen Chase Wood, '02, 825 Brent Ave., So. Pasadena; Myrtle Hewson Parker, '99, 308 No. Mansfield, Los Angeles; Isabelle Bowers Church, '01, 1626 Milan Ave., So. Pasadena, Calif.

A few notes gleaned from the Club for the LEAVES.

"Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Thornburg (Lela Goodall, '08) are sailing on the Isle de France, the middle of March to be away until September. Dr. Thornburg is to take a postgraduate course and a motor trip of some weeks is planned.

"Anna White Drake, '06-'07, and her husband, Durant Drake, sailed for Europe in February to be away until September.

"Amy Phillips, '18, and her mother are spending a month in Honolulu.

"Bessie M. Lum, '01, is making an extended trip through Europe.

"Kate Wheldon Plumb's, '02, daughter, Jane, was married, April 21, 1930, to Mr. Graeme S. Doane of Pasadena. They are living in San Diego.

"Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, is the grandmother of a nine months old grandson, William Clokey Houghton. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Houghton (Carolyn Clokey) of San Marino, California.

"Marion Gunnison, '86-'87, passed away during the past year.

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McAdam (Edith Boadway, '21), a daughter in January, 1931, at Pasadena, California.

"New addresses: J. Mary Wilson, '74-'75, Box 64, Sunland, Calif.; Florence Gifford Fleming (Mrs. G. R.), '23, 10530 Ilona, W. Los Angeles, Calif.; Marceline Kaiser, '19-'20, 1850 Rose Villa, Pasadena, California; Frances Vail Pollack (Mrs. Edward), '24-'25, 619 So. Oak Knoll, Pasadena."

That was a friendly frank message which Evelyn Ladd Rublee, '28, sent to Miss Ross. We appreciate the privilege granted of sharing a bit of it with Laddie's many friends. This graduate is proving the truth of the poet's prophecy "Home keeping hearts are happiest." After a courteous inquiry concerning the members of our Lasell family, Laddie confesses, "I am busy most of the time keeping house and preparing three meals daily." There is a lot of the mountaineer about this little Vermonter with her love for the open, for she adds, "We have been having a perfectly grand winter with much snow. Have been snowshoeing quite a bit with my father-in-law." Laddie is evidently making hospitable her new home, for she adds, "I have just had twelve guests for a Valentine supper—prepared it all myself. Last Saturday, I gave a tea and it was lots of fun preparing it. Am also getting very ambitious

with my sewing, having actually made a dress! I had a line from Vera Studley Bailey, '28, the other day, enclosing a snapshot of her daughter who is a dear. Vera and her husband, Dr. Bailey, have united with the Frederick, Virginia, Methodist Episcopal Church, both are members of the choir. Who do you think is coming to visit me this summer? 'Danny' Boone, '25-'27! There will be some Lasell chatting when she arrives. Tell Senora Orozco and Mrs. Hooker that I am looking for them. A few weeks ago, I was in Newport and had a fine visit with Helen Foster, '16. Does Lasell ever hear from Mrs. Briggs?" (Evelyn, almost every number of the LEAVES will answer your question.) "I was so grieved to hear of Miss Eichhorn's loss. I wish, Miss Ross, that you might visit me. My love to all the Lasell family. Affectionately, Evelyn."

Mr. Charles F. Towne, formerly Associate Principal of Lasell, has been elected recently the President of the New England Association of School Superintendents. Lasell's congratulations!

Whenever a few Lasell girls are gathered with our Mrs. Cushing (Ella Richardson, '73), in the midst, one may be sure of a loyal, lively meeting! One such meeting Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, reports in her recent letter to our Dean. She is writing from her parents' home in Miami, Florida; "We all think of Lasell, no matter how far away we drift. Yesterday Mrs. Cushing held a Lasell luncheon at the Hotel Gralynn and how we did talk Lasell! Those of the 'old girls' present were: Margaret Trice Gibbons, '14-'15, and her guest, Mrs. Henry Hibbard, now a resident of Newton Center, Mass. Her sister-in-law had been a Lasell girl. Annah Wilson, '04-'06, and Ina Harber, '06, were also with us. This made quite a gay company. We are going to try to get together again in April. I expect to return to Lasell sometime early in May. My family are starting for New England next Tuesday. They are getting 'fed up' with cold weather and are going up North to get warm again. This has been a most unusually cold

winter for the South, but my babies and myself have had a wonderful vacation and managed to get a fine rest in spite of the cold. We'll be back all ready for hard work by May. Affectionate greetings to you all. Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19."

Lela Goodall Thornburg's, '08, home in Hollywood, California, bears the beautiful and significant name of "Luz del Sol," the house of sunshine and happiness. We have recently read in a letter from her to Dr. Winslow this bit of news concerning California Lasellites. "I am seeing Leona Benner Brotherton, '08, Flora Stark Hoyt, '05-'07, Esther Starr Powers, '06-'08, Lillian Douglass, '07, frequently and Christine Ryrie, '06-'07, each winter as she accompanies her father to Pasadena for the winter season. We always enjoy reminiscing about our happy Lasell days as though they were but yesterday instead of twenty-seven years ago, when our friendships first began with each other and Lasell. I am sure these girls would join with me, were they here, or knowing I was writing to you, in heartiest love to dear Lasell and her faithful teachers who are carrying on the glorious work of giving girls unforgettable, sweet, school-day memories. With kindest thoughts, always, Lela Goodall Thornburg."

Can't you visualize merry Natalie Beaumont, '28-'30, as she writes this letter to her Lasell chum, Sarah B. Fletchall, '31. Natalie is writing from her home in Washington, D. C. "You certainly do seem to be having wonderful times at Lasell this year, but no wonder, because you are a Senior. I am glad that I didn't go back as I might feel like a prisoner against all of your freedom. On February 11, I went to the Army and Navy Reception at the White House with Father. It was lovely and the East Room was pretty with the lights on. The President and Mrs. Hoover received us in the Blue Room. The Navy and Marine Corps officers looked fine in their evening uniforms. I enjoy my work at the Art School very much. It is a different kind of work from what you are doing. I have almost finished designing

skirts. I love the work and I don't think it very hard. The hardest is drawing fashion plates. Beside my work at the Art School, I am doing extra work in typing for a friend. Hope everything is going along well with you. Please give my love to Ruth Libby, Dot Peabody, and Dolly Jarbeau as well as the others whom I know. Love, Natalie." This is certainly a very friendly letter from one of Lasell's best friends.

Sally Clark's, '30, newsy letter came a little late for the February LEAVES, but her worthwhile words deserve publicity. As we glance over her program, we can certainly believe her opening confession, "Really this has been an awfully busy winter! I am a Junior at George Washington University this year. Have not done as much dramatic work as I wanted to. Was initiated into Sigma Kappa Sorority last week. This honor certainly brought a thrill. This Society meets every Monday night and every Wednesday night is a meeting of another club to which I belong. Every other Thursday night I've been going to the Red Cross and doing Braille work. I have also served at the Church as a member of the Social Committee. Another person and I have to provide an entertainment for the young group once a month and the other is a committee of one to get a speaker every Sunday night all winter. I study in between times. I really am dreadfully sorry about not writing before. I have wished many times that I was back at Lasell. Please give my love to everyone."

Mrs. Frederick H. Briggs, nee Ada Langley, '84-'86, is now a near neighbor of Lasell. While calling recently, she told us of her continued and active interest in her Shakespearean work. She made friendly inquiry concerning her former Lasell friends and was especially interested to hear of the recent honor paid Mrs. Everett O. Fiske, a former member of our Lasell faculty. A group of prominent educators including President Pendelton of Wellesley, Dean Comstock of Radcliffe, President Marsh of Boston University and some four hundred guests met at the Hotel Somerset to do honor

to Mrs. Fiske on the event of her seventieth birthday. In her gracious response, Mrs. Fiske referred to her experience as Dean of several leading colleges but did not forget to mention her pleasant affiliations with Lasell Seminary.

Mrs. S. Chandler Stewart, the former Alice Mott, '01-'02, accompanied by her daughter who is a pupil at Pine Manor, called recently. Mrs. Stewart was delighted to see the improvements at Lasell and pleased to meet the members of the Faculty of her day who are still serving at her former school home. Lasell was very happy to extend to her and her daughter a cordial welcome.

We are glad to report this last worthwhile word received from our Elizabeth Way, '29-'30. She is writing from her home in Jackson, Michigan. "Last week I had the pleasure of going over to the People's Church in Lansing, Michigan, to hear Miss Margaret Slattery speak on, 'The Mad Career of Four Words.' It was a great pleasure to hear her again, as I was so inspired when we heard her in West Newton. I have missed very much this winter many of the wonderful speakers that we heard at Vespers. I still hope that I will be able to come back in June and see my many friends at Lasell. Please remember me to Dr. Winslow and Mr. Amesbury. Even though I did not come back I thought that you might be interested in knowing that I had not forgotten Lasell and its teachings. I see a great deal of Helen Morgan, '30, as she is at school in Albion, nearby."

Since the February issue of the LEAVES sorrow has visited the homes of three of our Lasell families. The sudden passing away of Mr. Gorton, husband of our Laura Hale Gorton, '16, occurred in March, and in the same month we learned of the unexpected death of our Mrs. Harriet Sawyer Holden, '25-'26, a former member of the faculty, while Margaret Gregson Barker's '09-'10, '12-'13, father passed away recently. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to these bereaved families.

We appreciate the friendly note from Mrs.

Loomis, mother of our Gene, '32, Margaret, '21, and Cecil, '22, and trust her promise to visit Lasell later on will materialize.

That foolish old fashion of holding "the thirteen" as an unlucky number, is disproved forever in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Donald Neal (Mary Elizabeth Thomas, '29) for March 13 was the birthday of their son, Thomas Donald, Jr.

April this year was evidently not the month for weddings, but we do have the privilege and pleasure of recording two very important marriage announcements.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Henry Thompson announce the marriage of their daughter, Isabelle Beatrice, '24-'25, to Mr. Donald Millard Williams on Saturday evening the fourth of April, in Hampton, New Hampshire.

Henrietta Althouse Goodwin, '26-'27, was married to Mr. Thorbjorn Bassoe, Jr., in New York City, the eighteenth of February.

Together with the marriage announcements comes the announcement of the engagement of Florence May Mann, '21, and Mr. Franklin Charles Matzek.

Dorothy Taggart, '32, has just been made twice glad by a visit from her father, Mr. C. M. Taggart, Park Ridge, Illinois, and is happily anticipating an Easter visit from her dear mother.

Miss Desdemona Heinrick, a former member of our teaching staff, '05-'21, gladdens her Lasell friends occasionally with a cheery greeting. We appreciate her kindness and rejoice in her continued successful professional work at New York University.

Marjorie Maxfield, '27, is now in Government employ in Washington, D. C., and is enjoying the National Capital and her work immensely.

Barbara N. Winslow, '25-'26, has been a most successful kindergarten teacher in Boston for the last few years, but has decided to specialize in Home Economics. She will be married in June to Mr. George F. Fellows, Jr., of Lunenburg. Mr. Fellows is a teacher in the Department of Science and Physics in the Lunenburg High School.

We once overheard a pessimistic physician declare that there was no such thing as a grateful patient. We can't believe that, and one thing we're sure of is that there are many appreciative Lasell girls among the goodly company of our graduates. Some signally loyal ones are the former pupils of our Mrs. Hooker. Read this testimony from Helen Hawes Loomis, '28, written from the Kennebec Valley Hospital, Skowhegan, Maine. "Dear Mrs. Hooker: Just a word to say I would like to subscribe for the LEAVES. They mean so much to me now that I am away from Lasell. I wonder if it will interest you to know that I have a very fine position at this hospital. I am crazy about my work and I could not be one speck happier than I am. The position came without seeking on my part. I simply accepted the invitation of the Head of the Hospital and here I am. I frequently take dictations during the operations, from a surgeon who talks rapidly. Here are some of the words I have to write: cholecystitis, intravenous, gastroenterostomy, salpingitis, tonsilectomy, appendectomy, cholecystocolostomy, oophorectomy, and other similar words. I have a different and difficult vocabulary to master almost daily, but I am enjoying it especially when I realize how the surgeons are relieving the suffering of their patients. My duties are varied and constant.

"A week ago last Saturday, I read in the *Skowhegan News* that Barbara Hamlin, '28, of Colby College was coming to Skowhegan to speak to the girls of the Bethany Baptist Church the next day. I had seen Barbara in December, 1929, at Colby and at that time she told me that she was to be in India this year, so you can imagine my surprise and great joy when I knew that I would see her the following day. She was late arriving at the church so I was unable to see her until after the morning service. I fairly 'flew' across the church aisles. When Barbara saw me her face certainly 'registered' surprise. You see she thought that my husband and I were still in Chicago! Well, we had one grand reunion and when she told the girls about her wonderful tour of the Mediterranean countries, visiting Palestine,

Jerusalem, seeing the shepherds taking their flocks into the valleys, seeing the manger where Christ was born, and all of her experiences, I was as 'thrilled' as the girls were. A young man from Colby also spoke that morning. They had been invited out to dinner, but we, Perley and I, spent practically all the afternoon with them at the home of Mr. Merriam, the Baptist minister. I am going down to Colby next week to spend an afternoon and evening with Barbara and we have planned all kinds of good times for the *four* of us this spring and early summer when the swimming is the most popular of all sports. Barbara says that she plans to call at Lasell sometime this spring. If she does, I know that you will enjoy seeing her. One thing I can tell you that she would not—she is on the Dean's list at Colby (has unlimited cuts) so you see she is doing equally as well as she did at Lasell. With greetings to all the friends at Lasell."

Eleanor Steele, '25, still holds her position at Spelman College, Atlanta, Georgia, but tells Mrs. Hooker that she is thinking seriously of returning to New England in the fall as she desires to be nearer her parents. She refers, with genuine appreciation, to the generous courtesy which has been extended to her by Mrs. Alice Dunsmore Van Harlinger, '78. "I was her guest at Thanksgiving time and she has repeatedly taken a friend of mine with me for drives and again and again invited us to concerts. She is a delightfully charming lady and often speaks of Miss Potter who was a student at Lasell in her day. Eleanor closes with "loving greetings to dear everybody at Lasell."

Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, writes from her home in La Porte, Indiana, of a happy family reunion which occurred at "Hale House" in Glastonbury, Connecticut, in the early autumn—the occasion being in honor of her mother's seventy-sixth birthday anniversary. Marion admits she is getting used to the Indiana prairies and is beginning to feel quite like a mid-westerner. She adds further that the Alumni Number of the LEAVES was a treat. "I

especially enjoyed the picture of Edith Burke Wells, '02-'03, and family. Edith—a grandmother! That seems impossible!"

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Dear "Old Girls":

It is with very real satisfaction that we in the Treasurer's Office note the increasing loyalty of the Lasell Alumnae. It is our duty before April first of each year to send out reminders that the annual \$5.00 pledges are due. We wish to take this opportunity, through the LEAVES, to express our sincere appreciation to those who have made such a prompt and hearty response.

We would like you to know that we have on file five hundred and fifty of these signed pledge cards, and if the pledges are all paid, we receive an annual income of \$2750.00 from this source. We trust that this will be a record year in that everyone who has signed a card will follow the good example of those who have already sent in their dues.

The Endowment Fund to date is \$80,361.36, and we expect to issue a fuller statement regarding its uses in the June LEAVES.

Cordially yours,

WALTER R. AMESBURY,

Treasurer.

COMMENCEMENT

The following is the schedule for the end-of-the-year events of importance:

May 15, Glee Club and Orchestra Concert.

May 23, May Fete.

May 28, River Day.

June 3, Commencement Concert.

June 5, Exhibitions.

June 7, Baccalaureate Sunday, 4 P.M.; Speaker, Edward Payson Drew, D.D.

June 8, Class Night.

June 9, Commencement Day, 10:45 A.M.; Speaker, John A. Cousens, LL.D., President of Tufts College.

It is hoped that the usual large number of graduates and former students will return, especially those observing their five-year anniversaries.

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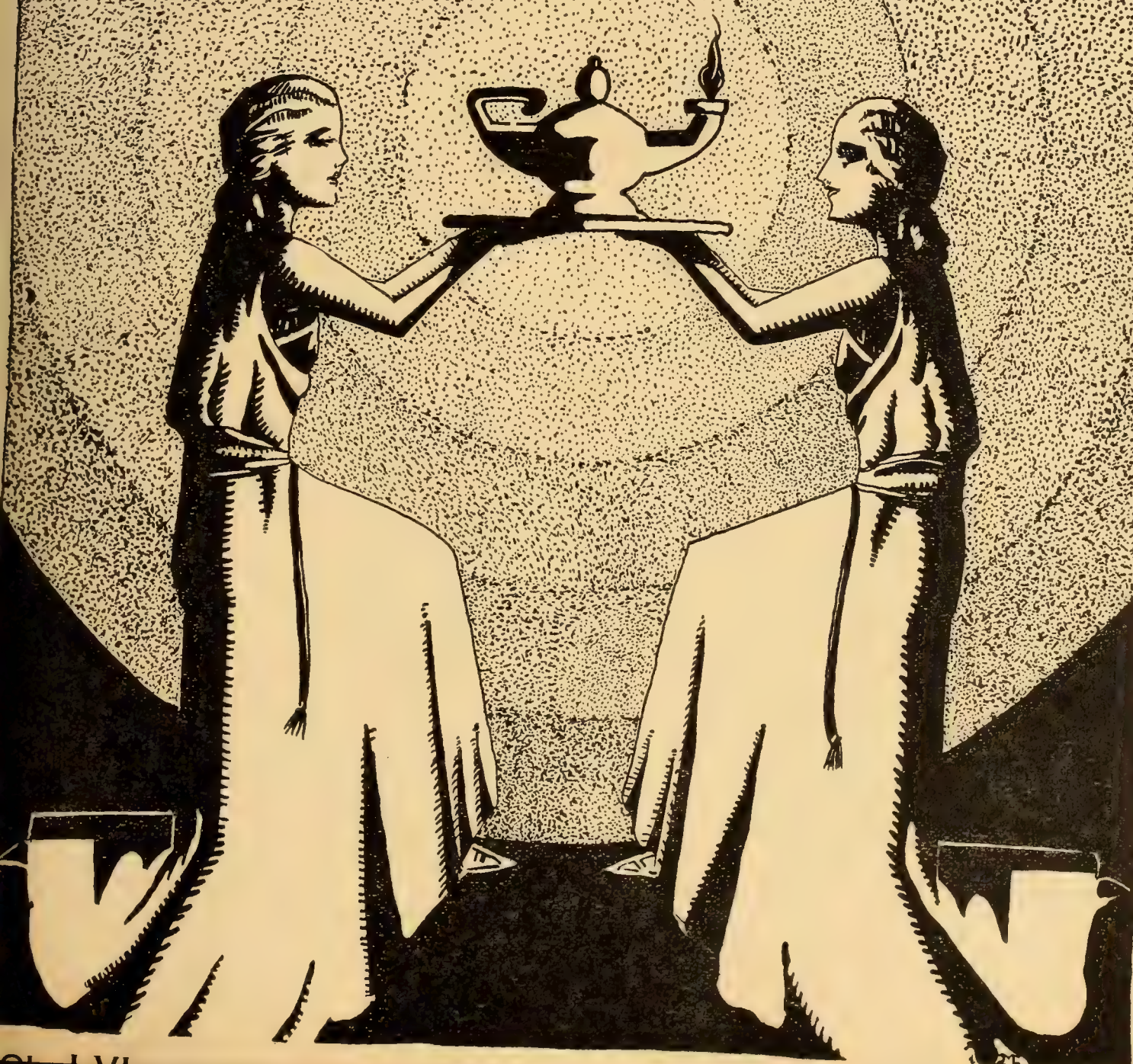
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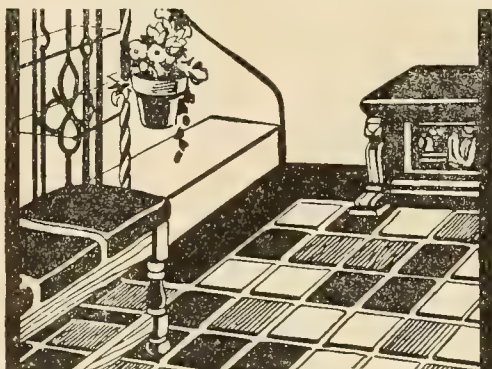
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LITERARY

THE HOMECOMING

Rain hung over the city in heavy, sullen clouds. Through the pinched-looking windows, up high near the ceiling of the station, David Bradley could see the sky; it looked even gloomier through the dingy glass and he thought whimsically of the forty days and forty nights of this that God had long ago sent on a sinful world. The cure had been effective then, he mused, why not again? Maybe this was the beginning of the second flood. Surely the world was as corrupt now as it had been then.

David frowned impatiently, disgusted with himself for his ramblings, and pulled out his watch. It was a quarter of ten, and already it seemed to him that he had been up hours. Fifteen more minutes until Marna should come. He shifted uncomfortably on the hard seat, and stared absently down the broad thoroughfare. It was impossible to interest himself in any of the hurrying, serious people who seemed anxiously bent on getting somewhere. Most of them, David decided, were just people catching a train. He felt a little flicker of amusement as he watched them. They were all so alike; they carried the same kind of bags, they busily consulted the great station clock and adjusted their own timepieces by it, and they even watched the train schedule with the same absorbed interest. Strange, he thought, and found himself watching it, too. Something apparently was wrong over there, though. The brisk young man who marked the schedules was talking excitedly to two officials, and frowning as he talked. David could hear nothing of the conversation, but he gathered, from the gestures and expressions of

the three men, that there must be some trouble about the starting time of one of the trains. The time-keeper made a change in the time of David's train. There must be a mistake, the latter thought; his ticket was plainly stamped 11:50 A. M., and, after all, the train was made up here! He would investigate.

He walked over to the bulletin board and, nodding toward the schedule, asked the young man, "Is that a change in the eleven-fifty outbound?"

"Yes, sir," the young man said, "Something went wrong early this morning out in the yards. Something about the engine—a cracked cylinder head—they have been testing it.

"You mean they have found serious engine trouble?" David began to feel a little frustrated.

"Well, no, nothing very serious I guess but they are pretty fussy about details. A lot of red tape about a thing like this, you know, that's what takes the time. Has to go through a lot of hands." The young man seemed disposed to talk and he continued pleasantly, "They've sent for MacDonald—he's the fellow that O. K.'s all the big jobs—to get his go-ahead on this before they finish making up the train. That's what they're waiting for now."

"All right, thanks," mumbled David, and looked at his watch again.

He went slowly back to his seat. He was glad of that extra half hour before he had to leave. It meant that much longer with Marna. Beyond that, he couldn't think very coherently. Everything blurred when he tried to imagine going back, alone, to Eleanor, and his parents, living simply and going about his work with-

out Marna. When he tried to plan the future it seemed unreal and far away; but he knew that, in reality, it was terribly real and terribly near. He tried to dismiss the thought from his mind. He wondered why Marna did not come. She had always been punctual—surprisingly so, he thought, for a woman. Something must have happened; she wouldn't be purposely late at a time like this. He thought suddenly of the rain and the slipperly pavements and felt sick all over at the thought. Marna always drove fast and too recklessly! But he pulled himself together with an effort and told himself sharply that he was imagining things—that she would be there in a minute. Of course everything would be all right. He traced the pattern of the floor tiling with his foot, reassuring himself that nothing was wrong. When he looked up again, Marna was coming. She was coming toward him smiling. As he stood there waiting for her he thought how lovely she was, slim and chic in something dark and beautifully cut. As she came nearer he could see her face, the deep blue eyes and dark blond hair beneath the close-fitting little hat. David cleared his throat and swallowed hard trying to smile.

"Hello, David," the girl said, smiling.

Then he saw that her hand was bandaged and that there was a dark stain on the sleeve. His throat was dry again and closed, so that when he tried to speak he could only say, "You're hurt, Marna."

"It's nothing," Marna assured him quickly drawing her hand back, "Just a cut. There was a little accident—another car—" Her voice trailed off as she noticed the pallor of his face. "David, are you ill?" she asked suddenly.

"No, but your hand. . . ."

Marna interrupted him, "Let's sit down a minute," she said, shoving him gently before her onto the seat. "That's better; now we can talk. You know I have a hundred things to say David, and not one of them is important! You should. . . ."

David knew that she was talking to fill up the emptiness his confusion had caused, and he hated himself for his weakness. Marna was so capable, sure of herself. He watched her,

almost enviously as she carried off the awkward situation, talking and laughing until he should regain his composure. She was paving the way for him, making it easier, "A perfect woman, nobly planned. . . .", his thoughts ran on.

Marna was saying something about reservations. He tried to concentrate on what she was saying.

"What—oh yes, my trunk. Yes, I checked it this morning, first thing."

"And your bags?"

"All but this one with the things I'll have to have."

"How about your pullman?"

"That's all right. Got a lower to Chicago."

"Good," Marna said, "Uppers are so stuffy this time of year."

The conversation stretched out elaborately over the details of his departure. David wondered if Marna would cry when he left. Absurd! Of course she wouldn't cry. Marna never did. He wondered if Eleanor, in Marna's place would be as composed. He decided that she wouldn't. No, Eleanor would cry. He supposed, dully, that she would cry a lot after they were married. Some women did—it seemed part of their heritage. Again he assembled his wandering thoughts, and looked at the girl beside him. How unusual she was! Modern, brilliant, poised. He thought of her successful articles in *Scribner's*, new, sparkling things. There had been some sort of award the year before for her style and technique. But she was lovely, too, and feminine he thought as he looked at her; the soft generous mouth, the firm little chin, the soft loose waves beneath the black felt. Their decision had been hard of course but there was no reasonable alternative. There had been no place for her in his life as it was. Marna, a minister's wife! They had both laughed a little at the thought. And they both knew that Eleanor was perfect for the part. David marvelled at the irony of the thing, but he knew that there was nothing else to do.

Marna was making queer little shapes with her gloves, creasing and folding them absently.

David spoke. "I guess there isn't much left to say."

"I guess not," Marna answered, "This is the only possible solution."

"I know it."

"I suppose other people have done the same thing." His voice was unconvincing.

"Yes." Marna was noncommittal.

After a few moments, Marna looked at her watch and stood up. "You'd better go now, David," she told him, "It's ten past twelve."

"I suppose so." David rose clumsily, and picked up the black gladstone at his feet.

They walked in silence to the gate, David looking at his feet, and Marna at the people around them.

"I'll leave you here," she said stopping before the iron gate; "that will be better."

David looked at her and said nothing.

The girl looked up. "Good-bye, David," she said quietly. She kissed him, pushed him slowly from her, and turned away, leaving him alone. He stood there a moment, bare-headed in the dim light of the busy station, watching her disappear in the crowd, and then turned slowly and walked through the gate.

The interminable afternoon wore on, and David wondered if he were going crazy. The endless monotonous grind of the wheels on the wet steel tracks sounded to him like the grinding away of his own reason. All the disjointed rumblings of the powerful engine echoed in his mind like the sound of his confused thoughts. The great snorting locomotive seemed like a giant monster that was taking him, imprisoned, where he didn't want to go.

At a quarter past four, a stir of excitement and dread spread through the train, as strange spasmodic noises came from the convulsive engine ahead. There were suddenly terrible scraping sounds of steel against steel that reverberated through the cars with awful clearness, splitting the dead silence that had fallen.

In a moment the long train left the rails. David felt no terror at the thing that was happening; the terribleness of it all escaped him and he was conscious only of a feeling of

release—of respite. The agony and horror about him seemed unreal and remote—apart from himself. He smiled a little to himself, and closed his eyes.

CHARLOTTE TRAYLOR, '32.

EYES

I think green eyes are cruel
Eyes filled with jealousy.
Even blue eyes are cruel
When they tell you you're not wanted.
Brown eyes may be cruel
Lit with a gleam of hate,
But I think his eyes are the cruelest
When they speak of love—and lie.

Marian Lewis, '32.

CITY SHADOWS

The intake of the "crib" which supplied the electric generator with water was clogged with ice, and as a consequence, the north side of the city was in utter darkness save for the faint glimmer of candles in the windows of those who were fortunate enough to have them, and the automobile headlights of those who were courageous enough to venture out on such a night. The night was, indeed, one for the courageous; a northwest wind howled down the lake straight from Mackinac and by the time it reached the city it had almost enough momentum to blow over some of the skyscrapers.

Peter Squair was in a miserable mood; the lack of electricity had forced him to walk up seven flights of stairs to his perfectly appointed rooms in the apartment hotel, and on top of that he had to carry two candles, his illumination for the evening. Peter flicked the radio on and then realized that it, too, was operated by electricity; he picked up the paper but found parts of it extended too far from the light to make reading comfortable; he reached for a magazine, but found nothing to hold his interest. He sat still watching the yellow candle flame dipping and bowing to every draft which crossed the room and finally, fascinated by the swaying light, drifted off to sleep.

Margot Heath was in an uplifted mood; she accepted the candle proffered her by the landlady and proceeded with a light heart to her small third-floor-back room. She watched the grotesque shadows that the flame made on the wall, thinking of the days when, very young, she had watched the same sort of shadows on a wall of a French farmhouse in Canada. She thought of someday going back to that place where they still used candles. She watched the slender flames trying to dodge the wind, and wanted to cry because it was so lonely.

* * * *

On Sunday afternoon Margot made her weekly pilgrimage to the Art Institute. It was very cold as she crossed the boulevard and she instinctively lowered her head for protection; in this attitude she walked blindly into a man.

"Oh, I'm sorry . . . Mr. Squair," she apologized with a great deal of embarrassment to the man whom she recognized as one who worked in the "inner" office.

"I'm not a bit", he laughed, "in fact, I'm charmed that you should pick on me, Miss Heath. May I help you to your destination?"

"Why, I'm only going here to the Institute, thank you just the same."

"Couldn't I come too, or. . . .?"

"Of course, if you care to. I come here about once a week; one's so apt to lose beauty out there," she said, waving her hand in the direction of the city.

"Yes I know. I come occasionally myself," he lied and diplomatically let her lead the way because the first and last time he had been there was about fifteen years ago when his attendance was required by the eighth grade teacher.

As they wandered through the building he agreed with everything she said because it was much safer. The only thing he found attractive in the whole place was the small figure by his side. He cursed himself soundly for coming with her; he could not understand why he had deliberately spoiled a perfect afternoon, the kind just made for him to absorb

the sordidness of the city he loved rather than its art which seemed beyond his ken.

"May I drive you home?" he found himself asking when it was time to go.

"Oh, I live too far . . . north you know."

"So do I—come on."

As they passed by the lake, she told him of how she loved the fresh winds of the spring and the young buds and the delicate flowers; and he agreed that they were lovely. But in his mind he thought of the gales which tried to blow you over and the sturdy evergreens and the big red canna beds blooming in the fall.

When he left her, he promised to come and see her, then wondered why. He returned to the city and watched the lights and the tall buildings and thought how substantial and fascinating this was, the heart of "his" city, part of the foundation of the nation. As he drove up the boulevard he thumbed his nose at the Art Institute.

As Margot climbed the squeaking stairs, she thought what a wonderful day; to find someone in this city who really loved beauty. As she took out the book on Greek sculpture that she had just borrowed from the library, she smiled and was grateful.

Monday morning, Peter stopped at her desk and told her what a pleasant afternoon he had spent. Margot smiled and mentioned something about a new exhibit there next Sunday. Peter asked if he might drive her down and she consented. He promptly felt like kicking himself 'round the block.

They went early "before the crowd" and then took a long drive up Sheridan Road. She told him that she saved all her money so that someday she could return to the small Canadian town and live in peace away from the grimy city.

"Do you save very much, Peter?" She called him that at his request.

"Not very much—living is high." The liar didn't save a thing; no one was dependent upon him so why shouldn't he spend all he wanted to.

This expedition was followed by others; to

symphony, two good plays, and once, on a splurge, to the opera. The seats, at Margot's request, were always in the back of the gallery, in order to save money. Why, Peter knew not, but save it must be.

There were drives way up north in the subdivisions where houses were scarce. The only pleasure Peter got out of it was being with Margot. He managed to cover his boredom and she thought he was just as interested as she was.

One noon Peter walked down the boulevard and as he passed the Art Institute he decided to go in; he had never been there alone before. He wandered toward the back and into a section where he had never been, into a room full of photographs. He moved from one to another, entranced by their shadows, their mist, their light, their originality. Here, here was something he could understand. Something that he could feel, pictures of the things he knew and loved. This must be "Art" for it was in the Art Institute. This was "his" art, mirroring "his" city. In the elation of his discovery, all thought of time was lost and it was very late when he returned to the office. He must tell Margot. No, she wouldn't understand. This was something that was his. His to love and ponder over; his, which no one could take away.

For his birthday, Peter planned a big surprise for Margot. First the theatre and then a night club. Margot had never been to a night club and she seemed quite surprised that Peter should know all the tricks, even the head waiter. After a few dances a friend of Peter's asked Margot to dance. Peter watched them glide away; she wore a cream colored dress and the little red head tipping and turning at the top of it reminded him vaguely of something else. What was it? Suddenly—it was like that candle blown by every draft. How graceful it was! And how fascinating to watch.

That night in the shadowy dark of the boarding house hall, Peter proposed to Margot. The candle flame flickered several times and then

went down on his breast in complete submission.

When the fresh May winds blew down from Mackinac, Margot and Peter went to the Justice of the Peace and then in the car drove out Sheridan Road through Evanston, Winnetka and Glencoe, turned down a side road and stopped in front of a white frame house on the bluff. He helped her out and they, giggling as two children, walked up the gravel path. Peter reached in his pocket and drew out a shiny new key, put it in the lock, and thrust the door open. Then he looked down, picked her up and stepped over the sill and closed the door.

MARY ELIZABETH McNULTY, '32.

GONE

He's gone—

Gone to look for happiness elsewhere,
Happiness he once found here . . .

Gone—

But still I seem to see him
Gazing into my very depths,
Telling me of his love,
A love that was only a fantasy . . .

He's gone—

But yet I hope that maybe some day
He'll come back,
Back to start our love anew—
I hope—a fool hope—
And yet, it's something to live for!

D. Carmer, '32.

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

"Pamela, you are absolutely the most contented mortal on this earth". . . . this expostulation from Mrs. Reed, the proud possessor of a country estate on Long Island, two of the latest models of foreign cars, three aristocratic St. Bernard's, and a very lovely daughter who had been adopted by the childless couple when she was only three years of age.

Pam, as she was called, and her brother Ted who was only two years old when fate cast them from their home into the orphanage, had, because of their good background, been taken

into well-to-do families, but neither had seen the other even once since their separation and so far as Pam was concerned all she knew was that she once upon a time had a little brother but it was so long ago, it really didn't matter.

On this particular day Pam was celebrating her twentieth birthday and the cause of her mother's comment was the fact that she had invited none of the young society crowd over to help celebrate the momentous occasion.

"Pam", she repeated, "you never seem to care whether you see your friends or not; why don't you have them come over, play tennis, dance—anything."

"All right, mother, I'll call some of the crowd, I guess.

The mid-summer evening was quiet, laden with the aroma of dew-sprinkled flowers. On the terrace all was gaiety, music, laughter, and noise. Pam was nonchalantly indulging in the artistry of the modern species of motion called "Collegiate Drag" and was having the time of her life. That was the way with Pam; she always had the time of her life no matter what were the circumstances. One was likely to become bewildered and perhaps a trifle irritated at the secret way she had of accepting things as they came and enjoying herself immensely in everything she did.

One of the younger set, George Dale, had seized the opportunity for a chat on the terrace with the hostess to congratulate her on her anniversary.

"You know, Pam, you're getting to be a big girl now—you're going to meet some big heman to look after you, and . . ."

"Yes, Georgie, old dear, you'd make a perfectly adorable husband for some sweet charming little maiden who is just dying for a three-room steam-heated apartment, a Ford roadster, and two or three babies. But not for Pamela Livingston Reed, no siree! I'm going to live, learn, and love a lot before I march down the aisle to the waiting form with a gardenia implanted in the official buttonhole ready to become the subject of matrimony."

"Pam, you're amazing—you never want a thing, you're so perfectly contented with life;

I only wish I knew the secret of such a disposition."

At this moment the crowd burst out onto the terrace and the charm of their tête-a-tête was broken by the boisterous mob coming out into the pleasant darkness to breathe the refreshing air.

Soon the first faint beams of morning were beginning to appear and the hilarious young people had dispersed in order to go home and snatch a few hours' sleep before starting a new day with a dip in the lake and a few holes of golf. Then in the afternoon there would be tennis tournaments, bridge parties, numerous teas and social affairs which kept the hot summer days interesting and full.

In a few weeks the summer began to wane and plans for school began to be the sole topic of conversation. Mrs. Reed and Pam had just returned from a shopping expedition in the city one day and were gingerly sipping iced tea on the terrace when a Western Union messenger brought a telegram to the door. It proved to be from Pam's father. It read:

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ABROAD
STOP AM SAILING SEPTEMBER 2
STOP PAMELIA NEED NOT ATTEND
SCHOOL

W. E. REED

* * * * *

It was a beautiful day at sea. The bright sunshine and the blue world surrounding the Majestic as she plodded her stolid substance through the interminable waves, created a picture in which no one could possibly find fault or be disappointed on this, the second day out.

It was during the first week of their stay in Paris that Pam met Billy. Billy, alias William Theodore Whitman, was all that the charming modern youth should be—tall, blonde, his head slightly large in proportion to his athletic limbs. His azure eyes had a certain sparkle which came and went with his crisp, healthy laugh and his deep chuckle. He and Pam had met in the lounge of the Grosvenor Hotel while both were interested spectators of a Camelot tournament. Afterwards, neither of them could say how they had met—

they suddenly just discovered themselves talking to each other. That was all.

Glorious days followed in which Billy would call in the morning and ask—

"How about it, Pam, would you like to drive out to Versailles this afternoon and poke around? Then we might have dinner at any little out of the way place. OK? Two o'clock then!"

And off they would go. It was about seven-thirty on this particular evening when they found a quaint little tavern called "*L'Auberge Française*." The waiter led them to a semi-private table in the cool room lighted only by a few burning tapers on the tables.

"I've had a gorgeous time today, Billy, the ride was simply marvelous and you're a dear to take me all around and show me the sights of Paris. If it weren't for you I'd be sitting in the hotel playing bridge or knitting with mother all day long. Oh, I love it!"

"You what?"

"I love it."

"Oh," he offered sullenly—"I thought maybe you said—but never mind. Perhaps you think I don't enjoy being with you—I do—you are so easily entertained, so perfectly happy, so young, so sweet, so—so—Pam, will you—will you marry me?"

"Why, Billy, I don't know; why, yes, I guess so, but I don't know much about you, you know. I don't care to know everything! I love you, but mothers do want to know things like that."

"Darling, you shall know all there is to know about me. I'll write to my lawyer, Mr. James C. Clark of New York City, tomorrow and tell him to send you a complete account, good, bad, or indifferent of "Yours Truly" and now—

The harvest moon was casting ghostly shapes upon the old French houses as Pam and Billy drove up to the hotel in the heart of the residential district.

"Goodnight, Pam."

"Goodnight, Billy, dear."

It was three weeks later that Pam, coming in from a round of golf with Billy, was informed

by her mother that she had received several letters in the morning's mail.

"Thank you, mother. Oh—Billy and I had the grandest luck this morning, Billy shot a 38 and I a 43. Ooh! Mother, he's marvelous, I never realized I could be so crazy about anybody. Just think, in two weeks I'll be Mrs. William Theodore Whitman!"

"Yes, dear, you are extremely fortunate to find such a fine young chap. And now—you'd better read your mail and tidy up a bit before luncheon."

Pam tore the letter bearing a New York postmark open and began to read. It was from Mr. James C. Clark of the firm of Clark and Clark, Attorneys-at-law, New York, New York. It read:

New York City
October 15, 1930

MISS PAMELA REED
The Grosvenor Hotel
Paris, France

MY DEAR MISS REED,

At the request of a certain Mr. William Whitman we are herewith sending a complete account of the life of the aforementioned party. He was born in New York City on January 19, 1907, and there lived until at the death of his parents in 1909 he, with his sister, was established in the Park View Orphanage of this city.

Three months later he was adopted by a Mr. Howard Whitman of Newark, N. J., and his sister became a member of a very wealthy family by the name of Reed on Long Island.

He has a very enviable record in his educational work, having received the honor of being Commander of the First Platoon at Western Military Academy. His college work at Yale University was also very satisfactory, and our latest report is that he is established with the firm of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of Newark.

I trust that this information will be of aid to you, and I shall be only too glad to serve you further in any way possible.

Very truly yours,
J. C. CLARK.

Pam's face had changed to a ghastly white as she nervously clutched the crucial epistle to her breast.

"It can't be—it—can't!"

When Billy came over late in the afternoon he found a smiling Pam who had regained her composure after rather a stormy scene a few hours earlier.

"Billy, please, let's go for a ride; would you mind?"

"Why, of course not, sweet child."

Later as they sped along the boulevard and out into the country he vouchsafed.

"What's on your mind, Pam, dear—you seem worried about something?"

"Well, it's just this, Billy. I—I can't marry you."

"You what?"

"It's true, Billy, I can't because—you see—I'm your sister."

"You—my sister?"

"Yes, here."

She handed him the letter and stopping the car at the side of the road he read the fatal message.

"Lord," he murmured, "and you the only girl I ever"—

"Please, dear, don't feel that way about it," spoke Pam consolingly.

The evening was quiet and refreshing as the two disillusioned and broken-hearted youngsters rode back toward the city. The air seemed to hold a promise of something to come, of hopes unfulfilled and it was Pam who broke the silence.

"You know, Billy—I've always wanted a brother."

Mary Whitaker, '32.



SEA LORE

The world as I encountered it that day
Was cold and without a single ray
Of sunlight to brighten up and cheer
The worn face, which to mine was near.

We sat together under the pine
This weary old man, a friend of mine.
My heart, too young to really know
The cruel sea, began to glow.

I listened with eager ears
To hear the tale, descended through the years,
Of a great man's adventure at sea,
A man like whom I would wish to be.

He told how Eric was called by the sea
To venture forth and a great man be.
How this brave sailor had set out
For his heart and mind were free from doubt.

He sailed far and he sailed wide,
And battled the waves which washed the side
Of his great ship "The Palestine,"
As it labored on the crest of the cruel brine.

He conquered the sea and then set sail
To return to his folk with his mariner's tale,
He was cheered for his deeds of bravery,
And honored as all great men should be.

Now I, a weathered sailor repeat,
To a little lad who sits at my feet,
The story which had been told to me
Of that great man's adventure on the sea.

Janet McCartney, '32.

DANCING DAWN

"Oh, pshaw! There goes the curb chain. Ned, have you an extra one? I might have known it would do that if I didn't get a new one. What shall I do?" Pris rambled on as she carefully maneuvered Tid-Bits down to a comfortable trot. Priscilla Staples was a fair girl with blue eyes that simply danced with mischief. She was about five feet seven inches in height and of athletic build. None could say she floated around in anything but a bathing suit, and that was due entirely to the water's buoyancy.

"Can't you manage without one until we re-

turn?" Ned was ever offering advice of no value. He constantly tried to force his person on her as he rode by her side through daily canters among the wooded sections of the Staples' Mansion grounds.

"Not at all, Ned. I really am doubtful of Tid-Bits' nature as yet. He is so new. Could you loan me Rocket's?" Pris hated Rocket. He was always judged above her horses in shows and because of this her great dislike for Ned Hanna.

"Rocket is too unmanageable without a curb. No hope here, Pris."

"Well, I shall give Ted a drink and then return. I shan't go any farther without one. Why don't you go back while I wait here? That would be the best solution."

"Not and leave you alone. Never. Pris, I love you too much for that. Won't you let me be with you always?" pleaded Ned. Football had taught him to be persistent, but his only answer from Priscilla was her dismounting to give Tid-Bits a drink at the moss-covered trough.

"Stand still, Tid, or I shall have to make you. Stand still! Whoa!—Oh, ding!" All came from an angry girl, as she mounted the impatient horse, with her pretty Cupid mouth in a pout.

"Ned. Pick up my bracelet for me. I dropped it again." Obediently Ned dismounted and picked up the piece of jewelry.

"Why, this isn't a bracelet. It is a curb chain," he exclaimed, fastening it on the bridle of Tid-Bits. Vexed beyond words, Pris slid down and snatched the chain from the bridling.

"Nit-wit. It was a curb chain but is now a priceless bracelet."

"Don't be absurd. You are too intelligent for such ravings."

"Oh, is that so? Well, Mr. Edward Hanna, just you sit down and I'll show you how absurd I am." Ned tied the horse at the bar and he followed the form of the angry girl to a tree stump, and slouched down besides her.

"Do you remember the English stableman we used to have last summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, listen to this:

"Born in London of English gentry, George was brought up to love and care for a horse. When finally he wended his way to America, he was in dire need of funds. No trade was open to him for he was unknown. Dad, at that time, was looking for a man to take care of a new show horse he had bought. Advertising in the paper, he was called on by a neatly-dressed man with polished manners.

"'You advertised for a stableman, sir.'

"'Yes.'

"'I have had experience in stables and would very much appreciate your giving me the job.'

"'Your name.'

"'George Byron, sir.'

"'Nationality.'

"'English.'

"'References.'

"'None.'

"'What? You want a job without references?'

"'I have not been in America long enough to meet any one. I come from the gentry of England. My father disowned me for personal reasons. My fortune had to be made so I came to America. It is all I can say. Do I get the job, or not?'

"Dad waited a long time. Finally George was accepted and came the next day. Our horses never had better care nor finer training. That was the year Dad won the cup. It seemed evident that George was a natural horseman. He often rode for Dad in shows and he never lost a single cup. One time he came home from the National Show. It was the tenth of May. Quiet beyond any previous times that we had known him to reminisce, he seemed even dissatisfied. That night I questioned him.

"'George, why are you so gloomy?'

"'Oh, nothing, Miss Priscilla.'

"'Come now, George, that is no way to act. What can we do for you? Is it a girl?'

"'Marry, no. It is far more important.'

"'Well?'

"'A horse!'

"How much?" I inquired, for I now realized he had found a horse worth more than any of ours.

"Four hundred."

"But that is not much, is it?"

"No. But a good deal more than I have."

"Let me get Dad to buy it. I know he will. I'll bring you the money in the morning."

"With that he seemed happier, but I was more downcast then ever. How was I to obtain four hundred dollars. Dad would never buy a horse sight unseen and George wanted to own it. I lay for hours, that night, thinking how I could get it. Rummaging for my horse's pedigree, I found my old bankbook. In it I had five hundred and sixty dollars! My check book was easily found and I ran to the stable.

"George, here is the money. I decided to lend it to you myself on one condition. When she has won one big cup, you give me the curb chain."

"She is a racer, Miss Priscilla. I'll give you her curb when she has won the National."

"A week later Dad found George and me in deep conference over the markings of a new horse.

"Priscilla! whose horse is this?"

"George's, Dad."

"Where did he get her?"

"I bought it, Mr. Staples. A racer. Name, Dancing Dawn. Very fleet and beautiful markings," he recited almost mechanically. Dad walked over to Dawn and looked her over.

"Um—Let's see what she can do."

"George saddled her and took her out on the track. I stood breathlessly while Dad timed her. Would she make his standard? Everything hinged on that. Cantering swiftly she broke into a gallop. George was riding beautifully. His weight was well forward, his knees up and he gave with each forward move. Dawn's dainty hoofs thudded the earth and kicked dust into my face as she passed. Dad's stopwatch clicked and George guided the Dancing Dawn over to us.

"Two seconds slow for me, George. Unless in a month you can break the record of my stables on the mile cross-country, I won't

enter her for the National in July. Understand?" Dad was snappy; he strode away rather vexed.

"Guess I'll never ride you, Dawn, in any race."

"Yes, you will, George. I'll help you train her. I know Dad's methods and you know the improvements. We work together. Is that all right?"

"You know it is, Priscilla."

"At last he had omitted the 'Miss' prefix and I told him never again to use it.

"Every day George and I rode over the cross-country course with Dawn. She often would balk at a jump but George teased her over it and made her do it several times e'er he passed on to the next one. It was my job to treat her each night with a good rub down for George's other duties kept him from doing it for her. Two weeks had passed and we were still working hard.

"George, I think we'd better time her. We will know how much more we need to work."

"All right, Priscilla. Want to ride her?"

"No, thanks. You need the practice. Besides, you are the owner."

"Oh, no. You are. Pris, may I wear your colors in the race?"

"Get set."

"But I say, may I?"

"Go."

"He was off. I mustn't tell him I wanted him to wear my colors. I couldn't. It would look nice to see scarlet and white floating on the arm of the winner, though. Clump—clump—thud—click! Dawn had passed the finish mark. Her time was just two seconds under our record.

"Yes, George, you may wear my colors."

"He knew then that very little more work needed to be done before Dawn would break the record.

"The crowd was yelling at the top of its voice. Closer, closer they came. I had to shout to make my father understand what I said.

"He is making good after all, Dad."

"Yes. Not so bad. Look!"

"Forging slowly ahead, Dawn's dainty hoofs clattered along with those of fourth in line. George let her have more freedom and teased her to get more vitality from her. She responded gracefully, with a quick dash; third place was left behind as she made her last effort to gain; then, second. There were only seconds left before number one would cross the line. Dawn strained under George's guiding hand—but too late. Number one was a nose ahead.

"Scarlet and white floated from his arm triumphantly as I ran over to congratulate him. Dad went to collect his bets.

"Priscilla, you asked for her curb. Here it is.' George had gotten down as we walked to the paddock. Nimble he removed the chain from the bridling and handed it to me.

"When I return from Ascot, I'll bring you the ring from there. Please wait until I return before you announce it at all, Pris. I'll have a surprise for you, then.'

"So you see, Ned, it is far more valuable than it first appeared. It means everything; Ned, everything. I couldn't tell you before. George came back yesterday. He called me up, and asked to see me tonight. I knew I had the engagement with you, but I had to break it. I knew if I got you peeved you would not want to go and I could easily say I wouldn't. Now, I must go back. He may even be there now. I don't know."

With that Priscilla got up and went toward the horses. She had been so absorbed in her story that she had not heard anything around her.

"Ned, Tid-bits is gone!"

"Where?" mumbled Ned, stumbling after her.

"How should I know. I asked you."

"Not very far, Miss Priscilla," said a new voice. Turning around Pris bumped something and fell. She was picked up carefully by someone. Who could it be? Ned was over with Rocket. Why—why—

"George!" she said, without turning.

"Yes?"

Ned turned his back toward them and

mounted Rocket. Turning Rocket homeward, he heard only this.

". . . now I am Lord Byron. Imagine, you will be a Lady and queen of an English manor. As an engagement gift, I have brought Dancing Dawn, and the Ascot cup for your ladyship's own."

Betty Follett, '32.

"IMMORTALITY"

I saw a path and at its end
A tree rose up all bent with age
And knarled; and between its branches
A star hung glimmering a soft inviting light.

I walked the path, stumbling now
And then, but the warmth of the star
Touched my hand and led me on.

At the end of the trail I sank down
Beneath the tree, and it bent over me
Casting a shadow, but I smiled and
Lifting my face, saw the star
Hanging as brightly near as far
And I felt glad that it was so.

Rachel De Wolfe, '32.

LOBSTER SALAD

On the threshold of the hotel diningroom, Mary Anne stopped. She suddenly realized that she shouldn't have come. The place was too romantic; the music, the soft lights, would make her think too much. The head waiter came up; unwillingly she followed him to a table. She ordered lobster salad, and pulled off her gloves thoughtfully, her eyes glancing about the room. Then, quickly, she looked down at the white tablecloth. Too sophisticated to blush, or even to start, she was, nevertheless, disconcerted by the likeness. Could it be Michael? But this man was older; he had none of her Michael's boyish, whimsical air. Damn Michael anyway; why did she persist in thinking about him? The man in question had called her waiter and was ordering shrimp salad.

Looking more than ever like Michael, he sat back in his chair and lit a cigarette. As he did

so, he caught Mary Anne's glance. For a brief moment, he stared at her, quite impersonally, as one does at a stranger; then he shifted his position.

Mary Anne relaxed with a sigh, and nodded dully as the waiter placed the salad before her. A low laugh made her raise her eyes quickly. The man who had ordered the shrimp salad stood at her side, holding the dish in his hand.

"Terribly sorry, our orders seem to have been confused—unless you prefer shrimp . . .?"

"Oh, no," Mary Anne said quickly, "I hate shrimp."

He put down the plate of lobster, picked up the shrimp, and, with a cool bow, returned to his own table.

Picking up her fork, Mary Anne proceeded to eat the salad absently. She was determined not to look up again. She had been fearful that he would press his advances and now she was just a little resentful that he hadn't. When she finally gathered up her bag and gloves preparatory to leaving, she glanced at his table. He had gone.

Mary Anne left the dining room and walked out through the lobby. As she stepped out on the sidewalk, someone casually got into step with her and walked along. She didn't raise her eyes; she knew well enough who it was. They walked in silence for several blocks. Finally Mary Anne could wait no longer.

"Why did you do it?"

Still silence. Mary Anne looked up a bit crossly. It was all the offender needed. He burst into the most engaging laugh. Mary Anne was furious. She marched along haughtily, head high and cheeks flaming.

"I'm sorry." He spoke quite soberly now.

No answer.

"Honestly I am," boyishly.

The color died in Mary Anne's cheek a little. Still she wouldn't glance at him.

"Why the burst of mirth?"

The corners of his mouth twitched, but he drew them down sharply.

"You looked so melodramatic, as if I had bitten a baby or something."

Mary Anne didn't reply, but, undaunted, he

strode along, whistling softly to himself.

Suddenly she stopped. "Good-bye, this is where I live." He looked up. It was a gray shingled house, and as he glanced up, his eyes lighted and drew in his breath sharply. Mary Anne looked too. She was a bit puzzled. All she could see were her red geraniums in the little window box and the ruffled curtains fluttering through the casement windows.

"Geraniums," he breathed. Then he asked, "You live up there?" "Yes," Mary Anne answered. "There is. . . ."

"Wait! I know, there is a studio, a bedroom, a bath and kitchenette." He enumerated them triumphantly. "Isn't that right? You see, I lived in a gray shingled house with geraniums once, so I knew yours had to be like it."

"Well, good-bye," repeated Mary Anne after a pause.

He laid a detaining hand on her arm, "I suppose I couldn't come up for just a minute to see it?"

Mary Anne hesitated for an instant, but it was long enough.

"I think red geraniums are keen," hopefully but still sadly.

That settled it.

"Yes, you may come up, but only for a very little while."

They climbed the three flights of narrow stairs.

"Gosh!" he exploded breathlessly, "some climb. I lived on the third floor of my gray house too, but it was so long ago I'm all out of form!"

Mary Anne didn't reply. She was busy fitting the key into the lock. He said nothing more and followed her into the cosy studio.

"Not quite," he murmured.

"What?" asked Mary Anne rather sharply.

"Nothing," he answered and crossed the room to one of the big chairs by the fireplace, flinging his hat on the table as he went.

Unconsciously, Mary Anne picked it up and hung it in the closet with her own.

"If you'll entertain yourself a few minutes, I'll get the tea things together. My luncheon

wasn't too satisfactory. Turn on the radio or anything." And Mary Anne retreated to the kitchenette.

He sat still and listened to her heels beating a tattoo on the linoleum. He looked tired and lonesome, as he sat there with his head against the back of the chair, and his eyes wearily closed. Suddenly he raised his head and looked about him with the air of one who must accomplish a great deal in a short space of time. He looked eagerly at every object the room contained; the cheerful curtains at the half open windows, the gay, red geraniums peeping up over the sill from their window boxes, and the cushioned window-seat strewn with magazines.

Mary Anne appeared with the tray. "You look frightfully reflective, what are you thinking about?"

"I was just thinking what a jolly room this is," taking the tea tray from her.

Mary Anne busied herself with the tea things. "I'm so glad you like it. I've changed it about quite a bit. Isn't it strange how one hastens to do over a room every so often, especially if something unpleasant has happened in it?"

"Yes, as if doing it over could make one forget!"

Carefully, she poured the steaming amber tea into the dainty lustre cups. She put two lumps of sugar into both; then, realizing what had happened, she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry! I'm so used to two I think everyone likes the same!" She stood up to go for another cup, but he interrupted.

"Please don't bother. It's quite all right. I've always taken two. His eyes twinkled as he said it.

He held out his hand, their fingers met under the saucer, both drew back, but neither had the cup and saucer. Slithered into tiny bits, it lay at their feet.

"Oh, how could you. They were my first anniversary present," wailed Mary Anne.

"Oh, you're married?"

"Yes-s," she replied.

"Separated?"

"Yes—two years ago."

"Why?"

"I'm not quite sure—I wish I knew."

"I don't live with my wife either."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Why?"

"She said I was ruining her career as a writer—or something like that."

A pause.

Very softly she murmured, "I'll bet she's sorry now."

A still longer pause. An eager, husky voice. "Is she, is she Mary Anne?"

"You're smothering me Michael; is she ever!"

Vesta Black, '32

THE FOG

Stealthily the fog steals in from the sea
As stealthily as pads the cat.
Like a grey old lady drawing behind her
A dusky and mist-woven wrap.

She drags herself from the lapping waters
Then without a sound she creeps
And weeping in the dark shades of early morn,
She falls at last at the great sun's triumphant feet.

K. Hartman, '32.

SACRIFICE

Bob Reed looked somberly out across the gorge of the Mad River at the western horizon which was obscured by thick pillars of purplish black smoke, shot through with streaks of white,—and he was afraid.

It was not a new experience. He had always been afraid of fire, he wondered about it and what were its causes. He had always conquered fire but had never been able to dispel it. Psychologists said, "Become familiar with the thing feared, and the fear will pass." As if he weren't familiar with fire! As fire warden in the forest reserve, fighting it was his trade. He had fought fire for years, and still whenever a new call came, his first impulse was to run. He wondered if any of the boys with him on the trip felt as he did. He glanced around at them as they rested in the scanty shade of

the scrub oaks. If they did, they certainly gave no evidence of fear; they weren't even looking at the fire.

Hank and Eddie were scuffling for possession of a cut of tobacco and the rest cheered them on huskily. No, there was no fear there. Why was he different—did they lack the power of thought—imagination? He had almost decided that that was the answer when his glance fell on his young brother laughing as loudly and carelessly as any of them. Great boy Charlie, and no lack of imagination? Oh, what in the devil was it?

The scuffling suddenly irritated him, and he spoke sharply, "Here you guys, cut out the horseplay; you'll need all your strength before we get this fire out."

The wrestlers separated, Hank protesting loudly, "Aw, Bob, Eddie's got my tobaccer; last cut I got too."

"Your tobaccer nothin; you swiped it from me yesterday," Bob said casually.

"All right, all right, I'll give you a cut, Hank,—but no more."

"Battling around here,—one of you'll cut yourself on those axes," remarked Bob. Reaching into his pack, he took out a large package opened it and tossed a piece over to Hank as Eddie watched shamefully.

"Now I'll show you where we're headed for, and what we have to do. See that reef of limestone about one-half up from the river?" There was a chorus of "Yeps."

"Well, all we have to do is cut a fire trail about one hundred feet wide, from the river up to that reef. It's barren from this end, clean over to the Colorado, and no fire can cross it. The only chance it has is on this end; and when we finish the trail, we'll have it cut off."

"The question is, can we finish it before the fire gets here?" a remark from one of the men.

Bob's reply was, "It'll be a hot race, but I think we can make it. We can't do much today, but we'll go down and make camp and get at it before daylight. We'll work right up that canyon over there," he said pointing a large, steady, finger in the direction of the

canyon. "It's the shortest, don't you think, Eddie?"

"Yeh, it's the shortest, but we can't see much once we get in there. Suppose the fire worked in below us, we'd be licked."

"Oh, Johnnie'll have the horse packing water, and he can watch for us."

"We'll rest a few minutes more, and then start down. It's a long drag down there," said Eddie lazily.

Bob glanced at his watch and it showed a quarter after four. The falling sun dropped into one of the distant mushrooms of smoke, and the light changed to a dull red. Cinders started to drift down upon them and the old feeling crept over him. He couldn't stand inactivity, so he rose abruptly—a tall, lean figure, almost cadaverous with a slight stoop—tough as buckskin. His thin face with large features was seamed with sun wrinkles around the eyes, and the eyes were bleached to a pale, whitish blue; an odd face, but strong and attractive. He had to be working, so he spoke to the men.

"Well, boys, what do yer say? Let's go! Get all your stuff, and don't leave any burning cigarette stubs around." With long strides, he led the way down the winding trail into the rising shadows.

The heat in the canyon was nearly beyond endurance. It was breathless—high noon! No whisper of a breeze could reach the weary men who were working feverishly against time. The trail was more than half cut, but the fire swept on angrily. The falling cinders were hot now and burned when they touched flesh. The men's clothes were in shreds from the tearing underbrush through which they had fought their way. Bob was everywhere, it seemed, at once, alternating with his men so that each could have a few minutes' rest. He, himself, took none, but went on like a high-gearred machine.

It grew dark suddenly as the smoke reached and blotted out the sun. Bob called down the canyon where some of his men were clearing. "See anything of Johnnie and the water, boys? He's been gone long enough."

"No, Bob, not a thing," was the hasty reply.

"Gosh, he ought to be back by now." He was

right; he should have been back long ago—could he be watching the fire—had his horse fallen with him?—

A long shuddering sigh of wind stirred in the tree-tops, and grew in intensity. Bob looked up and saw that it blew directly up the canyon. Like a flash the truth came to him! The fire was below them; the canyon would act as a chimney and suck the flames over them with the speed of an express train. And Johnnie—Johnnie who had shown no fear of fire, had deserted and saved himself, rather than risk his life trying to warn them.

There was only one chance. A short distance down the canyon was an abandoned tunnel. If they could make it, they might be able to save themselves. A great wave of fear settled over him, but he shook himself free and sprinted up the canyon screaming at the top of his voice, "Eddie! Hank! Hey, come on back! We're caught!"

As they rushed around, he shouted "Quick, boys, get into the tunnel; it's a slim chance, but the only one."

Sensing the danger, they raced ahead of him. Fear changed them into animals—each bent on self-preservation.

Bob, was the last to enter, first making sure that all his men were safely inside. All inside—what a different group of men! They had changed from a carefree group of men to a body of fear-crazed beasts. Bob tried to speak to tell them to lie down in the mud on the floor of the tunnel, but he could not make himself heard. He drew his revolver and fired into the ground. The heavy report was greatly amplified in the close chamber, and in the silence into which they were startled, he spoke coldly. "What ails you fools?—are you insane?—where's your guts?—You sicken me! I'm afraid; I always have been, but I can keep my head."

His brother fought his way through the press and confronted him. "I won't stay in this hole, and be cooked," he screamed. "I'm going to run first. Come on, boys!"

"Charlie, you fool, get back," yelled Bob. He

jumped to the door and covered them with the gun.

"No man leaves here 'till I let him; and I'll shoot the first to try. It's suicide to step into that buring hell," raged Bob.

"Come on, boys," his brother raved, "rush him, he'll smother us all."

The rush and the fire came together and into the combined roar the gun flashed—and flashed again—long banners of flame curled into the tunnel mouth and swept the desperate figures standing between them and their victims.

The odor of burned flesh blended with the smoke; but through it all, his voice came clear. "Down, down into the mud." Some were already down; the leaders of the rush and the rest, cowed by the flaming spirit before them, fell as they were bidden.

The fire passed on; and through the still-hot embers and burning snags, the rescue party arrived to find Bob Reed burned beyond recognition—still holding the mouth of the tunnel with five men dead of bullet wounds before him. Among them, was his brother—and forty-five remained unhurt.

He turned—faced them—muttered insanely, "Sorry, Charlie!"—and shot himself through the heart.

Agnes Riley, '32

MY THOUGHTS ADRIFT

I strolled along a crooked path,
The sun was streaming down,
The spicy odors filled the air
Of fresh hay newly-mown.

A brilliant bay before me stretched,
Its blue waves billowing high,
A lovely eagle soared above,
A sailboat floated by.

A veil of grey descended from
A blue-topped mountain cliff,
It touched me warmly on my cheeks,
And set my thoughts adrift.

Barbara Hunt, '32.

GOING NATIVE

"Shirley Penfield, stop yawning!" The young thing addressed jumped guiltily and murmured an apology to the English Drama teacher. Almost instantly, however, she was adrift again on the sea of her dreams. Life was a bore and quite futile, hadn't adventure always just eluded her? She would follow him a few steps only to be called back to security and boredom by some doting old person. In the midst of these cynical contemplations something seemed to seize her, so rigid did she become, and so intently did she seem to be straining for sight or sound. Even the rustling spring breeze seemed to be waiting. There it was again and louder this time! A low sound, almost a chant, primitive and guttural. Why it made one think of Indians! Shirley's heart pounded at the thought.

"Shirley what *are* you gaping at?" There was no answer to this query but Bunny didn't mind, she was used to her roommate's eccentricities. An answer was unnecessary for at this moment the class of six girls rose as one and gasped. Thinking about it afterwards, Shirley came to the conclusion that the entire school arose as one for by the time the astonished girls reached the lawn, girls were pouring out of every conceivable exit. What was the strange apparition which drew them? That was the question they all asked, what in the world was it? It really was an Indian, this much Shirley really could ascertain, and heavens, he was dancing in the Crows' Nest. His naked torso gleaming in the sun, as he chanted his weird songs. He paused for a moment as the astonished student body drew near, but a shrill whistle caused him to hastily resume his unusual antics. The excited girls crowded close and clapped, stamped, and giggled, as the "whirling dervish" proceeded. Then, with one final stamp and a call that bounded over the trees and was carried away on the summer wind, the Indian without a backward glance leapt to the grass and had gained the road before the surprised on-lookers could move. Hardly a moment elapsed, how-

ever, before seventy or eighty screaming, laughing girls, gay in their bright summer frocks, were pursuing him hotly. Swarming over the campus they might have been village girls at a medieval May fête.

Meanwhile the pursued was running doggedly, intent on the idea of escaping the mob. Suddenly a low roadster was beside him, the door open. "Get in," said a shaky but still determined voice. With a hoarse, "Thank you," the Indian boy gratefully sprang to the running board and sank tiredly onto the leather seat. A low purr and they were off. At least seventy screams rent the air as the frantic girls realized they were losing their prey. But the car sped on and the cries grew fainter and fainter.

Neither of the roadster's occupants spoke. They rode thus for several miles. Shirley deftly manoeuvring the car in and out of the traffic, but all the time quite aware of his presence. They were in the country now. Shirley stole a look at her companion. He was staring at her intently. She blushed and then was furious at herself. As her eyes fell she noticed that his foot was bleeding. Noting her start, the boy murmured, "It is nothing."

Shirley had stopped the car "Oh, but it is," she replied quickly, "Come, we can bathe it at the little stream."

Reluctantly he descended to the ground and followed her. The stream by the side of the road would have answered the purpose quite well, but they automatically followed it a little way into the sheltering pine woods. Sitting on the mossy bank he removed his moccasin. A stone had pierced it and bruised his foot. Shirley watched him dip it into the pool of water and then withdraw it, all traces of blood gone. He replaced his moccasin but she didn't get up. What was the matter with her? Why didn't she move? Thoughts crowded her brain but they were all incoherent. Speechless they sat. Finally, drawn against her will, Shirley looked at him. He was looking at her as she knew he would be. She drew in her breath sharply, she hadn't realized how good-looking he was. Here he was in his natural setting.

His bronzed face gleamed intriguingly against the background of green pines and shadowy moss. The he spoke.

"How did you happen to pick me up?"

Shirley explained quickly. "I knew the girls would follow you and I saw you had no means of getting away quickly, so I ran and got my car and was there waiting when you finished." They were silent a moment, he seemed to be waiting.

"You are very polite to refrain from asking what I was and am doing in these clothes, and why I was doing that crazy stunt. I know you must be curious so I'll tell you. It was the fraternity initiation. The boys at my college made me do it."

His brown skin was tinged with red as he made the humiliating confession. Shirley was silent but he felt and appreciated her sympathy.

"My name is Robert Armstrong, with the usual nickname of Bob. Would you be willing to tell me your name, or would you rather not?" he queried gently.

"I want to," Shirley replied sincerely. "It is Shirley Penfield." Bob's eyes lighted at the words. "My little sister's name is Shirley and I call her Lee, may I call you that?"

"Yes," Shirley assented, "but now I must go." They rose slowly and Lee held out her hand.

He took it gravely and said, "I may see you again, may I not?"

Lee, with no hesitation, said, "Yes, tomorrow at three, and please wear this same costume, I like it."

He smiled, said simply, "I'm glad," and was gone, noiselessly treading the path through the pines.

The next day and for many days Lee met him at their brook, (for it was their brook now). Her love for him increased with every meeting. His native garb and manners lost none of their fascination. Lee's mother was quite worried, she had been told very little about the Indian lad, but she was clever enough to read this as a dangerous sign. David Hale never came to the house any more and Mrs.

Penfield knew it was not because he didn't want to.

June week and the Prom was approaching. Lee had asked David but he knew that the invitation had automatically been withdrawn in favor of the new love. Lee asked Bob one afternoon as they were walking on the soft pine needles. She presented the question rather dubiously and was astonished when he readily accepted. That night Lee told her mother. Mrs. Penfield just smiled, but that same evening after Lee had gone to a sorority meeting, she called David and asked him over. Then followed a conference of over an hour's duration, but David left chuckling.

Prom night. Girls in floating chiffons and slinky satins, boys in the regulation black and white, the campus glowing with soft rose lanterns and the eight-hundred dollar orchestra lending atmosphere to all of this. Lee, her cheeks flushed with excitement and her brow moist with anxiety, waited for Bob in the Crows' Nest. She hadn't wanted him to come to the house to be submitted to the disapproving look of her family. A cool hand touched her shoulder. She jumped violently. Darn! she did wish he would be less Indian-ish and not sneak upon her when she was so nervous. She turned around quickly. An almost imperceptible frown gathered on her forehead. His tuxedo was noticeably rented and he had just a *too* close hair-cut. She greeted him pleasantly and they started for the building. Over and over Lee said, "It's his soul that counts and he's clever and kind and good." They passed several laughing couples and the deep "guff-aw" of the boys' laughter stung her. Bob never laughed like that. She wished he would, tonight anyway.

They entered the gym and all eyes were focused upon them. Lee's Bob was notorious. Unfortunately most of the couples were not dancing as yet. Step, step, step, millions of them it seemed to Lee before the patronesses were reached. The presentations were made and they were dancing. Suddenly Lee felt stifled. Oh she didn't like Bob, he had seemed and looked and acted so differently in his own at-

mosphere—the woods. Now he was flushed, rather clumsy and extremely boring. “David, David why didn’t I bring you?” and with the thought she saw him. He flashed by her, Mary Anne in his arms. Lee was furious, just Mrs. Penfield had known she would be. Why she never dreamed David would come with any other girl! She looked at him pleadingly but he just smiled and nodded. Three times he did this, then unable to bear longer the hurt look in her eyes he cut in. With a sigh she nestled in his familiar arms. “David, if I return him to the reservation may I be forgiven?”

Vesta Black, '32

FATE

O it was a cruel sad fate
That brought you here to me;
That dragged you from your quiet home
Down by the sea’s blue surf and foam.

Sad it is to look upon you
Stretched so lifeless and still;
To see your inmost being laid bare
To the world’s cold gaze and stare.

O little brown worm
With all my longing heart and soul,
I would that you were crawling in that soft cool
sand,
Instead of pinned out flat—on my Biology pan!

K. Hartman, '32.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

Waiters in full regalia, sprang to attention as a young woman stepped into the brilliantly lighted Grill Room of the Chateau Frontenac. She was beautifully dressed, had a great deal of poise, and the manner in which she handed her wrap to an attendant was truly regal. She settled herself nonchalantly at an unoccupied table, glanced over the menu with an air of boredom, then order a luncheon that made the waiter glow with pleasure. Surely a good sized tip would be the reward for serving such a meal.

At the finish of her last course she drew from a gorgeously beaded bag a seemingly

silver cigarette case, took a cigarette, lighted it, and leaned forward placing her elbows on the table as she luxuriously inhaled and exhaled the smoke. For ten or more minutes she remained thus, eyes almost closed, and body swaying in rhythm to the soft music of the hotel orchestra. Then she summoned the headwaiter. As he approached the table, the well-dressed stranger arose and went to meet him requesting her wrap as she went. The stranger smiled pleasantly and expressed her pleasure at the fine meal and excellent service.

The headwaiter beamed at this much desired praise, but before he could reply the other continued,

“Unluckily, I find myself in an embarrassing position. I have left my small purse at home. I am indeed sorry to have troubled you, good evening,” and with a slight nod and a flash of white teeth, she slipped most gracefully and quickly through the door and disappeared.

Charlotte Cahners, '32

JUNIOR PROM

Before: The Prom is coming!
Each day brings added expectations —
Possibilities—
Especially for a coming “blind.”
Will he be fair or dark? Handsome?
Or just plain “oh my dear?”
Apparitions come along—a fear
Is it for self or him?
No one will that admit, save to herself
But wait, the Prom is near!

After: The Prom is over!
Each day brings expectations—
Suspense—
This waiting for the daily letter
Will it be good or bad? Satisfactory?
Or simply “just the same?”
Does he sign “love,” or just his name?
She lives just for his letters.
Whichever it may be—you’ll hear her
say,
“The Prom—it made it possible—I’m glad
he came.”

B. Stanley, '32.



I'M A PESSIMIST

Let us skim over the years of our life; the years through which we creep, toddle, cut our teeth, utter our first words and, more often than not, fall out of our cribs and high chairs. Let us allow those first years to roll by without comment for we are not, in our early childhood, mentally responsible. Then the age of six comes around and with it the child has gained a bit of knowledge so that he is no longer a complete ignoramus—he has reached the age of reason; his life is now really beginning. From six years of age to ten years, we become patrons of the movies and ardent admirers of the screen actors and their actions, thereby ruining our minds with worldly ideas and the impressions we get are false. From ten years to sixteen years, we start applying these ideas derived from the movies and other foolish sources to keep our dear mothers and fathers in anxiety as to the outcome of our actions. From “sweet sixteen” to twenty-three years, we believe in a “good time”—money and cigarettes are consumed—we mingle in company whose influence does us no good whatever. Until we reach the age of twenty-five we are apt to build castles in the air. From twenty-five to forty, we think of marriage; we are busy in building up a home, a profitable business, raising a large family of unruly kiddies, seeking that certain something, that much sought for happiness. Soon, much too soon, old age creeps stealthily upon us; of us who are fortunate, the hair has turned to white while our less fortunate brothers are entirely without; our children have grown away from and at last left us to face troubles of their own; our bodies can no longer

stand cold, damp climates and they rarely feel right in the best of weather; our knees grow weak and our legs shaky so we add a third leg—known as a cane. Weeks, months, years have become days. We are awaiting and dreading the hour when we shall be thrust into the jaws of Death. Often we ask ourselves “Have I lived a fruitful and beneficial life? or have I accomplished nothing?” No doubt we, as did Balzac’s Philippe de Sucey, will welcome Mors.

C. Cahners, '32

THE WHIRL OF A GIRL

She leaned back in her chair with a weary though contented sigh. This had been such a busy day, she thought.

In the morning she had had a protracted siege with her dressmaker over a creation of pale blue satin, that was to gladden the eyes of all observers at the largest ball of the season.

After a dainty lunch at Delmonico’s she had gone with Jack to look at the new span he thought of buying and had agreed with him as to the perfect match of the glossy, brown steeds.

Then Jack and she had driven down town, and she had dropped him at the club while she went to take her fencing lesson. After that she made a call or two, and then hurried home to dress for the dinner the family was giving that evening.

Everything had gone off perfectly—the new cook was very satisfactory—later they had looked in on the last act of “L’Auglow.” How magnificently Bernhardt played! And after that she had gone on to the Stuyvesant ball and had danced until her cheeks were as pink as the roses she carried. And now she was sitting before her large mirror, wrapped in a wonderful, fluffy robe of softest white, and in a moment the maid would. . . .

“Mary Jane, Mary Jane, come right here this minute and set the table for supper.”

The girl rose and glanced down at her blue checked calico apron.

“Yes, Ma” she said.

Betty Follett, '32

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

If I am far away from the city telephones and I have difficulty with my "bigger and better Chevrolet", I shall climb up on a Camel and have him walk a mile to the nearest Socony Gasoline Station. Because, riding over the country roads trying to catch a glimpse of some fresh green scenery I have found the artistic touch of human hands everywhere. The most fascinating bit of landscape to be found is lighted at night and has printed below it, "Blow some my Way." Out from a dark frame of pine boughs beams a dazzling wood-nymph—but is it a nymph? No, "It's toasted" the black letters announce. Oh, to know the beauty and quiet that Kelly Tires insist may be found in the country. But at last the billboards are fading and there ahead is a huge white hound—is it a bird dog? Then comes disillusionment for it is only another signboard proclaiming "His Master's Voice." Yes, "his master's voice" calling for some of the "boneless cod-fish cakes" directly across the road. The next point of interest is the poster which tells that the world's largest hotel is only a hundred and fifty miles away. Surely the poetic Burma-shaves will shorten both the distance and the time. Appearing behind the Burma-shave is a bold assertion that this soap is particularly excellent and leaves "A skin you love to touch." Could that be better than the next which is the means of "keeping that schoolgirl complexion?" Although Walden wrenches may be useful in putting chains on the kind of car that most of us have ("as the man who owns one"), what good Weed Chains can possibly be to a Flying Cloud is beyond my comprehension. Probably there was not meant to be any connection of the three which were in a triple frame. There are few of us who would agree with the next lesson, "If you have only a few dollars to spend—Congoleum." The most welcome sight is "City Line—speed limit 20 miles per hour." Now at last the roadsides are cleared of glaring advertisements and green lawns and gardens appear.

ANIMALITIS

Big dogs, little dogs, monkeys, elephants, cats, kittens and horses and what not—all stand forth to greet our bewildered eyes.

Wooden animals, china animals, animals with floppy ears or tails, all kinds of animals. Certainly this is some part of the zoo, or perhaps a child's toyland. Ah, but no, soon someone enlightens us and shows us that these are merely decorations. What girl's room would be satisfactory without the cunning little creatures?

One ornament especially seems to stand out above all others. I say ornament, because I hardly believe I have ever seen anything like it before. It is a sickly yellow color, has four legs, a bit weak looking, a long droopy tail and a face that brings tears to the hardest of us. Its large eyes are crossed, its nose is flattened into mere nothingness, and a long red tongue hangs dejectedly out of its toothless mouth. About to remark upon this creature's misfortune, we are interrupted by its owner telling us that it is her own "itsy bitsy darling", leaving us with the feeling that there must be such a thing as "mother love."

We turn away from this sorry sight only to trip over a mass of fur which lets out a mournful "meow." Evidently it is a cat—although it has all the resemblances of a feather duster. Edging between two iron bulldogs, which guard the beds and likewise present marvelous targets to strike your shins against in the dark, we come face to face with a doll. Her thickly painted face still wears its fixed smile. Her long dangly legs are tied in numerous knots, in fact her whole body seems to be twisted into all sorts of ghostly positions. On her lap is placed a small monkey. Rather a queer combination but we are ready for almost anything now. Our heads are whirling, from all sides some misshapen object leers at us. Tripping over kitten, dogs and dolls we make a dash for the door. What a relief to be able to stare at blank space again. We clasp hands and breathe an oath that from henceforth we will live in hatred of all non-breathing animals.

Dorothy Carmen, '32

"CURTAINS"

While sitting in my room this sunny afternoon, aimlessly gazing off into space, searching, searching for something about which to write, my eye suddenly alights on my gaudy curtains. Comes a startling thought! How easily they reveal one's personality.

The black background denotes sordidness, morbidness and other gloomy things; the bright red flowers denote a hectic Bohemian taste for color. Butterflies flitting here and there in its pattern show our deep love for Nature. They are machine stitched so we've been lazy; the lace glass-curtains reveal our taste for homey things. All in all, according to our curtains, my roommate and I are very unusual.

Enthused at my discoveries, I cross the hall. There conservative blue grey curtains meet my eager glance. I notice the bed covers match the curtains. They would—ours do not—what does that show? An exquisite taste for exactly the right thing from books to choice of hair-pins. Their fluffy under-curtains tell me that they are rather simple and undeveloped in their tastes, despite that desire for "sameness." I travel on, mid hoots and derisive exclamations. Ah! pure white curtains I see facing me. These people, unlike their immediate successors, do not want things to match. I look around and find nothing else in white, so far as room decorations go. The curtains are neatly tied back by light, green ties. These people are erratic because the upper valance does not match the ties. Erratic? I'd say they were color blind. The valance is red.

My eyes close of their own accord as I enter the next room. Red, red, in great blotches. Unbroken, undimmed by any other color. I could say most anything about these inmates. They are like my roommate and me—Bohemian in taste. They like gay color around them. Yet they are a dependable pair because the idea of "red" is undiminished by any other color. Red reigns in their room, but won't it be a bit uncomfortable in there during the warmer months?

I am asked to leave most ungraciously. I

guess I won't continue. Even my roommate I see laughing at me from behind the safety of our door. But just the same it is interesting to hear personalities speak to us from mere curtains. Look out when I come around to yours!

Rachel DeWolfe, '32

MARCH 8TH — 8:15 P. M.

Crash! Boom! Shrieks and wailing meet our ears. From overhead can be heard many pairs of feet rushing madly down the hall. Doors are banged shut. Our door is flung open and a girl, half running, half tumbling, collapsed on the bed. Between moans we catch the words, "please, oh please, pull down the shades."

Crash! Boom! By this time wild weeping can be heard. The girl on the bed has relapsed into a semi-coma. She has pulled the sheet up over her head and sends forth moan after moan. We stand there contemplating whether to rush for Miss Hayden or administer first aid ourselves. By this time her weeping has become a little more restrained. She even ventures to peek from beneath the covers. Afraid of another relapse, we wait for her to break the deathly silence. We are soon rewarded, for in a weak voice she speaks.

"Do you think it will thunder again?"

The first thunder storm of the season is over. God forbid that we have another!

Charlotte Cahners, '32

THE FIRST ATTEMPT

Have you ever tried to do something that you haven't done since your childhood and failed miserably? For instance, ride a bicycle! With the first signs of Spring, desire is born within you to get out in the open and you rent a bicycle. Visions arise of an afternoon spent in the open but after your first attempt you become rather dubious. After scraping your legs on the pedals and getting your last pair of stockings covered with grease, you mount and after a few false starts are off with much jerking of the handle bars. You wonder

when and where you lost your sense of balance, and after gaining about three yards jump off to start again. This time you seem to be progressing rapidly when a dog seems to feel it his duty to race with you and bark at your heels. This disturbs you so that you lose all sense of poise, direction and equilibrium and in order to avoid hitting him steer into the curb forgetting that a bicycle is not capable of climbing curbing. The force of this action succeeds in unseating you and you plunge over the handle-bars landing in a very unmaidenly sprawl. Disentangling your legs from the spokes you look up and see a young man ride by and you hear him call out in a sweet tone, "did you fall?" You are too deeply hurt to reply and picking yourself up and the bike too, you limp back to your starting place, a wiser person.

Yvonne Bergeron, '32

"EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE"

When you were very young, one evening you refused to go to bed, and as the result, your mother took up your story book and read the above quotation. You pondered over the words and decided that, if they worked out—well—it would be a good idea.

Without a doubt, you were the healthiest person ever created, and, if possible you were improving daily.

Time passed and you grew up but still those words stuck, and you wondered if they were true. You were still healthy, not much wiser, and decidedly not wealthy. You began to feel that perhaps you weren't an ordinary child, perhaps something was wrong, and that was why it didn't work out. Desperate, you confided in an old uncle of yours and he laughed.

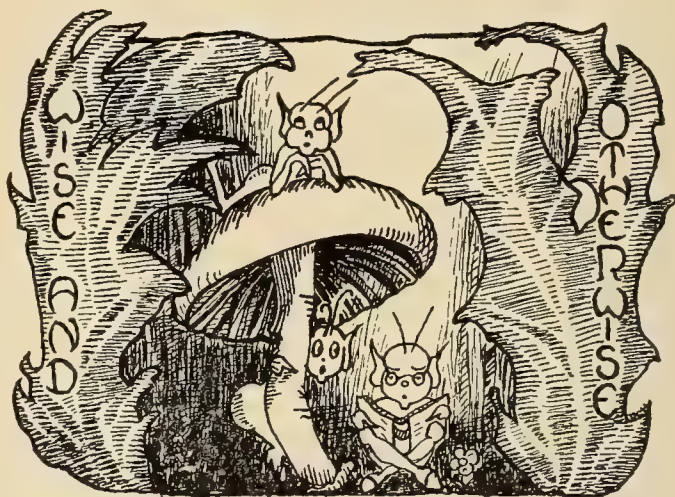
"How could any sane person believe such stuff. It's a wonder you don't believe in Peter Pan", he chuckled.

"Of course not", you really did believe in Pan but—well—you knew better now.

Unconsciously he had explained. But you

refused to be disillusioned. Already you could feel yourself growing wiser. You would believe what you wished—but—you would keep it to yourself.

Yvonne Bergeron, '32



Pink Slips

A sudden fear was in my heart,
I listened with anxious ears,
I dared not open wide the door,
For I knew t'would confirm my fears.

I could hear her talking—oh, so loud,
I felt the tremble of my lip,
But I walked in very meekly,
And presented my first "pink slip."

Janet McCartney, '32

A Method

He put his arm around me,
I didn't want him to,
"Stop", I screamed but tighter
His manly clutchings grew.

I struggled, bit, and really kicked,
My cheeks grew deathly pale,
I beat upon his bosom
But all to no avail.

One last resort was left me,
My eyes must overflow,
I raised my swimming orbs to his
And boy! did he let go?

Tears may be weak, my children,
I gladly grant you this,
But they are most effective
In staving off that kiss.

Vesta Black, '32

Not Yet

I thought it was Spring
And left off my hat.
I thought it was dry,
I even sat
On a cold, stone wall
In a light Spring coat
And thought the fever
Burned my throat.
I started home
Quoting lines of verse,
But on the morrow
Had to see the nurse.
My throat really burned,
And all I did
Was to blow my nose
On a handkerchief.
I'm quite convinced
That it isn't Spring,
Though the air is warm
And the robins sing.

Marion Lewis, '32

There's Another

You're the cause of my reducing
Making me a bit seducing
Heartless man!
And before I get distrustful
Will you kindly be more tactful
If you can?

Why must you be so conclusive
Must my love be so elusive
To cruel fate?
Will you please be less flirtatious
And you're also too loquacious
In your way.

If it's yes, then I'll be happy
If it's no—well, make it snappy,
Silly boy,
But there's one thing I regret
Something that I can't forget
There's another!

Barbara Hunt, '32



Under wants to commend the Juniors for their splendid cooperation in making this a real Junior number of the LEAVES. Every contribution is by a Junior, including the cover by Jeanette McCartney. It is an unusual cover, and very well done. We thank her for her kind help.

The stories by Vesta Black are charming, and very amusing, as all of her things are; she has given us several poems which we know you will like. We are also indebted to Marion Lewis and Jeanette McCartney for two clever verses, as well as to Katharine Hartmann. Katharine has done another of her delightful poems in her own distinct style, and this time it is on "The Fog."

There are many stories, and all by girls who have shown unexpected ability in the direction of story-writing. They are exceedingly clever, and nearly all contain some form of wit. This Junior class has a lot of humour in it, as is proved by the humorous columns. We hope this ability is kept up next year in continuing to make the LEAVES a success.



IRON WOMAN

On the wrong side of the tracks, down on the midst of the mill and factory district rose the great Romilus house, grotesquely it loomed there, black-massed and oppressive, its complacent jutting chimneys offering a haughty contrast to the fuming smoke stacks of the mills.

But the proud house did not appear ashamed of its lowly position; it did not admit cognizance to the fact that it owed its very being to those same unlovely mills. Instead, it drew its great turrets and balconies about it more closely and retreated far within its gloomy self.

It was above all its sordid surroundings and took no interest in the blatant whirl of activity that took place without the pall of its walls. With contemptuous disdain, the gloomy Romilus house looked down on the smokiness of the aspect, that was Clementstown.

Sometimes the old house closed its eyes and in the squalor about it visioned over again the days of half a century ago when there was beauty and wealth and respectability in place of this dearth and grime. In sweet remembrance it dreamed of the gay society gathered in its now gloomy halls and soot-laden gardens. It was a vestige of a former age staring proudly in the face of the present, refusing to flinch before the swirl of an onrushing modernity.

All of sooty Clementstown paid tribute to the sovereignty of that great house and to the awesome compelling magnetism of its owner, Mrs. Hester Romilus, the dark, gaunt woman who was the owner of those three steel mills; the sand mills which loomed black and menacing just a half mile from her grey walls.

Hester Romilus had a strange magnetic personality. Hers was an iron will, and by dint of it, this herculean woman was able to control the roaring activity of the great mills. In the throes of her hard hands she held the destinies of hundreds of laborers.

Her grandfather, her father and her husband before her, had controlled the mills. At the death of her husband two years after their

marriage, Hester, who was familiar with even the most intricate phases of the administration had assumed the task with a tight-lipped courage and a relentless energy. Nothing impeded the sweep of her ambition.

But she had overcome the impossible; and now she was truly the master of all she surveyed. All bowed before her driving will; she compelled all around her to abeissance, and caused all to grovel in the dark shadow of her magnetism. This iron woman was irresistible; it was impossible to oppose her. She rarely spoke and never smiled. But it was as though her deep-sunk eyes held magic. They probed souls to their very depths.

Hester Romilus loved those mills with a rabid passion—a passion difficult to understand in a woman. Many a man would have flinched under the rigor of the routine she observed. Personally, she kept in touch with the activities of the plants. Each morning from nine until twelve would see her gaunt figure moving from mill to mill.

Sometimes she talked with the foreman, making low terse comments and queries; sometimes she watched groups of sweating laborers at work. At rare intervals she would linger to watch the furnaces, those massive caldrons with their white-heated cargo. Then it was that her face would lose its mask-like inscrutability, as she watched the molten metal being poured from the converters; and it was then that her deep sunken eyes would become surprisingly bright and the ghost of a smile would lurk about her lips—but it just lurked, and the smile seldom came. She was too much the master of herself, too self-willed. So her stark and silent figure moved from one plant to the next.

But Hester Romilus had another passion locked behind her wall of reserve. This was bound in the dark person of her daughter, young Hester. Here again her love found no outlet in apparent affection. This too, was pent up behind locked doors, and kept her a stranger from her own daughter. But even over young Hester, her magnetism and power held sway, and held the girl unresisting, within

its grasp. But then, no one ever opposed the iron woman's will.

Always the two passions were linked together. At night, the mother would allow herself to dream of the time when her daughter would be able to aid her with the management of the mill; to the time when Hester would have finished her studies at the University of Technology in the East and would take her place by her mother's side, well-fitted to succeed her when the time came.

From early childhood she had taken the young girl on her tours through the mills, carefully explaining the intricacies and workings of the three plants. The child seemed to take to it and proved an apt and unresisting pupil. Then for the first time in her whole strange life, the girl was permitted to leave the shadow of her home and leave sooty Clementstown to go East to school. The first winter was long for the silent woman in her somber house. But then, dreams of that future partnership, that might also lead to companionship, were sweet.

* * * *

It was the evening of Hester's first home-coming, and the two women were together in the darkening drawing-room. Since her arrival before dinner, the girl had regarded and talked with her mother in a perfunctory manner—no more. She appeared uneasy and her glances furtive. She looked tired, her mother thought, and so started to talk of the latest developments of the plant.

But suddenly the girl whirled up, and stood defiantly before her mother, as though flaunting a challenge. Her thin cheeks flamed bright as she stood with her back against the ruddy western windows. Her sensitive features were alive with excitement, and her thin frame

taut and strained as though trying to hold some force at bay. She spoke breathlessly.

"Mother, I have something to break to you, and it might as well be now. I am not going back to that school, and I'm not going to stay here. I've been away from this stifling house for a year, and I've tasted a new life and I can't stand it—to come back to this one". With mounting hysteria her voice rushed on. "I have my own life to live—you can't claim that too. In all my life, I've never gone against your wishes, but tonight I had to tell you. I loath your old mills. I loath this murky town, I loath this house, it stifles me, I tell you."

She stopped short. From the beginning of the outburst her mother had sat there motionless; had sat and stared at the girl from the deep unfathomable darkness of those showed eyes. She had probed deeply the far reaches of the young Hester's soul.

When the girl stopped short and stood there, breathlessly awaiting her word, she was still probing; and now, in place of the bold defiance the mother had found there first, she found lurking a mere cringing bravado, skulking back within her daughter's soul.

Without shifting the gaze of those profound, dark eyes, her words came in a low restrained voice.

"You are tired, Hester. I will have to ask you to go to your room."

Slowly, Hester dropped her gaze. Then, moved by some compelling, driving, force, she wearily crossed the room, and in cringing obedience closed the heavy door behind her. The will of an iron woman still reigned supreme.

Katherine Hartman, '32

EDITORIALS

OLD AGE vs. MODERN AGE

Ever since Adam and Eve were inhabitants of the Garden of Eden, modern age has been going to the dogs. Even as the theater of today is, we, of the younger generation, have been going to the dogs. Every age has had its fling and now we too, are up before the jury.

Grandmother sits in her chair quietly rocking to and fro, but her tongue wags constantly about the way Jane sits. Perhaps Jane has her feet thrown carelessly over the arm of her chair while reading. Perhaps she has slouched down to a half recline with her feet extended into the passage of the room. It is disgraceful to the eyes of the white-haired lady in the rocker. As Mother enters, a torrent of words come forth from Grandmother as to how Jane should act. Nonchalantly Jane saunters from the scene, picking up a cigarette as she goes out. Another explosion bursts from Grandmother, as to girls smoking.

"Oh, such a horror! Why we were never allowed to do such a thing," recited Grandmother for at least the fiftieth time. No, Grandmother is right. She wasn't allowed to do it but she did!

Today, we are frank. Sometimes 'most too frank. We are not afraid to smoke, dance, or be seen with several men. Why should we? That is the question. Today we do with open doors what they of yesterday did behind closed doors.

When Grandmother was little, woman's place was in the home. Now woman is in and out of it, in politics and out, in this, in that, in t'other. Dances were few and far between in Grandmother's day. Long sleeves, high back

and chaperones were required to accompany her to and from the dance.

Some people may say that those were the good old days. I grant that. The good old days had saloons, bars, and gambling. True, that even today we have all such things, but today we have reversed the tables. We have saloons behind closed doors—from the law. We have dances unchaperoned with doors open—for ventilation. They had saloons with doors open—for ventilation. They had dances chaperoned with doors closed—for fear of detection if the least bit risque.

Every generation does what the preceding ones think vulgar, but shall we look back? Should we not "look out, not in; look up, not down; look forward, not backward?"

NEW CUSTOMS MAKE NEW TRADITIONS

An old institution may be weighed down and bounded on every side by tradition until it becomes a burden; or it may turn that burden into an asset and become enriched by those same traditions. If they are observed only until they reach the point where they no longer add to the well-being of the organization, and are then discarded in favor of some new idea which in turn may be perpetuated, these traditions may be more than an asset.

It is easy for a school full of tradition and rich in background to fall into a "rut" from which it is difficult to guide wisely the youth entrusted to it. Yet when a school can be conservative, and still keep more or less abreast with the times, it is most encouraging; for it is the gradual change that is apt to be permanent.

From the student's point of view, progress signifies more fun, more parties and more privileges as well as a certain subordinate scholastic standing to be achieved by the least possible effort. To the faculty, however, these things appear in reverse order. Higher scholastic standing is most important and too many parties and privileges are merely necessary evils. There is, nevertheless, a happy medium and the administration which realizes that the best work comes from those students who are best satisfied, and is willing to grant freedom to its students is almost sure to receive in return its cooperation.

Realizing this, or something akin to it, the faculty at Lasell has given several more privileges to the Juniors this year, the most outstanding of which is the permission to go to town and the theatre unchaperoned on Saturday afternoons. This perhaps does not sound like much to those who have not had to forego the pleasures of town, or sneak them, rather than go in herd formation. That is not the only dream of the Juniors which has materialized, however. A Junior Prom once seemed an impossibility, but now it has taken shape and definitely materialized on the fourteenth of March in the Auburndale Club House. For that, we are indebted to the administration and offer them our sincere cooperation.

VIVA LA REPUBLICA

One of the most startling events in the past decade was the establishment of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics in the eastern-most corner of Europe. Perhaps even more signi-

ficant than its beginning has been its continuance to such an extent that today one doesn't even admit the remote possibility of the return of the Romanoffs or any other crowned head to that state. Changes and compromises will abound but not of that sort. And now in the western-most corner of the European continent has arisen another republic, to many with far greater possibilities of real democracy for many reasons, but perhaps best of all, it lies in the fact that the rest of the world is sympathetic and her past culture commands the highest respect.

Senor Madariaga, the eminent Spanish scholar and newly appointed ambassador to the United States, not so very long ago, stated that it was doubtful whether a revolution could ever be successful in his country because all a Spaniard now wanted was his little house with a patch of garden; that he realized that Spain's material glory lay in her past. Apparently the long rest and sleep has benefited Spain and who can tell but this country with both her glorious and infamous past is now going to take the palm from her furthestmost European sister-state, Russia? This generation has banked on Russia leading the way out but perhaps we are to have a saner and wiser leadership from this newest of republican states. For, while Spain is a new republic, her political traditions are old and she has not been unaffected by the various revolutionary movements which have taken place. And, after all, she may hold the trump card in that much territory in this western hemisphere has been permeated with her influence. We look forward eagerly to the trend of events in her borders and join with her people in saying: "Viva la Republica."





April 10: Lecture:

All those who have been late for breakfast this term, at least too late to get near enough the "ever-popular front page" to read it, need no longer grope in the dark for a good topic to carry on conversation (at P. K. for instance). Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade was with us again to tell us about "International Affairs." Perhaps "eight billion dollars" will help us recall just a small fraction of the interesting facts and statistics she included in her brief talk.

April 10: Senior Tables:

Caps and gowns! A new song! Senior Tables! No chaperones! Evidently the Seniors grew up over night. We sincerely hope the Juniors will take advantage of their more frequent opportunities to serve. French-fried potatoes and jello are not easily juggled.

April 12: Vespers:

Dr. Charles N. Arbuckle of the First Baptist Church in Newton spoke to us on the subject "Fear." His assortment of phobia types of fears, were explained in a humorous, yet clear fashion, so that his obvious point was quite easily grasped; "Fear is good to have if you keep it in its place; fear keeps us alive."

April 14: Chapel:

Mr. Alan W. Furber, director of the Chand-

ler School, who has made a study of "careers for women", gave us some very good advice concerning the choice of a career. Two hints; careful study of one's own aptitudes and characteristics; consideration of qualifications for success in one particular vocation. Mr. Furber spoke quite optimistically of marriage also.

April 15: Chapel:

"No more colds or indigestion" might well have served as an appropriate theme song for the Chapel service conducted by Miss Bertha Allen. Miss Allen is superintendent of the nurses at the Newton hospital; we all appreciate her cordial invitation to visit that institution in case of necessity—or otherwise.

April 16: Chapel:

We are indeed grateful to Miss Irwin for introducing to us a very interesting and inspiring Chapel speaker. Rev. Percy F. Rex, Rector of the Episcopal Church in Tariffville, Connecticut, believes that "religion is the scientific approach to all facts; and love is the approach to all people. Are you opening your door to religion?"

April 16:

The Dramatic Club treated us (yes, it was free), to a very interesting one-act play entitled "Neighbors." Besides being very successful

as an amusement, it furnished many of us a means of discovering *much* previously hidden talent.

April 17: Tea:

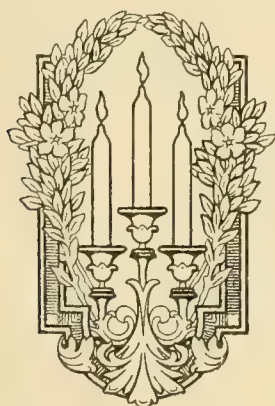
Mrs. Guy M. Winslow entertained the Seniors at tea, at her home. Contrary to the expected results of such a peaceful and refined atmosphere, the guests felt more completely at home after being welcome by a face even more familiar to some of them than that of our hostess . . . Dr. Winslow. The house was artistically decorated with vases of bright daffodils and many, many glowing candles of pastel shades. Needless to say, every senior appreciated this rare opportunity of becoming better acquainted with their very gracious hostess, Mrs. Winslow; and also enjoyed the sociability with their classmates afforded by this affair.

April 19: Vespers:

Our speaker was Rev. Arthur Kinsolving of Trinity Church in Boston. Rev. Kinsolving spoke on "becoming sensitized to life," which phrase is almost self-explanatory. Let us bear in mind his warning—"avoid de-education."

April 20: Concert:

We were indeed proud to be of assistance and have Lasell represented at a concert sponsored by the Community Child Welfare Association. The concert was given at the Vendome, in Boston, for the benefit of the children at the fresh-air camp.



On February 20, little John McKay Roblin was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Hopper Roblin (Sarah Harriet MacKay, '26).

Dr. and Mrs. Wendell Brown (nee Grace Miriam Gates, '22) were doubly blessed in welcoming to their home a little son and daughter, Wendell Virgil, Jr., and Cynthia Sue. Their birthday was March 27.

The latest arrival among our Lasell babies was Thatcher Parker Blanchard, Jr., whose birthday was April 3, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher P. Blanchard (Eleanor Kennedy, '27). We are keeping in close touch with this new arrival through his dear aunt, Janet Kennedy, who is now a student at Lasell.

The Lasell baby nearest at hand is Priscilla Krider, daughter of Carolyn Vicary Krider, '24. This little Lasell girl and her mother were entertained recently by Aunt Julia Krider, a Lasell Junior. They were dinner guests and wee Priscilla seemed not at all alarmed when some two hundred students sang lustily, "Welcome here, Priscilla." This rosy-cheeked, fairy-like child suggested to us that she had danced by the light of the sun rather than the light of the moon. A member of our faculty, old enough to know better, frankly declared that this lovely baby "actually looked edible."

Speaking further of Lasell babies, we must not fail to mention a recent visit at the Waltham home of Mrs. Elinor Stearns Martin, '25-'29, where the chief attraction is her little son. He might well be named, "Sunny Boy," so friendly and smiling was the dear little chap. This former Lasell instructor in the spoken word, is proving, in a delightful way, the truth of the poet's prophecy "Home-making hearts are happiest."

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Tyler (Bernice Cole, '21) announce the arrival of little Alice Jane Tyler on April 22, 1931.

April 13, Helen Ohm, '29, wrote from Atlanta, Georgia, "I am down South visiting my classmate, Ruth Rowbotham, '29. Peg Contrell, '29, is also here and we are enjoying a little class reunion of our own. Hope to be at Lasell for Commencement." Thank you, Helen, for the news and also for the fine picture of the Georgia State Capitol. Mind now! and don't fail us at Commencement time.

Mrs. Charles L. Killam's (Cornelia Hemingway, '22) letter to Mrs. Hooker contains, as usual, worthwhile news. She writes, "Oh, that last number of the Lasell LEAVES was great! I gave it to my sister to read and this Wheaton College graduate enjoyed it almost as much as I did. We have just had a successful bridge party and cleared almost one hundred dollars. Ruth Tolman, '18-'19, was chairman. The committee was composed of: Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18, Marjorie Lowell Weeks, '23, Leota Fulton, '19-'20, Jeannette Gesner, '30, Harriett Kimberly, '30, Emma Ockert, '26 (President), and Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22." Thank you, Cornelia, for giving to Lasell this "new news."

A very elegant invitation came to us recently from Mt. Allison College which read: "The pleasure of your company is requested at the Graduation Recital of Gwendolyn McDonald, Pianist, Thursday evening, April ninth, nineteen hundred and thirty-one, at eight-fifteen o'clock, in Beethoven Hall, Sackville, N. B." The full account of this latest musical triumph of this artist, has not yet been received, but Lasell ventures to extend hearty congratulations to Gwendolyn, '25-'28.

Helen Conger Brown, '21, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in her latest letter to Dr. Winslow, asks for a report of her work done at Lasell. This graduate's objective is to get an advanced degree from the University of Michigan and towards that worthy end she is now working. For the past three years, she has been doing volunteer social work at the Baby Clinic in her home city. She closes with "This past

summer I spent in England and on the Continent, going to Oberamgau for the Passion Play. I hope to come East in June for my tenth reunion at Lasell. After that it will be nose to the grindstone at the university if things work out for me as I hope. My regards to both you and Mrs. Winslow and all my friends at Lasell." We earnestly hope to count Helen among our Commencement guests.

Janice Whittaker, '30, is not forgetting Lasell as the following message indicates. "So often my thoughts stray back to Lasell, especially now, since the Spring term is such a busy and happy one. My last year's roommate, Helen Roberts, '30, I see quite often. In fact, we attended a course in psychology together during the fall and winter. Helen gave me a lovely shower, not long ago, which turned out to be a regular Lasell reunion since fourteen Lasell girls were there. Knowing my interest in books, especially after having taken Miss Blackstock's novel course, the shower was in the form of a "book" shower. Even the ices were in the shape of little books and on the large cake was an aged looking open book, of course made out of icing, which read: 'and they lived happily ever after.'" This original and delightful party planned by Helen Roberts moves us to suggest to this versatile alumna that her gift for planning social functions might, if she so desired, prove a lucrative pastime. Our congratulations are a bit late but sincerely extended to Janice, the bride-elect.

It was while Helen Robert's guest that Helen Jones, '27-'28, of Norfolk, Virginia, paid her respects to Lasell recently. She expressed herself as "downright homesick at times for her school home among these New England hills." Our best wishes follow this former Lasell girl.

It is Helen E. Kowalewski, '28, who writes from the Osborn Zoological Laboratory at Yale University. She, too, refers again to the successful tea reported by Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, and adds:

"In spite of the much talked of 'hard times' we had a surprising amount of cooperation and support and a fine group of girls turned out—

we even had two tables of Lasell girls from Hartford. In January, Emma Ockert, '26, our President, gave a perfectly lovely tea. I, for one, had one of the best times I've had at a tea for many months. I don't know where Emma acquired the art she possesses of dainty sandwich and cake making, as well as polished 'hostessing,' but if it were at Lasell, may all our daughters go there and take the same course.

"I had a nice visit from Margaret Behrens, '28, the other night. She had recently been to visit Ellen Crowhurst, '28, to attend her engagement party, I believe. My former roommate, Gladys Purdy O'Connor, '28, has just moved from Detroit to Cleveland where her husband has taken a new position. I am so happy that she is at least a few miles nearer to New England. Marjorie Taylor Flemings, '28, who recently moved to a suburb of Utica, wrote me a lengthy letter a few weeks ago. She must have a lively son, from all accounts, and I am hoping to see both her and the baby this summer, while she is summering in Wilton, New Hampshire, since our summer camp is only twenty-odd miles from there.

"I've just bought a new car—a Venetian blue convertible coupe—an Oldsmobile. And I certainly do love it. Believe me, Miss Potter, I have a standing date with that latest acquaintance. And although plans are far from organized yet, there is a slight possibility that said car may have a chance to see the Golden West this summer. Wouldn't that be wonderful!

"I'm working hard these days as the graduate students in my department at Yale are now submitting their theses for the Ph.D. degree and I have been working night as well as day. However, I enjoy this position and expect to be here at least for another year.

"Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Peterson—I did so enjoy my course in costume design with her—and to any of the other people whom I knew at Lasell. With kindest regards to you from just another one of your 'little?' white doves."

It is a joy to have Marjorie Magune again

in our midst. She is now a member "in good and regular standing" of our Senior Class and is fast forgetting her season of enforced invalidism. She shares with us this recent message from friendly Ruth Oppenheimer, '30. Ruth writes, "In June I came into possession of a Ford coupe; July spent in said coupe in New York; most of August found me still in the coupe somewhere between my home and Westchester, Pa.; September, I started work in a Dietetic Clinic in one of the hospitals here; visited Lasell in October; November, attended the Harvard-Yale game; December and January were gay months for me; February I went to Palm Beach, Florida, for two weeks and then flew to Havana (the greatest place this side of the Atlantic); am now working in a hospital five days a week and organizing dietetic clinics. Marjorie, you are lucky to be able to go again to Lasell. I wish I could go with you. It was so wonderful there." Signed, "Oppie."

After enjoying Gwendolyn's graduation concert, Mrs. McDonald accompanied by her daughter, went on to Wolfville, Nova Scotia, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell. Lasell is ever holding a choice place in her heart for these dear parents of our Mrs. McDonald.

Betty Ellenberger, '29, is still busy and happy in one of New Haven's law offices. Not too busy, however, to prevent her from "harkening back" to her Lasell days, for she writes, "About this time each year I begin, more than ever, to have that 'certain feeling' within me which seems to take me back to two and three years ago when I was a member of your happy 'Lasell Family,' and wish more than ever that I could return once more to its halls and enjoy those happy carefree days with all the girls.

"I'm afraid there is only one left of our 'crowd' who will graduate this June, and that is 'Brownie,' but I should very much like to be back for Commencement and see every one once again. I know now more than ever how we (generally speaking) always wished we could get out, and hated rules and regulations, but after it's all over, then do we wish most earnestly that we could be there and do it over

again. Of course you have had many more 'little white doves' under your tutelage, but each class, I'm sure, likes to feel that you loved that one best.

"I was reading the Alumnae number of the LEAVES, and although many of the older girls who were mentioned as married, or mothers, were unknown to me, I still get an enormous kick out of reading it, and it was impossible for me to get my mind on anything else until I had read it from cover to cover.

"As you may note by the above heading, I am still as much enthused over my work as ever, and consider in my own mind at least that the Secretarial Course which I took at Lasell was the best I could have obtained from any other school, to say nothing of our good times and friendly relationships together. I left the brokerage office in which I worked for sixteen (16) months last January, and after two weeks' vacation, resumed my career in this office. It's quite a step for me, and I love every minute of it. Law work always fascinated me, and so now I am at last in the "know," so to speak. It is so vastly interesting, that I hate to leave even at night, if you can believe me, and learn so much every day.

"I am so anxious to be at Lasell in June, and will try very hard to make it. Kindly remember me to any and all of the faculty." Betty, we are putting your name on the Commencement Guest List. Don't fail us.

Miss Witherbee has just returned to her home in Seaford, Delaware, from Bermuda. While on that fascinating island she wrote: "I am pleased with the lovely scenery and filled with wonder at some of the unusual and unique features" mentioning especially the caves.

"Where is Miss Roxanna Tuttle and how is she?" is a query often put to us by some devoted "old girls" of Miss Tuttle's day. At this moment, we are in doubt as to her whereabouts, but not long since, a delightful letter came to us from this friend written at Daytona Beach, Fla., where she was the guest of Dr. and Miss Morgenthaler. Could any one sentence better show the heart of this optimist than the following: "We have had a fine win-

ter despite ill health and bad weather." She spoke of friendly visits with Etta Macmillan Rowe, '11-'13, whose beautiful Southern home was near the Morgenthalers. We earnestly hope this Commencement will bring Miss Tuttle back to Lasell and her many friends here.

Helen Foster, '16, had this to say about the LEAVES. "I think it such a splendid idea to dedicate the Alumnae number to the Treasurer and members of the faculty and thus give to each of us a fine picture of some former teacher. About a month ago I received my class letter and had a wonderful time reading the fifty-two letters and looking at all the snapshots. The Class of Sixteen may well be proud of all the babies. There was a letter from every member of the class but one and although it had been nearly three years since I last had it, that seems a remarkable thing that it is still in existence.

"I met Barbara Lawson, '28, recently and she didn't know what I meant by Class Letters so I assume it's an old fashioned thing to do but from the letters of my classmates, 1916 intends evidently to remain old fashioned! We are talking of the fifteenth reunion this June, but I doubt if I'm able to attend. I have not fully recovered from the effects of my fall of two years ago. My father has been quite well this year but has retired from active business. Not long ago, Evelyn Ladd Roblee, '28, was in Newport, and I had a nice visit from her. All good wishes for my Lasell friends."

The "Blossom Queen" of Michigan is none other than Jane Filstrup, '29-'30. A recent number of the Chicago *Tribune* speaks with enthusiasm of the honor conferred upon this former Lasell girl. Hereafter she will be known as "Queen Jane" until her successor is selected a year hence. She was declared the most beautiful of seven hundred girls in thirty-four Michigan communities. The paper also adds, "Although born in Chicago, she was brought to Benton Harbor as a child, received her elementary and high school education here and then went to Lasell Seminary in Auburn-dale, Massachusetts." We join with her Mich-

igan admirers in extending our hearty congratulations to Queen Jane.

President Dorothy Herring, '32, of the Junior Class is at present recuperating from a cold, but the good news recently has reached us that she hopes to be back before many weeks. We miss her cheery presence and the Juniors her spirited leadership. Here's for Dorothy's speedy recovery!

Marjorie Mayne, '32, spent an unusually happy Easter not far from Lasell and although she was unable to go to her home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, she had the great joy of having her dear mother, Zoe Hill Mayne, '01, with her. It was a privilege for Lasell to welcome again this enthusiastic, loyal "old girl." Some of us did not have the privilege of knowing her as a student at Lasell, but we venture to declare that she has lost nothing of her splendid enthusiasm which was so characteristic in her student days.

Etta Macmillan Rowe, '11-'13, has been called recently to a great bereavement in the death of her husband, Mr. H. C. Rowe, who had been well known throughout the United States and in Europe as one of our leading business men. It was he whose originality and business acumen developed, more than perhaps any other merchant in his particular field, the shell fishery business. His demise occurred at their winter home at Daytona Beach, Florida. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to our former schoolmate, Mrs. Rowe, and the bereaved family.

Virginia Hight Wilder, '27, and her husband are back from their European trip and are now nearer neighbors than formerly for they recently moved from Cambridge to Wellesley Hills. The morning she called at Lasell, Virginia was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Haven Sawyer (Lorena May Fellows, '99), Mr. Sawyer, and their three dear children. Unfortunately for Lasell, but one of the group was a girl. These Bangorites drove up the very morning our Mrs. Balnche Martin gave her stirring Chapel talk and later, we had an impromptu gathering of former Lasell students and teachers in front of Bragdon Hall.

That same afternoon who should appear but Elsie Morse '27-'29, now a Junior at the Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School, Boston. She is enjoying her rather strenuous course, but is wise enough to take time for some health-giving detours, for she told of a delightful horseback ride the day previous with her former roommate and neighbor, Helen Roberts, '30.

Seldom has Lasell received such sad tidings as the word which came recently through Julia DeWitt Read, '10, announcing the sudden death of Mr. Francis F. Thomassen, husband of our Florence Swartout Thomassen, '09. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to our former schoolmate and the bereaved family.

We find it difficult to believe that Mrs. Harriet Sawyer Holden has been called away. She was busy up to the last moment with her congenial duties as a Simmons College Hostess. Our last visit with her will ever remain as a happy memory. Lasell's sympathy is extended to her dear daughter, Roxanna, and Mrs. Holden's sister, Mrs. Frank F. Miller (Lois Sawyer, '88-'94), and husband and other members of the family.

It may be just a guess on the part of our Personals Editor but we verily believe that both Ruth Hutton, '27, and Catherine Holby, '27, in budgeting their time have deliberately set aside a day annually for revisiting their Alma Mater. Lasell appreciates immensely this act of loyalty on the part of these graduates. Their annual home coming to Lasell this year was on April 9. Both girls looked happy enough and Catherine especially so as she announced to a chosen few, the glad news of her engagement. Since her visit, our Principal has received a marked copy of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, naming the fortunate suitor as Cadet Charles North Howze of the United States Military Academy, at West Point. Cadet Howze is a Southerner, his home being in Marion, Alabama. He will be graduated in June, is a Cadet Lieutenant and a member of the fencing team. Lasell's hearty congratulations to our Catherine and Cadet Howze.

Eugenie McEdwards Bunting, '27, is now the proud mother of a second son.

One of the latest numbers of a Chicago paper printed a fine group picture of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. White (Madeleine Roth, '26) of Peoria, Illinois. The picture was taken on board the S. S. Fort St. George, just before the ship sailed for the West Indies. A frank and friendly note accompanied the picture and we simply can't refrain from repeating a bit of this good letter. "It has been five years since you had me as your little 'white dove' to watch over. I am enclosing a picture of Herb and myself just so you won't forget that we both have Lasell in mind. I may be coming on in June for our reunion, but I am not yet certain. Marian Brown, '26, and Kathryn Moore Silverwood, '26, want me to drive on with them, but Herb and I have had such a lovely trip to the Virgin Islands and the West Indies, that my mind is now diverted to my home—you know—"homemakers" are the kind of girls Lasell would wish her girls to be. Our trip in the southern clime was wonderful. It was the same one that President Hoover took only on a different boat. On our return, we went to Washington. I inquired for you and the girls at the Raleigh Hotel, during the Easter vacation, and was sorry not to see you. When in Washington, I saw Kitty Worrall Clark, '28.

"I am so happy to read in the LEAVES that Lasell is a junior college. I knew it would be some day.

"Give my love to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Mr. Amesbury, Miss Wright, and keep some for yourself. Your witch, Madeleine Ruth White, '26."

The latest engagement announcement received is that of Marjorie Gertrude Wagner, '28, to Mr. Harrison McLean Urbahns. President Gertrude, our most hearty congratulations to you and Mr. Urbahns.

A recent friendly note from Margaret Horne Elliott, '22, proved a great surprise. She wrote a favorable word concerning a possible new pupil for next year, and closes with: "I don't mean to be such a stranger, but with

a four-year-old son and an eleven-weeks-old daughter, my days are pretty full. They're more than worth it, however, and we often wonder what we did without them. My best wishes and love to both you and Lasell."

Word has just been received of the death on March 16 of Mrs. G. W. Vreeland (Maritta York Sisson, '99). No further particulars accompanied the notice. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved family and friends.

Somehow, Porto Rico does not seem as far away these days as it used to seem and certainly no longer a land of strangers to the Lasell folk since Iris Cordero came to be our guest. This veritable ambassador of friendship tarried with us but a few weeks, studying New England in general and Lasell in particular. It was so easy to "make friends" with this gracious Porto Rican girl. Her unfailing courtesy and gentle manners seemed to provoke a like fine response on the part of even the most rollicking Lasell girls. Having been graduated from the University of Cuba, she was well qualified to appreciate the best Boston could offer and we felt quite sure that nothing worthwhile escaped the dark eyes of our Iris Cordero. Since her return to her island-home, she has sent back letters to her Lasell friends. We acknowledge these gracious messages and would say, "Dear Senorita Cordero, Lasell is still missing you and loving you and we all heartily reciprocate your good wishes.

It pays to be thoughtful, and the LEAVES Personals Editor felt even more than repaid when she read these words of appreciation from Helen Mayer Oppenheimer, '09-'10, received by our Principal: "I have been wanting to acknowledge sooner this courtesy paid to me in the November LEAVES but my Presidential duties in the Chicago Woman's Aid have precluded any personal corresponding. I cannot tell you how happy I was to see my name in the LASELL LEAVES. I have always been so proud of the fact that I am a 'Lasell girls' even though illness prevented my returning and graduating, and I was delighted to know that 'my school' still remembers me.

"I brought my little daughter, age ten, to see Lasell last August, and I very much regretted that neither you or Miss Potter were there. Of course, the school has grown immensely but the dear old landmarks are still there, and I had great joy and pride in showing them to my little one.

"With all good wishes for the continued success of Lasell, and kindest personal greetings to you and your dear ones, I am, cordially yours, Helen Mayer Oppenheimer."

Mrs. Austin Sabin Cook announces the marriage of her daughter, Dorothy, '25, to Mr. Victor M. Reynal, on Saturday, April the eleventh, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one, at Glen Ridge, New Jersey. Since May 1, this bride and groom have been at home at 17 Summit Street, East Orange, N. J. We received only the announcement of this wedding but this is sufficient to call forth Lasell's heartiest congratulations to this bride and groom.

Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, was the guest of honor at the spring meeting of the New Haven Lasell Club. The report of this

successful gathering will be reserved for the June Alumnae Number of the LEAVES. While in Providence later, Miss Blackstock met Charlotte Russell Morrison, '26, who is now giving her attention to writing, with the hope of later publishing some of her work. From her, we learned that Victoria Jackson, '24-'26, has been graduated from Syracuse University, is working in Toronto, and is engaged to be married. We are awaiting from Virginia word that will complete this interesting announcement.

Katharine Jenckes Knox, '04, and her family are now in Port au Prince, Haiti, her husband's new naval appointment. They had been sent to the Virgin Islands but since the government has been made a civilian one there, the navy has had to move on. They had to pack up and leave in ten days. Katharine writes that she enjoys the new post very much. It furnishes a better school for her two little girls who may someday come to Lasell. She may possibly visit her sister, Alice Jenckes Wilson, '99, in West Barrington, Rhode Island, this summer.



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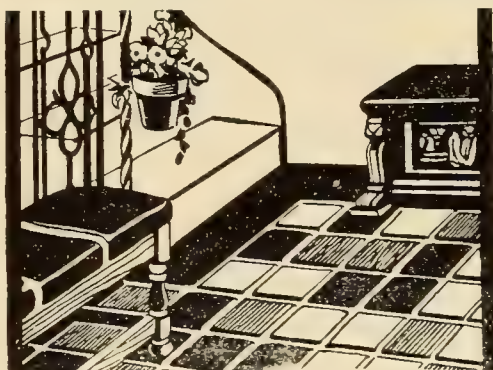
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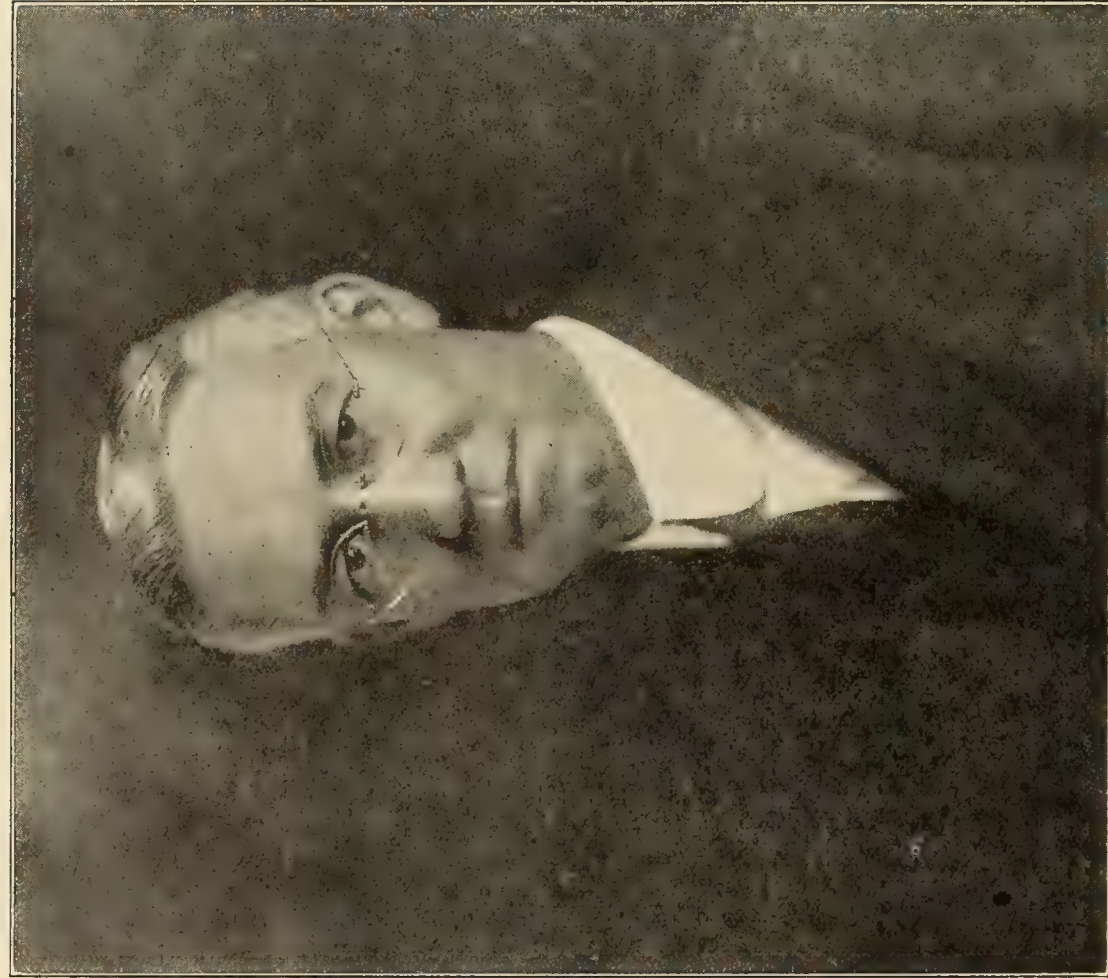
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To
Dr. and Mrs. Guy Monroe Winslow
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LITERARY

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

A small, compact little woman stepped gingerly out of a long Nile-green limousine through the big arched doorway of the Metropolitan Building, the eight floors of which comprised the tallest building in Medfield, and pushed into the narrow, mirrored elevator just as the big clock in the tower boomed two-thirty. The elevator sped swiftly upward, jerked, again and again up to the top floor where the tiny woman tottered out. She entered the cool green and white shop of the Rousse Beauty Salon and leaned heavily against the polished counter behind which a debonair young woman regarded her with uninterested blue eyes.

"Appointment, madam?"

"Yes, I'm late. My appointment was for two o'clock. Marsh, Mrs. Marsh is the name." She glanced at her studded watch, nervously fuddling all the while with her long, black gloves.

"All right, Mrs. Marsh. We'll be ready for you in a minute. Won't you sit down, please."

Muriel Marsh sat down wearily in the hard, wicker chair and regarded the jaunty, young woman who spoke earnestly, and then her eyes slowly took in the bustling and humming beauty parlor. Smart young women lounged in deep chairs around her, smoking candidly, reading or huddled together in deep conversation—her searching eye took in them all.

"Mrs. Marsh next." Muriel looked up into the young, eager face of the white-clad person who had spoken.

"This way please, madam." She got up slowly from the low, wicker chair and followed the straight-backed and short, clipped black-haired young lady down rows of white-cur-

tained booths until they came at last to an end booth next to a large, plate-glass window. Mammoth gold and black lettering on this shrieked to the whole town of Medfield, that it overlooked—THE ROUSSE BEAUTY SALON**BEAUTY CULTURE, PERMANENT WAVING, and REDUCING TREATMENTS. Muriel stepped up to the big window and looking out of the large, black and gold "O", gazed over rows of sooty, brick buildings, dank, waste-strewn alleys, and a long, green common covered with burnt yellow grass, torn newspapers, and rough loafers. Far over all these to a hill rising a short distance from the town. The ground rose cool and green far behind the hot, smouldering city, and a winding lane circled through the bright, green trees to the top of the hill on which stood the whitest house for miles around. Muriel's mouth twitched, and she bowed her head suddenly.

"All right, Madam." She turned and saw the young, smiling girl motioning her toward the chair, a green rubber apron in her hand. Muriel moved hastily toward the chair and sat down abruptly with her light, fur-trimmed coat still on.

"Don't you want to take off your coat, Madam?" asked the girl kindly.

"Oh, yes, I quite forgot." She struggled out of the little white coat and sank back in the chair as though a great weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

"Shampoo and finger wave, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Muriel abstractedly.

The girl's soft, practiced fingers dug into the tired scalp. Muriel relaxed and became lost in her thoughts. Above the loud, grinding of ten dryers, the clicking of hot, heavy irons,

and the steady drone of voices, she suddenly became aware of a new clatter of voices and one that shrieked above the others. She lifted her head thoughtfully. The operator tossed her soapy hands in the direction of the bowl and then rubbed them on her white smock as she hurried to the curtained opening and leaned out inquiringly. The voices became noisier and a thin, high laughter was heard above the noisy machines. The animated, hairdresser came back, her black eyes beaming.

"It's only the Blackforth set, madam."

"The Blackforth set?" she reflected. "I don't remember any one by the name of Blackforth."

"Then you must be a stranger here."

"I am—almost. That is, I haven't been back here for—for fifteen years."

"Oh, that explains it then," the young girl hurried on, her fingers pinching the pink scalp sharply in her excitement and pleasure in being able to please this new customer. "They're the youngest and wildest set in Medfield. They're always up to something," she said wistfully. "That was some of them. The loud one, she's the leader and the wildest and most daring of them all. If you're a stranger here you wouldn't know her though you might remember her father. Peterson. Her name is Joan Peterson."

"What!" the long, straggly wet hair of the woman in the chair jerked so quickly that big spots splattered in all directions.

"You know her then," said the girl enviously, watching in the mirror the amazed and horrified eyes of the other woman.

As she looked up in the mirror, Muriel noticed the girl's puzzled, half admiring glance and looked down quickly.

"Why, yes. That is, I knew her family, or I used to know them years ago. But surely this girl—this loud one—isn't John Peterson's daughter?"

"Yes, she is, or I should say she was. Mr. Peterson died last month."

"Oh," said Muriel weakly. "It must have been old age then. Nothing else touches these

Petersons. I remember his grandfather was one hundred when he died."

"No," said the girl lightly. "I guess these Petersons won't live to die of old age. Mr. Peterson was killed in an accident at Hilder's Crossing."

"A terribly dangerous crossing, I remember," murmured the older woman reflectively.

"Oh, it wasn't that so much. He was dead drunk and went right through the gates. He came down the hill too fast, and being a wet, slippery night, well, the car skidded on the wet leaves. There was nothing left of the car, I heard, and all that was of him was ——."

"Don't" murmured the woman faintly. Her face was white in the mirror, and her eyes burned black in her face. The young woman stared at her, fascinated. "I can't believe it," Muriel said aloud as if arguing with herself. "Why, John Peterson was the most pious, the most moral—he hated drink worse than poison, and as for people who drank it, he wouldn't even let them enter his house."

"I guess he kept it from the town people," said the girl thoughtfully. "He stayed at home most of the time." She went over to the window, her fingers wet with sticky hair fluid and pointing with the comb said, "That's his house up there, or it was until he died. No one went there much. He was so queer at the last. "She," pointing in the direction of the waiting-lounge, "inherited it and sold it to one of the younger Blackforths. They've just fixed it all up, and they say they have terribly wild parties there." The girl's eyes were opened wide as she finished breathlessly.

"This Peterson girl; what is she like?" asked Muriel suddenly, her dusky eyes fastened on the other girl's face.

The girl paused with the wide, circular wave and looked down into her eyes and then patted the sticky, grey-black hair with the end of the comb, "She's beautiful and dresses better than all the rest."

She would, thought Muriel proudly.

"But, all three of those Petersons are wild ones and not much good I guess." Muriel

looked into the eyes of the girl deeply and then believing what she saw there, looked down at the brilliant, sparkling diamonds on her own fingers.

For a second Muriel was quiet while the girl brought the wide wave close to the back of her neatly clipped neck, pressing the wave in gently with her finger tips. Then leaning over, she took a green net from the cluttered dressing table among the rows of brightly labelled jars of skin foods, cleansing creams, astringents, and millions of little hairpins.

Muriel leaned forward and taking up her black suede purse, dug out a silver and black enameled cigarette case on which were engraved the initials "M.P." She regarded it thoughtfully, then snapped it open and took out a cigarette. Again reaching in her bag, she took out the lighter to match, similarly marked with the initials "M. P."

"I can't understand it," she mused aloud. "How such a fine family as the Peterson family used to be could go to ruin so quickly."

"Oh, they used to be the big shots in this town, but times are changing," stated the girl brightly. "John Peterson's wife left him and the children to go back to the stage for awhile. She'd been a famous actress before her marriage. She never came back. Most of the women think that if she'd stayed here and taken care of her children when they needed her, that they would be something today. Mr. Peterson was quite old when his wife left; she was younger than he, and he lost quite a little money in the Medfield bank when it failed. Of course, I don't remember the particulars, but my mother said that 'Old Peterson' had to stand most of the loss. He was the president at that time and felt it was his duty."

"Yes, he would," sighed Muriel. "He was so awfully religious about some things, and family name meant so much to him. But tell me about his other children. He had two boys, I think." She looked up eagerly.

"The boys won't amount to much, I guess. Joe Peterson is the better of the two, but he's

drunk most of the time," she continued. "He was engaged to Julia Blackforth, but she ran off with Harvey Johnson. Do you know him? They say that Joe Peterson has sobered up since. I heard just the other day that Julia Blackforth would take him back anytime after she gets her divorce from Harvey Johnson, but yesterday, I heard that he was going around with some chorus girl."

Joe was the baby, Muriel thought bitterly. Oh, the hopes and plans for his future, all gone for a girl—one of the loud, sharp, young women in the lounge. But the girl was still talking—this time, about Dick.

"He got in with the wrong crowd after getting kicked out of college. He left town suddenly, and nobody's seen him around since." As she said this she tightened the net skillfully and dragged the big dryer around over the woman's head. As she snapped it on, she leaned down and whispered confidentially, "While your hair's drying, I'll see if I can find out what Joan Peterson is up to now." Smiling she left the booth.

Muriel sat still, the dryer buzzing in her ears, but the thoughts buzzing in her tired head were so much noisier, that she was only faintly conscious of the noise of the dryer. This young girl was going out to find out something else to hurt her—as if anything else could hurt her more than what she had already heard. John, Dick, Joe, Joan—Joan the best—nothing but a cheap, scatter-brained young woman. She, Muriel Marsh—Muriel Marsh Peterson, had done this terrible thing. Four lives ruined; the fifth, her own, had been ruined for a long time; but the tragedy of it all! Did they blame her?

The hot dryer burned her ears pink and penetrated deeply into her scalp, but she was thinking of that day, fifteen years before, when she, Muriel Peterson, had made that fateful decision.

* * * * *

It was a cool, red autumn day, and Muriel shivered in her thin woolen coat as she

stepped out onto the white veranda of the old Peterson mansion and stood leaning against one of the tall pillars. She looked out over the wide, brown lawns and down the barren hill upon the busy, smoking city in the distance. A bright green and orange scarf twined around her crisp, chestnut hair, accentuated her sharp face with its elfin-pointed chin and made her look like a wistful elf-child. Again and again she took in the broad sweep of cold, deserted lawns around the house from the narrow trail leading to the summer house around the brown rose hedge and behind which in the midst of many circular gardens, white dryad statues stood cold and naked. Back even farther were the garages, and as she stood watching, one of the four sections swung back sharply, and out sped a low, gleaming roadster. She stood there as it swung around the deserted gardens and up the chalky white drive. Then she turned on her heels, her face grim and eyes bright, and running through the white-paneled doorway of the big house, she almost knocked over the big footman loaded with shining black bags.

"Sorry John."

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Peterson," he scrambled up quickly and bowed with difficulty. "Is this all, madam?"

Already half-way up the winding staircase, she leaned over perilously, "Put everything in back and tell Charles he may go. I am taking the car myself." She hurried up the remaining steps and down the thick carpeted hall to a little door at the very darkest end. "John dear," she called.

From behind the closed door came a short, crisp, "Yes, Muriel, what is it now? Have you changed your mind?"

She twisted the knob, but the big door did not yield, "John, let me in, I want to ask you something."

"I'm busy now, Muriel, can't you wait until later?"

Muriel tugged at the glass knob violently, then leaning against the door talked through the hinges, "Well, all right, John. I guess this

way will be easier for both of us." She paused and stroked the fingers of her gloves thoughtfully, "John, I'm leaving now." There was a long silence—no sound came from behind the white door.

She spoke again pleadingly, "John, why can't you look at this sanely, dear? I may not like it, then I'll come back. Don't you think I'm entitled to some freedom? The change will do me good, and it will be for one season only, I promise you." Still no answer from the other room. "John," she cried desperately, "why don't you say something?"

"You know my attitude on this thing, Muriel," he replied finally "You're no longer a young woman—you are a wife and a mother. You are a Peterson, and as the Petersons have always been well able to support their wives, their wives —."

"Oh, John, you know supporting me doesn't even enter the question." She tugged again at the knob. "Let me in, John, and let's understand each other now once and for all."

Still there was no movement from inside. "There's nothing more to say Muriel. I have finished."

"But there is," she cried. "Do you mean that if I go back to the stage, I can never come back here again? What about my children?"

"You should think about that before you leave," he replied gruffly. "Evidently you prefer success and fame to your husband and children."

"That's not it, John," she argued. "I want to go back and see for myself. See if I can take up my old place. Don't you see that when I married you, I gave up the stage because making a home for you and bearing your children, especially a son, was my only desire. But now, I have given you these things, and I have never disgraced the good name of Peterson, have I? In fact, you will have to give me the credit of building it up a little. Your position here is safe now. Is that what you are afraid of?"

"Don't be idiotic, Muriel," he growled, "the

name of Peterson was established long before your time, however, you have done well?"

"But my children, John, I've got to have them."

"You're leaving them now."

"Just for a while, I'm getting old too fast. Can't you see that all I need is to be free for a while. Free to prove to myself that I am still young, still have my dreams and desires; that I can be beautiful and graceful again as I used to be; and to see my name again in bright lights—MURIEL MARSH, ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING ACTRESSES." She leaned her head against the door, her big, black eyes wistful.

"Yes, my dear. You are still beautiful, but"—he spoke warningly, "ten years from now, what will you be? Listen to the headlines in the leading papers, "Muriel Marsh, America's Leading Dramatist, has retired from the stage to her beautiful home in Medfield and to her husband and children, for the long needed rest she deserves. She—"

"Don't be trite, John. What if I do get old. Getting old and having done what you really wanted to before you get too old is—well, it's my religion."

"And in the meantime," he said sternly, "I'm getting old and want my wife and children with me, especially at this time when things aren't going so good."

"What," anxiously, "what do you mean? Oh, that old bank business again. Now you know, John that will turn out all right. You're the biggest man in town and president of the bank and what you say goes."

"Maybe, Muriel, but this is a ticklish situation. Well, you aren't interested in that, now that you are leaving us."

"John," she pleaded, "I wouldn't go if Jim Henderson hadn't sent for me and offered me my old place back. Think of it, John, after twenty years to be given such a chance. Jim's in a tight place and he's desperate, and this is my chance to pay him back for everything he did for me. Just to see Muriel Marsh in white lights again," she dreamed. "I will, of course,

use my own name, so you needn't worry about the name of Peterson if I shouldn't be successful. Marsh is quite as good a name as Peterson, if not quite so wealthy."

"I'm not interested in family trees," he returned sharply. "But you should consider your position here. Do you think that you can ever return and calmly take up your social position here again as you left it. Why, there is a pack of wolves just waiting for you to step out. What about your children? Some day you will pass that place to your daughter. What about Joan?"

"John," she cried desperately, "you forget I'm only going to be gone one season. Joan is still too young, and after I return, there will be plenty of time to establish her. As for Joe and Dick, you can make them yourself."

"No," he corrected sarcastically, "you have already made a couple of good-for-nothing society hounds out of both of them. You can see them any afternoon at the clubhouse eating lady fingers and running after silly, young women. What they need is some good hard work to cure them—good dirty work."

"John, do you know what you want? First you speak of our social position, and then you want to make day laborers out of your sons. I can't understand you," she cried wearily.

"It isn't hard to understand me, Muriel," he said firmly. "Your duty first of all is to your family. If you leave this house to go back, you can never return here to have anything more to do with the children."

"John, you can't do that. It's medieval—you sound like a tyrant."

There was no further sound from the room beyond the door. Muriel twisted her rings until they cut deeply into her long, narrow fingers, and then turning to go she called back, "John, I'm going. I'm sure you won't let this break up our home. Think it over, dear."

She ran down the long, narrow hall and down the circular stairway. At the bottom, the old nurse held out a white polo coat which she slipped into. Tears streaked the old woman's lined face.

"Are you really going, Ma'am?"

"Yes Katie, but I'll be back soon."

"Don't go, Ma'am. Excuse me for butting into something that ain't my own business, but I've known Mr. Peterson's father and grandfather and them Petersons never take back anything they once say."

"But I'm going to be famous, Katie, and then I can come back. He'll forgive me then. In the meantime, I'll just have to do without my husband and children. You'll have to take good care of them, Katie." Her bright eyes filled with tears at the mention of her children. "You'll see that Joan gets enough sleep and don't let Mr. Peterson catch Joe and Dick coming in real late again. You know he will be very angry next time."

"Yes, Ma'am, but I think you're making a terrible mistake."

"Nonsense!" She patted the old woman's bent shoulders and skipping down the great stone steps slipped into the shining seat and sunk deep down until only the tip of her nose and large black eyes showed. Then with a quick, "Good-bye, John," and "I'll see you again soon, Katie; don't forget to take good care of my family for me," she started the big car which slid along the white driveway out onto the macadam road toward the smoking city—out of their lives forever.

* * * * *

Muriel shifted uncomfortably in the hard chair as the hot dryer burnt too close to her red scalp only sparsely covered with crisp, grey-black hair. Yes, she thought, she'd be back soon, and it had been fifteen years. Fifteen years had brought success and the most triumphant return of an old actress to the stage for years, but John, with his old-fashioned ideas and great family pride, had kept his word. She had never been able to go back. It had, though, been all on account of the terrible Henderson affair. Through unusual circumstances her name had been linked with Jim Henderson's tragic suicide. After that she couldn't have gone back. Now John was dead, and she

couldn't go to her children. This young, wild woman her daughter; her sons, one a drunkard and the other a fugitive. The years were too long and too many to bring them together again. What had she made of her life? She had had fame, yes, a great name and money. Why, she had acted before kings, princes, dukes, but her own children had never lauded her. They hated her.

Slowly the weary grey head raised up and looked at the woman in the mirror. Ten years he had said. Well, it was fifteen, and she could still be called handsome. Then she caught the mischievous young face of the hairdresser smiling at her. The girl felt the stiff hair and turning off the hot dryer she said.

"All dry, madam. Shall I comb it out?" At Muriel's nod she removed the green hair net and fluffed out the thin hair with a sharp-toothed comb, talking all the while.

"Well, I found out what they are up to. Joan Peterson was married last night, and she's getting all fixed up to go on her honeymoon.

"She's not sure yet who it was. That is she's not sure which Joe it was—Joe Tucker or Joe Peters. She was drunk last night, and when she woke up this morning, she found a note waiting for her telling her all about it and that they were going to Bermuda on their honeymoon tonight. It was signed Joe. She started out to the dance at the country club with both of them last night. She's a scream. They're all going down to the train to see her off for New York. She doesn't seem to care whether she has anything ready or not. There they go now. The girl smiled enviously and stopped to think of such a girl who would dare to do such things.

"All done, madam. Thank you very much. Come again real soon."

"I don't think I will ever come again, my dear," said the old woman grimly. "But you're welcome." She took her tiny hat and drew it down roughly over the new wave and drew on the thin coat, but she was shivering violently and the proud, handsome face was worn

and old. As she stepped out of the small, close booth she swayed slightly and picked her way uncertainly down the narrow corridor and out into the elevator—the door clanged behind her.

The smiling young girl leaned over the counter and said to the debonair, young woman behind it, "My Lord, did you ever see such diamonds and such clothes in this town? Who is she anyway?" She leaned thoughtfully over the scribbled appointment book and ran her finger down the lines. "Mrs. Marsh. Where have I heard that name before?"

The jaunty young woman was thoughtful for a moment. "I knew it. I knew she looked familiar. She's Muriel Marsh, the lead in that new play at the Arthel called "Are Parents to Blame?" She used to live here a long time ago. Before my time, I guess."

"Oh," said the other girl faintly, "that's John Peterson's wife that ran away to go on the stage. Why that girl, Joan Peterson, was her own daughter, and she let me—and she didn't say a thing. My God, what a break I made."

VIRGINIA RILEY, '31.

THINGS I LOVE

These are the things that I love most,
These are the dreams that I'll keep
Right where I'll always have them,
Either awake or asleep.
The bubbly note of a robin,
Wet grass, heavy with dew,
An old blue dress, a flower, pressed,
And honeysuckle, too.

These are the things I'll remember,
When old and bent and gray.
These are the things I'll cherish
Small bits of every day.
Love's first kiss in the moonlight,
A warm, sparkling fire at eve,
A friend who's there, no matter where,
To help when I sorrow or grieve.

Marion Lewis, '32.

WOODLAND PARK JOURNALISM

We are always glad to have contributions from the students of the Woodland Park School and we are indebted to Miss Turner for giving us the pleasure of publishing a few in our June issue. We are reserving some for the October number.

A GARDEN IN SPRING

"It is Spring," say the crocus buds,
The violets declare it too,
The daffodils are nodding,
And the hyacinths are blue.

"It is Spring," say the garden flowers,
The snow-drops drink the dew
Of warm, fresh, nice Spring mornings,
And the sky above is blue.

Elizabeth Leland, (grade 8).

FEEDING THE COWS

The cows were swaying gently back and forth and moving restlessly in their stanchions. There was a delicate smell of sweet, fresh milk which was tantalizing to one's nostrils. It seemed to be floating all about the barn and you could not help sniffing here and there for a whiff of it. There was also the silage which was sour and acidic. That made your mouth water, you seemed to taste the air. A tiny bit of age and mould seemed to accompany it. The new mown hay, sweet and clovery with a peppery smell of golden rod in it almost drowned out the sour smells. But none was so pleasing as the cow's breath, so full of the sweet, green grass of the pasture.

Sally Valentine, (grade 8).

A SPRING GARDEN IN EARLY MORNING

When the blue bells open their eyes,
When the mother bird wakes up and cries
Her little children go peep, peep, peep,
That's when the garden's so lively and gay,
And the flowers awake so that they can pray

Harriet Bunker, (grade 7).

THOUGHTS

Who shall know all of my thoughts!
 Who shall tell of all I gain.
 Haunting me, taunting me, yet they're my own,
 Laughing and dancing, caring not for fame,
 Yet in my soul I know that I'm caring,
 Then donning my mask I challenge life's game.

The game before me lies with only thought as guide,
 Sometimes I find a person as myself afraid to
 think,
 This game is made of thoughts and yet from
 thoughts I hide,
 Freedom, my soul within me cries
 Freedom to think and not be afraid.

Barbara Warland, (grade 8).

THE ALBANIAN OUZEL

One stormy morning in winter, when the
 Maliqui River was blue and green with un-
 melted snow, I heard an Ouzel in the midst of
 a swift rushing rapid. He was singing cheer-
 ily, as if he hadn't a care in the world.

The songs of the Ouzel are splendid, de-
 liberate melodies. The voices of most song
 birds, however joyous, suffer a long winter
 eclipse, but the Ouzel sings on through all the
 seasons and every kind of storm. No need
 of spring sunshine to thaw out his songs, for it
 never freezes in Albania.

He is the humming bird of the waters and
 rocky streams; he loves the flowers, sunshine
 and meadows. Among all the mountain birds
 none has cheered me so much in my lonely
 wanderings, for both in winter and in summer
 he sings cheerily.

When I grow to be an old lady I hope once
 more to hear his splendid voice.

*Catherine Johns, (Lasell's
 Albanian representative)*

A SONG

I love the music sweet and clear,
 That comes with Spring so fresh and dear.

That sings, and soothes me to repose,
 A song that is lovely, a
 Springtime rose.

Elizabeth Leland, (grade 7).

THE STARS

A star is like a pearly eye,
 The moon is shining in the sky,
 She twinkles, shines, and glimmers bright,
 And sparkles clear all night.
 I like to see the stars at night,
 While the moon is glittering bright,
 I'd like to watch them shine all night,
 But I must go to bed.

Elizabeth Leland, (grade 7).

"INSTEAD"

The dining room was filled with voices.
 This was the fatal evening, though I did not
 in any way suspect it. When the peas and
 duck were placed on the table, I heard the
 laughing voice of my roommate at my ear say,
 "be sure and eat your peas before you approach
 your duck." There being a guest at my right,
 I felt rather resentful at this remark. I feared
 she had perhaps heard it and would think I
 had not yet learned to fight my own battles, so I
 returned with vigor, "when this meal is over
 I shall give you a piece of my mind."

But alas; before the meal was out, I had
 given her a piece of my duck instead and had
 showered the guest with peas.

Imagine my embarrassment!

Barbara Warland, (grade 8).

THE ONE I LOST

The other day I saw a dog all brown and soft,
 Like the one I lost that summer day.
 Soft brown eyes, short curly tail,
 Short brown ears everything hears,
 All mine, he was, until one day,
 I beheld him there soft and still
 They took me away in tears
 I never knew how dear he was until that summer
 day
 When he was gone.

Polly Staples, (grade 7).

MY SWING

My swing is like a little plane,
 My swing goes high and far and fast.
 I love to watch the sky above
 And fields of green below.

Natalie Caldwell, (grade 7).

A DESERTED FARMHOUSE

Way up in the hills, in a little town called Chelmsford, stands a deserted house. The windows have been broken into and the glass on the ground gleams like crystal.

You enter the house by the window. You find yourself in a little room; the air is thick and musty; the shutters creak and sway in the wind. The noise is weird and ghostly; in fact the whole house has a weird aspect. You now start up some broken-down stairs. They are heavy with dust and cobwebs. You open a large wooden door that creaks and groans on its rusty hinges. There is not a particle of furniture in the room; it has long since been taken away. In this room the shutters are closed and boards are nailed across them; the only light in the room is that which comes from holes in the roof. It is so weird that you shudder and long to get out in the sunlight. You hurry down the stairs and out the window. You take one last look.

There it is, a deserted farmhouse by the side of the road and always will be until someone buys the lot, pulls down and puts another and better house in its place.

Natalie Caldwell, (grade 7).

THE LIFE OF A SPHINX

When I was first built, I did object to heat, but that was back in B.C., so I have long since ceased to object. So many things have happened. My first adventure was this.

After I was built, not very long after, a long trail of women carrying food and all sorts of queer things, including the body of a king, (I've forgotten his name) stored themselves inside of me and closed the only door. I imagine the man in front of me wonders why I haven't indigestion. Indeed, some of the people who come from across the world consider me a good ice box.

Today there sits before me on a camel an American Army Officer. He has said many curious things I do not understand, but among other things he said, "What if he (meaning

me) could think and speak. Little did he know I could and did think. But he did know my stone mouth was forever closed. He will probably go on through the storms of life and through the storms of the desert, each of us regarding the other as one of the most curious things we have even seen."

Barbara Warland.

HIS FIRST CRUSH

"Junior dear, please eat your dinner," pleaded Mrs. Stone. "I don't know what has come over you."

"Aw, Mom, quit calling me Junior. You'd think I was a five-year-old," returned Junior in an unnatural tone.

"James, what do you suppose is the matter?" asked Mrs. Stone of her husband.

"Our boy is growing up, Helen," replied Mr. Stone with a broad, good-natured smile.

"Junior dear, would you pass me the sugar?" drawled Agatha in a teasing tone.

"Sure, Aggie," retorted Junior.

"Mother, did you hear what he called me? Didn't you tell him never to call me that again?" whined Agatha.

"Please, children, don't let's have any more fussing tonight. Eat your dinner, Jun-James."

Junior sat there with his hands clasped in his lap and his head bowed down. He was thinking very intently of something and seemed a bit worried.

"James," said Mrs. Stone, "you can't have any dessert until you have eaten some potatoes and a few spoonfuls of your string beans. I just don't know what to make of it."

Agatha cleared her throat and threw a quick glance at her brother who appeared to be far away in his thoughts, then she said slowly, "Guess I know what's the matter. Junior's in love."

He gave a quick glance at Agatha and then looked at his Mother. His face grew red and felt rather warm all over. The best thing for him to do was to leave the room—to rush to his bedroom. He hastily excused himself and fled up the stairs.

"Agatha, what did you say to make Junior act so?" questioned Mrs. Stone.

"Oh, I just s'gested that he might be in love," said Agatha with a giggle.

"James, in love, what an idea. Why he's so bashful! He wouldn't even look at a girl besides his own sister," replied Mr. Stone.

* * * * *

James lay in his bed, with his hot face buried deeply in his fluffy white pillow, thinking. He had revealed his secret! Why did he have to blush so easily! How awful it was to have a younger sister—she was always getting him into such a fix. If he had only eaten a little dinner, and remained at the table until the meal was over—but no—he had rushed out of the room. That had given everything away.

He thought again of Patricia—Patricia with her soft, black, curly hair, her large, dark eyes, and her pretty clothes. He didn't blame all the girls in his class for being jealous of this new girl from New York, with her fancy dresses and her good looks. He must get up courage to speak to her tomorrow before all the other boys, now his rivals, got ahead of him.

He had always been afraid of girls, but now that he was fifteen, he felt grown up and was beginning to think differently of them. It had all happened since Patricia had moved to Brockford.

Yes, he would speak to her tomorrow. Of course he would get up courage....and.... Oh, he was getting so sleepy! Yes, he would speak to her....get up courage....speak tocourage.....

He was awakened by the sound of his Mother's soft voice, "Junior, wake up. It's nine o'clock. You must get into bed."

"Oh, I guess I fell asleep."

* * * * *

The next day was an exciting and thrilling one for Junior. He decided that he must start early to school, for maybe he might see Patricia.

After explaining to his Mother that he had to get to school early, he hurried from the house towards the high school, but—after getting out of sight of his home, he changed his direction and started toward Patricia's home.

He slowly approached the large, while colonial house, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Gordon, and their attractive fourteen-year-old daughter, Patricia. He walked slowly past the house, then crossed the street and walked back. Just as he got opposite, the large white door, with its conspicuous brass knocker, opened and out came Patricia. James quickened his steps, crossed the street, and arrived in front of the Gordon home just as Patricia came into the street. What a coincidence!

Now that Patricia was right there in front of him, he didn't know just what to do, but whatever it was, it must be done right away.

"Er—Good morning," said James hesitatingly.

"Why,—Good morning, answered Patricia, a little surprised. "And who might you be?" she asked.

"Oh,—my name is James Stone. You're a new girl around here, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Patricia. "I just moved here from New York."

"A—how do you—say, what's your name?" asked James timidly, pretending that he didn't know it already.

"Oh, Patricia Gordon. Everybody calls me Patty for short."

"My parents call me Junior, but the kids call me Jimmy."

They walked along in silence for a while neither knowing just what to say. James broke the silence by saying, "Do you like it here in Brockford?"

"Oh, rather," answered Patricia, "but it's such a tiny place compared with New York."

"I always wanted to live in New York. It must be great fun."

"Oh, it is. At first I was so sorry we had to move here. You see, Daddy was manager

of the advertising department of the Russel Silk Hosiery Company."

"One of the factories is here in Brockford," interrupted James.

"Yes, my father was transferred to Brockford to manage this factory."

The walk to school was too short for James. He felt that he could walk on forever like this.

"Well, maybe I'll see you this noon. We might be able to walk home together," said James as his face became red.

"That would be fine. It was so nice of you to walk with me this morning. I don't know anybody around here yet."

"Well, so long," said James unwillingly, as the bell rang.

* * * *

The next morning James again happened to be passing Patricia's home as she came out. This morning he was going to invite her to the Freshman dance at the high school that was to be held the following evening. He had thought about it all the night before. He was so glad his Mother had made him go to dancing class for the past five years, even though he had suffered terribly. He was not a bad dancer now, but the hard part of it would be to get up courage to ask her. He had never taken a girl to a dance before. How was a fellow to go about it?

"Are you doing anything tomorrow night?" he blurted out, just after he had said good morning, mimicking one of the seniors he had overheard talking to a girl.

"Why, no," answered Patricia a little surprised.

"Oh, that was good," thought James and then he began to stutter "Well—a—I—a—was wondering if you could go to the dance at the high school tomorrow night."

"Oh, I'd just love to but I'll have to ask Mother first. Will you call me up about four o'clock this afternoon?"

"Sure, that's great. I was so scared for fear you didn't like to dance or sumpin'."

"Oh! I love to dance and I haven't been to a dance in so long."

"I'm sure your Mother'll let you, and I'll call you up about four."

James rushed home to break the news to his Mother before Agatha got home from school.

* * * *

There was much hustling around in both the Gordon's and the Stone's homes the next night. James had hurried through his dinner and rushed upstairs. Mrs. Stone had always had to keep at her son about his rather untidy appearance, but for the past two days he had become very particular. Tonight he had spent twenty minutes washing, and half an hour attempting to flatten down his unruly blond hair. A whole hour was spent in dressing, for everything must be just so. A blue, dotted tie and a matching handkerchief were borrowed from Father, but perfume, which Aunt Elizabeth had given Agatha for Christmas, was very loudly refused.

Finally, after much fussing, James was ready to go.

"Dad, do you suppose I could have a little money?" asked Junior.

"Will a dollar be enough?" answered Mr. Stone trying to hold back a broad grin.

"Aw, gee, no. I'll need five bucks at least."

"Hey, hold on there. You'd think you were going to a night club."

"How do you know so much about night clubs, James?" put in Mrs. Stone with a smile.

"Well, here's three dollars, and don't forget to bring back the change."

"Doesn't our son look handsome in that blue suit," said Mrs. Stone, as she looked at Junior.

"He's going to be good-looking just like his father," replied Mr. Stone with a hearty laugh.

* * * *

Patricia was all ready when James and the taxi arrived. She looked as sweet and pretty as ever, her black hair brushed in little curls all over her head, and her pink chiffon dress fluttering about her with its many ruffles. As

they rode towards the school, neither said more than five words. James was so excited, he could feel his heart pound fast, and he tried many times to swallow that awful lump that remained in his throat. Patricia sat with her hands folded in her lap, staring ahead.

The evening went by too quickly for James; he had an even better time than he had anticipated. His only comfort, when he fell asleep late that night, was that there would be more high school dances to look forward to.

* * * * *

The days slipped by. It was just a week ago that James had first walked to school with Patricia.

That afternoon Patricia was in a hurry to get home from school and she seemed very sad.

"What's all the rush, Patty?"

"Oh, I have to hurry home."

"But what makes you so sad looking today?"

"Oh, nothing. I promised Mother I would hurry home from school and help Janey pack my clothes."

"Pack your clothes!!! said Junior. "You aren't going away?"

"Oh, Jimmy, I didn't mean to say that. I didn't want to tell you at all."

"What is it?" said James hurriedly.

"Oh, we have to move back to New York."

"Move back to New York," repeated James.

"Yes, Daddy got a telegram last night telling him to come back to New York as soon as possible."

"But, why?"

"Oh, there's been some trouble in the New York office since he left and they want him, for they need him more there than in Brockford."

"But you can't move back there," said James sadly.

"I'm afraid I'll have to. Oh, how I hated to tell you. We have had so much fun together."

By that time, they had reached the Gordon's home.

"When are you going?" asked James.

"Daddy went last night and Mother and I are leaving tomorrow morning," answered Patricia.

"What, so soon?"

"Yes."

"Oh, gee," was all James could say.

"Well, I guess I'll have to say good-bye," said Patty slowly.

"Good-bye."

Patricia turned and ran into the house before James could say another word. He stood there for a few minutes staring at the door through which Patricia had just gone. He then turned and walked slowly home. This last week seemed too good to be true. He was afraid something like this would happen. Well, it was over; his first crush—and he could never look at another girl.

Jean McNab, '32.

SUMMER

I see some birds coast listlessly along,
Too weary, though space is infinite,
To find the strength to rise to bluer heights.
A few white clouds, like sails upon a sea,
Seem at a halt, too limpid to cross the sky.
The bits of sunlight, fallen on the grass
Resemble spots of yellow wax that dropped
From some great candle, too warm to hold
Itself together. And where the restful
Patches of shade recline, the grass is
Green and cool and soft like grass
Should be, though summer's at its height.

Marion Lewis, '32.

AUNT PEN

"I just had to come over to see you, Aunt Pen. Honestly, it just seems sometimes as if I couldn't stand it another minute."

Aunt Pen smiled. She was accustomed to these outbursts of Barbara's. "What is it this time, dear?" Aunt Pen was not Barbara's real aunt but everyone just naturally called her by that name. No one knew where the name had originated.

"Just the same old thing! Paul has asked

me to go to the beach Sunday and Mother won't let me. She doesn't see any earthly reason why anyone wants to go down near the water in the middle of March. She doesn't realize how blue the water is and how bracing the air. It's not only that, but she won't let me go anywhere alone with him any more; all because he's thirty and I only twenty. Aunt Pen, dear, you'll never know how I love him and to have *to still obey* Mother's every wish and not see him is unbearable. Sometimes I think I will run away and just leave her with Dick. He will soon be old enough to take care of her. Would that be a terribly selfish thing to do? Paul is so dear about it but I can see how hard it is for him. He feels ill at ease whenever Mother is around."

Aunt Pen was silent for a minute. Then she spoke. "Barbara, have you ever wondered why I have never married? I suppose there are many stories as to the reason, but I have never told anyone. I am going to tell you now. Perhaps it will help you solve your problem."

* * * * *

Early one September evening, on the shore of a small lake in Maine, a young girl sat on a rock looking through a pair of binoculars at the opposite shore. She spoke to the dog who was jumping around the rocks at her side.

"Well, Runty, he seems to be getting settled all right. He's got a red canoe and I can see him as plainly! Do you suppose that tomorrow would be too soon to go over and welcome him to our lake? Come on, let's ask Dad."

"Dad" did approve of the idea but insisted upon accompanying Pen and Runty. They found the newcomer the next evening busily nailing bits of shingles over the cracks on the walls of his little shack. As he came down the path to greet them, Pen observed with renewed interest that the stranger was very attractive and something in his eyes told her that she did not appear unattractive to him.

After introductions, Dr. Nichols invited them to inspect his shack. He was very proud of its interior. It really was quite attractive, though of course rather small.

"I sort of like your lake, Mr. Porter. I suppose you have explored every inlet in your canoe," said Giles turning to Pen.

"Well, I guess I have, almost. You see, while Daddy is busy with his writing, I have quite a good deal of time to myself, and Runty and I often spend a day on the opposite side of the lake."

Pen and her father stayed until the cool September night warned them that it was getting late and they must be getting back to their side of the lake. They made Giles promise, however, to come over to see them soon.

Pen was not surprised when the next afternoon she saw the red canoe skimming across the lake. Somehow she had known Giles would come over to see her. It came to her that this stranger interested her more than any other man she had met. Of course she had not met many men. She and her father had lived always more or less alone after her father's divorce. It had hurt him more than she had perhaps realized to have to give up Pen's mother and he had always been very careful with whom Pen associated; afraid of any unhappiness for her.

Giles hopped out of the canoe and with one strong arm pulled it up on the shore. He noticed as he approached the cabin how attractive the place was. Boxes filled with yellow and orange nasturtiums were at every window. Pen and her father had managed to keep a lawn in spite of the many rocks. They had even taken advantage of these rocks and around them were planted more beds of yellow and orange.

He wondered if Pen were home. Perhaps it was a little soon to return their call, but it was lonely on the other side of the lake. Of course he had come up there to be alone and rest, but he missed a companion and from the first time he had seen Pen he had been thinking that she would make a good one. Giles could hear the click, click of a typewriter as he walked up the path. Mr. Porter must be writing. He hoped that meant that Pen would go out with him in the canoe.

Pen was more than willing and calling "Good-bye" to her father she and Giles pushed off in the red canoe.

When they had been paddling but a little while, Giles spoke, "It's really awfully nice of you and your father to treat me this way, I, a stranger to your lake."

"Well, it means a lot to me to have you here," said Pen, frankly. "You see, it's rather lonesome, alone, especially now. We have been here since the first of June and Daddy is busy so much of the time with his writing."

"I'm afraid you won't have many more chances to be alone. I find it equally lonely on my side of the lake."

"I hope you will come over often."

Giles did come over a lot and as the month of September passed with its sparkling sunny days and clear moon-light nights, Giles and Pen found that their companionship had grown into something deeper. Pen loved Giles' seriousness and his worldliness, which his age and experience had given him. Giles loved Pen's freshness and overflowing love of life.

Because of Mr. Bennett's work he had not noticed Giles' and Pen's attitude toward one another, but one day he noticed it and it disturbed him. Pen was only eighteen and Giles thirty-two. Great Scott! This would have to stop. The next time Giles came over to see Pen he summoned him to his room.

It was perhaps two hours later when Giles came out to meet Pen waiting for him. His face was set and white. Pen had suspected the subject of the talk but had not looked for this outcome. It frightened her to see such an expression on his face.

"Giles, dear, what is it?"

Giles did not answer but drew her to him and held her quietly in his arms. Then, without a word, he left the room.

Pen was stunned for a minute, and then ran after him.

"Giles, what is the matter? You must tell me. Don't leave like this."

"I've just had a talk with your father, Pen.

He has decided that we had better not see each other any more."

"But—I don't understand."

"I explained the whole thing to him but he doesn't seem to see it our way. I'll have to go Pen; I promised. But I want you to know that I have spent the happiest month of my life right here with you and if your father ever changes his mind about giving you to me, I'll be waiting."

* * * * *

Barbara's eyes were wet as she turned to Aunt Pen. "And you never saw him again?"

"No dear. When my father died, my first thought was to go to Giles, but it was too late. He had been among those killed at the Marne."

"How perfectly dreadful for you!"

"I don't want my story to influence you too much, Barbara, but I have known the utter emptiness and misery of losing the man you love, and I tell you that I have regretted many, many times that I did not leave with him. I suppose if I had I would have worried about my father. He believed that he was doing the right thing even as your mother believes she is doing the best thing for you now."

"Aunt Pen, I'm not going to lose Paul! I can never thank you for showing me the way." Barbara's face was all aglow, her eyes sparkling.

"If there is anything I can do to help you and Paul, do let me know, won't you? And don't tell on your Aunt Pen—remember she has to remain living here after you've gone!"

Esther Gilbert, '32.

AWAKENING

Beneath a lacy green fretwork I strolled
Not thinking where I trod. A sudden trill
Awakened me and made me wonder why
The Spring had come while I had slumbered on!
That inner soul which loves all beauty lived
And saw through eyes of love, a soft green world,
A reborn year. Among new shoots of grass
There nestled little buds. Above my head
A squirrel chattered madly at a jay.
Some sunlight filtered through the leaves and made
The spot enchanted. Blue sky blended all
Together—Oh the wonders Spring has brought!

Ruth Peterson, '32.



Now that the year is finished, Under wants to say a word of appreciation to everyone who has helped in bringing out the LEAVES this year. We feel that it has been a successful year, and we hope that next year will carry it still further.

We are glad to announce the staff for next year. Charlotte Hanson will make a splendid editor, and we know she will bring great success to the LEAVES. We wish you all the luck in the world, Charlotte.

In this issue we want to especially mention the contributions from the Junior School. We shall have much to look forward to if these clever little verses are indicative of what is to come later on.

Virginia Riley's last contribution is a remarkably clever story—as usual, and very realistic characterization which Virginia does so well.

A first contribution from Jean McNab, but we hope not her last. Her story must be a very familiar one to all of us. Esther Gilbert has given us a story full of clever philosophy, and we are hoping that she will write some more too.

We are, as always, indebted to Marion Lewis and Vesta Black for several of their charming verses. It is hard to choose between them, we like the work of each so well.

And now, Under wants to say good-bye, and to wish everyone a perfectly wonderful summer, and a successful year to those who come back—to the others—"good luck!"

THE MURDER AT P. K.

A shriek echoed and re-echoed in my ear as I stepped quietly in the door. Suddenly, hordes of people pushed past me roughly treading on my feet, body, and neck in their excitement. When I finally picked myself up, everyone had disappeared into that awful room where I had heard that "worst-awful" screech. Creeping to the crack, I peered through and listened. A still, white body lay on the floor surrounded by sympathetic, steel-eyed mourners. One suddenly shook her fist in the air and muttered awful things—just at that moment I realized that they were talking about me.

I suddenly thought I had better go, but I'd fix them for suspecting me of this bloody deed. I ran out of the door and down the street. I raced down block after block. Would I make it on time—it was five or six now. Just at one minute of six I made it and into the place I ran. After a hurried conversation with the manager, I received my precious package and sped up the street to the house of crime.

After many, as it seemed to me, eons and eras (errors), such as capitulating with a hydrant standing only knee high in the middle of the sidewalk and being near-sighted I can hardly look over my chin, I reached the bloody place of subterfuge. Bracing myself for the effort I straightened the never-to-be-even part in my hair, smoothed down my bewrinkled dress and brushed my mud-spattered stockings and with package in hand (in my hand, of course) I ascended the steps, descending two quite suddenly in a most undignified manner. After

regaining my composure and the package, I started again. With a trembling finger I pushed the bell. The door popped open. I quickly descended the other seven steps and from my advantageous position regarded the faces before me. Steel-grey eyes glowered at me, blue-green eyes spelled terrible torture and oblivion, and plain green eyes just looked and looked.

I extended the parcel to the leader, the green-eyed one, and she was about to slap it from my hand when she leaned forward to examine the wrapper.

"Bond Bread," she cried joyously taking me by my shrinking arms and leading me into P. K., "Hurrah! We're saved—we won't have to use the burnt rolls now. (Needless to say, after that dinner they were extremely ill—whether from the excitement or the three-weeks-old Bond Bread, I cannot say.)

Virginia A. Riley, '31.

SPORT?

In spite of the strenuous gym program that I carry, I enjoy sports. I think football is great and I like nothing better than attending a baseball game, provided I can have a bag of peanuts in one hand and a bottle of pop in the other. Basketball, tennis, golf, polo and even cricket I follow up eagerly. Hockey is one of my favorites. My father says that ice hockey is the fastest game played. Well, he is much older than I am and I don't believe in criticizing my elders; nevertheless, I think he is wrong for I've seen the speediest game in the world played, in fact I've played it myself—in my case not always successfully. A friend of mine, however, has got it down to perfection so I generally play with her.

This sport doesn't require a lot of stamina, just will-power and a little calculation. Take plenty of time to play—in fact, the more time the closer the finish. Pick a car, your own preferably (don't get into trouble at the start) and "take off." Let's make it early in the afternoon. Ride around on rough and smooth

roads alike. Start for Canada or Florida—get a good start. Now the game gets interesting. Our sporting blood races and we begin to bet heavily—the week's allowance, what's left of it. It is 5:15, and we are fifty miles from nowhere when the gun is fired.

Turning around dangerously we speed over rut and stonewall, kill two chickens, and stop for a hot dog. We're winning! Mile after mile we race—a race with Time, the most exciting sport in the world. For a moment it was almost a race with Death as we grazed a telephone pole and bumped over a potato patch, but we're safe on the road again. Five-thirty, five-forty-five, on and on the car hurdles, tossing us back and forth and upside down. Six o'clock! Six-five, six-ten, the race is closer. Groans! *Time* is ahead. But then there is a shout. Hurrah! We're winning. We've got a green light. Just at six-fourteen the car stops, and my friend and I are thrown clear of the car. Picking ourselves up, we dash down the finishing stretch, through the door and down the corridor, around the corner pulling down the curtains over us just as the bell at the finish booms six-fifteen. We've made it—yes, sir, and triumphantly my friend hands me the pen, and I sign my name proudly. Again we've saved that long week-end.

Virginia A. Riley.

SCHOOL LIFE—A PARADOX

(Apologies to an unknown author)

School is a funny place. If you study you're a dig, if you don't you're lazy. If you pass you've got a drag, if you don't you're dumb. If you read the funnies you'll never amount to much, if you don't you've gone high-brow. If you play up to the professors you need their help, if you don't you lack diplomacy. If you speak to everyone you're too democratic, if you don't you're a snob. If you dress well you need to, if you don't you're a mess.

Vest Black, '32.

INDIVIDUAL GYM!

As I trudge up the stairs, I heave a sigh,
To see the others running by,
They ask, "What made you sore of limb?"
I answered, "Just—Individual Gym."

Esther Gilbert, '32.

A FABLE

"Hold your stomach in and stand up straight."

"What for?"

"Why, to get on the Good Posture Honor Roll, of course."

"Is that all you have to do?"

"Yes, it's the easiest thing in the world," replied a Lasell student. "People don't realize how simple it is, and think what you have in the end. You've noticed individuals who are outstanding because of their impressive carriage and you have been jealous of them, no doubt. Then Miss Badger took it upon herself to encourage us and share the requirements of this long sought-after beauty aid. Now, just straighten up your spine and you'll be amazed at the astounding improvement."

"Why, I feel like a different person. Let me catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I can't realize that the reflection is mine. Thank you, friend, I'll remember these rules all my life."

MORAL: Don't wait for a friend to tell you—you may not have one.

Elizabeth Bear, '31.

IF I BELIEVED

If I believed in you Peter dear,
If I had never a doubt,
If my heart was filled with innocence
And the gay things you think about,
If you could throw some fairy dust
Upon my worldly life,
And take me back to Neverland
Where there's no care or strife,
If you'd come and get me Peter Pan
I'd kiss this world good-bye,
And you and I and Tinkerbelle
Would laugh and love and fly.

Vesta Black, '32.

EXCHANGES

When Spring comes and everything is so beautiful and fresh here in Auburndale, we are not surprised to note that our Southern friends' hearts are turned also to fancy; thus, we have many fine contributions in poetry from the Ward-Belmont *Hyphen*. The exchange editor in following up their magazine has become very much interested in their *Eagle Feathers* and the girls who sponsor it—there is imagination, brightness, and vision in every line they write. Here is the cheery way they head their April column:

Oh, smell this air!
The wind it wanders; everywhere
It plucks a scent. Ah, exquisite
The ache of spring that comes with it!
And whence it comes, or where it goes,
This troubling wind of spring—who knows?
"Spring"—John Galsworthy.

We are glad to print several of the shorter poems printed in recent issues of your magazine:

Frivolous hands . . .
One summer's day
White butterflies that rested
Upon my forehead—
Then flitted away.

Marian Cox, '31.

EVENING STAR

The wind fanned through the dusk's soft hair
And darkened it into the night;
Then came light fingers to bedeck
It with a flower, lone and white.

* * * *

I only lent you my beauty
But you thought it was a gift,
Did you not?
Things like that happen
When women are twenty-five
And careless with their glances
Toward fresh, new-ripened youths.
Well, you surely see now
That I am a heartless beast

And soulless too—
So will you mind so very much
If I keep yours a little while
That I may learn to be
More like a human being?

Ruth Back, '32.

Lasell should adopt your Senior-Senior-Middle Day, Ward-Belmont, it sounds like great fun.

BORROWED GRINS

Once a Scotchman didn't go to a banquet because he did not know the meaning of the word "gratis." The next day he was found dead before an open dictionary.

—*The Somanhis.*

According to tongue twister Thomas—St. Patrick is the man who snaked all the charms out of Ireland.

—*The Sullins Silhouette.*

* * * * *

This sounds so familiar, let's all weep with Myrtle Stuart—

DATE

A word, a smile, a kiss or two
And then we're through.
You lead me to the door,
Squeeze my hand, say no more
Then just, "Some day
I'll ring you up. O-Kay?"

—*The Columns, Cornell University.*

* * * * *

In the *Brambler*, Sweet Briar College, is an interesting bit entitled "Psychology of a Girl" by Zane-Cetti Irwin. Here's just a few lines:

"That top button was the only one on the blue shirt—that's why she wore the sweater with the round neck so only the top would show. It was so convenient to take off the sweater and unbutton the button and 'alley-oo!' you were undressed."

* * * * *

Somehow we have a feeling, Zane-Cetti Irwin, that you know something about school girls.

* * * * *

We compliment the *Vassar Review* for their striking covers and generous exchange columns,

however, they have given us a gift that we are going to borrow and print because we believe that it is one of the best things we have seen in a long time. See if this doesn't make you think.

PATER NOSTER

When I was a savage
Wearing hardly any clothes,
I bowed to an idol
With a big green nose.
It was very ugly,
And I often was afraid
But the funny little creature
Always listened when I prayed.

When I was a pagan
In a long white gown,
I worshipped in a temple
A goddess carved of stone.
I knelt in the starlight,
When Athens was asleep.
I knew that she loved me;
Her beauty made me weep.

When I was a heathen,
I always had to say
"Allah is the great God,"
Seven times a day
But when I grew older,
I rode off to war.
I converted many people
And slaughtered many more.

When I was a Christian
In a great Gothic shrine,
I trembled as I tasted
The consecrated wine.
I prayed to a Lady
And to her little child.
She was very lovely,
And the baby always smiled.

Now that I am buried
Deep in a tomb,
I'm sometimes very lonely;
So to chase away the gloom
I pretend that I am praying;
And although it's rather odd,
When I've finished my prayers
I pretend that I am God.

*By George Heard Hamilton,
Yale Lit. Magazine.*

EDITORIALS

IN AFFECTIONATE REGARD

Some thirty odd years ago a young man accepted the position of Science teacher at Lasell Seminary in order to be near the Tufts Medical School from which he hoped to receive an M. D. degree. Whether it was Fate or whether it was Chance we do not care to speculate, but of one thing we are certain and that is, that Dr. Guy Munroe Winslow, armed with his sheepskin, signed a Lasell teaching contract. Also that a few years later he decided definitely to abandon medicine for education. When Dr. Bragdon, who had been principal for thirty-eight years felt that he could no longer carry the burden of responsibility and offered his mantle to Dr. Winslow, the latter who had for five years or so been assistant principal, accepted.

This might not have been Lasell's happy fate if a certain young English teacher, Miss Clara Austin had not come our way and decided to become the assistant principal's helpmeet and coworker. It was a fortunate happening not only for Dr. Winslow but also for Lasell when this gentle lady with her quiet charm and sympathetic personality came into our midst.

Together Dr. and Mrs. Winslow have labored untiringly not only for the maintenance of the high standards already set at Lasell but also to serve personally the hundreds of young women who have called Lasell Alma Mater. Repeatedly to the faculty, both collectively and individually, has Dr. Winslow emphasized the responsibility of each member of the staff to the student body. He has desired not only good scholarship but high character and his annual charge to the graduating class has been earnestly and sincerely given.

Many a student has been called to the prin-

cipal's office and has gone with the usual feeling of trepidation felt by students all over the world on the receipt of such a summons, but immediately on her entrance a friendly hand has been extended, both literally and figuratively speaking. She has felt that she has talked things over with a friend and is astonished at the change which has taken place in herself. She has found herself won over to another point of view because of its reasonableness and wisdom. She has been struck with the absolute sincerity, fairness and friendliness with which the decision has been reached.

And across the way sometimes on Friday nights the students have gathered at the Winslow home or the faculty have been entertained at tea and all together have testified to the informal, homey atmosphere which prevailed, often to such an extent that we forgot to go home. This has been due to our first lady who listens in such a kindly, interested fashion that before we have known it we have not only poured out our hearts but have received wise guidance.

And so when girls of '61 or '30 have come back they have at once so felt the warmth and cordiality of the welcome that they have come again and again. Once again they have taken heart as they have found that the Lasell heads have followed their lives with interest. Whether they have been materially prosperous or not has not mattered, once having crossed the Lasell threshold all else was forgotten but word of themselves.

One cannot begin to enumerate the kind and thoughtful acts so unobtrusively and generously done by our principal and his wife. Their number would be legion and people all over the world would rise up and testify for Lasell's

arm is very far-reaching. One thing we all rejoice over and it is that Dr. Bragdon's mantle should have fallen on the shoulders of one who has been connected with our school for thirty-three years in the capacity of teacher, assistant principal and principal.

On this, the eightieth birthday of Lasell, the LEAVES staff delights to honor jointly Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and dedicates this June number with affectionate regard and great joy.

GRADUATION

April, May, June, and graduation is upon us, abounding in presents and weeping.

The practice of giving the graduation present has been cultivated until now it looms in importance second only to the giving of the diploma. Knowing full well that the distant aunt touring Europe will be unable to attend Commencement, the graduate sends an invitation that could bring no less than a letter of congratulation and a writing-case of Florentine leather. It may be that presents emphasize the solemnity of the occasion; graduation gifts may serve to remind the graduate of her proximity to a momentous happening. But for the most part they are the punctuation mark at the end of a long sentence. Indeed, there are callous individuals who make it plain that they submit to the ordeal of education only for the tangible benefits they may reap at graduation; if tears are to be shed, other must shed them, for *they* will suffer no pangs at leaving the Alma Mater.

Yet strangely enough, these hardened individuals are caught in the infectious air of lugubriousness that pervades the graduation; and like the frankly emotional, they weep.... surreptitiously, to be sure....when the senior houses are bade farewell. As this last sad rite is performed, girls habitually impatient with emotion snuffle as loudly as the rest.

From inside the wavering circle of torch-flare, the farewell speaker's voice rises, small and thin in the late spring night: she may prattle in trite phrases, but let there be a quaver

in her voice, and a wave of nostalgia will engulf the huddled circle as subtly as the darkness does. In a calmer day, the erstwhile graduate would have inelegantly remarked that the house needed painting; but in the uncertain goblin-light of torches, the atmosphere becomes charged with sad significance, and a single snuffle is enough to make the assembled seniors choke upon their farewell song and seek their handkerchiefs.

If they do not succumb to Class Night, the callous ones invariably yield to tears when the newly departed seniors take leave of the Crow's Nest. In truth, few of the seniors ever frequented the Crow's Nest, for to do so would have been singularly naïve and unsophisticated; particularly since there was no more convincing reason than that it was a senior privilege.

Not until the Crow's Nest has been bade farewell does the full realization come that the graduation is at last done; the seniors are seniors no more, but alumnae, sisters to the wraiths in hoop-skirts, in bustles, in mutton-leg sleeves who people the past.

When graduation is done, and the whole proceeding can be regarded in a more disinterested light, it would appear to be no more than a thin excuse for the receiving of gifts, or at best, a sentimental gesture. But in this feverish time, when folks are impatient with ceremony, the graduation satisfies a latent love of pageantry, and marks the exodus of the graduate from her school life with a suitably impressive fanfare. Weary with trudging uphill and down in June heat, burdened with a cap that tilts precariously (withal heavily) atop her head, and a gown that itches, the erstwhile graduate would gladly be done with the business, except she would be cheated of a "good cry."

ENDOWMENT FUNDS

No matter whether an educational institution be small or large, rich or poor, private or public, there is always need for money. The method used by all is by way of an endowment fund. We ask the question, why?

Now, everyone knows that a living organism must grow continually not only materially but spiritually also. An endowment fund seems to fulfill both these purposes. The first is obvious, but not so quickly do people realize the second. There is always a glow in one's heart when a gift is made. Sometimes we don't even want the thanks that accompany its acceptance for the pleasure in giving is so great that it alone satisfies. A perpetual endowment fund such as we have at Lasell enables us to give much or little, individually or by groups and it gives to all contributors the chance to express in a concrete fashion, what it has meant to have some of the doors of our minds opened to us here. For, the longer we live the more we realize that money pays for so little of what we really get. We may feel that we have paid full fees and therefore owe the school nothing. And yet perhaps the contact with a certain schoolmate, an art course or a class in English Literature or any one of the dozen studies we have engaged in while at school may have changed the whole course of our lives and given us something we can never repay in mere dollars and cents and yet we may feel that it is the only way we have of showing our appreciation.

It appears that at Harvard University it is the custom for classes holding their twenty-fifth reunion to make a gift of \$150,000. Not every institution can compete with Harvard but the idea is a good one. Some of the classes at Lasell have followed this practice and we commend it to all. Very often it is not convenient for alumnae to return to their reunions but each could contribute towards a reunion gift. Many of the Lasell classes are small and therefore the gift could not be uniform but each class could work out its own plan based on the general idea.

In any case what we are getting at is that an endowment fund should be considered a privilege, not a burden. We know of no more dignified or better way than that of the annual pledge. It is easy for most of us to meet and serves as a constant reminder of the spirit of

Lasell. Again, no matter what the superficial changes in a school may be the valuable asset is its homelike atmosphere. Certainly that is what draws us like a magnet back to Lasell whenever we can return. The LEAVES wishes to take this opportunity of wishing Godspeed to the Lasell endowment fund.

"THE DOOR STANDS OPEN"

All over this land in this beautiful month of June all types of Commencement orations have been delivered. Some have told the young people that they are the finest that ever lived and that the hope of future civilization rests on their shoulders. Others have reminded them of what they owe society or what their education has really cost. A few rare souls have been brave enough to let these young people know that they are not awfully important to the universe even though the universe and its ways are of great importance to them.

Students have likewise listened to these addresses with but half an ear because they were very much more interested in watching the pile of sheepskins which they were so shortly to receive. Therefore we feel that the real value lay not in the words of a Commencement speaker but rather in what we had been working and longing for—the much-coveted diploma.

Is it just a piece of parchment or is it something more? Of course we are thrilled to receive it but some of us have also thought of its greater significance and perhaps for the first time have realized that "the door stands open" to so many things of whose existence we had not even dreamed before. We go out into our several communities and if a door has been opened we are eager to enter the room. We may lead others in and one door will lead to another and so on until the whole house—the world—is open to us.

But—the door stands open for us into the world but it remains with us whether or not other doors will open. We may long for our days of irresponsibility and care-free times but

we shall also know that we can never go back. But seldom do we in reality wish to return for we are curious and eager to examine the wonder-house the world is. A poem written by a member of the Lincoln School in New York for a Commencement occasion seems very expressive of the event of graduation:

"The ever-passing steps went by our door;
We did not listen then, nor did we look outside;
But now the door stands open.

"Some hang back, afraid to join the crowd that
passes;
Some gather in the doorway and watch eagerly.
I am not afraid;
I am not eager.

"I stand by the window and look at the faces.
I would know what life is, what the world is,
Before I go.
Those who come back are often sad or tired;
The stories they tell are not always pleasant;
Yet all who go out are happy; and they hurry,
Looking ahead at something just beyond.

* * * *

"I take a last glance back and gently close the door
behind me;
I catch a friendly hand that's half outstretched;
And I am part of the crowd."

THE CONSTRUCTION OF OUR INNER LIVES

Dr. Drew of Gordon College, Boston, preached the Baccalaureate sermon at Lasell Seminary on Sunday, June 7. He took as his text, "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." His theme was that we should build up our inner lives to such perfection that we would be able to live in accordance with the universal divine will. All the external experiences which come to us would react on us so that we could get the best out of life and never lose its zest. So often we've heard of people finding life stale or being bored with it; there was nothing wrong with life itself but with our inner selves. Jesus enjoined us to have salt inside for the mind is not an empty cavern but full of ideas and only in so far as those are beautiful, true, and good,

could the manifestation of life be beautiful, true, and good.

He then said that the way to build up a good inner self was first of all through self-giving after self-realizing what the universal divine will was. There are two attitudes towards life—the possessive and contributive. At one time the world admired a Napoleon, a Wellington and an Alexander the Great. Today the world applauds a David Livingstone, an Abraham Lincoln and a Louis Pasteur. There was a time when people spoke of the greatness of a Queen Elizabeth and a Queen Victoria. Today they admire a Florence Nightingale and an Alice Freeman Palmer.

Secondly, we must adjust ourselves to the law of progressive achievement rather than to that of a static self-satisfaction. The good and the great were those who were discontented with themselves and with their work and were always reaching farther and farther onward to something better and higher.

Third and last we had to adjust our lives to finding truth, beauty and goodness. In the end they always triumphed. It was better to have courage than fear, love than hate and faith rather than doubt.

In special admonition to the members of the graduating class, Dr. Drew said that all these things which he had said were abundantly illustrated in the lives of Lasell alumnae. He spoke also with assurance that these things had been learned at school because he himself knew well the ideals of Lasell Seminary. Life is no brief candle, he said, but rather a glorious torch given into their hands to be held high and to be passed on to the next generation.

He further said that while we lived in a world of movement we must be sure that we not only moved but knew where we were going. Faith creates what it believes and its reward was seeing come true what it believed in.

EDUCATION, A WAY OF LIFE

John Albert Cousens, LL.D., President of Tufts College delivered the commencement ad-

dress this June. The gist of his impressive and stimulating message was this:

"My purpose is to speak directly and rather familiarly to the members of the graduating class, and my more or less random suggestions can best be summed up in the phrase, "Education, a Way of Life." The time will come when you will attain your full physical growth, when by taking thought you cannot add one cubit to your stature. Thereafter, if you are not watchful of diet and exercise, you may grow horizontally, but your height is fixed. In the same way, though perhaps later in life, you will reach a limit of potential growth of mind. But always remains opportunity for expansion, for the horizontal growth of your mental abilities. The innate power of your mind can be increased as long as you live if you but remember to follow education as a way of life.

School and education are not synonymous; school is only an episode of education. It is, however, the only time we give ourselves completely to those who have our education as their greatest interest. After we have left school, helping hands are stretched out to aid us and eagerly we grasp them, but we are conscious that now we gain only by our own efforts. We get only what we give in effort and interest.

Yet the strange paradox we meet if we have striven to make education our way of life, is that by gaining education we have lost instead of gained the good-will of our fellows. They profess to admire culture, but the cultured person is in grave danger of being called a high-brow. It is a part of your education to know why this paradox occurs, to realize that democracy plays a large role in the situation. Remember when you are finding fault with democracy, that so far man has not been able to evolve a better form of government. It has great flaws as well as virtues, however, and one of these imperfections is its tendency to level down as well as up. It strives to pull the lower classes to the level of the average, but

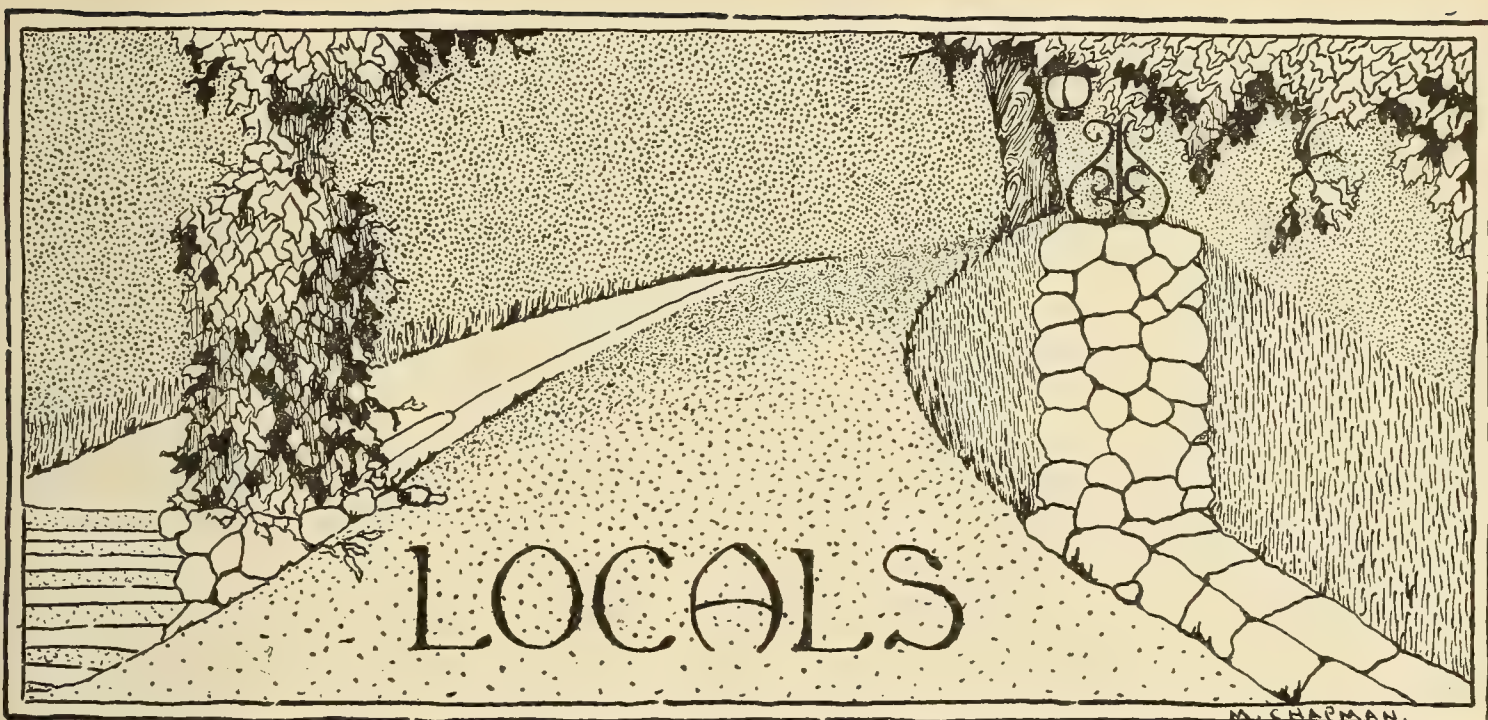
it also pulls the higher down to the same common level; it confuses the ideal man with the average man.

Because America was so long a nation of pioneers and of necessity stressed courage, endurance, action, and even ruthlessness, culture has not always been given its due. But the future of America is now in doubt. It rests with you to decide whether the curve of progress will become a straight line or a line with an upward sweep. There are problems that must be solved in your day or civilization will perish. For the first time in the history of the world civilization has produced more food than it needs. The time is at hand when a whole nation should be able to have leisure, a five-day week and a six-hour day. This year we face leisure in the form of unemployment, but the genius of great industry must also be able to solve the problem of distribution; then this leisure will become a fact. And how will you use it, this achievement of the centuries? Your answer will be your solution of EDUCATION, A WAY OF LIFE."

LEAVES STAFF FOR 1931-32

The following students were elected to the LEAVES staff for 1931-32:

<i>Editor-in-chief</i>	CHARLOTTE HANSON, '32
<i>Associate editor</i> .	KATHERINE HARTMANN, '32
<i>Short Stories</i>	RACHEL DeWOLF, '32
<i>Essays</i>	CHARLOTTE TRAYLOR, '32
<i>Poetry</i>	VESTA BLACK, '32
<i>Book Reviews</i>	BARBARA HUNT, '32
<i>Art</i>	JANET MCCARTNEY, '32
<i>Athletics</i>	YVONNE BEGERON, '32
<i>Locals</i>	{ MARION LEWIS, '32
	{ CHARLOTTE CAHNERS, '32
<i>Exchanges</i>	BARBARA STANLEY, '32
<i>Business Manager</i> ..	DOROTHY HERRING, '32
<i>Assistants</i>	{ BETTY FOLLETT, '32
	{ HELANE JONES, '32
	{ DOROTHY CARMER, '32



April 26: Vespers. Dr. Raymond Calkins of the First Congregational Church in Cambridge gave us a very interesting and helpful talk on "personal manners and conduct." We appreciate the candid opinion and good advice from one who quite obviously knows.

April 29: Chapel. Dr. Barclay Acheson, a representative of the Near East Relief Foundation, told us about Albania and its dominating characteristic, hospitality. No doubt Dr. Acheson had a "method" when he told us "no nation can rise higher than its womanhood."

April 29: Orphean Concert. The Orphean Club, directed by Mr. Dunham and assisted by Miss Bernardette Beaudry, soprano, Mr. Walter Kidder, baritone, and Mr. Schwab, accompanist, gave their annual concert at the Auburndale Club House. The program included two Hungarian Folk Songs and was very pleasing with its unusual variety.

May 1: Stunt Night. Our faculty gave us the annual treat—of laughing at them, and needless to say, we enjoyed it. Their version of our gym classes, morning chapel, and breakfast at Bragdon were easily recognized, and appreciated. The seniors did not find it too difficult to act ridiculous enough to amuse us, by dancing, singing, playing and—selling ice cream cones. We extend a note of thanks to

the faculty and others who helped to make the event the best "stunt night" yet.

May 3: Vespers. The graduating class enjoyed their last vesper service conducted by Dr. Boynton Merrill of West Newton. We hope he will continue to visit Lasell in the years to come so that every class will have the opportunity to benefit from his short talks as we feel we have—and more often.

May 6: Chapel. Rev. Alfred Birks, pastor of the Wellesley Unitarian Church gave us a most interesting talk; his subject, "girls." We have to admit we aren't the "little goddesses" we should be, but we grant we don't "despise the Victorian Age or girls."

May 8: Senior Play. The rainy weather apparently had no evil effects upon the cast or audience of the senior play, "Daddy Long Legs." We feel sure that we have several up-and-coming actresses in our midst, and hope to hear of their successes in the near future. Miss Peterson certainly is to be congratulated on her fine work in coaching the play, also her assistants, the orchestra and the stage committee.

May 10: Vespers. Our Mother's Day vesper service was led by Dr. Ashley Day Leavitt of the Harvard Street Congregational Church in Brookline. His subject was "The High

Courage of Faith." The content of the message included this splendid advice: Be ready to be responsible; be independent.

May 14: Chapel. Miss Frances Boothby, former Lasell student, and a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music gave us a short piano recital. At least the music students should be encouraged by such a program.

May 15: Glee Club Concert. The Glee Club, directed by Miss Williams and conducted by Constance Witham showed us the result of a year of splendid cooperation. The Glee Club was accompanied in several numbers by the orchestra, led by Miss Eichhorn and Lorraine Lombard. Miss Charlotte Ridley, who graduated from Lasell last June, was our guest artist although we hope Charlotte felt as much at home singing as we did having her back with us again.

May 17: Vespers. Miss Katherine Eckerle, Superintendent of the Evangeline Booth Hospital in Boston, and a representative of the Salvation Army presided over our last campfire meet of this year. She gave us a brief outline of the history of the Salvation Army, and its great work. Two other members furnished some very lovely violin music.

May 19: Track Meet. The annual track meet might well have been termed the "convention of good sports." Over one hundred students participated in high jumping, broad jumping, hurdling, basket ball and javelin throwing, and racing in the sixty yard dash. The juniors scored the majority of points over the Seniors—and the whites over the blues. The losers were not completely defeated however—for there was food and fun getting it.

May 20: Chapel. Mr. Paul Bauguss, president of the senior class at the New England Conservatory of Music, rendered several violin selections for us. It appears that the student body as a whole is cultivating a great appreciation of music—chosen by Mr. Bauguss. We hope to hear him again, perhaps in a larger auditorium.

May 21: Lecture. Mr. William D. Jones

gave a very interesting talk on "Oriental Rugs." His subject was made more interesting by his display of small rugs and explanations of each.

May 24: Vespers. Our speaker was Dr. Samuel A. Elliot of the Arlington Street Church in Boston.

May 25: May Fete. Each year it seems a little more difficult to select one person for the honors, but we were proud of our choice for May Queen—Ruth Rohe this year. She was crowned on (or in) the usual throne, the Crow's Nest, by the president of the senior class, after which she was serenaded by each class, and entertained by the dance club. The juniors afforded a very artistic background and passage for the queen and her procession with their arched boughs.

May 28: River Day. One of the most thrilling events of the year was made even brighter by the sun. Seven crews raced—raced well and willfully. The Juniors are to be congratulated on their winning crew—and record time for the course; while the other six crews certainly should be commended for their spirit of real sportsmanship and cooperation in making the day a successful and exciting one.

May 29: Mr. George S. Dunham has reason to be proud of his work with the Orphean Club this year, as every member of the Club was proud to participate in one of the "Pops" given by the Boston Symphony orchestra. The Club was accompanied by the Boston Symphony for one number, and Mr. Harold Schwab accompanied the first group on the piano. It was a treat for all the Lasell students to really sing a few school songs together "off campus." We hope the Lasell program at the Pops next year will be as successful and enjoyable as the first one.

May 31: Vespers. President Daniel L. Marsh of Boston University brought out one point in particular in his talk to us. If you can not realize your ideals, then idealize your real.

June 5: Fashion Show and Foods Exhibit. Sport outfits, afternoon frocks, evening gowns, and wraps were displayed by their owners and

makers. The variety of clothes and the graceful modeling made the fashion show a very entertaining and colorful affair. The food exhibit would have been a *complete* success, we hear, if the economics department could have arranged to distribute samples of every dainty displayed. We agree—it would almost tempt a saint to look at any of those tables for any length of time.

June 6: Senior Tea Dance. The last social gathering of the senior class took place in the Princess Room of the Somerset Hotel in Boston—in the form of a banquet, and tea dance. The tables were quite elaborately decorated with pink carnations—and food of all kinds and descriptions. The orchestra lived up to their good name, established at the senior prom, and from all reports, the seniors and their escorts did likewise. It was indeed a pleasure to have Miss Eastman and Miss MacClelland with us, and we should recommend them highly as ideal chaperones for any similar affairs in the future.

Sunday, June 7: The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. Drew of Gordon College, Boston, in the Auburndale Congregational Church at four in the afternoon. It is published fully under the title "The Construction of Our Inner Lives."

Monday, June 8: The Class Night exercises were held as usual on Bragdon lawn.

Tuesday, June 9: Last chapel and prize-giving in Bragdon chapel at 8:30 A. M. The Commencement exercises were held in the Auburndale Congregational Church at 10:45 A. M. Dr. Cousens of Tufts College was the speaker and is reported fully elsewhere in our columns. The Alumnae meeting was held at 2:30 in the library and is reported in the Personals column.

PRIZES

Scholarships

KARIN ELIASSON JANE HUPMAN

Special Prize

For excellence of workmanship in art and literature

NORMA KELLER

Lasell Coats

RUTH TILLEY

JANE PORTER

KARIN ELIASSON

Foods Prize

MARY O'CONNELL

CLARA GIARLA

Sewing Prizes

JANE PORTER

ELIZABETH BEAR

Student Council Pin

RUTH TILLEY

Leaves Prizes

NORMA KELLER

KATHLEEN COMSTOCK

DOROTHY BROWN

Tennis

ELIZABETH PAGE

Golf

VIRGINIA WHITMAN

Field Day Cup

JUNIOR CLASS

PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES

Field Day Numerals: Awarded to the girls winning eight or more points in the Athletic Meet. (1) Elizabeth Foster, '31, 10 points; (2) Mary Tucker, '32, 9 points; (3) Marion Freeman, '32, 8 points; (4) Katherine Hartman, '32, 8 points.

Field Day Cup: Won by the Junior Class. Presented to Dorothy Herring, President of the Junior Class.

Crew Awards: Members of the losing crews receive LCC's; girls in the crews for the second time receive Bars.

Captains: (1) Ruth Libby; (2) Gertrude Hooper; (3) Dorothy Candage; (4) Edith Parsons; (5) Ruth Tilley.

Winning Crew: The Junior Black Crew won. Members of this crew winning for the second time receive a Bar; those winning for the first time receive L's.

LINE UP OF CREWS

Junior Black Crew: Julia Case, Captain, Bar; Ethelyn Whitney, Ethel Buchanan, Mildred

Monson, Barbara Briggs, Thelma Macfarlane, Catherine Clynes, Katherine Hartman, Eugenia Loomis.

Senior Green: Ruth Tilley, Captain; Eleanor Idler, Betty Condit, Virginia Henshaw, Mary Hacker, Harriet Cole, Louise Roberts, Marjorie Middleton, Ruth Rohe.

Senior White: Ruth Libby, Captain; Dotha Warner, Ruth Gerry, Dorothy Brown, Elizabeth Daun, Kathleen Comstock, Phyllis Sherwell, Pearl Thompson, Jane Hupman.

Mixed Crew: Dorothy Candage, Captain; Bertha Root, Renee Smith, Shirley Wellington, Carol Griffin, Betty Andrews, Eunice Andrews, Drucille Bevin, Helen Parker.

Junior Blue: Gertrude Hooper, Captain; Betty Parrish, Minerva Pritchard, Iola Morse, Gertrude Dupuis, Rachel DeWolf, Marion Freeman, Elinor Small, Elizabeth Follett.

Alumnae Crew: Kay Fitch, '30, Captain; Pussy Barber, '30, Peggy Boyd, '30, Peg Basley, '28, Zip Daggett, '29, Gooley McDonald, '18-'28, Fran Badger, '24, Lill Bethel, '28, Helen Roberts, '30.

Junior Gold: Edith Parsons, Captain; Natalie Park, Dorothy Taggart, Barbara Gould, Helane Jones, Julia Krider, Hazel Kelley, Mary Tucker, Leslie Barker.

All Stars: Dorothy Glasser, Captain; Virginia Riley, Esther Drake, Ruth Peterson, Jean Bogardus, Mildred Bell, Helen Johnston, Gertrude Horner, Anna Savage.

Tennis: Elizabeth Page, winner of the tennis tournament receives an "L." Her name is engraved on a cup that remains at the school. An individual cup is given to her by the Athletic Association.

Members of the Tennis team receive "T's." Marion Newfield, Jane Porter, Ethelyn Whitney, Marjorie Tillotson, Leslie Barker, Mary Tucker, Elizabeth Page.

Golf: The winner of the Golf tournament, Virginia Whitman receives an individual statuette given by the Golf Club. Her name is also engraved on the school cup.

Life Saving: Red Cross Senior Life Saving certificates. Virginia Hinshaw, Gertrude

Hooper, Ethely Whitney, Grace Wellington, Frances Whittier, Lenna Lyon, Eleanor Ronimus, Mary Morgan, Thelma Macfarlane, Natalie Parks.

CERTIFICATES

Secretarial Science: Betty Condit, Jane Elizabeth Hupman, Virginia Allen Riley, Dotha Elizabeth Warner, Alma Mae Mackinnon, Martha Louise Roberts.

Accounting: Karin Ingeborg Eliasson, Frances Louise Long, Mary Alice Morgan, Virginia Luther Whitman, Mildred Josie Guyette.

Shorthand & Accounting: Lilian Esther Carl, Marjorie Ethel DuBois, Elizabeth Leach, Marjorie Ruth Middleton, Ruth Cruickshank.

Shorthand & Typewriting: Alice Lorraine Penny, Leslie Barker, Helen Edmunds Hooper, Ethel Doris Shutzer.

Shorthand: Helen Margaret Schaack, Mary Gilbert Hunter, Phyllis Frances Shankman, Dorothy Isabel Wickham.

Typewriting: Barbara Ellen Hunt, Hazel Helen Kelly, Agnes Booth Metcalf, Phyllis Irene Sherwell, Shirley Rossmore Wellington, Jane Grant, Ethel Vivian Baker.

Shorthand, Typewriting & Accounting: Margaret Veronica Hrubec.

Accounting & Typewriting: Virginia Atwood Cleasby, Ruth Ella Kinsley, Aline Louise Paull.

HOME ECONOMICS

Clothing & Foods: Miriam Osborne Abbe, Elizabeth Leanna Bear, Dorothy Curtis, Elizabeth Miriam Foster, Dorothy Davis Hall, Ruth Libby, Lenna Lyon, Mary Eileen O'Connell, Jane Jenkinson Porter, Helen Martin Sears.

Clothing: Ansonette Jordan Beckwith, Jean Bogardus, Lorraine Clark.

Foods: Beulah Carolne Fletcher, Ruth Lola Galusha, Clara Marie Giarla, Helen Katherine Gorham, Anna Emily Savage, Eunice Monica Stack.

Art: Sarah Bozeman Fletchall, Ella Estelle Geyer, Catharyn Tenney Hare, Norma Elizabeth Keller.

Music, (piano): Elizabeth Stevenson Daun,

Lorraine Hanson Lombard, Ruth Lang Rohe, Frances Eleanor Wheeler, Ruth Stevens Winslow, Constance Miriam Witham.

Music, (organ): Agatha Sexton Canfield, Renee Smith.

Expression: Elizabeth Pendred Keller, Ruth Ann Nicolette.

Leaves Prizes: Honorable mention: The following girls will receive one year's subscription to the LEAVES. Jane Hupman, Lillian Carl, Charlotte Hanson, Katherine Hartman, Dorothy Herring. Awarded for excellence of workmanship on the Lasell LEAVES staff for 1930-1931; 1st, Norma Keller; 2nd, Kathleen Comstock, Dorothy Brown.

Student Council Pin: Each girl serving four semesters on the Student Council receives a gold pin. 1. Ruth Tilley.

Sewing Prizes: (1) Jane Porter, 93.87; (2) Elizabeth Bear, 92.75. Honorable Mention: Miriam Abbe, 92.83 (1 1-2 years); Ruth Tilley, 91.63 (3 years); Jean Bogardus, 91 (2 years).

Food Prizes: (1) Mary O'Connell 91.33; (2) Clara Giarla, 90.67. Honorable Mention: Elizabeth Bear, 88.41; Jane Porter, 88.41; Miriam Abbe, 93 (1 year).

Special Prize: Norma Keller.

Lasell Coats, Honorable Mention: Katherine Hartman, Gertrude Hooper. Awarded to: Ruth Tilley, Karin Eliasson, Jane Porter.

Scholarships: Karin Eliasson, 90.8528; Jane Hupmann, 90.4923; Honorable Mention: Miriam Abbe, 89.18; Lucienne Blanchard, 89.13; Mary O'Connell, 89.10; Dortha Warner, 89.00.



Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon are now in residence at 615 Prospect Blvd., Pasadena, California, in other words, they are home again after a prolonged stay in nearby Hollywood. Lasell's loving greetings to our Principal Emeritus and his family.

June is still "par excellence" the month of festivities. Fair brides and young girl graduates usually lead the joyous processions. Lasell's heartiest congratulations to the Seniors of 1931 and the dear brides and grooms whose marriage announcements follow:

On Wednesday, June 10, in Evanston, Illinois, Dorothy Pearl Pearson, '24, and Mr. Paul William Cutler were married.

Georgia Fay Parrish, '26, of Peoria, Illinois, and Elizabeth Saxton, '23-'25, of Richmond, Indiana, chose June 20 as the day for their marriages to Mr. Sidney S. Campbell and Mr. Wasson Jesse Wilson, respectively. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will be at home after July 15, 1931, at 109 Highland Street, Hammond, Indiana. Incidentally, Elizabeth Saxton's mother, Mrs. Samuel Slanker Saxton was Lestra M. Hibbard of the Class of 1896.

New Milford, Connecticut, was the scene of the marriage of Virginia Prudence Stevens, '24, to Mr. Joseph Scott Burns on Saturday, May 2, 1931.

Dr. and Mrs. Briggs Samuel Palmer announce the marriage of their daughter, Esther Ashcroft, '24, to Mr. Carroll Irving Dwinell on Saturday, April 11 in Swampscott, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Dwinell are at home at 305 Chestnut Boulevard, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

June 6, 1931, was the date of the marriage of Carolyn Beatrice Duncan, '27, to Dr. Norman Gillmor Long.

At St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, Alice McDonald, '26-'28, of Summit, New Jersey, was married to Mr. John J. Chickering on April 25. After their wedding trip to Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Chickering are to live at 1088 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred James Crowhurst announce the marriage of their daughter, Ellen, '28, to Mr. Carl Henry Shaifer, junior, June the sixth.

The engagement of Ruth Hills, '23, to Mr. George Griswold Livermore is announced.

Announcements have been received of the engagement of Elsie Margaret Moore, '30, to Mr. Herbert Walton Johnson.

March 8, the engagement of Hilda Doyle, '29, of Lynbrook, L. I. to Mr. David Roland Armstrong was announced. This young couple expect to be married in October.

From Hartford, Connecticut, comes the announcement of Evelyn Hart's, '27-'28, engagement to Mr. Allan Watson, a member of this year's graduating class from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University.

Friends of Lasell, more especially the nearby "old girls" who are personally acquainted with Lasell's "First Lady," read with pride the following poem recently published in the columns of the *Boston Transcript*—the authoress, our own Mrs. Clara Austin Winslow. The Personals Editor of the LEAVES has sought and after much persuasion, has obtained permission to share this poem with the readers of the LEAVES.

TREE WISE

He is a forest-lover, and would choose to be
Upon a quiet hilltop, beneath his old pine tree.
Among little firs and cedars on that far-off hill,
Where spruce trees yield sweet odors, he would
 roam at will.

But life-devouring problems and things that must
 be done

Hold him fast, and order, "Stay right here, my son."
Yet the daily rush of duties cannot blind his eyes
To the beauty of the green boughs between him and
 the skies.

Restful, leafy shadows across his pathway fall,
In faint, sweet woodland voices alluring tree-sounds
 call.

So, through each day's turmoil he lives, calm and
 fair,

Deep inspiration drawing from the bracing forest
 air.

Clara Austin Winslow.

Helen Kowalewski's, '28, report of the spring meeting of the New Haven Lasell Club appears elsewhere in the LEAVES, but we cannot refrain from adding our word of surprise and pleasure over the generous contribution to the Endowment Fund given by this small but most loyal group of "old girls."

Faithful and efficient Mariesta Howland, '26, sends the following valuable contribution to the Personals Column of the June LEAVES. "Doris Shumaker Walthers, '26, as you know, is Class Life Secretary, but I have been her assistant in promulgating Reunion activities, and added about twenty-five personal letters to her form letter, so of course I have received a good many replies. All these should be of particular interest to the LEAVES, since this is our Fifth Reunion.

"Mabel Matthews, our Secretary, writes: 'I only wish I could be with you all for Reunion. However, that particular weekend is the busiest one of the year here (Montclair Academy, N. J.)—graduation is on Friday and the headmaster sails for Europe the next day. I shall be with you in spirit if not in the flesh and my good wishes go to all those who are lucky enough to get back. I see Audrey Jackson, '24-'25, once in a while and "Steve" about once a year.' 'Peg' is confidential secretary to the headmaster of Montclair Academy and enjoys her job.

"Gladys 'Squeak' Slocum writes from her dietitian's chair in the Binghamton City Hospital in Binghamton, New York: 'Sad to say, my patients have just as fussy appetites on those three days of Reunion as on any other, and I'm afraid I simply can't leave them. Such is the fate of people who become dietitians. I guess I'll just have to wait for next Reunion. Give my love to everybody.'

"The Fates have been unkind to poor Charlotte Russell Morrison, '26, but it is with a great deal of her old optimism that 'Russ' writes to me: 'I was married happily, but after an illness of nine months, my husband died—on May ninth, and since I am at present a semi-invalid myself, taking an enforced rest, I cannot come to Lasell. But—*c'est la vie*.'

"Margaret Anderson Gage, '26, our beloved Cheer-Leader and pianist, writes: 'A professor's salary is never a thing to brag about and it is a long walk from Oregon to Boston. Also, our exams start June 8 and I must participate in four' (ambitious 'Andy' is still stalking her degree, despite housekeeping and a husband). 'Please convey my kindest regards to Miss Potter, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, and my wishes to the class of '26 for a glorious reunion.'

"And Virginia Amos Farrington, Vice-President of '26, writes: "I would love to be up for Fifth Reunion, but it looks impossible. Give my love to everyone and when you sit down to your banquet remember even though there's no chair for me that there will be a spirit so strong and warm for '26 that you'll all know I am sure that it is the Great A-Mouse.' 'Ginnie' housekeeps in Warminster, Pennsylvania.

"Mildred Hamlin, '26, writes from Slatersville that her secretarial job will not permit her to take 'time off' for Reunion, although there is a slight chance of her driving up on Sunday for Baccalaureate. Mildred has just returned from a wonderful trip to Bermuda and is enthusiastic about the island. She also adds: 'Emily Wiedenmayer Wallace, '26, is keeping house in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. She has an adorable hubby and the darlinest baby boy.'

"Nadine Strong James, '26, in New York City, writes: 'I cannot come to Fifth Reunion. We are in the throes of house-hunting for the fall. Our six room apartment is too small now and I want to get out of the city, especially for the baby, so we plan to buy a house out in Garden City if we find what we like.' Nadine has a lovely little girl, Claire.

"More encouraging letters came from Betty

Van Cleve Giersch, '26, (saying that she was journeying all the way from Charlotte, N. C.) and Sue Shutts, '26, (who is driving on from New Jersey with Marian Thompson, '26, after recovering from a very serious nervous breakdown) and Madeleine Roth White, '26, and Marian Brown, '26, and Kaye Moore Silverwood, '26, and Betty Oppel Morris, '26, (who is leaving a twelve weeks old son and heir for the occasion) and a good many others of whom Dode has probably told you, and who will show their smiling faces this coming week-end.

"If any of this is of assistance to your Personals, I shall be extremely glad. I myself expect to be out at the school a good part of the week-end. I shall be staying with Phyllis Bridger Leathers, '26, in Winchester, and drive out with her. We may have Dorothy Schumaker, '26, with us. Dode tells me that Peg Rix Cole, '26, is giving a '26 tea on Sunday and that will surely be a happy occasion. She also adds that our class costumes are rapidly nearing completion. We are having a '26 luncheon Monday at Filene's as well as the class dinner at Lasell Monday night.

"Looking forward to seeing you and all Lasellians this coming week-end—Affectionately yours, Mariesta.

"On Saturday, April 18, at the New Haven Country Club, a score of Lasell girls lunched sumptuously around a beautifully appointed table. It was a warm Spring day with the bluest of skies and the sort of weather for folks to be out doors. And yet when Lasell girls get together they have such a good time that this goodly number turned out.

"Emma Ockert, '26, presided and as soon as we were gathered together she called on each to tell her class. We ranged from '98 to '29 but that mattered little.

"Constance Blackstock, '09, now a teacher at Lasell, brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter to her variegated colors of doves, and Mr. Amesbury. She also told us of a few of the changes at Lasell and made us wish we were back to enjoy them. However, we decided that though there might be surface

changes, there was none in the splendid spirit of Lasell which still binds us together.

"Some of the girls expressed the wish that there might be a regular drive for an endowment fund for buildings and Miss Blackstock suggested that this question be taken up by the alumnae and plans be made for the same.

"Our club was very pleased to send, by Miss Blackstock, a check of \$100 to Dr. Winslow for the endowment fund.

We were exceedingly sorry that Dr. and Mrs. Winslow could not be with us but we hope that some day they will be able to get down.

"The following were present: Ella Wood Willis, '97-'98, Constance E. Blackstock, '09, Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18, Anita Hotchkiss Scott, '18, Minnie Brockett Slayton, '21, Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, Marjorie Lowell Weeks, '23, Genevieve MacDonell, Ruth Tolman, '18-'19, Leota Fulton, '19-'20, Iverna Birdsall Biggin, '22, Mrs. Lawrence Longley, Gertrude Moeller, '26, Emma Ockert, '26, Edith Thorpe Van Dine, '27, Alice Pratt, '29, Margaret Behrens, '28, Helen Kowalewski, '28, Ruth Jones (guest of Helen Kowalewski), and Maude Williams, '29. (Signed) Helen Kowalewski, '28, Secretary."

✓ This month, Carol Rice, '16, received her degree in medicine from the University of Wisconsin. Since graduating from Lasell, Carol has been, through the aid of college post graduate work and round the world travel, steadily increasing in knowledge and power. Her latest educational program is that following her graduation she planned to go to Vienna for six months further study. There is apparently no limit to the splendid ambition of this student whose thirst for knowledge is apparently insatiable. Once again, Lasell's hearty congratulations, this time to Dr. Carol Rice. /

Gertrude Wagner's, '28, latest note to Dr. Winslow contains two most important announcements—first, a friendly reference to her engagement (a formal notice of which was found in the May issue of the LEAVES) and again she sent to the Endowment Fund a check of \$100 from the Chicago Lasell Club, a most

generous and appreciated gift. She closes with cordial greetings to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Wright and Miss Potter. Surely, Gertrude, yours is an all round, good news note which deserves Lasell's most hearty acknowledgment.

Adelle Wilson Moffett's, '13, present address is Southgate Apt., Bronxville, N. Y. In her letter, she expressed her great interest in Dr. Winslow's latest message to the New York Lasell Club where Adelle was a guest. She hopes possibly that later her daughter may be enrolled as one of our students.

Mildred Curtis Donaldson, '28, called a few days before Commencement. Accompanying her was her fine looking husband who has been in educational work since his graduation from Hamilton College. We enjoyed her call and only regretted that our Principal and many Faculty members of Mildred's day seemed to be away. Mildred, you and Mr. Donaldson must keep your promise to come again soon.

Marjorie Winslow, '28, a college graduate, certainly deserves Lasell's congratulations. It seems only a short time since she was one of us. We are indebted to the Publicity Department of Tufts College for the following interesting items concerning Marjorie's activities and honors during her college career. "Marjorie Winslow, a member of the graduating class at Tufts College is taking her degree in Economics. She came to Tufts from Lasell Seminary. Since a Sophomore she has been a member of the Jackson Tennis Team, and for the last two years has been the Captain. Music has been one of her main activities, being a member of the Jackson Glee Club and Orchestra. Miss Winslow has played baseball and hockey, as well as basketball, during her college career. She belongs to the French Club and is a member of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority." This summer, Marjorie is to be Head Counselor at a Cape Cod camp and Priscilla Winslow will accompany her.

It gave us unexpected pleasure when Ellen Zacharias, '29, Annette Harvey, '29, and her sister, Connie Chase, '29, and Helen Doyle, '29, were here for luncheon on Saturday, May 30.

Helen M. Tracy, '28, is graduating from Russell Sage College this year, and hopes later to find a position in a department of Home Economics. We wish her success in her new field.

We are indebted to a Boston daily for the following news item:

"LASELL GIRL OFF TO
WED IN CHILE"

"Cleveland, May 8. (AP)—Romance today was leading Miss Ruth Alexander, '27-'28, of Cleveland on a trip which will cross two oceans and end with her wedding at Antofagasta, Chile, May 22, to Lewis Langford, a young Texan engineer. Miss Alexander, a former student at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., is accompanied on the trip which started from Cleveland last night, by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Alexander. They will sail from New York Saturday on the steamship, Santa Clara. The romance started here last fall when the Cleveland girl met Mr. Langford while he was on a vacation."

A dispatch from Baltimore, Maryland, announces the marriage of one of our former students, "Billy", '27-'28, daughter of Mr. Stephen Brooks, a New York attorney, to Mr. J. Gordon Drain, former United States champion track athlete.

Accompanying her check for the Endowment Fund, Mildred Hotchkiss Girvin, '14, broke the disappointing news to us that while she was planning to spend the summer in New England, she unfortunately could not reach Auburndale in time for Commencement. Her husband is enjoying his work in Purdue University and she declares they are both beginning to feel like regular "Hoosiers." Mildred and her husband evidently intend to remain in the West for they have built a new home and are enjoying it very much. We are further interested in Mildred's reference to her little daughter, Elizabeth Anne, who "is fast becoming a big daughter. She has finished the kindergarten and is to enter the first grade in the fall." She closes with the hope that she will surely be

able to return to her Alma Mater for her twentieth reunion which is but three years off.

Maude E. Mathews, '89, and Maude Oliver Chipman, '89, appeared, to our joy, during the month of May. If we could, how gladly we would have detained them until Commencement week.

Girls who are habitués of New Rochelle and those who may visit that interesting N. Y. suburb, will do well to remember that our former student, Marjorie Hitchins, '23-'24, is now occupying a business position with the firm of Marion Bryant, address, 79 Centre Ave., New Rochelle. This company specializes in women's apparel and it contains, I am sure, many attractive articles for Lasell patrons.

Ethel D. Loud, '93-'96, and her sister are living nearby and yet we so seldom meet. It was a distinct surprise and pleasure for Lasell when Ethel called one of these fair days of early spring. We were interested in her report of her and her sister's success in their chosen work.

Katherine Webb's, '24, visit was long enough to prove satisfactory to her Lasell friends and especially her hostess, Miss Frances Badger. She is still serving as private secretary in one of the Episcopal Churches of her city and enjoying her "ministerial" work. We only wish she could return to Lasell more frequently.

Betty Gilbert Forsyth, '29, looking if anything younger than she did in the student days, was the guest of Miss Blackstock, May 4 and fortunately that afternoon drifted into one of the Faculty tea parties which was being served in Bragdon Hall. Her description of her winsome daughter made us all long for a personal acquaintance with this dainty little lady. Betty promised that she would surely bring her with her on the next visit.

Mary Quick Dean, '14, of Providence, R. I., one of our pre-Commencement visitors, was courteous enough to look in on us at Bragdon, but her real objective was to call on Alice Price, '32, at Woodland, one of our Indiana girls whose mother was an intimate friend of Mary's family. We have a feeling that we

are indebted to Mrs. Quick for having given the favorable word which caused this most acceptable girl to select Lasell.

Mary D. Pryor, '28, has just received a new honor for she was graduated, June 6, from the New Jersey College for Women. Lasell joins with her host of friends in heartiest congratulations.

A friendly note of inquiry from Mrs. Charlotte N. Ingwersen, mother of our former student, Charlotte, '24-'25, has given us a hope that possibly later the younger daughter, Emily, may become a member of our student body. We remember distinctly and most pleasantly the older sister who was in our school during '24-'25. It is a matter of great gratification to us to have Mrs. Ingwersen's testimony that her daughter's year at Lasell was so very worthwhile.

Dorothy Grant Nazro writes from Tela, Honduras, a praise-worthy report of Sybil Weymouth, '19, who is secretary to the manager of one of the important business firms of Tela. It also pleased us very much to have such fine reference to Sybil's schoolmates, Rosenda Cabrerias Matheis, '19, and Concha Aguirre Turnbull, '17-'19. Lasell is especially gratified to be so happily represented in this southern zone.

A number of Lasell folk in residence, faculty and students have received most gracious messages from Iris Cordero, '30-'31. In her note to Mrs. Winslow she writes: "All my friends are very much interested in knowing all details about the life there. I tell them that the thing impressing me most was the warm hospitality of the New England people. I will never forget how kind you all were to me.

"The days are not very warm. I have been able to wear the warm clothes I bought in Boston. My friends are not very pleased when I tell them that I prefer cold weather to our tropical heat. I do not know if it is because snow was new to me, but I liked it. The scenery was just wonderful. The girls want me to describe snow and how it looked when it was falling down.

"I have started teaching English. I find I can speak it more fluently, and the enunciation of some sounds is much better.

"I will never forget your kindness. It was a delightful experience to be able to meet you and your family. I hope in the near future I will have the pleasure of seeing you and Dr. Winslow in our island. Sincerely, Iris Cordero."

Marjorie Allyn, '26, is now the Dietitian of the Mary Hitchcock Hospital, Hanover, New Hampshire, and is also the Secretary of the New England Dietetic Association. Her mother was one of our most welcomed guests at Commencement time. She came on also for the graduation of her daughter, Helen, who has just completed her course at the Wheelock Kindergarten School, Boston. Her oldest son, Horace, was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1930, while her younger daughter, Nancy is a member of the 1933 class of Mt. Holyoke College. Certainly Annie Pinkham Allyn, '02, has every reason to be a proud mother. Lasell's congratulations to her and her family.

It was Anna Lovering Christopher's, '81, fiftieth anniversary and like a loyal Lasellite, she returned to celebrate at her old school home as our guest of honor, just as radiant as she was of old and possibly even more beautiful than ever. As Mrs. Martin would say, "She is very much alive in mind and soul and body." At the alumnae meeting she delighted us with her fine tribute to Lasell of her day and today.

As an aftermath to Etta MacMillan Rowes, '11-'13, recent call at Lasell, there came from her this gracious message to our Principal's wife, Mrs. Winslow. She is writing from Shawondasee, her northern home near Westerly, Rhode Island. "While the spell of our delightful visit to Lasell is still with me, I wish to again assure you of the pleasure it was to see you and Dr. Winslow, to renew old acquaintances and to revisit familiar scenes. It was just like a happy homecoming. That is one of the secrets of the charm of Lasell.

"I particularly enjoyed our little tour of inspection. It helped me to more fully realize the fulfillment of the vision which you and Dr. Winslow have been endeavoring to materialize. What a satisfaction it must be to you both to contemplate your successful achievements!

"Your interest in acquiring these fine properties, and your love of trees, draws me nearer to you. These are pursuits similar to those which my husband and I enjoyed." Then followed a cordial invitation for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to become her guests at this estate by the sea which Virginia Williamson Hurlbutt, '12-'13, who accompanied Etta declares "is well worth seeing especially because of the fine trees which adorn the grounds, stretching away as they do some one hundred acres or more." We were disappointed that Etta and Virginia and Virginia's wee daughter, who, by the way, is a musical prodigy, were unable to join us at Commencement time.

Some charming cards with friendly messages thereon have been received from Lela Goodall Thornburg, '08. She and Dr. Thornburg were finding the Dalmatian coast towns fascinating. They also enjoyed a seventeen days cruise to ports in North Africa. Later, Dr. Thornburg will attend two medical clinics, one in Vienna and another in Bordeaux. We very much hope that their plan to stop at Lasell on their way to their California home will materialize this fall.

One of the most delightful features of this Commencement time was the "return home to Lasell" of the Class of 1906. In compliance with our request their beloved president, Maude Simes Harding, '06, has most kindly submitted the report which follows: "Twelve of the twenty-nine living members of the Class of 1906 answered roll call in the same spirited manner which always characterizes their reunions. Before their entrance to the alumnae meeting a picture of the Military Drill Companies of 1906 was shown, reminding the Alumnae of that almost forgotten Campus spectacle. Then, to the tune of the 'Wooden Soldiers' and led by Edna Follett, '03-'07, for-

merly Captain Thurston of the banner-winning Company B, they marched into the library arrayed in Civil War caps, armed (most appropriately for the day) with umbrellas, and hanging from the belt of each one was a diminutive red knapsack on which were the '06 numerals. After a short drill, they sang:—

The days are gone
When Drill was on,
But in our dreams
We hear the tramp of feet.
Again we meet
To the drum's gay beat.
Lasell's on dress parade!

"Further drill was followed by a 'Cheer for '06' song, and the tune of the exit was lost in the laughter of the audience.

"The Class of 1906 is keenly appreciative of the steady progress that Lasell is making, and to those who have not recently been in touch with the yearly exhibits, the achievements of the Art department and the Domestic Science classes seemed most remarkable.

"The incomparable hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, and the special and delicate attention shown to the oldest class observing a reunion, filled every one of the returning members with a surging renewal of loyalty and devotion to the School Home to which the 'white (and black) doves' return whenever release from their own particular 'cot' is possible."

Maude Wetherbee Wakfield, '15, has written expressing doubts as to her being able to report at the summer meeting of the St. Johnsbury Lasell Club, but added this saving clause: "Lasell is as dear to me as ever and I hope that in 1932 I will be able to be with you all once again."

The recruiting year after year of the Lasell ranks comes often not by enlistment but many of the new recruits have been pre-destined, so to speak, to follow in the wise way of their mothers, or sisters, or aunts, loyal "old girls" wishing that their little ones in turn may enjoy the mothering of their own Alma Mater. Lasell welcomes the following little ones who possibly may fill our ranks in the on-coming years.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin C. Bradley, Jr., of Rut-

land, Vermont, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on May 7th. Mrs. Bradley was formerly Miss Helen F. Graham of Springfield, Mass., who was graduated from Lasell with the Class of 1929.

Wee Alice Jane Tyler came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Tyler (Bernice Cole, '21) the twenty-second of April.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil G. Dandison of Newton Centre are the proud parents of May Louise Dandison, born May 19, 1931. Mrs. Dandison was formerly Minnie Joy Remick, '27.

We hope these boys are booked for colleges conveniently near.

On April 20, 1931, little Charles Henry Collins arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Collins (Marjorie F. Knowles, '29).

Mr. and Mrs. David L. Hershfield (Sylvia Glock Levi, '24) announce the arrival of their little son, Alan David, on May 4, 1931.

Mary Thielens Peebles, '04-'05, was one of the '06 group and she brought especially cordial greetings from the Lasell Club of Chicago which she represented. She also presented a fine picture of herself and daughter to our Dean.

Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, also left with Miss Potter a charming photograph of her Mary Ruth. We find it difficult to realize that this girl with a distinct college air is our little Mary Ruth of a few years ago.

Mary Godard Dresser, '21-'23, and Dorothy Merwin Brown, '23, came up for the Annual Lasell River Day. Both girls looked well and gave a good report of themselves. Mary's snapshot of her little son ought to be a prize winner. It represents the dear child fast asleep with a fat little thumb between his lips and using his devoted Boston Terrier as a pillow. The dog is wide awake but evidently nothing on earth would cause him to move a hair while his beloved playmate is enjoying a nap at "doggie's" expense.

The loyalty of the Griffin family was again evidenced for mother and two daughters, Marion Griffin Walcott, '16, and Freda Griffin

Leining, '20, accompanied by Alice Grimes Griffin, '20, were on for the races and later were Commencement guests of the younger sister, Carol, now a Lasell Junior.

Mrs. Case, too, was present on River Day and was doubtlessly proud as well as happy to discover that her daughter, Julia, was Captain of the winning crew.

Me missed Mr. and Mrs. Carl at Commencement time but were glad to have Charlessa Carl, '28, represent the family at her sister Lillian's graduation.

Our one regret is that there is not another daughter in the Cole family destined for Lasell. We rejoiced to again welcome Mr. and Mrs. Cole and Helen, '28, as they came to celebrate Harriet's graduation.

Ida Mallory Lyon, '03, and her husband made us thrice glad by making a real visit at Lasell. Ida's objective was to celebrate her daughter Lenna's graduation, but incidentally in company with a group of her former teachers and schoolmates she enjoyed many happy reminiscences. Her son, a Junior in Technology and an honor student made us happy now and then by joining us in our Commencement festivities.

It did not seem in order to have a Lasell Commencement without the presence of our dear Ella Richardson Cushing, '73. Affectionate messages were sent to our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Bragdon, and also to Mrs. Cushing from the Lasell Alumnae Association.

Among our most welcomed Commencement guests were these former members of our Faculty: Miss Martha Ransom, Dean Margaret Rand, Miss Carrie True, our Mrs. Blanche Martin, and Miss Florence Dudley. Mrs. Saunders arrived a little late but we were glad to see her and listen to her account of a most successful year in her new position.

Shortly before Commencement, Mrs. Henry Dunham called at Lasell and presented several copies of Professor Dunham's "Memoirs" to his friends among the Lasell Faculty. The beautiful volume is a fitting tribute to the memory of the composer who had such a large share

in the forward movement of the New England Conservatory of Music and also our own school where for many years he was Dean of the Department of Music. Lasell gratefully acknowledges the gift and will ever cherish the memory of this gifted musician.

Our latest line from Mae Chisholm Brown, '03-'04, deserved to be published, every word of it—one of the busiest and most successful of "old girls" and yet one of the happiest. She closes her letter with this potent word: "Do tell the girls they will find abundant use for everything they are required to learn. Life will use every atom of it and cry for more!"

Marjorie Gifford Grimm, Jr.'s, '22, latest note to Mrs. Winslow contains a cunning picture of her two little children out for a swim in the warm South sea, Florida way, and also a newspaper tribute to Judge Grimm giving and account of his uninterrupted success as a servant of the public, a private citizen and a judge.

Julia Potter Schmidt, '06, of Evanston, regretted her absence from her class reunion. Her daughter, "Hetty Betty" is well established in the high school and her son enters high school next fall after having held uninterrupted honor rank in his preparatory work.

Again we are indebted to Alice Dunsmore Van Harlinger, '78, for interesting news about her own family and the larger Lasell family which she has graciously adopted as her very own. Of our Eleanor Steele, '25, she writes: "A Vermont girl teaching in a Georgia school. She is delightful." To our satisfaction, she reports a fine letter from Ida Phillips, '77, whose health has been restored. Alice never fails to render thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for those two perfect days she and her classmate, Alice Linscott Hall, '78, enjoyed as Lasell's guest in June, 1928, when celebrating their fiftieth anniversary.

Caroline Jameson, '30, sends her regrets for the Commencement festivities in these homey words: "It all brings back such happy memories of my own last year and makes me really homesick for dear Lasell. But, I am coming back

for it all some spring. It is something worth travelling a long way to enjoy."

This is Marcia W. Pinkham's, '27, first year as a pedagogue. That it has been a successful venture we may gather from her report to Dr. Winslow: "I am now completing my first year of teaching in the Concord, New Hampshire High School. Have thoroughly enjoyed the experience. It is truly fascinating work."

Bernice Cunningham Smith, '24-'25, has been broadcasting piano recitals daily. Lasell girls who have listened in will join us in extending congratulations to this young artist.

Frances Boothby, '27-'28, now a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music is our near neighbor and recently entertained the school at a Chapel Hour. We were thrilled by the brilliant performance of the young virtuoso who merits Lasell's heartiest congratulations.

Anna Andrews Barris, '01-'02, deserves a blue ribbon because of her success with her pen. She has been writing magazine articles for years but just now has published three books for children under the title of "The Plantation Series" by Anna Andrews. Old girls who remember this former Lasell student and teacher in residence in Berkeley, will wish to join us in extending congratulations to the author of this group of stories. They are published by Cupples & Leon, N. Y., and contain fascinating glimpses into the unusual life of a North American child who is sojourning in far away South America. These are true stories out of Mrs. Barris' personal experiences while a resident in the far South-land.

This year, our Faculty members perhaps more than the students are on the travellers' lists. Miss Blackstock, '09, is well on her way to India. Misses Witherbee, '92, and Irwin are together touring the great West, not stopping short of the Pacific Coast. Misses Kay Peterson, Foote, and Williams sailed for Europe at the close of school. Mr. Schwab will spend his vacation with his parents in Pasadena, California.

Helen Roberts, '30, having "done" Europe last summer is now to get better acquainted

with her own continent by going westward as far as Oregon and possibly later further on.

Charlotte Hanson's, '32, summer is to be spent in Europe.

Ella Wilson Comstock, '96, was yet another "old girl" who returned to Lasell this Commencement season to celebrate the graduation of her daughter, Kathleen. Mrs. Comstock's active part in the Alumnae Meeting showed her continued interest in her Alma Mater's development. Our congratulations to mother and daughter, both now Lasell Alumnae.

Among the post-Commencement guests at our Principal's home were Mr. Arthur Austin of Orleans, Vermont, accompanied by his wife, little son and their daughter. Mrs. Austin came to celebrate her twentieth anniversary as a graduate of Wellesley College. We were especially pleased to meet little Frances Austin who had just won the second prize in sewing offered by the State and naturally we at once began to covet this prize winner for a future Lasell girl.

Martha Hazelet Crooks, '10, and Elizabeth Hazelet Weis, '13-'14, nieces of Mr. Wagner and Miss Ransom, arrived just a little late for our Commencement, accompanied by Elizabeth's little son, Paul Dener. Their stay was altogether too short to satisfy relatives and friends. Nevertheless we were delighted to welcome these two Lasell girls, daughters of one of our most beloved former students, Sadie Ransom Hazelet, '75-'79.

Mary Louise Weymouth Thompson, '22, missed Commencement by four days. At the time of her visit quiet reigned at the school. This furnished an opportunity for a delightfully satisfactory conference with this particular "old girl."

Through a letter to Dr. Winslow, we have recently heard from Marie Cogswell Gelinsky, '06. She is just now interested in sending a young Oregon girl friend back to her Alma Mater and Lasell would certainly be most happy to welcome any one recommended by Marie. We, too, were sorry that this gradu-

ate could not join her Class of 1906 in their twenty-fifth reunion.

"TWENTY-SIX REPRESENT 'TWENTY-SIX"

"Although Western and Southern girls began to straggle in on Saturday and to fill Blaisdell's pristine halls with joyous clatter, the first official gathering of 'Twenty-Six, returned for its Fifth Reunion, took place Sunday evening at high tea at the lovely new Colonial home of Peg Rix Cole, '26, in Newton Centre.

"Peg, who had always a genius for home-making was the perfect hostess, gracious, poised, yet youthful as of old. Besides Miss Wright, who remembered us all in our mischievous Gardner days, there appeared Dorothy Asletine, '26, Phyllis Bridger Leathers, '26, Helen Duncan, '26, Constance Ely Coddington, '26, Millicent Horton Hughes, '26 Edith Jensen, '26, Hazel Kramer O'Donnell, '26, Elizabeth Kimball, '26, Gertrude Moeller, '26, Kathryn Moore Silverwood, '26, Emma Ockert, '26, Frances Potter, '26, Madeleine Roth White, '26, Doris Schumaker Walthers, '26, Suzanne Shutts, '26, Marian Thompson, '26, Elinor Stevens, '26, Elizabeth Van Cleve Giersch, '26, Marian Brown, '26, Mariesta Howland, '26, and Peg herself. Unexpected was the delight of seeing Martie Birchby Boyden, '24-'25, who was with '26 in the Junior year and who is now married and living in Quincy, still studying her music. She brought with her a chubby two-year-old daughter, Diane.

"There was the usual excited exchange of news and comment, quip and crank. We all had to learn that Dottie Aseltine is secretary to three bank directors and loves her job, that her pretty sister, Marge, is married; that Phyl Bridger Leathers has a delightful new home in Winchester; that Connie Ely Coddington not only has one son, but welcomed another boy four months ago to the attractive Coddington home in Concord; that Millicent Horton has joined the ranks of the matrons; that Edith Jensen is quite as efficient a secretary as she is

pretty and charming; that Elizabeth Kimball has lost none of her old humor and 'high jinks;' that Hazel Kramer is a 'Mrs.;' Kaye Moore and Betty Van Cleve old roomies married within two months of each other, speak enthusiastically of their new husbands; Foppie Potter demurely admitted to being engaged; Madeleine White just returned from a West Indies trip is the same old travel bug intending to 'do' Maine and Connecticut before returning to her new house in Peoria; Dode Schumaker Walthers is busy settling a new apartment in Malden; Sue Shutts is recovering from a nervous breakdown but is as gay and musical as ever; 'Tommie' has grown slim and is as stylish and peppy as we always picture her; and Brown-Brown has gone and gotten very sylph-like, too. Mariesta Howland reported herself living in Longwood and deep in editorial and publicity writing in the Beacon Hill Publishing house of Little, Brown.

"The flow of eager reunion talk did not diminish even when Peg gave the signal for the dining-room—and it is well-known that Lasell girls love their 'collation!' Mad. Roth White poured tea and Connie Ely Coddington did the honors of the coffepot while Dottie Aseltine served hors d'oeuvres and cakes and Mariesta apportioned the sherbet.

"Then the Class Baby, Nancy Cole, had to be displayed, and '26 was duly delighted to find that she was small and dainty and blue-eyed and tow-haired with a fetching hair-bow and a generally charming demeanor. Nancy is best described as resembling some precious miniature bit of Sèvres of Dresden. Her young brother, a little over a year old, came in for some petting too, although they were both a bit sleepy for the occasion.

"Monday, Dode had arranged for a private class luncheon at Filene's Restaurant and there we saw additions to the roll-call. A clever hostess had carried out Dode's pencil sketch of our Lamp by arranging a center piece of purple and gold, the Lamp sailing boat-fashion on waves of gold and purple. Here we welcomed the later-comers, Doris Cobb, '26, from

Woodfords, Maine, Dordie Messenger Heath, '26, who has grown plumper and as pretty as ever and who quite neglected to bring her daughter, Diane, with her, although we're told that Diane has bigger and darker eyes even than Dordie; Elizabeth Oppel Morris, '26, who reluctantly forsook an enchanting three months old son to drive up from Bridgeport; Ruby Rice, '26, married last summer, and Margaret Beck, '26, whose job is ushering Yale juniors safely through college. Of course the indoor sport of the lunch-hour proved to be the passing about of snapshots of husbands and babies and a study of large and sparkling diamond solitaires!

"We think, ourselves that our Reunion costume was appropriate and unique, and it should be stated here that full credit goes to the indefatigable Dode for the idea and for most of the labor. She was ably assisted on several of the costumes by Ede Jensen, '26, Peggie Rix Cole, '26, and Connie Coddington, '26. 'Twenty-Six, gloriously and uniformly clad in pajama suits of purple and gold cambric marched in to Class Dinner in the Lasell dining-room, Monday evening singing lustily, 'Twenty-Six Means This to You and Me. We reinstated the purple and gold centerpiece on Table No. 1 and Sue and Mariesta led us in two or three of the more 'rememberable' of the '26 pep songs. We sang our cap and gown song too, although perhaps we didn't venture on the closer harmonies of yester-year. However, it all came flooding back in a curiously poignant and accustomed fashion, and there wasn't a member of the class that didn't feel twenty again and very much a Lasellite!

"A telegram of greeting came from Mollie and Denney who were unable to be present and there were a good many letters received by both Dode and Mariesta, full of warm love and deep regret that the sender could not be among us. Some of these should be mentioned. 'Barkie', '26, (now Mrs. Harold Reehre) wrote that she has a grand secretarial job that she didn't want to jeopardize by absence. Mil Hamlin, '26, likewise has a secre-

tarial job that she didn't feel she could leave so soon after a delightful trip to Bermuda, and Ginnie Wood McKay, '26, reported that she would certainly have come were it not for the mischievous activity of her nine months old daughter, Constance. Perhaps Connie is athletic—as Ginnie was! Anita Krakauer's, '26, wedding invitation came in Spanish. Translated it reads:

*'Adolph M. Krakauer and Ana E. Krakauer
Atty. Manuel Prieto and Felicitas M. de Prieto
invite you to the wedding or their children*

Anita

and

William

*and are honored in inviting you to the religious
ceremony which will be solemnized*

Thursday, the eighteenth,

in the Sanctuary of Our Lady of

Guadalupe, Chihuahua,

June, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.'

Anita's bridegroom is a clever young doctor in Chihuahua, as you probably know. Mae Ely, a 26-er who did not get to our Reunion is now dietitian in a Pennsylvania Hospital. Dorothy Schumaker, '26, could not attend Reunion because of illness, but she is ensconced on Beacon Hill for the summer and plans to work in Boston once more; Erna Schmidt Awalt, '26, could not join us because her lovely little girl, Jean, keeps her so busy. Did you know that Emily Widenmayer Wallace, '26, is now the mother of a lovely baby? Ginnie Wood McKay, '26, told me that her cousin, Betty Almy, '27, now Mrs. Carl Lincoln, has a seven months old son, which I suppose will be news to some members of '27.

"Twenty-Six's Fifth ended on a very human and very natural note. We like to think about it. The girls in Blaisdell ordered food from Dangel's and at eleven o'clock ate it in one of the bedrooms on 'second.' We like to remember that last backward look of ours—seeing Betty Van Cleve curled around a sandwich, Sue sipping a milk shake, Liz singing a popular ditty,—and we had to recite 'With I wath I'il fith' before we departed, too!

MARIESTA DODGE HOWLAND."

Florence Ebersole Bartlett, '02, and her daughter, a Wellesley College senior, reported at Lasell the day following our Commencement. Mrs. Bartlett is one of four members of the Ebersole family who are Lasell graduates, and to the number we must add the name of Mary Helen Swartzel, '23-'24, the daughter of Helen Ebersole Swartzel, 01-'02, who went to Wellesley by way of Lasell. Mrs. Bartlett recalled with enthusiasm her Lasell days and the members of our Faculty of whom she still cherishes grateful remembrance.

Gertrude Rice Thayer, '81, did not join her classmate, Anna Lovering Christopher, '81, on the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation from Lasell, but she later sent a line to Dr. Winslow from her new address at East Harwich, Massachusetts. She writes: "I remember when I was graduated from Lasell there were few present from the earlier classes. Our class was small, but made up in quality, maybe, what it lacked in quantity. It will not hurt my feelings if any one chooses to dispute this statement. Nellie Ferguson Conant, '81, now seems to commute between Boston and Paris, spending part of the year in France with her daughter Sylvia, and part with her son, Nelson, in Dedham. We have always kept up the bond of friendship formed at Lasell. We have each had our share of the sorrows of life, but seem to be slipping along to a serene old age with all our faculties still in good working order. The Seminary has increased threefold in the fifty years past and has advanced under your wise guidance."

Gracia Barnhart, '91-'92, was among our enthusiastic June callers. She made quite a detour in order to report at her old school home and those of us in residence greatly appreciate her unfailing interest in Lasell.

Mildred Pierce Fuller, '06, and her second son, Timothy, are "off" for Europe and plan a summer tour through France in their own car. Mildred's elder son, Pierce, has just been graduated from the Middlesex School, where for four years he has been an honor student and on graduation he was one of four

students to receive the highest honors. Every year Harvard College presents a gift of \$100 to sixteen students selected from private schools who, because of superior scholarship, deserve this honor. This year, Pierce Fuller was one of the sixteen to receive the well earned prize.

LASELL SEMINARY ENDOWMENT FUND

Dear "Old Girls:"

In the April issue of the LEAVES, I gave you a little sketch of the Endowment Fund, stating that it amounted at that time to \$80,361.36. Since that time, through the cooperation of the Alumnae and through the generosity of the graduating class of 1931, we have been able to build the Fund up to \$84,401.56.

This year there has been a noticeable slowing up on the part of the Alumnae in sending in their pledges, which are due every April 1st, and this, no doubt, is due to the unsettled business conditions throughout the country. However, it will be helpful if everyone will make a special effort to get this pledge to us as soon as possible.

The following list gives the status of the Fund by classes and organizations.

*Class of 1857	\$ 1,065.81
Class of 1861	252.53
Class of 1863	285.46
Class of 1880	373.82
Class of 1881	6.53
Class of 1882	30.64
Class of 1883	138.80
Class of 1887	46.55
Class of 1893	111.72
Class of 1894	239.43
Class of 1896	92.07
Class of 1897	221.98
Class of 1898	127.19
Class of 1899	328.39
Class of 1900	193.33
Class of 1901	70.30
Class of 1902	188.99
Class of 1903	140.42
Class of 1904	33.97
Class of 1905	330.33
Class of 1906	164.36
Class of 1907	30.40

Class of 1908	514.65
Class of 1909	159.84
**Class of 1910	536.57
Class of 1911	171.42
Class of 1912	334.27
Class of 1913	39.98
Class of 1914	466.13
Class of 1915	180.78
Class of 1916	240.58
Class of 1917	1,308.57
Class of 1918	432.32
Class of 1919	223.21
Class of 1920	138.00
Class of 1921	682.21
Class of 1922	3,488.84
Class of 1923	3,235.31
Class of 1924	2,153.17
Class of 1925	2,468.23
Class of 1926	2,204.08
Class of 1927	2,000.13
Class of 1928	1,618.69
Class of 1929	1,617.38
Class of 1930	1,861.25
Class of 1931	1,581.52
Class of 1932	9.96
General Alumnae Fund	4,322.87
Lasell Library Fund	400.55
*Charlotte A. Bancroft Fund (Class of 1857)	7,744.90
Angeline C. Blaisdell Fund (Class of 1867)	13,469.32
**Hannah Proctor Bonner Memorial Fund (Class of 1910)	5,236.67
Ruth Talcott Britton Fund	3,654.64
Jeremiah Clark Fund	1,546.98
Blanche C. Martin Fund	133.05
Guy M. Winslow Fund	11,432.91
Chicago Lasell Club	158.08
Conn. Valley Lasell Club	984.80
Eastern Maine Lasell Club	76.89
New York Lasell Club	270.79
New Haven Lasell Club	385.13
Omaha and Council Bluffs Lasell Club	374.44
Southern California Lasell Club	70.06
Western Mass. Lasell Club	23.35
Lasell in China	159.19
Michigan Lasell Club	40.00
Undistributed Income	1,776.83
	\$84,401.56

The contributors to the Fund from July 1, 1930 to date are as follows:

CLASS OF 1880
Pierce, Mrs. Annie Kendig
Potter, Lillie R.

CLASS OF 1883

Dumas, Mrs. Seraphine Mason

CLASS OF 1887

Smith, Mrs. Hattie Greenleaf

CLASS OF 1893

Wheelock, Mrs. Jessie Gaskill

CLASS OF 1894

Rich, Jennie M.

CLASS OF 1896

Chaney, Mrs. Kate Pennell

Pierce, Mrs. Josephine Chandler

CLASS OF 1897

Kip, Mrs. Edith Howe

CLASS OF 1898

Duncan, Mrs. Emma Aull

Lounsbury, Mrs. Clara Davis

CLASS OF 1899

Allen, Mrs. Evelyn Ebert

Mackintosh, Mrs. Elise Scott

Viles, Mrs. Annie Johnson

Wilson, Mrs. Alice Jenckes

CLASS OF 1902

Allyn, Mrs. Annie Pinkham

Houser, Mrs. Cornelia Douglass

Perry, Mrs. Bessie Fuller

CLASS OF 1903

Lyon, Mrs. Ida Mallory

Olmstead, Mrs. Mary Goodwin

CLASS OF 1904

Knox, Mrs. Katherine Jenckes

CLASS OF 1905

Hayden, Mrs. Ida Jones

Wright, Mrs. Edith Harber

CLASS OF 1908

Cole, Mrs. Grace Emerson

Griswold, Grace T.

Nestler, Mrs. Louise Morrell

CLASS OF 1909

Blackstock, Constance E.

Hume, Maria R.

Thomassen, Mrs. Florence Swartout

CLASS OF 1910

Berston, Mrs. Lucy Aldrich

Campbell, Mrs. Mildred Goodall

Rand, Mrs. Josephine Woodward

Stryker, Susan

CLASS OF 1912

David, Mrs. Annie Merrill

Edson, Elizabeth

Townsend, Mrs. Mary Goodwillie

Westervelt, Mrs. Jane Parsons

CLASS OF 1914

Girvin, Mrs. Mildred Hotchkiss

CLASS OF 1915

Tiffany, Susan E.

CLASS OF 1916

Atwill, Orissa M.

McKinney, Mrs. Lavinia Fera

Strohecker, Mrs. Helen Merrill

CLASS OF 1917

Brady, Hazel

Routier, Mrs. Helen Bauman

CLASS OF 1918

Adams, Lydia A.

Bowman, Mrs. Helene Davenport

McLellan, Barbara H.

Newcomb, Ruth B.

Paine, Mrs. Dorothy Barnes

Stone, Mrs. Helen Smith

CLASS OF 1919

Feffer, Mrs. Carolyn Kuhn

Mayo, Mrs. Olive Chase

Nichols, Mercie V.

CLASS OF 1920

Broock, Mrs. Catherine Rice

Downey, Mrs. Margaret Perley

CLASS OF 1921

Beede, Helen L.

Leach, Mrs. Ruth Ordway

CLASS OF 1922

Perry, Mrs. Margaret Reid

Rawlings, Mabel E.

Smith, Barbara

CLASS OF 1923

Detweiler, Mrs. Ruth Throm

Hills, Ruth

Hopkins, Ruth

Markert, Ida A.

Watters, Jessie

CLASS OF 1924

Bunker, Mrs. Mabel Bavier

Bunnell, Margaret

Francisco, Mrs. Helen Terry

McClaren, Mrs. Katherine Knox

Terhune, Elsie A.

Warren, Mrs. Pauline Gagne

Wilder, Geraldine

CLASS OF 1925

Bullis, Glenna E.

Jenkins, Mrs. Barbara Cushing

Wahlquist, Helen

CLASS OF 1926

Africa, Isabel

Duncan, Helen L.

Giersch, Mrs. Betty Van Cleve

Groves, Mrs. Grace Lawrence

Hale, Dorothy

Heath, Mrs. Dorothy Messenger

Hughes, Mrs. Millicent Horton

Kimball, Elizabeth

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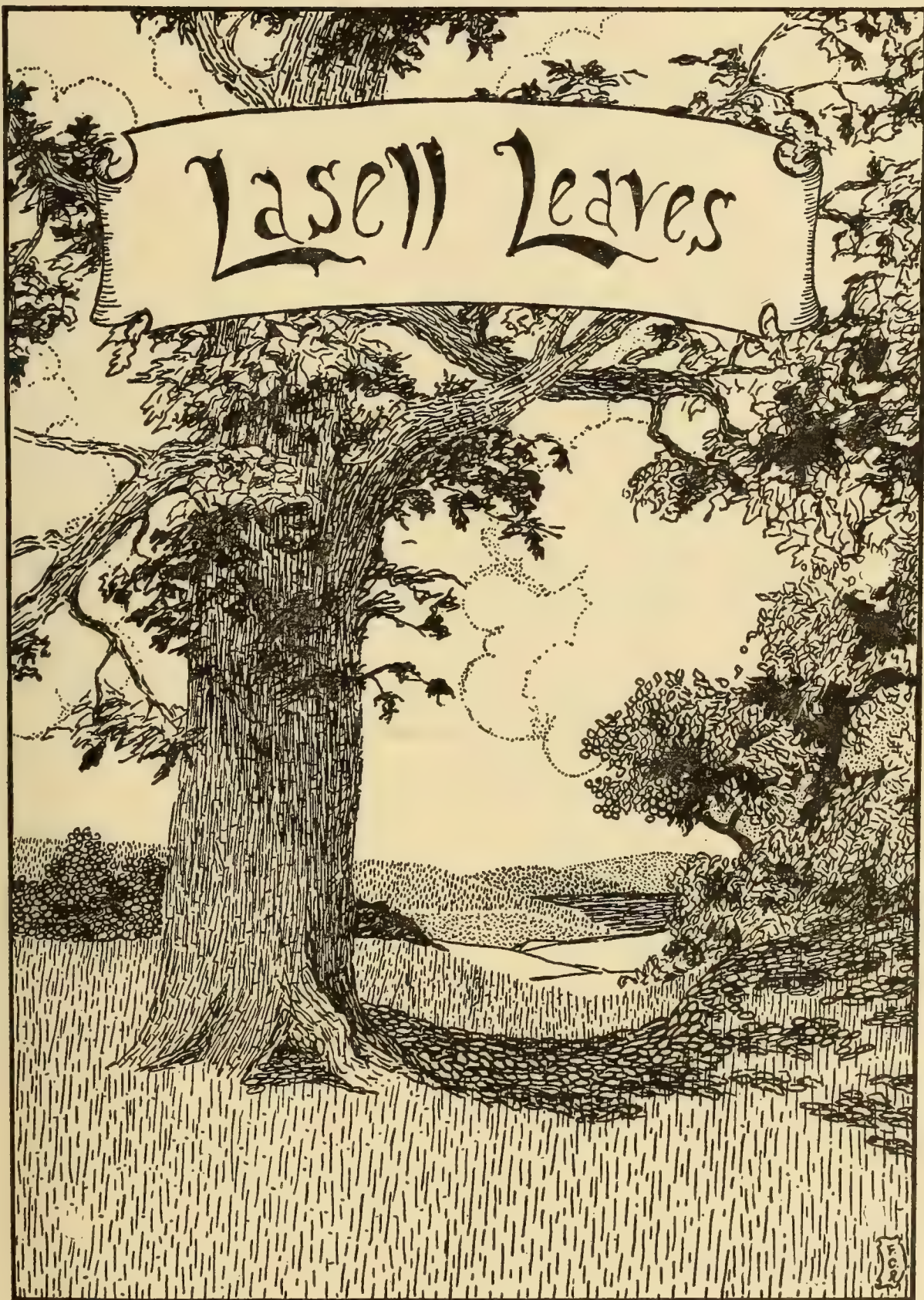
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No. 1

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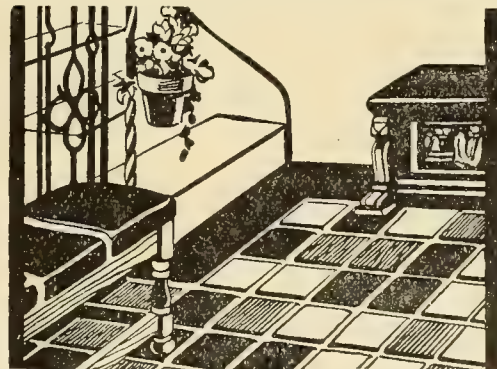
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LITERARY

WAITING

"I don't know, my boy, I really don't know. In a way the whole thing is a little unusual—out of the ordinary, you know." A large, florid man with a bulbous nose was frowning slightly and fingering a sheaf of carefully typed papers that were a little dirty and wrinkled at the ends as if they had been often thumbled. Before him sat the puzzled young author in a straight-backed chair drawn up closely to the imposing black-oak desk.

"It's good—it's got to be good," said the latter in a low, even tone that bore down firmly on the last words. "Read it again if you must, and show it to them," he indicated the group he knew were on the other side of the heavy door, "but think of it as you read—not of me. You're looking at me now as if my book were a little soiled and foreign because I wrote it." The speaker's eyes were very serious but there was no resentment in them. They seemed to demand nothing but fairness of the shrewd hazel ones that were looking at him.

The older man pursed his lips, the frown in his forehead deepened into a deep crease between his eyes, and he bent absorbingly over his left thumbnail, fixing it with an intent scrutiny that gave the other a feeling of restless irritation. "No," he said very slowly, not raising his eyes from his thumbnail, "I'm just warning you—preparing you for the refusal that may come." He glanced at the boy, "You know what a refusal from this company will do when it comes to other publishers?"

"Of course."

"You're willing to risk it, then?" The man's voice was quiet but there was a touch of incredulity in it that bore out the look of critical admiration that seemed growing in his eyes.

"It's my big chance and I'm going to see it through. The thing's in your hands." The dark face showed little sign of agitation but the sharp eyes of the older man at the desk saw the boy draw out a clean, white handkerchief and wipe his hands.

Placing his white, well-groomed hands on the desk, the man shoved back his chair and got up deliberately. "All right," he said, "wait in there." He crossed the room and opened the door of a small, well-furnished room. He looked back. The young man had risen and was standing, very straight, behind the high-backed chair, his hands clenching the back of it until the knuckles showed white through the dark, tanned skin.

"Thank you, sir," he said simply, and walked across the room into the cozy anteroom.

After the door was closed the man pulled out his own handkerchief, grey-bordered and monogrammed and dabbed at his forehead. "Damned plucky," he mused, looking down at the thick manuscript in his hand, and thinking of the serious black-haired youth in the room beyond. "Damned plucky," he said again, and squaring his shoulders, he crossed the room, this time entering the room opposite the one in which the boy was waiting, and closed the door softly behind him.

In the little room the boy was waiting—waiting. It seemed as if he were always waiting—waiting and hoping—working—waiting. It had been like that, in the almost uncivilized tribe of his father. They were Cherokees, full-blooded, proud, rebellious against the white man's invasions. When he had been a tiny boy, he had had to wait at home while his father and grandfather made valiant last attempts to

maintain their freedom and their country. He remembered how they had brought his father back one time, bleeding and worn out, to their encampment. He hadn't lived very long after that—he was so tired. He didn't remember about the rest though; he remembered their taking him to the struggling little reservation school. They had made him wear shoes and stockings, and have his hair all cropped off, and had taught him to salute the flag that had red and white stripes on it, and white stars on a square of blue. They had taught him to know all the letters in the worn little primers; they made him want to sing louder than the others, and run faster, and do sums faster. Later they spoke of an endowment by which he was to be sent through an academy. He had liked it there, only the boys were different. They were whiter and their eyes were blue and they had cheery, big fathers and pretty, soft mothers who came to see them in long shiny cars. No one came to see him except the thin, abrupt lawyer who wore horn-rimmed spectacles and conferred with the instructors. But his grades were so high—higher than the others. He couldn't tell why, though, because he didn't have to study nearly so long. The lessons were so easy. He could spend the long bright afternoons out in the sunshine, thinking long, wonderful, stories, and the long dark evenings writing them down. But he was still waiting for something—waiting for the strange restlessness in his mind to organize itself and be written in wonderful, glowing words. Graduation came; summer passed; and in the fall he went to a great university. In his sophomore year a series of Indian legends in beautiful touching style appeared in a current publication. His heart beat fast when he read them for the first time in print but he always had to bite his lips a bit to hide the little pang of disappointment that he felt when he read "Anonymous" there instead of his own name. He had been well-paid, but publishers thought that perhaps it was just as well that his name

be omitted because of its obvious origin. Not, they assured him, that it wasn't perfectly all right, but for publicity, you know, they wanted to be sure of the success of their innovation. The Public was very critical; so he waited on. After graduation, life seemed to rush in on him and choke him and he had to write endlessly, relentlessly, till his eyes ached and his head was bursting. But, strangely, it soothed him to write, and life was less pressing and didn't seem so futile then. For two long years he toiled and labored with the thing that was almost like a physical part of him. And then it was finished—a pulsating history of his people through the ages—alive—vital. He knew it was real, only now he must give it to the world. Waiting—waiting. He showed it to his former professors. They were stunned at its immensity—in awe of its creator who had risen out of the quiet young Indian that had pleased them in college.

So now he was waiting here in this office. There were beautiful things around him, heavy silk draperies, cushioned chairs, thick deep rugs. He could see through the window, a great building being erected. The men working looked like flies crawling along the great girders. He wondered if the bright red rugs were Turkish or Persian. He traced the outline of the engraving on the arm of his chair with his finger and thought it looked like a gargoyle, only, of course, gargoyles were on cathedrals, not chairs. He heard a door open and men's voices echo faintly across the room; he heard steps coming slowly across the wide floor outside; he saw the door of his own room open and he stumbled to his feet, catching hold of the table as he rose. He waited—waited—waited.

"Sorry to keep you waiting so long, my boy, but there were lots of details we had to clear up, and arrangements to make, because your book goes to press Monday." The man shook his hand briskly, patted his shoulder, and left him alone. *Charlotte Traylor, '32.*

SEASONS IN THIS WEARY WORLD

JUST ONE OF LIFE'S STORIES

I saw ahead only a black
Sunless street like the
Spillings of a tar can that
Had run its curving
Oozing way out into the silence of space
From a seething finite world.

I walked alone, afraid,
Cold and longing until I
Felt your touch suddenly,
Tingling and warm, like a splash
Of rainbow-sprayed surf
Upon the shore.

My eyes so dulled and troubled,
Caught a flash of your smile,
The cobbles of the street no longer
Echoed in my ears as cold, hard
Pebbles dragging back from
Warm sand to ice-cold, limitless sea.

The stones beneath my feet
Rang out like carillon bells,
They sang, and sang a high
Sweet tune instead.

My head held proud and high,
Sensed a tingling warmth surge through
As I touched your hand with
My cheek.

I dropped a step behind to
Better sight your form.
A corner reached, my
Fingers felt your hair.

A corner passed, a gust of
Autumn wind—Ah Spring,
To you and your symbol I say
Farewell, until—another year

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

EMPTINESS

Slowly and silently
Face lifted towards wind and rain,
Step after step,
A low quick whistle,
Her step brightened, quickened.
A form loomed before her in the mist
Her feet took wings,
Into open arms she flew,
Then all was gloom and silence as before.

Marjorie Mayne, '32.

Toby Randolph stood in his pajamas, hands on hips, and surveyed the very disorderly living room of his five-room apartment, one Sunday noon.

Under the window shades, which were all drawn at different lengths, the sunshine filtered through, disclosing mercilessly the dust which lay on the piano, the radio, well—everything. Cigarette butts which had found no place in overloaded ash-trays strayed over the floor, and glasses were strewn around on tables and arms of chairs.

Toby's face hardened into that disgusted look which had grown to be so familiar to him of late, and his eyes narrowed. He turned and marched back into the bedroom from whence he had just come and began to dress.

His young wife was in bed, propped up against pillows, reading the Sunday papers which cascaded about her. She lowered her paper and watched Toby cautiously, knowing and fearing that look.

Soft, dark, curly hair framed her pale, heart-shaped face, and her blue eyes which were heavily fringed with dark, tangled lashes looked wistfully at Toby.

But Toby, turning sharply, had no eyes for her loveliness. His blue eyes became a hard gray in his young tanned face and he flung out abruptly, "I'm sick of it! I can't stand this racket!"

Ann made no sound, but continued watching him and waiting.

"Having a mob of idiots here—making this place look like a Tenth Avenue speakeasy. This isn't my idea of living, if it's yours!"

"But Toby," Ann ventured, "I don't see, I mean I thought you wanted people around to discuss things, I mean books and things, I—"

"Books," Toby laughed harshly, "I'll bet those birds haven't read a book in a year. Do you think that this is what I want? The kind of companionship I crave? Why, what I want is—oh, what's the use?"

He finished dressing, and donning his gray

felt hat and gray tweed overcoat, he remarked briefly that he was going to the office.

Ann asked where he was going to have dinner, to which he replied that he wasn't hungry but he would go now to a place where he knew that he could get some *good* coffee.

* * * * *

Toby let himself into the office of the New York *World*, and removing his hat and coat sat down at his desk. With one hand supporting his head, and the other aimlessly tapping the keys of his typewriter, he sat staring into space, thinking over his married life. He and Ann had been married a little over a year, and yet it seemed that he had been in this state of mind all his life with his brain materializing hateful things to say and his soul crying with loneliness for someone to give him the sort of companionship he felt that he needed. Those parties Ann threw! Everything inside Toby revolted at the thought of them.

He was so engrossed with his thoughts that he did not hear a light movement behind him until:

"I won't offer you a penny for those heavy thoughts, Mr. Randolph, I'll give you a whole dollar to hear that gripping story you must be scheming to look like that."

Toby whirled in surprise for he had thought himself alone, and then grinned up at Bobby Manners, the night editor's daughter. Bobby had graduated from a well-known college a year ago, and she was trying out the "sob sister stuff" as she would laughingly explain. Toby had never known her very well but had read some of her copy and thought it pretty good. She was very attractive and extremely well poised. Tall, with very blonde wavy hair which was pinned in a low knot at the nape of her neck.

She established herself comfortably on Toby's desk and regarded him serenely.

"If you're waiting to hear the story," Toby shrugged, "it's just a man's contemplation on the disappointments of matrimony."

"Yours?" Bobby asked. "If so, well—I don't want to seem imposing, but I've been a

good pillow for people to cry into more than once."

Toby looked at her closely, but found no trace of amusement in the face that he searched.

"Gee, you know I think it would help me a lot to explode, if you don't mind. Everything's in such a darn muddle."

He continued watching her and began in a low, serious voice to tell her of his short siege of married life. Before he realized it, he was telling this strange girl, who seemed so comforting to him at present, that his disappointment in not having Ann understand what he was really like, had made him cease loving her. There he stopped, for it was the first time that he had ever admitted this to himself or anyone else, but now he felt that it was true.

Bobby didn't comment on his speech, but reaching over, she caught Toby's long, brown hand and said, "You look all in. Let's send out for sandwiches and coffee and eat in here where we can talk."

Toby brightened at this suggestion and lifting the receiver from the telephone on his desk he gave the number of a nearby tearoom and ordered lunch.

While Bobby briskly set about clearing a space on his desk for their meal, Toby sat and smoked, watching her quick, graceful movements. Their sandwiches arrived soon and they ate them with frank hunger, and afterward, smoked and sipped their coffee contentedly.

Bobby told Toby about a new plan that she was working out for her column in the paper and they discussed its possibilities and its faults.

She happened to glance at her watch and then jumping up she exclaimed, "It's half past five! I'll simply have to fly."

While Toby helped her into her smart leopard-skin coat he felt a twinge of curiosity as to where Bobby had to fly and why it was so important, and then he heard her say, "My dear, don't feel too badly. So many marriages hang unevenly because of the failure of two people to really understand each other."

* * * * *

Toby walked home briskly in the winter darkness at six o'clock, two weeks later, after a lively discussion with Bobby about the recent publication of the Wickersham Report. He smiled to himself as he thought of Bobby's face lighting up and her eyes sparkling when they talked of things which interested them both vitally. His growing intimacy with her made it harder to tear himself away each time that he saw her, and go to the apartment. He saw very little of Ann now, but his conscience troubled him not at all, for he could readily imagine her attending those gatherings where crude, noisy people clustered about, and which she called parties. Tonight he was cold and hungry and he longed to be with Bobby, but suddenly he realized that this was Thursday and he had not had dinner with Ann once during the week. He remembered telling her that he would be home tonight and he determined to be pleasant to her during the dull dinner.

He came to his apartment house, climbed the two flights of stairs to his flat and opened the door. The usual disorder of the living room greeted him and he flung his hat and coat on the divan. He walked through the dining-room into the kitchen, noticing that the dining-room table was not set and there were no signs of a meal being prepared in the kitchen. He strode into the bedroom and found Ann sprawled on her bed, deep in a book.

Toby's annoyance at finding the house in its usual state and his dinner unprepared, increased when he saw Ann.

He glared at her and said, "No wonder I hate to walk into this house. I come home tired and hungry, expecting to have dinner, though God knows you can't cook, and find you immersed in a trashy novel, without an idea of me or my dinner in your head."

Ann, reproached, thrust the book under a pillow, jumped up, and said, "I'm sorry, honest. It seems so long since you were last home as early as this, that I forgot all about the time. You see, I'm never very hungry when you're away and so I don't bother to get anything and

I just—" her voice broke off and she looked up at him anxiously.

She saw no signs of relenting in his face, so she said hastily, "I'll get something right away though, Toby. I planned something you like and it won't take me long to get it ready."

She started toward the kitchen but Toby was already in the living room, putting on his hat and coat.

Ann turned in time to hear him yell, "Don't put yourself to any trouble for me. Expect me when you see me!"

* * * * *

The life of a newspaper man is not one which always demands alarm clocks and early morning trains and Toby Randolph waking late next morning, lay contentedly in bed thinking of the wonderful time that he and Bobby had had last night. He had forgotten completely the little episode between Ann and him.

After a time, he glanced over at Ann's bed to see if she were still sleeping and then sat up straight in astonishment. The bed had not been slept in, and instead of Ann's dark, tousled head buried in the white pillow, there was a slip of note paper pinned to it.

Toby leaped out of bed and opened the note. He read:

"Toby dear,

It's so silly for me to stay here any longer. You don't love me and though I love you, I can't give you the things that you want and should have.

I've tried to make myself the kind of girl I thought you would love, but whether you just haven't noticed, or whether I'm a failure, I don't know.

I didn't enjoy those parties that I gave, Toby. They were just a means of getting us both interested in something that would bring us together. I didn't realize until it was too late, that you were terribly bored.

There will never be anyone else for me, Toby, but I want you to go to the girl who understands you,—the girl whom you love.

Goodbye,

Ann."

"The girl who understands me, the girl who understands me."

Bobby! Ann knew about Bobby. But she had never mentioned her and had never made sarcastic remarks about all the nights that he had stayed away, when she probably knew that he was with Bobby.

Sarcastic remarks! Why, gosh, when he stopped to think, Toby couldn't remember ever hearing Ann say anything mean and hateful to him. With an inward blush, he recalled some of the things he had said to Ann and he became still more uncomfortable when he thought of the way that she had received them.

He sat for a long time letting everything sink into his brain and with a sickening sensation, he felt a great loss. Various little things that Ann had done in order to please him kept cropping up in his mind and he forgot some of the unpleasant things which always upset him so. Why, how could he have let such trivial things bother him!

As he sat, thinking over everything, into the whirlwind of his brain, flashed a sentence that Bobby had spoken the day when they had first talked together.

"So many marriages hang unevenly because of the failure of two people to really understand each other."

Why, it wasn't Ann who had misunderstood him. It was he who had misunderstood Ann, and now she was gone.

In a half desperate, half frantic mood, he stared into space, and mechanically thumped Ann's pillow. A book tumbled out and fell on the floor and Toby stooped absent-mindedly to pick it up, realizing as he did so that this must be the novel which Ann had been reading yesterday. He glanced at it, but instead of seeing the title of a silly book as he had expected, he read "How To Improve Your Mind."

Eleanor A. Bradley, '32.

THE CHECKER GAME

TRIOLET

Profoundly solemn, two old men
Bend patiently above their game;
The saffroned hands move slowly when
Profoundly solemn, two old men
Peer long and dimly . . . silent, then
Arrange a piece in studied aim.
Profoundly solemn, two old men
Bend patiently above their game.

Norma Keller, '31.

SONNET

When even age well-taught is yet unkind,
And youth impatient still with youth but looks
Too close for vision true of its own kind;
When empty thought comes parrot-like from
books
And glibly mocks abroad slow reason's sound;
And cynics rankly grow from petty plight
To borrow Disillusion's sorry gown;
When dull authority would make alike
All men; then there are left but years to choose.
As thievish time's compassion is to brook
The span twixt us and that we would not lose,
So gracious time seals each abandoned nook
Of mind that yet holds bitterness, to bring
Release from too-clear sight, that we may sing.

Norma Keller, '31.

"LAUGHING WITH THE WORLD"

"They say" the color of your handkerchief, the size of your favorite pencil, the way you write, and the taste you use in picking out your shirts, all reflect the individual personality.

The list of personality leads is unending, but seldom have I encountered "your laugh" in its enlightening lists.

If you want to make a test of its ability to reveal your individual personality, stop all arduous work and listen for your laugh to peal out, but—do not ask, "do I suit that sound?" Having asked that, you will have lost the key. Your laugh must suit *you* unconsciously.

I waited impatiently the other Monday in a Boston subway. The arrival of those noisy means of conveyance is never coincidental with my arrival. I always have to wait. Unconsciously I listened to some women discuss the



ups and downs of the day. Suddenly one of them laughed the highest, sweetest laugh I have ever heard. Its sound was, to be trite in the use of a simile, like the tinkling of silver bells. I have read of that laugh, but not until my subway experience had I ever heard it. Glancing her way, I found her tall and thin, dark-haired and blue-eyed, with white teeth that reflected the dim lights of the subway above her head. "How suitable!" I cried instantly intrigued. I listened for more laughs.

A deep chuckle, almost in my ear broke through the clamor. Closing my eyes I imagined him . . . short, red-cheeked and plump! He walked by me and I gurgled my "personality revealer," thrilled to pieces. He was short, red-cheeked and plump! With him walked a stockily-built lad. His face was pale and wrinkled, his eyes held no glint and his fingers, yellow and soiled, rested on his arms.

"I think his laugh is shaky and high. Now if he will only be amused at something."

The fat man pointed to a dog sniffing at a hot dog newly dropped, the mustard still fresh.

"He won't eat his brother!" he chuckled, and my ears strained for the high, shaky laugh of his companion. I was not disappointed.

On reaching home, I attacked my sisters. Gloria, the tall, composed, elder sister, laughed politely, though a bit nervously. "Very aristocratic," I thought. Frances, young and athletic, laughed loud and in whoops.

I long to hear myself laugh and sound to myself as I must to others. But each time I try I am conscious of the fact that I *am* making an experiment and consequently I attain a strained, nervous giggle that sounds like tiny pebbles falling on a tin roof.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

WOODLAND PARK SONGSTERS

Our readers will remember that last June we published a few contributions from the students of the Woodland Park School and we promised them more in the October issue. We are indeed glad to have these songsters write for the LEAVES and trust that Miss Turner will continue to send us their work.

TO THE MOON AND STARS

When the sun goes to sleep,
The moon comes up behind
The horizon. Her maids
The stars, come tripping
Along with her. They twinkle
And gleam until morning.
Then they return with the moon
To their home in the blue sky,
Where the sun is beginning
To smile.

Elizabeth Leland, 8th grade.

A NIGHT SCENE

The clear, cool night air was
Silent, silent as a great cathedral.
Far in the east there rose
A huge silver ball, making
The great lake dance and ripple in
Its rays. On its sloping shore
The majestic pines swayed to and fro
In the breeze.

Barbara Warland, 9th grade.

WE GET READY FOR CHURCH

Out of soft, warm, billowy depths our consciousness stirs and vaguely responds to an insistent and increasingly staccato voice that, not content with rudely and heartlessly piercing our rest, seems to take malevolent joy in announcing that the family, or at least the itinerant part of it, is going to church. The voice is masculine, naturally, and as the dread familiarity of it begins to register, we realize that it is the voice of authority and that we are really going to church. As we lie there, opening our eyes for longer and longer periods at a time, and bemoaning the unkind fate that will soon have snatched us from the caressing warmth and softness of our never-really-appreciated beds, we wonder why this particular Sunday has aroused the religious spirit of our home. That sort of thing should be previously announced—softened by a gradual approach during the week. But parents sometimes lack delicacy and finesse in such matters and we can only be tolerant and profit by their example in later life. So, dismissing the impetus of the decision as beyond our understanding, we set

about getting up. In my case, this consists of disentangling myself from my still-sleeping sister, who has some unaccountable aversion for her own bed and insists on sharing mine, stretching my tired arms and groping on the cold floor under the bed for my slippers that have been there the night before but now seem particularly evasive. My moment has yet to come, however, and I turn with fiendish delight to jerk the covers off my self-invited bed-mate. The effect is satisfying.

From the point of our actual rising, most of us have the same trials. We drop the tooth-paste cap down the drain and have to fish it out with a distorted hairpin; we get too much hot water in the shower, and then too much cold; we find we've left our robe on the bed and have to put our pajamas back on for the trip back to the bedroom. The whistled aria from the upstairs bathroom with its razor-strop accompaniment is unbelievably irritating, however. The egg and chop odors floating up the backstairs restore our good humor and we hum disjointed snatches of a song, reminiscent of last night's pleasures. We wonder pleasantly if such an evening is worth this agony of early rising, and decide that it is. So, thinking of our little triumphs and becoming wider and wider awake, we are almost cheerful when we go down to breakfast. After the dispute over the paper, the meal progresses rather well. However, such peace is short-lived, and we hear the voice that ruined our sleep, now rousing us again, this time more hurried and precise, from the front hall. We call out a muffled assent, finish our coffee as we shove back our chairs, and sink back disheartened as we feel a long, silk thread being pulled from our sheer stocking. Nothing else can happen now, we get into our coats, walk down the steps and into the car.

Charlotte Traylor, '32.

RESIGNATION

Rain pounded against the windows; wind howled down the chimney, making eerie sounds. Sometimes it almost seemed as if someone

were at the door, trying its stalwart panels. The flames on the huge hearth now leaped high, causing the hanging kettles to glow with a lustrous warmth and sending the shadows, elfin reminders of other fires, dancing back into the corners; then fell so low as to make a deepening roseate coloring of the bricks their only light.

As the fire burnt lower, a shadow fell over her husband's face. Mary leaned over the bed, closer to him, seeking some glimmer of recognition, some trace of consciousness. That he should die now was impossible.

For thirty years they had lived together, happy in having each other, glorying in their mutual sufficiency. The solitude of their sequestered home had not been a burden to them, but a protection to their complete adequacy, the one for the other.

Yet Mary was unsatisfied—Stephen must not die yet; not until he had spoken once more. Stephen could not die until he had told her his real name. Through all these years Mary had put the question from her mind, saying that it did not matter greatly as long as they were together. But death no longer stood afar off, despairing; he was right there in the room with her, keeping watch.

As she strained over Stephen, trying to recall him to her, her thoughts reverted to her girlhood. She no longer saw her husband's immobile features, nor the room in which she sat. She no longer felt herself to be the work-worn woman of fifty years. Once again she was the young, beautiful Mary Andrews, happy, charming, sought after by the village youths.

* * * * *

Old Mary was young Mary in that far off time, and she had been wandering along the shore near her father's home. Calm, serene, and musing, she leaned back against the broad tree trunk.

The sunlight gleamed along the waves, here molten gold, there churned snowy white, and in further and broader stretches hard, cold blue. Behind her the pine trees were whispering. Struggle, bustle, and worry became meaning-

less terms; everything around her was eternal and unchangeable. Waves, rocks, and the sky far away blended together into a misty blue. Everything was quiet.

Mary Dreamed

Somewhere dimly she felt someone calling her. It was not even a voice, more an attraction, a desire to go to a promontory not far off from which she felt the call to come. Many times before Mary had dreamed of finding a handsome officer there; a man, who had led a romantic life, whom she would grow to love, and who, someday, would cherish and marry her.

Mary roused from her dream, and recalled it, smiling. It had occurred too many times to cause much more than a pleasant, musing speculation.

Far out at sea a small, fishing boat was tacking in toward the cove, within whose shelter nestled the pioneer settlement. Mary watched the boat slowly drawing nearer. The ocean sparkled and shimmered endlessly, tiring her eyes to look at it. Occasionally she closed them to rest them.

Again Mary Dreamed

Mary felt that she was wanted, something inside her was responding to a need and a call that could not be defined. The desire to answer that summons grew and mounted until her whole being was in tune with that psychic urge. And so she awakened with the summons so fixed in her mind that she could not refrain from answering it.

As one half-waked, half in a trance, Mary went, anxious to find her dream's fulfillment; loath to hurry, lest she find only disillusionment.

Just before reaching the crest of the last knoll, Mary stopped to assure herself that it was only a dream.

"I have only come because this is my favorite walk," she rationalized, but her heart was pounding from that ecstatic clutch of fear that comes when one is afraid to touch a goal that has been reached.

Then timidly, almost reluctantly, Mary stepped over the brow of the hillock.

There lying with his head resting on his arm was a man, clothed in a foreign uniform. He was half-drowned and ill with exhaustion from his struggle with the sea.

Mary paused; astounded, shaken; delighted, frightened; and then sped across the intervening rocks to his side.

To the young man so recently buffeted by the ocean, Mary was an exquisite, ministering angel; to Mary, the young man was a dream, a shadow materialized, something to be regarded with awe.

When he was rested and somewhat recovered, together they ascended the path to Mary's home. Already the glory of their romance was enveloping them and neither was unaware of its strange presence.

* * * * *

A log in the fireplace became dislodged from the burning pile upon the andirons and fell to the embers below, showering the hearth with myriads of ephemeral, glowing sparks.

Old Mary stirred grudgingly, unwilling to disturb this chimerical re-living of her youth's most triumphant moment. She glanced first at Stephen, who still lay in a death-like sleep; then she glanced at the fire, which had slipped forward until it was dangerously near the rag rug.

Sighing, Mary crossed to the fireside, her housewifely instincts overcoming her desire to stay constantly by Stephen's bedside.

Mary straightened up the logs and piled on some new wood. Then with a tiny, homemade broom of twigs, she swept the bricks clear of ashes. There was something comforting and stable in these homely tasks. Something that drove back the oppressive sadness and unrest that was hers. She removed the lid from one of the hanging kettles and looked in critically at the thin, clear broth that was warming there. There was hot water bubbling in the kettle which swung from another crane. Yes, everything was in readiness, should Stephen ever want it.

A glimpse at the bed assured her that Stephen had not moved, so Mary went to the front window. Outside the rain was still falling heavily, but the awful moaning of the wind had abated. The drenched landscape was dismal, making Mary feel the more keenly her absolute isolation. Then gradually, in spite of her melancholy detachment, Mary sensed a change. She turned quickly towards the bed.

Stephen was again conscious. He was summoning her with his eyes and somehow Mary knew that it was for the last time. Intermingled with the pain and desolation that flooded her consciousness as Mary went to her husband, was a stubbornly persisting thought, "I must ask him."

But kneeling there at his side Mary could only stroke his hand and murmur,

"Oh, my darling!"

With a great effort Stephen tightened his grip on her hand.

"Mary,—I have always loved you, dear."

Then he sank back, quiet for evermore, but what did his name matter? They had always had each other.

Lucy Robertson, '32.

N.B. [An old tradition, dating from Revolutionary times, and universally known on Cape Anne, tells of Mary Andrews and her stubborn refusal to forget her idyllic, dream-lover for a village youth. Then, one day she found him, lying on the shore; handsome, mysterious, as she had known he would be.

The point where Mary found him has been named for her, Andrew's Point.

The name under which he presented himself, and the only name that Mary ever knew, was Stephen Knutsford.

The old Knutsford house still stands. Anyone of the natives can tell you where to find it. Its isolation has been retained through all these years.

Former President Pierce visited there when, Susan, the last descendant of Stephen and Mary Knutsford, was an old lady.]



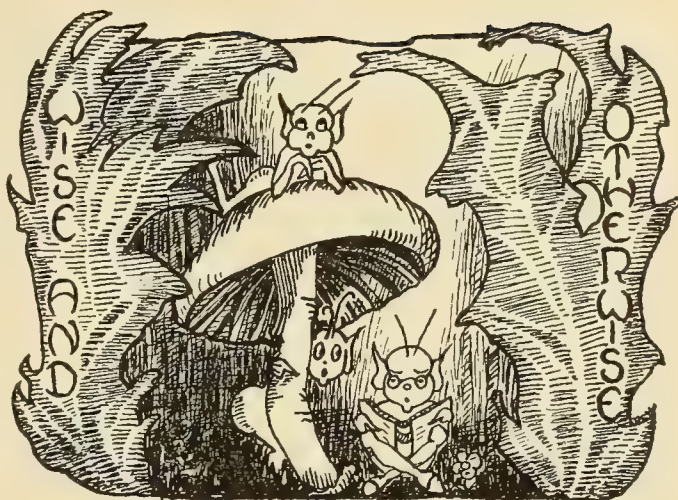
WRITING AN ASSIGNMENT

Of all manifestations of the frailty and foibles of human behavior, none is more illustrative than that hour in which we set about writing a theme. Whether the task at hand be essay or nursery rhyme, the pervading mental attitude, at the outset, is the same—rebellious and blank. Usually such a predicament is not the result of any longing for expression or literary aspiration, but the bald, eleventh hour necessity for preparing a composition for a class period. So, victims of unnumbered repressions, we gather our materials and sit down at our desks to write. The actual writing, however, doesn't begin immediately. In fact, it doesn't begin, in earnest, for a long time, being one of the last in the familiar process. We very systematically clear the desk, pushing aside loose papers, stacking the books neatly at the top, and brushing off little crumbs of chocolate, so that we have a wide, smooth area on which to lay our sheaf of yellow paper. We move the lamp an inch or two and adjust the shade so that the light falls exactly as we want it. We screw the lead of our Eversharp further out and make strange primitive scrawls on the top yellow sheet to assure ourselves a smooth, even point, free from the sharp, scratchy edges that distract us, once we are launched forth on our project. We remove the disfigured page, that little brother later gets credit for, toss it into the waste basket and neatly arrange the pile in a slanting position before us, touching it lightly on each side and on the top and bottom to insure evenness of edges. Everything is now in readiness and



no detail is left uncared for, so we rest our right elbow on the desk and chew thoughtfully on the tiny gold ring attached to the top of our pencil. We must now choose a subject; a subject is very important and very illusive. Our first inspirations are very profound philosophical wonderings on Life or Love or Nature and we jot down vague, beautiful lines that, if they touch a note of familiarity in our subconsciousness, at least seem original as we conceive them. At this point, however, we are torn between the novel idea of startling the literary world with a priceless epic, and that of dashing off, in a few minutes, something that will draw a seventy or so, and devoting the rest of the evening enjoying the new *College Humor* that came in the afternoon mail. Visions of ourselves smiling and gracious, receiving congratulations from awe-struck celebrities who marvel at our youthful and heretofore, hidden genius, feast on our minds and send a delicious little glow all over our bodies and we ponder seriously. But we glance longingly at the Winter-Carnival cover of our unopened magazine, remember suddenly the "Milky Way" that we stuffed in the top of the chiffonier drawer when the baby came in during the afternoon and the visions become more and more remote. Then, with grim determination, we write hurriedly for fifteen minutes on the value of school athletics, decide to copy the draft in the morning and settle back luxuriously with *College Humor*.

Charlotte Traylor, '32.



On Good Behavior

When the moon is glowing softly,
And the stars are peeping down,
When someone else is by your side,
Because I'm out of town,
I won't be jealous, darling,
I expect him to be there
But won't you please just think of me,
And then—play fair!

Of course you're only human,
It makes me love you dearer,
But I command you to be strong
When he is drawing nearer.
Just think of me, my dear one,
Pretend that I can see,
Just catch the fury in my eyes,
And then be good—for me!

Vesta Black, '32.

Pals Again

I loved you when the stocks were up,
But it's different now they're down,
I loved you in your roadster
As a business man of town.

Now you're selling apples
In the unemployed ranks,
Haughtily I toss a coin,
You brokenly murmur, "tanks."

A month has gone since I've passed your stand
But now it's with shuffling feet,
The crash hit me—we're pals again
I've a stand on the next side street.

Vesta Black, '32.

Fickle

It's lovely at first—
The things that he says
Are meant just for you,
So you think.

He says they are true—
You scarcely can doubt
When he looks in your eyes
And speaks low.

It's all over so soon—
You part with a smile,
"I'll see you again,"
So he says;

And that means the end—
He'll go on his way,
Forgetting your voice
And your smile.

Such fools we girls are
To take what they say,
When we know what the outcome will be,—
A heartbreak.

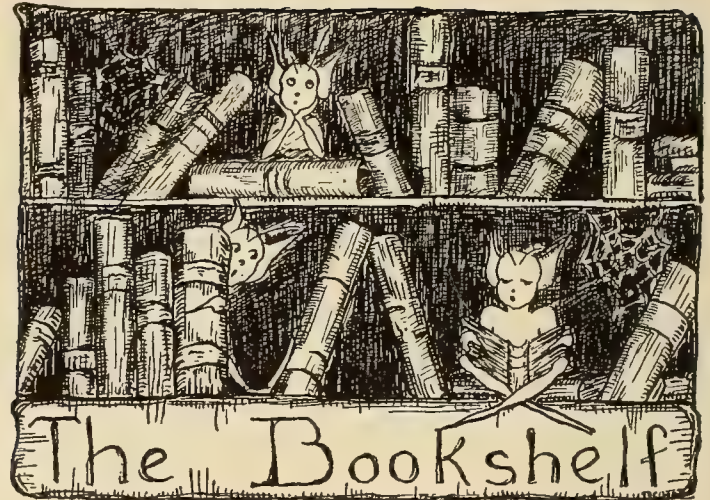
We're fools, yes, but then—
It leaves us each time,
Feeling just a bit wiser—
Inside.

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

Astronomy Up to Date

I've always wanted to ride in a star,
I think it would be quite a thrill,
I've pondered about it quite awhile,
But one thing worries me still.
If every point holds a passenger,
Three extra would be in our car,
Do you 'spose they'd do a special job
And build a two-pointed star?

Vesta Black, '32.



An extremely dexterous and unique book has been written and highly praised and advertised by the Literary Guild as one of the best books of the season. Yet I do not believe it has been as widely read as it merits.

This book is by a Russian, Ferdynand Goetel, and is called "From Day to Day." A biography of his own life in post-war days, Goetel writes at the same time a novel of his war experiences, incorporating it in his diary. Thus his book makes two stories into one. His own biography is in regular printing, and the book he is writing is marked by italics. The method sounds complicated but after the first few pages of reading, there is no difficulty in determining what his plan of writing is. The climax of his cleverness is reached at the end, when his biography and his book merge into the same story.

Goetel has chosen a difficult plan, but has made it vitally strong and interesting through his own amazing powers of literary genius. To me this book is one of the best written this year.

Barbara Hunt, '32.



EDITORIALS

PHILOSOPHY IN POLITICS

Not only when we are ill do we call in an experienced, well-trained physician, but even in the comparatively simple task of repairing our shoes, we call in a trained worker, the cobbler. Is it not absurd then, that when we need someone to act as the executive of our club, our class or our community, we select someone whose main qualification is popularity or personality. We would hesitate to make our best friend our business manager unless she had previous experience, yet we would not hesitate to put her in a position of leadership about which she knows little or nothing. Of course, we may feel that anyone can fill a public office, and feel, further, that might is right, and that if the majority choose that person to a position, he must be qualified to fill it. But the opposite may also be true of the majority. There is nothing so easily excited or irresponsible as public opinion; a skillful orator or politician can swing it his way, and another may as easily swing it back again, if he can be heard. The mob jumps at conclusions, and is attracted by surface facts. It is only the few who withhold their decisions and after thinking the question through and looking on both sides, place themselves on the side they think the better.

Of course, there will always be the mob, but it seems too bad that there are fewer who do not take politics more seriously, and use their influence to put them on a higher level of service to the people represented instead of making elections a grab bag to see who can get the most out of them. Plato long ago raised the cry for trained men in politics as well as in medicine; modern philosophers decry our political sys-

tem; it is up to us, the educated people of the world, to lead the way. We cannot get anywhere by being selfish or clique-minded, and where is a better place to train ourselves in modern politics than here at school? And what is a better idea than to train our most likely and best material for later positions. Pick the most intelligent person for your leader, and stick with her, the popularity, and personality will take care of themselves.

RED AND BLUE

If we should place a large sheet of scarlet paper and one of deep blue in front of us, our eyes would turn immediately to the scarlet, but soon tiring would shift to the more satisfying blue.

People are like colors. There are vivid ones that attract our attention and tire us shortly with their vividness; there are quiet ones that do not draw attention but soothe us with their depth and beauty when we finally do notice them. In new surroundings and with new people the reds, the vivid ones, stand out, but soon we tire of them and look for something more satisfying. In searching we find the blue ones with their rich tranquil depths, delightful in their immensity of tone.

Have you found the blues yet this year?

WELCOME

Welcome new girls! May we offer hearty wishes for the happiest of school years.

Again Lasell has opened its doors to a host of new girls and has welcomed them into her number. For another year the strangeness

of those first confusing days is a thing of the past and life has assumed a more hopeful aspect,—an aspect of broadening possibilities and activities.

I feel that it is impossible for any of us to enter upon a new experience of this sort without a deepening desire to be successful, a desire to be a success. We are here on our own, and our ultimate reputations are of our own creation.

Lasell has standards of conduct by which we are all measured, new girl and old. Some of them are unwritten, some are written. As to the former, they are exactions and standards anyone could expect from any girl endowed with a fair amount of intelligence. The latter are more of a compulsory nature; they are the rules of the school. As for these, whether or not we approve of them does not alter the fact that they are rules. We knew all about them before we came.

It is just the beginning of a new year. It is a year of unmeasured richness in its wealth of aspirations and possibilities. Let us live it to the full.

Sincerely yours,
Katharine Hartman, '32.

WELCOME

In behalf of the Senior Class, I extend to you, new girls, a hearty welcome to Lasell. We know that as the year progresses, through work and play, we will be bound more firmly together with bonds of friendship and understanding.

Lasell is a symbol for comradeship and unity of purpose. Our purpose stands to make this year one of the most pleasant memories of your life.

Sincerely,
Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.



“A Sport for Every Girl
Every Girl a Good Sport.”

That is the new slogan that the Athletic Association has introduced to its 100% membership. We hope that it will be a practiced by-word.

Elections have been held to select leaders for the Blue and White teams, and the results were as follows:

BLUES

Head Janet Kennedy
Sub-Head Julia Case

WHITES

Head Elizabeth Page
Sub-Head Barbara Briggs

It is moved that every girl will interest herself in some sport and make a contribution to herself as well as to her class and color team, during the year.

Hockey is in full swing and on every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, there is a large turn-out for practice. Very soon the Blue and White games will be started. These will be followed by interclass, faculty and alumnæ games.

Yvonne Bergeron, '32

EXCHANGES

In Ward-Belmont's *Hyphen* we find this most compelling verse:

SONNET TO EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Oh, I should never ask to follow you,
Sweet singer, though I know this all too well,
Your lyric song does hold a soothing spell
This fretted spirit all too seldom knew.
My younger eyes are clear as yours to see
All living beauty. Yet I hurt to feel
This poignant rush of faintness, as I kneel
Before her shrine. Who said that I am free
To speak of her as you so clearly speak?
I know the faint green charm of spring that thrills
To moving life these squatted, passive hills.
My eyes are knowing, yet my voice is weak.
In my silence your song will nearly bring
All lyric beauty ever held by spring.

Marian Cox, '31.

We include it not only for its exceptional poetic value, but for the significance we know it has for our Seniors of last year, whose honorary member was Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Bleatings from St. Agnes School in Albany has issued a most attractive Commencement Number. We especially enjoy the art work which introduces the sections.

With appreciation and great interest do we acknowledge *The Chand Bagh Chronicle* from the Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow, India.



The LEAVES staff offers the sincerest of greetings to all its new readers. We hope that our magazine will find favor in your eyes and that you may find increasing pleasure in the monthly perusal of our literary efforts.

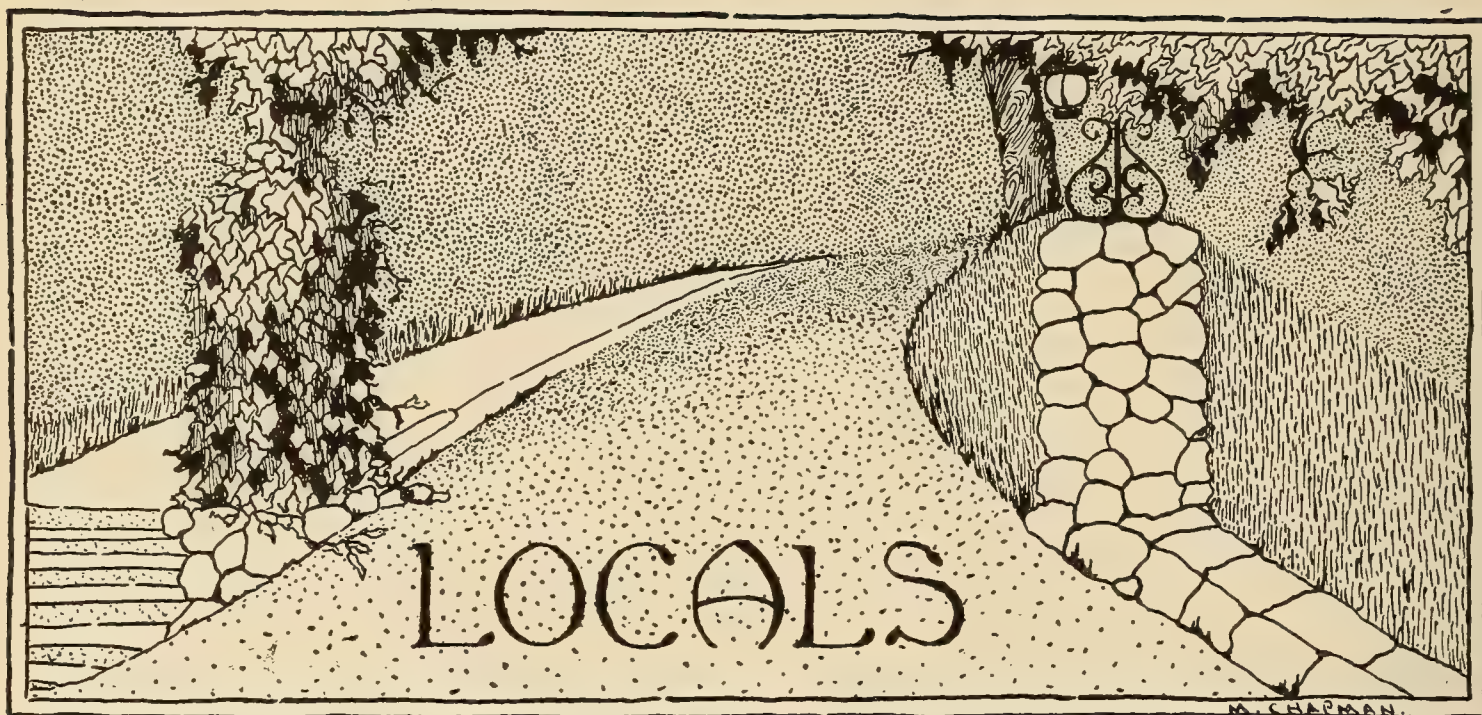
For this first number, we wish to express sincere appreciation for Mrs. Sypher's help. In Miss Blackstock's absence she has had the difficult task of organizing the staff and seeing the first issue safely on its way to press.

May we mention with pardonable pride the three excellent short stories in this issue. In "Waiting," Charlotte Traylor has effected an admirable character delineation in the person of her young Cherokee writer. The staff regrets that Charlotte has not returned this year.

Usually a story with even the slightest vestige of actual characters or happenings seems so much more interesting than one of pure fictional nature. Much of Lucy Robertson's charming "Resignation" is based on an existing legend.

We are indebted to Norma Keller, '31, for her two unusually fine poems. The "Sonnet" particularly we feel, is one of the finest poems published in recent LEAVES. It has been considered by a literary authority, as being very well done, in feeling as well as in structure. The sonnet is such a difficult form with which to work, and this one so unusual, that the staff is doubly proud of its presence.





September 18 and 19: Registration:

These were exciting days for both old girls and new.

September 19: "Get Acquainted Party:"

To the strains of a real orchestra, old girls and new danced their way into new friendships.

September 20: Vespers:

Our first vesper service was conducted by Dr. Elmer A. Leslie of Boston University.

September 26: Stunt Night:

The seniors threw aside their newly acquired dignity and performed for the underclassmen. Besides a stunt from each Senior house, there was an auction sale, which if considered too personal by some, must be blamed on the depression.

September 27: Vespers:

One of our favorite speakers at Lasell, Dr. Boynton Merrill of the Second Congregational Church of West Newton, conducted this service in his customary inspiring manner.

October 3: Old girl-New girl Formal Party:

Another grand time for all Lasellites to become better acquainted. A fine orchestra and all the refreshments you could ask for added much to the gaiety of the evening.

October 4: Vespers:

Rev. Herbert Hitchen of the West Newton Unitarian Church officiated on this evening.

October 9: Senior Elections:

With an S, with an S

With an S-E-N,

With an I, with an I

With an I-O-R,

S-E-N-I-O-R-S

Seniors, Seniors, Seniors.

It was just before lights-out bell that the Seniors came announcing their class elections. In case you could have forgotten, here they are: President, Mary Elizabeth McNulty; Vice-President, Gertrude Hooper; Treasurer, Marjorie MacClymon; Secretary, Barbara Briggs; Song Leader, Marion Lewis; Cheer Leader, Julia Case.

October 11: Vespers:

Another one of our speakers familiar to the old girls is, Dr. Arthur M. Ellis of Newtonville, who spoke for this service.

October 14: Chapel:

Rev. Alfred Birks, rector of the Unitarian Church in Natick and husband of our French instructor, Madame Birks, gave us a most interesting chapel service.

LASELL ROSTER

Adaskin, Leah Hazel, Springfield, Mass.
 Andrews, Bette, North Haven, Conn.
 Andrews, Eunice, North Haven, Conn.
 Baldwin, Elaine Marion, Boston, Mass.
 Barber, Faith Duncan, West Hartford, Conn.
 Bardua, Helen Rosaline, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Barker, Leslie, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Bassett, Eunice Mary, Weston, Mass.
 Bates, Mary Elizabeth, Wellesley Farms, Mass.
 Beekley, Grace Edith, West Hartford, Conn.
 Bergeron, Yvonne, Manchester, N. H.
 Bevin, Drucille, East Hampton, Conn.
 Black, Vesta Louise, Deep River, Conn.
 Blaser, E. Doris, Arlington, Mass.
 Borkum, Mae, Chelsea, Mass.
 Bowlen, Barbara, Holyoke, Mass.
 Bowlen, Muriel, Holyoke, Mass.
 Bradley, Eleanor Ada, Holyoke, Mass.
 Breed, Helen Young, Springfield, Mass.
 Briggs, Barbara Louise, Ashaway, R. I.
 Bronk, Elizabeth Loretta, Hudson Falls, N. Y.
 Browning, Sylvia Elizabeth, Worcester, Mass.
 Buchanan, Ethel May, Scarsdale, N. Y.
 Burwell, Helen Crone, Hartford, Conn.
 Cahners, Charlotte Rose, Bangor, Me.
 Campbell, Jane Marie, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Candage, Dorothy, Newton, Mass.
 Carmer, Dorothy, Fairport, N. Y.
 Case, Adelaide McAlpin, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 Case, Julia Chaffee, Hartford, Conn.
 Cenedella, Louise Frances, Milford, Mass.
 Champane, Helen Florence, Dorchester, Mass.
 Chinn, Elain Miriam, New York, New York.
 Clark, Elizabeth Keir, Maplewood, N. J.
 Clynes, Catherine, Maplewood, N. J.
 Coates, Velma Fulton, North Andover, Mass.
 Cole, Constance Irwin, Lexington, Mass.
 Connolly, Frances Mary, Dorchester, Mass.
 Cowdrey, Barbara, Needham, Mass.
 Coy, Sybil Helene, Biddeford, Me.
 Crahan, Edith Virginia, Hyde Park, Mass.
 Crane, Frances, Springfield, Mass.
 Crane, Virginia Frances, Newton, Mass.
 Crosby, Marion Elizabeth, Brighton, Mass.
 Crouse, Roberta June, Crouseville, Me.
 Cunningham, Eileen Mary, Springfield, Mass.
 Currier, Olga Angelica, Newton, Mass.
 Dale, Eleanor Dorothy, Arlington, Mass.
 Davidson, Anne Watson, Auburndale, Mass.
 Day, Dorothy, Bristol, Conn.
 Decatur, Hope Elizabeth, Melrose, Mass.
 DeHaven, Eldora Captola, Sanford, Me.
 Demond, Pauline, Greenfield, Mass.
 Dermon, Helen Linda, Auburndale, Mass.
 DeWolf, Rachel Howard, Warren, R. I.

Dexter, Jane, Athol, Mass.
 Dietz, Laura Theodora, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Donaca, Marjorie Ann, Portland, Ore.
 Doudera, Evelyn Catherine, Providence, R. I.
 Dougherty, Blanche Holcomb, White Plains, N. Y.
 Druker, Lillian Evelyn, Brookline, Mass.
 DuBois, Margaret Rachel, Randolph, Vt.
 Dunne, Grace Marie, Winchester, Mass.
 Dupuis, Gertrude T., Manchester, N. H.
 Edmands, Barbara, Auburndale, Mass.
 Ellison, Jane Bailey, Chevy Chase, Md.
 Erickson, Barbara Josephine, Arlington, Mass.
 Farnsworth, Emilie, Ashland, Mass.
 Fernandez, Alice Gilman, Old Town, Me.
 Fitch, Helen Louise, East Sebago, Me.
 Follett, Elizabeth Woodbridge, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Foss, Dorothy Sanborn, Auburndale, Mass.
 Foster, Janette Browning, Stafford Springs, Conn.
 Fowler, Jane, Elkins Park, Pa.
 Fox, Dorothy Elizabeth, Meriden, Conn.
 Fretchner, Thirza A., Verona, N. J.
 Fuller, Charlotte L., Albany, N. Y.
 Gilbert, Esther, Norwich, Conn.
 Glenn, Winifred Francis, Rockville Center, N. Y.
 Goodrich, Edna May, Portland, Me.
 Gosse, Dorothy Ardell, Somerville, Mass.
 Gould, Barbara, Wakefield, Mass.
 Gould, Shirley Clapp, Edgewood, R. I.
 Gowdy, Grace Kibbe, Hazardville, Conn.
 Grant, Jane, Buckland, Conn.
 Gregory, Harriet Mary, Hudson Falls, N. Y.
 Griffin, Carol Barbara, Hartford, Conn.
 Guest, Dorothy Winnifred, Melrose, Mass.
 Guyette, Mildred Josie, Hilton, N. Y.
 Hall, Helen M., Morristown, N. J.
 Hannigan, Gertrude M., Newton Centre, Mass.
 Hartman, Katharine, Mansfield, Ohio.
 Hayford, Elizabeth Tyler, Laconia, N. H.
 Heath, Barbara, West Newton, Mass.
 Hedstrom, Eileen Agnes, Gardner, Mass.
 Heilig, Jeanne Antoinette, Benton Harbor, Mich.
 Heywood, Ethel Marie, West Hartford, Conn.
 Hill, Janet, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Hill, Mary Elizabeth, Norway, Me.
 Holden, Margery, West Roxbury, Mass.
 Hooper, Gertrude Loveland, Portland, Me.
 Horner, Gertrude, White Plains, N. Y.
 Hrubec, Margaret Veronica, Perth Amboy, N. J.
 Hunt, Barbara Ellen, South Glastonbury, Conn.
 Hutton, Alice Katherine, Corning, N. Y.
 Jackson, Enid Freeman, East Orange, N. J.
 Jarbeau, Marion Estelle, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
 Johnson, Eleanor Holden, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Johnson, Olga Maria, New Bedford, Mass.
 Jones, Helane Lenwood, Watertown, Mass.
 Joy, Lucy Parke, Newton Highlands, Mass.

- Joyce, Helen Ernestine, Gloucester, Mass.
 Kennedy, Janet Davis, Portland, Me.
 Kennedy, Marguerite Ann, North Attleboro, Mass.
 Kent, Faith, Lancaster, N. H.
 Kerr, Barbara, Wollaston, Mass.
 Kiley, Eileen Marie, North Attleboro, Mass.
 Kinsley, Ruth Ella, Orleans, Vt.
 Knapp, Marjorie Elizabeth, Stratford, Conn.
 LaCroix, Marie Antoinette, Newton, Mass.
 Larchar, Amoret Pierce, West Roxbury, Mass.
 Layton, Katherine H., Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Lee, Maude Kramer, White Plains, N. Y.
 Leonard, Roberta May, Dorchester, Mass.
 Lewis, Doris Leola, Newport, Me.
 Lewis, Marion Bauchle, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Litchfield, Anna Frances, West Medford, Mass.
 Loomis, Frances Eugenia, Chicago, Ill.
 Lord, Louise Rowell, Dunbarton, N. H.
 Lovell, Peggy, Nutley, N. J.
 MacClymon, Marjorie Ann, Sandy Hook, Conn.
 Macfarlane, Thelma, Springfield, Mass.
 Magaw, Margaret Elizabeth, Richmond, Ind.
 Marshall, Flora Catherine, Lawrence, Mass.
 Martin, Bernice Ray, West Newton, Mass.
 Matthews, Mary Jane, Chicago, Ill.
 Merritt, Barbara Elizabeth, Highland, N. Y.
 Merritt, Hazel Alberta, Holden, Mass.
 Metcalf, Agnes Booth, Southboro, Mass.
 Meyers, Jacqueline B., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mills, Anna Elizabeth, Morristown, N. J.
 Mooney, Rhoda Marion, Island Falls, Me.
 Moore, Amy Estelle, Auburndale, Mass.
 Moreau, Charlotte L., Manchester, N. H.
 Morison, May Adelaide, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Morse, Iola, Southbridge, Mass.
 Morse, Muriel G., Auburndale, Mass.
 Mosher, Nathalie Clark, Waltham, Mass.
 Mulligan, Isabelle Martha, La Grange, Ill.
 Munson, Mildred Gibbud, New Haven, Conn.
 Murphy, Christine Ferguson, Calais, Me.
 Murphy, Jean, Enseneda, Porto Rico.
 Musser, Janice Leonore, Booneville, N. Y.
 McClaren, Margaret Maud, Pittsfield, Mass.
 McIntire, Elizabeth Florence, Manchester, N. H.
 McKee, Elizabeth Jane, Buffalo, N. Y.
 McNab, Jean Henning, Schenectady, N. Y.
 McNulty, Mary Elizabeth, Wilmette, Ill.
 Newell, Alice E. M., Derry Village, N. H.
 Newell, Louise Thankful, Derry Village, N. H.
 Newfield, Marian Natalie, Hartford, Conn.
 Nichols, Miriam, West Roxbury, Mass.
 North, Natalie, Waban, Mass.
 Ockert, Charlotte Frida May, New Haven, Conn.
 Ogden, Virginia, Edgewood, R. I.
 Page, Elizabeth Mary, Skowhegan, Me.
 Page, Lois, Slaterville Springs, N. Y.
 Palmer, Martha Eaton, Groton, Mass.
 Park, Natalie Elizabeth, Belmont, Mass.
 Parker, Frances Ruth, Danforth, Me.
 Parker, Helen Keller, Cambridge, Mass.
 Parmelee, Lydia Holt, Providence, R. I.
 Parrish, Betty, Peoria, Ill.
 Parsons, Edith Garland, Arlington, N. J.
 Parsons, Martha Dickerson, York Beach, Me.
 Paxton, Annamelia Bateman, So. Charleston, O.
 Pepper, Betty Amelia, White Plains, N. Y.
 Phillips, Charlotte B., West Somerville, Mass.
 Pilcher, Helen Mae, Worcester, Mass.
 Plattner, Dorothy Sheldon, No. Attleboro, Mass.
 Price, Alice Jeanne, Richmond, Ind.
 Price, Janet Heg, Evanston, Ill.
 Pritchard, Minerva Bancroft, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Quinn, Alyce Margot, Indiana, Pa.
 Rafter, Lilyan Marie, Swampscott, Mass.
 Ray, Lillian Virginia, Bradford, Mass.
 Recher, Louise, North Providence, R. I.
 Renshaw, Raine, New York, N. Y.
 Riley, Agnes, Allston, Mass.
 Rising, Jeannette, Evanston, Ill.
 Roberts, Mary Elizabeth, Concord, N. H.
 Robertson, Lucy Canney, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Ronimus, Eleanor, Brookline, Mass.
 Root, Bertha Bulkeley, Winthrop, Mass.
 Rothenberg, Frances Lucille, Brookline, Mass.
 Roy, Camilla Isabelle, West Barnet, Vt.
 Russell, Louise Mary, Cambridge, Mass.
 • Santiago, Angelita, Ponce, Porto Rico.
 Schuller, Elizabeth, Upper Montclair, N. J.
 Seybolt, Elizabeth Alart, Longmeadow, Mass.
 Shehadi, Doris, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Shiveley, Mary, Richmond, Ind.
 Silverblatt, Irene, Lowell, Mass.
 Silvernail, Wilma Elizabeth, Dalton, Mass.
 Skiff, Nancy Stuart, New Haven, Conn.
 Small, Elinor Frances, Swanzey, N. H.
 Small, Ruth Gertrude, Needham, Mass.
 Smith, Ada Marion, Newport, R. I.
 Smith, Harriet Luella, Stratford, Conn.
 Smith, Julia Barton, Warrensburg, N. Y.
 Snow, Elisabeth, Winchester, Mass.
 Spear, Helen Mae, Fort Fairfield, Me.
 Spear, Jane Victoria, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Sproat, Carolyn Thompson, Valley Falls, N. Y.
 Stafford, Ruth Hosmer, Providence, R. I.
 Stanley, Barbara Louise, West Hartford, Conn.
 Stone, Gertrude, West Roxbury, Mass.
 Stover, Barbara Lucille, Bangor, Me.
 Swan, Shirley Elise, Barre, Mass.
 Swanson, Selma Ervenia Elizabeth, Hartford, Conn.
 Swift, Elizabeth Lockwood, Chicago, Ill.
 Taggart, Dorothy Margaret, Park Ridge, Ill.
 Tarbell, Marjorie Alena, Brookline, Mass.
 Thomas, Sybil, Middleboro, Mass.

Thomson, Millicent Hough, Wethersfield, Conn.
 Tivnan, Ruth Margaret, South Manchester, Conn.
 Turner, Frances Elizabeth, Bethlehem, N. H.
 Udall, Betty, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
 Upham, Mary Edmondston, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Vassar, Ruth Mary, Turners Falls, Mass.
 Walker, Emeline Smith, Darien, Conn.
 Walker, Marjorie Alice, South Sudbury, Mass.
 Walthausen, Viola, Bronxville, N. Y.
 Webb, Nancy, Arlington, Mass.
 Wellington, Grace M., Somerville, Mass.
 Wheeler, Emma Elizabeth Pomeroy, Hartford, Conn.
 Whittredge, Rossamunde S., Needham, Mass.
 Whitney, Ethelyn Morris, Swampscott, Mass.
 Whittier, Blair, Brookline, Mass.
 Whittier, Frances Windle, Haverhill, Mass.
 Williams, Annabeth Miriam, Lockport, N. Y.
 Williams, Blanche Porter, Auburndale, Mass.
 Winslow, Priscilla, Auburndale, Mass.
 Wyand, Ruth Alden, Wollaston, Mass.
 Yetman, Gertrude Linda, Belmont, Mass.
 Young, Beatrice Leighton, Newton Centre, Mass.

WOODLAND PARK SCHOOL ROSTER

Anderson, Charlotte Christine, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Ayling, Ruth G., Norwich, Conn.
 Bigney, Norma G., Nahant, Mass.
 Caldwell, Natalie, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.
 Durland, Virginia, Brighton, Mass.
 Johns, Catherine, Brockton, Mass.
 Kelley, Winifred, Auburndale, Mass.
 Leland, Elizabeth Foxwell, Auburndale, Mass.
 Long, Alice Marian, Brookline, Mass.
 Martin, Barbara Elise, West Newton, Mass.
 Nolan, Margaret Mary, Waltham, Mass.
 Olson, Virginia Jane, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Parker, Mary, Danforth, Me.
 Pilcher, Marguerite Eleanor, Worcester, Mass.
 Robinson, Virginia Bradford, Windham, N. H.
 Staples, Pauline Lillian, Auburndale, Mass.
 Thornburg, Barbara E., Waltham, Mass.
 Traylor, Kathryn Eloise, Newton Centre, Mass.
 Valentine, Sarah Jane, South Walpole, Mass.
 Warland, Barbara, Winthrop Highlands, Mass.



SEEKING

Oh Wind; Teach me to love the heights
 And feel the warmth of the stars that
 Gleam so far away and strange.
 Teach me to lift my lips to clouds
 And, feeling their warm caress, pass it on
 To others who have no wings for flight,
 Let me understand the melody of the Spring,
 The song of the flowers, the fresh rain,
 And the sea. Teach me to stretch my
 Hand into a sunbeam and thrill
 At holding the purest of gold as it
 Filters to my open palm through the white
 Apple blossoms that tell me Spring is here.
 Oh, whisper to me of all pure things so
 Purely sung by poets and the sea.
 I seek—you will not fail me, now?

Rachel DeWolf, '32

POPPIES

The pleasures I seek alone
 Seem like poppies, flaming red;
 To the gaze they flaunt a brilliant beauty
 Yet once they are possessed,—a beauty fled.

But mingled among my vagrant poppies,
 Are some flowers retaining petals and softening
 hue,
 And they are pressed away in my memory,
 They are joys, dear, I've shared with you.

K. Hartman, '32.





THE OFFICERS OF THE LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

Top row, left to right: President, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10; Vice-President, Miriam Nelson Flanders, '05; Treasurer, Marion Ordway Corley, '11.

Bottom row, left to right: Secretary, Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19; Assistant Treasurer, Marion Bliven MacDonald, '21.

ALUMNÆ MEETING

The Editors of the LEAVES sincerely regretted the omission of the following report of the Alumnæ Meeting which was to have been published in our June issue. However, we are glad that this Alumnæ Number will reach most of the "old girls."

"The annual meeting of the Lasell Alumnæ Association, Inc., was held in the library at Lasell Seminary on June 9, 1931, at 2:20 P.M. The President, Mrs. L. W. Rand, presided.

"The graduating Class of 1931 was welcomed into the Lasell Alumnæ Association, Inc., by Mrs. Rand. Their President, Marjorie DuBois, expressed their delight in becoming eligible to join the Association.

"Four members of the Class of 1931 entertained with musical selections. The members of the Class of 1906, who were celebrating their twenty-fifth reunion, gave a very interesting and amusing drill, which reminded every one of the 'good old days.' Anna Lovering Christopher of the Class of 1881 was present for her fiftieth reunion. Ella Wilson Comstock of the Class of 1896 was present for her thirty-fifth reunion. The Class of 1916 had thirteen members present and as a class claims a total of sixty-two babies. Seventeen girls reported present from the Class of 1921. From the Class of 1926, there were twenty-six girls at the reunion.

"Dr. Winslow extended a warm welcome to the Association and he referred with special emphasis to the fact that this was the seventieth anniversary year of Mrs. Hannah Harding Flint's graduation from Lasell. Mrs. Winslow regretted that she was not able to be present at the meeting.

"He further spoke of the good year just closed for the school. He stressed the need of an auditorium. He also spoke of the change in the curriculum, taking art from the group of extra charge subjects and placing it on the list of regular subjects with no additional charge. He spoke of the increase of subjects to be taught in the Art Department and the new teacher to handle the work.

"The business part of the meeting now follows:

"The report of the Secretary was read and after one minor correction was accepted and placed on file.

"The Caroline Carpenter fund report was read, accepted and placed on file.

"Miss Potter, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, reported that the Committee had voted to give \$25.00 from the Lasell Alumnæ Association, Inc. Scholarship Fund to a worthy student to help in her expenses at Lasell for the year 1931-1932.

"The Auditor's report was read, accepted and placed on file.

"The Class of 1916 presented the Lasell Alumnæ Association, Inc. with a gift of \$32.00 to be added to the Caroline Carpenter building fund of the Association.

"A recommendation to create the office of Corresponding Secretary in the Lasell Alumnæ Association, Inc. was duly signed and presented to the meeting by five of our voting members. Upon motion duly made and seconded, it was voted: That this recommendation be adopted.

"Discussion was had with regard to an Advisory Committee, totally independent of the Finance Committee of the Lasell Alumnæ Association, Inc., this Advisory Committee to confer with the finance Committee when said Finance Committee wished to make investments of the funds of the Association. On motion duly made and seconded, it was voted: That the division of funds and the necessity for an Advisory Committee be left entirely to the discretion of the Board of Managers, with full power to act.

"An informal vote at this time showed that a large majority of the girls favored having the larger proportion of our money used for a building fund.

"The Nominating Committee then presented the following names of officers for the ensuing year:

President	Josephine W. Rand, '10
Vice President	Miriam N. Flanders, '05
Secretary	Priscilla A. Wolfe, '19

Treasurer	Marion O. Corley, '11
Assistant Treas.	Marion B. MacDonald, '21
Corresponding Sec.	Phyllis R. Shoemaker, '22
Directors	{ Florence B. Merrill, '17
	{ Frances Badger, '24
	{ Sarah Moore, '07-'08
Nominating	{ Gertrude Beck, Chairman, '27
Committee for	
1932	
Auditor	Helen McNab, '25
Trustee of the	Margarette R. Cole, '26
Caroline Carpenter	{ Walter R. Amesbury
Fund	
	{ Annie K. Pierce, '80

"Upon motion duly made and seconded, it was voted: That the Secretary cast one ballot for the election of officers as read.

"The Secretary cast one ballot for the election of officers as read by the Nominating Committee and they were duly declared elected.

"Loving greetings were sent to Dr. Bragdon and Ella Richardson Cushing, '73.

"After the singing of 'Bound Firm by a Bond Unbroken,' the meeting was declared adjourned.

Adjourned, 3:45 P. M.

"A true record.

"Attest: Priscilla A. Wolfe, '19, Secretary."



Our Principal Emeritus, "Dr. Bragdon is holding his own," is the latest report from a member of his family. It has been the privilege of the Personals Editor to visit a number of the Lasell Clubs in the East and Down East this summer. One of the questions always asked of the delegate from Lasell is, "What do you hear from Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon?" We congratulate our former Principal that he is still held in such unfailing and loving remembrance by a nation-wide host of his "old girls."

In a recent issue of the Indiana Bulletin of *Charities and Correction*, Lasell was pleased, but not surprised, to find the name of Gertrude Taggart, '97, on the board, being one of two representatives of Indianapolis. Her name further appears in the Children's Welfare Division. From time to time, this representative alumna has taken a leading part in literary and church work in her home city. During a visit of our Personals Editor to Indianapolis several years ago, she learned that Miss Taggart was President of the Shakespeare Club of Indianapolis. This is our opportune moment to pay honor to one to whom honor is due.

One of the happiest days of the past summer for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow was spent at "Shawondasee," the summer home of Etta Macmillan Rowe, '11-'13. The LEAVES is indebted to one of the guests for this charming pen and ink sketch of place and people. "The beautiful home is on a hill in the midst of one hundred wooded acres, with a distant view of the ocean. The favored guests were Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12, Virginia Williamson Hurlburt, '12-'13, Florence Jones Allen, '12, and her husband, Mr. Draper Allen, and Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. It was a most happy occasion, reminiscing amid such delightful surroundings. Some of the talk naturally centered about the children; Mary Starr's two boys and three-year-old twins, 'who have been nothing but joy all along,' Virginia's dear little girl, who has just learned to swim, and her two fine boys, and Florence's Tommy, interested in everything, and her eleven months old baby girl. Etta, and her husband, who died last winter at Daytona Beach, have developed this summer estate by planting a great variety of trees, making many improvements but keeping the appearance of the sloping hills, grassy glades and groups of trees very close to nature. Much thought and work have made 'Shawondasee' a most individual and beautiful estate."

"Hard Times" seems not to have halted the joyous procession of Lasell brides. We are well satisfied in believing that the practical training of our home-making school has furnished these Lasell girls with the ability to

meet the nowadays conditions with undaunted courage and enthusiasm.

An announcement has recently come to us of the marriage of Elsie Bolles, '04, to Mr. Harry Samuel Purnell on January 22, 1931. Mr. and Mrs. Purnell are at home at 10 Northmoor Road, West Hartford, Connecticut.

From Lowell comes the account of the wedding on June 6, of Carolyn B. Duncan, '27, and Dr. Norman G. Long. Mrs. Charles E. Van Dine (Edith Thorpe, '27), the roommate of the bride at Lasell Seminary, was the matron of honor, and Edith Stone, '27, was a bridesmaid.

Dr. and Mrs. George Edgar Winslow announce the marriage of their daughter, Barbara Natalie, '25-'26, to Mr. George Frederick Fellows, Jr., on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of June, at Bristol, New Hampshire.

On Monday, June 29, in Albany, New York, Alice May Tower, '28, was married to Mr. Thomas Henry Duggan, Jr.

At the Church of the Transfiguration in New York, Glorian Duvall, '27-'28, and Mr. Edward Rickert Devereaux were married on Monday, the twenty-ninth of June.

From Philadelphia comes the announcement of the marriage on June 30, of Rosamond Kingman Kent, '18-'20, to Mr. Elias Burton Boyce.

On Thursday, the second day of July, the marriage of Martha Elizabeth Fish, '25, and Dr. Edgar Miller Holmes took place in Canton, Massachusetts.

Virginia Riley, '31, is the Class Bride. Her marriage to Mr. Charles Davis Richardson on Saturday, July 11, was solemnized in Kennebunk, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are at home at 130 North Washington Street, North Attleborough, Massachusetts.

In Bridgeport, Connecticut, Lucile Hopkins, '25, and Mr. John Henry Willenbrok were married, Saturday, July 11, 1931. They are at home at Oakwood Gardens, 630 East Lincoln Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York.

The marriage of Mary Katherine Whalen,

'26, to Dr. John James Poutas on Monday, July 13, 1931, was announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Joseph Whalen.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton L. Simkins announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Eleanor, '29, to Mr. Herbert Walker Hennings on Wednesday, July 22, 1931, at Wheeling, West Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Hennings are at home in the King Frederick Apartments, North Fourth Street, Steubenville, Ohio.

After the marriage of Geraldine Wilder, '24, and Mr. Sewall Beverly Bogart, Jr., on Saturday, August 1, in Scituate, Massachusetts, they left for their home at 606 Dorchester Road, San Mateo, California.

Mary Helen Swartzel, '23-'24, and Mr. William Edgar Danforth, Jr., were married, Sunday, August 9, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

August 15, 1931, was the day chosen by Harriet Ferris, '26-'28, and Sylvia Howard Chandler, '27, for their marriages to Mr. John Daniel Richer and Mr. John Lucius Hooker, respectively.

Invitations were received to the marriage of Marion Catherine Holby, '27, and Mr. Charles North Howze, Second Lieutenant, United States Army, which took place on Saturday, the twenty-second of August at Four Shore Road, Greenhaven, Mamaroneck, New York. A very attractive picture of the military "wedding under the trees at Mamaroneck" appeared in an early September copy of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Lieutenant and Mrs. Howze's present address is care of 29th Infantry, Fort Benning, Georgia.

In Carson City, Nevada, Merle Adele Johnston, '23-'24, was married to Mr. Walter Yewdall on Tuesday, August the twenty-fifth.

Announcements of the marriage of Mary Pearson Fulton, '27, and Mr. William Walk Garstang on Saturday, the twelfth of September, have been received. Mr. and Mrs. Garstang are at home at 3504 Evergreen Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Chester, New Hampshire, was the scene of the marriage of Madoline Preston Mears, '27-'28, and Mr. Hudson Croy Stone on Wednes-

day, the second of September, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

Charlessa Curtis Carl, '28, and Mr. Clarence Barton Heisler were married September 4, 1931, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Schenectady, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Barton Heisler are at home at 938 Wright Avenue, Schenectady, New York.

Mrs. Albert Palmateer, a former art teacher at Lasell, announces with Mr. Palmateer, the marriage of their daughter, Rachel Weston, to Mr. Kenneth Malcolm Beal on Tuesday, the eighth day of September.

On Saturday, the twelfth of September, Doris Mortimer Sanborn, '21, was married to Mr. Frederic Henry Adams in Lowell, Massachusetts. The same day, her classmate, Florence May Mann, '21, and Mr. Franklin Charles Matzek were married at the Melrose Highlands Congregational Church.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Ida Muriel Peterson, '30-'31, to Mr. Elwood Clyde Murray at Andover, New Brunswick, on Friday, September 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Burdette Meritt announce the marriage of their daughter, Antoinette Meritt Bromley, '23, to Mr. Wilder Nichols Smith on Saturday, September the nineteenth, at Dorchester, Massachusetts.

October 3, 1931, seems to have been a popular wedding day for Lasell brides. Bertha Burnham, '30, and Mr. Norris Crowell Baker were married in the afternoon, and that same evening, Bertha's roommate, Harriet Caryl Hewins, '29, and Mr. Page Sanderson were married in Wellesley Hills. Edith Palmer Stone, '27, Janet Scott, '28, and Ruth Hills, '23, were married to Mr. James Robertson Van Horn, Mr. Clarence Edmund Morse, and Mr. George Griswold Livermore respectively, on October 3, also. Mr. and Mrs. Livermore will be at home after November 1, at 92 Varick Road, Waban, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson Van Horn are at home at 96 Linden Street, Allston, Massachusetts.

Nell Carneal, '10, and Mr. Walter Wendell Drew were married on Thursday, September

the seventeenth, in Saybrook, Connecticut. They are at home at 15 West Seventy-second Street, New York, New York.

Mrs. David Camin announces the marriage of her daughter, Dorothy Natalee, '30, to Dr. Josef Samuel Rozen on Tuesday, the sixth of October, in Detroit, Michigan.

At Turner, Maine, Miss Portia Russell and Mr. Richard Austin Winslow were married, October the eleventh, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

On Saturday, October the tenth, Ruth Watson Hopkins, '23, and Mr. Warren Spooner were married in the Chantry of St. Thomas' Church. Mr. and Mrs. Spooner are to reside in Yonkers.

Mr. and Mrs. David Roland Armstrong who were married the twelfth day of October, at Long Island are at home at 35 Brooklyn Avenue, Valley Stream, Long Island, New York. Mrs. Armstrong was formerly Hilda Elizabeth Doyle, '29.

Mr. and Mrs. John Packard Jordan announce the marriage of their daughter, Helen, '30, to Mr. Benjamin Franklin Cutler on Friday, the sixteenth of October, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one, in Scarsdale, New York.

An invitation has been received to the marriage reception of Janice May Whittaker, '30, and Mr. Lars Josef Sandberg on Wednesday evening, the twenty-eighth of October.

On Friday, July 31, Mr. and Mrs. Hollis L. Roberts of Manchester-by-the-Sea announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Kitfield Roberts, '30, to Mr. Reginald Woodbury Holt, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Voorhis Holt of Andover. Mr. Holt is a graduate of Phillips Andover Academy, '24, of Yale, '28, and Yale Forestry School, '30, and is now associated with the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Company at Longview, Washington. The marriage took place on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-second of October, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

A newspaper clipping has been received announcing the engagement of Marian Simonds,

'25, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, to Mr. James Kirchhoffer Sutherland, of Greenwich, Connecticut. After being graduated from Lasell Seminary, Marian completed her college work at the Connecticut College for Women and took special courses at Columbia University. She is a teacher in the Community School at New Canaan, Connecticut. Mr. Sutherland is in the advertising business. In addition to attending Canadian schools, he also attended Wellington Court, London, England.

Mrs. William A. Sherman announced the engagement of her daughter, Charlotte Carter Sherman, '30, to Ensign Donald Frederick Weiss, U. S. Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Weiss of Methuen, Massachusetts. Ensign Weiss was a member of the Class of 1929 at the Naval Academy.

The engagement of Adele Regina Ahrens, ~~'29-'30~~, to Dr. Donald Watt has been announced by her parents from Pelham, New York. For thirteen generations, the family of Dr. Watt has claimed honors in the field of medicine. He is a graduate of the Osteopathy College at Kirksville, Missouri, the College of Osteopathy and Surgery in Chicago and also of Philadelphia, where he was the head of the medical department and assistant surgeon. The wedding will take place shortly after Christmas.

From time to time, Lasell has been favored in counting some distinguished student or marked missionary as a member of her Faculty. Our Principal, Dr. Winslow, received during the vacation, the following note from Dr. Louisa Holman Fisk, Ex-President of the Boston Branch of the American Association of University Women. Dr. Fisk was a member of our Lasell Faculty during the years, 1883-1885. In her note to our Principal, she writes: "I think many of the 'old girls' would appreciate seeing my little memorial to Charlotte Richards Willard which I am enclosing.

"My first acquaintance with Charlotte Richards Willard was in September, 1883, when she, a graduate from Smith College, and I, a graduate from Boston University, both of the Class of '83, met at Lasell Seminary as new

members of the Faculty, Miss Willard to teach Mathematics and I to teach Greek and Latin. Our friendship began on the evening of our arrival as new teachers and continued until her death, October 1, 1930.

"Miss Willard had a real genius for friendship; as a teacher of mathematics she was able to make the problems clear to her pupils; she had infinite patience with them and was always willing to give time outside of the class to assist a slow or backward student. One of the dearest friends of Miss Willard was a pupil of hers at Lasell Seminary, one of whose sons was named Willard in her honor.

"I went to Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, to teach Latin, in September, 1885, and Miss Willard came, I believe, in 1886. Miss Willard's home background, as the daughter of a Congregational minister, her ability and training especially fitted her for a position in a Christian College. She was an accurate and inspiring teacher. Her Sunday evenings were given almost entirely to receiving girls in her own suite, listening to their confidences and helping them with their problems. One outstanding feature in helping a troubled or unhappy girl was to make the girl feel that she was necessary to someone else, and indicate or suggest some immediate service. She gave help without reserve, united with the spiritual side of her nature was a very practical judgment. Her memory and the inspiration of her life lingers and will continue to linger in the lives of her pupils and her friends.

"An important part of the work of Miss Willard at Carleton College was carried on in the observatory where she was Assistant to the Director. Her observations often kept her in the observatory until very late at night, sometimes until one or two o'clock in the morning. She seemed to gain spiritual strength from those quiet nights in the observatory while taking her observation of the stars.

"Miss Willard always inspired her pupils with a great missionary spirit. . . . I have left for others to tell the story of her heroic life in Turkey."

Lasell is extending, at this time, sincere sympathy to another former member of our Faculty, Dr. Eliza Hall Kendrick, 1896-'01, now of Wellesley College, whose brother passed away early this autumn.

This year, Lasell missed the annual visit from the Misses Rose and Sophia Morgenthauer. They made a short stay in the vicinity of Boston and then "put northward" to their summer home on Lake Willoughby, Vermont. Our Principal and his wife did waylay them and report them both enjoying their usual fine spirits. In a note from Dr. Sophia, written from her summer home, she enclosed a clipping from a Muncie, Indiana, paper containing a fine picture of Mary Quick Dean, '14, and her little son and daughter, at the time, guests of Mary's parents. The doctor further added this important Personal Item for the LEAVES—"Barbara Smith, '22, is on her way to Lake Placid as guest for ten days of the Lake Placid Club and as soloist with the Boston Symphony artists, who are also guests at Lake Placid." Certainly, this is a deserved compliment for our young virtuoso. Lasell joins in the applause. The sisters were anticipating visits from Miss Desdemona Heinrich, Mrs. Alice Smith Corbin and her husband, just returned from an extended trip abroad which included Russia.

Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, always devoted to her family, nevertheless, is finding time for advancement along educational lines. She is now President of an Adelphian Chapter in her own city; an organization founded for the purpose of advance study among college graduates. Our Dean was happy to be Mrs. Haney's guest at the time of the fall reunion of the Portland Lasell Club. Through Mrs. Haney, she learned that another Maine girl, Louise Harmon, '00-'01, is now President of her local (Saco) Garden Club, with a membership of over two hundred. Miss Harmon retired from the presidency of the Portland Lasell Club at its last meeting and Cassie Lindsay Williams, '19-'20, is her successor.

We are touched from time to time as we learn of the continued interest in Lasell evi-

denced by relatives of our dear girls who have passed away. In a recent letter to our Principal from Mr. H. L. Hartwell of Madison, Wisconsin, he writes: "I am sending to you some photographs of the Class of '91, which belonged to my wife of blessed memory. Her maiden name was Sara Margaret Winsor, Class of 1891. With the photographs I have enclosed the Seminary Annual for 1891. You may wish to put these in your school library. Also, I am enclosing a little book that my wife enjoyed reading the last year of her life. Sara was the daughter of missionaries in India. The book is 'An Indian Priestess: The Life of Chundra Lela.' It was a gift from her mother. You may be interested to hear that our two sons born in 1896 and 1900 are both graduates of the University of Wisconsin and have been living in Madison about ten years. I wish you a most successful year at Lasell. Yours cordially, H. L. Hartwell."

Frances Allen Swinton, '99, writes to our Principal from North Dakota, interestingly about herself and family and gives us a glimpse at that section of the great West, her present home. She was especially impressed with the Commencement number of the LEAVES and confesses: "I have just read the Commencement number of the LASELL LEAVES from cover to cover. The big thing to me in it is that it all rings true. The stories are exceptionally vital, especially the first one—'All the World's a Stage.' The biggest crime of all is that we should ever be a stumbling block to the 'little ones'—our own children. Somehow, that girl of the Class of '31, Virginia Riley, has gotten an enormously vital theme for a short, gripping story. I'd want to congratulate her. And then, Mrs. Winslow's poem, 'Tree Wise,' touches my soul. She has so beautifully expressed herself. I love the trees, especially the pines. To you, I expect it's a love for the Maine woods—for me, mostly for the northern Minnesota woods, my native state, and here I live in nearly treeless prairie land. My oldest son, Bill, and I are working on the state committee for the George Washington Tree Planting Memorial. We have

been quite successful. Personally, I have planted one hundred evergreens and many, many seedling ash, elm and oak. You will recall that several years ago I hoped to send Mae, our second girl, now twenty-four years old, to Lasell, but Mr. Swinton was ill and our plan was abandoned. He is quite well again now. Mae went for two years to North Dakota University, then finished a year ago with a B.A. degree. She taught six months, then returned to Minnesota to work toward a degree in education which she has now received." Our Principal gratefully read this fine report from one of Lasell's worthy "old girls."

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow have been favored this fall with visits from members of their families. Mrs. Bert Ordway, Mrs. Winslow's sister and mother of our Ruth Ordway Leach, '21, of New York, and Miss Inez Winslow, our Principal's sister from Orleans, Vermont, were the guests.

Miss Potter describes her summer outing as a little zig-zag journey through the New England States and New York. Some very joyous days were spent with Alfhild Trondsen, '22-'23, and her family of Schuylerville. "Making this delightful home a starting point, we motored many miles in all directions. Once while dining at the delightful, half-English Inn, Hotel Queensbury in Glens Falls, who should suddenly appear before us, but two of our former students, Lorraine Whitney, '27-'28, and Henrietta Hisgen, '28, two of the bonniest girls seen this summer. Henrietta had just returned from Florida to spend the summer 'up north' and was visiting her sister who holds a position on the Faculty of one of Glens Falls' schools. Lorraine, after two years at Katharine Gibb's Secretarial School in Boston is now at home. Two of Henrietta's years since graduation were spent abroad in company with her mother. The girls reported that Mary Richmond, '26-'27, from Savannah, Georgia, was summering at Southport, Maine. In old Scituate on the Massachusetts coast, our Dean and her former Lasell classmate, Annie

Kendig Peirce, '80, had some rare days together. On one occasion, while attending a Current Events Class, Miss Potter found Alice Phillips Weeks, '19, by her side. And looking as young as ever. Albeit, she spoke with pride of her 'big children.' Elizabeth Peirce Bittenbender's ('04-'05) generous attentions were appreciated. We were among those who witnessed Beth's oldest son, Tom, win distinction in the annual water-sports contest at the Scituate Club."

At frequent intervals, Miss Blackstock has given her Lasell friends glimpses of India as she is finding it. We are looking for her to return soon, when we shall then have the whole story.

Peggy Matthews, '26, just following Commencement, acknowledged our Principal's "splendid Alumnæ letter" and regretted her absence from the fifth reunion of her class. Peggy is now a secretary at the Hartridge School in Plainfield, New Jersey, which she describes as resembling Lasell and brings back to her happy memories of our school. She sends special greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and her Lasell friends and mentions a charming note received from Miss Witherbee.

Dr. and Mrs. Bertrand H. Hopkins announced the engagement of their daughter, Caroline, '28, to Dr. Joseph A. McLean of Greensboro, N. C., and Ayer, on Saturday, September 19. The announcement was made to the guests in a unique manner, with Bertrand Hopkins, 2nd, in the roll of Cupid, sitting on his yellow throne in the centre of the dining table and holding in his tiny hands, a representation of Cupid and his bow aiming at a gay, red heart. Another unique feature was the ices in the form of hearts resting on spun sugar, and bearing the initials H. and M. The following six of "Hoppie's" classmates were in the Lasell group and also, Eleanor McKenney, '30, Natalie Robbs, '28, Jeanette Allen, '28, Elizabeth Stahl, '28, Elizabeth Smith, '28, Barbara Lawson, '28, Christina Finlayson, '28. Later in the evening, the same group with Lillian Bethel, '28 added, gave our

Dean a surprise party, by appearing in her office and their courteous detour was greatly appreciated.

Rev. Mabelle Whitney, '03, is taking a Sabbatical year, but with her "rest is not quitting this busy career," for our ministerial graduate is serving as field worker in the Christian Civic League of Maine, making Waterville her headquarters. In her note to Lasell she expresses sincere appreciation of the annual gift contributed to her work from the Lasell Missionary Society.

Marjorie Gifford Grimm, '22, reported a happy summer at Cape May, spent with her parents and little children, but a great loss came to her at the very close of the summer in the sudden passing away of her beloved father. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to Marjorie and her bereaved family.

Lasell, too, has its Junior League. However, the membership is not confined alone to elect little girls but boys are also accepted. Some of the most recently admitted members are:

Little Allen Nowell Croft, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth Croft (Elizabeth Nowell, '25), of 2743 Ferdinand Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii, was born the sixteenth of April.

On June 22, little David Simpson Rodgers 3d, came to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rodgers, Jr. (Dorothy Ruth Edwards '21).

Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Avery (Caroline Colton '23) are the proud parents of Peter Stultz Avery, born July 13, 1931.

Wee Nancy Osborn Hoyt arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Hoyt (Mary Edna Hart, '25) on July 14, 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Thedford Forman (Celina Marie Belle Isle, '21) are doubly happy to announce the arrivals of Thomas Thedford Forman, Jr. and Peter Belle Isle Forman on the twenty-eighth day of July, nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Bidwell (Harriette Phelps Case, '22) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Sarah Eno, on August 8, 1931.

On August 26, 1931, a son, Donald Robert, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Fifield (Reba Foster, '25-'26).

An announcement of the arrival of Winifred Edna Hathaway on July 12, 1931, is made by Mr. and Mrs. Russel Hathaway (Edna Isherwood, '25).

A son, little Luther Hemingway, arrived to gladden the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Killam (Cornelia M. Hemingway, '22) on September 18, 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon F. Sargent (Mary Irving King, '21) are the proud parents of a little son, John King Sargent, born September 26, 1931.

Little Quita Drummond Wilder, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Pinkney Wilder (Virginia Hight, '27) was born September 28, 1931.

An attractive copy of the *Woodward Star*, published by the Woodward Private School in Boston, came recently into our Principal's office. We noticed with especial interest that Lasell's Maude Simes Harding, '06, is on the Editorial Staff as the Faculty Advisor. The paper is rightly named, for it fairly shines with dear bits of original poems written by very little children—several of these poets-embryo being but six years of age.

"Eureka" should be the slogan of Helen Conger Brown, '21, as she works towards an added college degree this year at Ann Arbor University. Can't you get a hint at the splendid courage of this "old girl" in these sentences from her letter to Dr. Winslow: "It was a very hot summer and work was pretty heavy as you can imagine it would be where you are doing seventeen weeks work in eight. However, I enjoyed it tremendously and made some very pleasing contacts with people in both public health and in education. I don't think I've done anything to lessen the chances of any future Lasell student who may matriculate at the University of Michigan."

What a fine record our "old girls" are making in the world at large. The following excerpt is taken from a recent issue of the

Holyoke *Transcript*: "Miss Charlotte Ridley, '30, daughter of Mrs. Guy Ridley of Pleasant Street, has been awarded a scholarship to the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. The scholarship was awarded by competition, and out of about fifty voices, Miss Ridley was the only young woman accepted. The Curtis Institute was founded by Mary Louise Curtis Bok 'to hand down through contemporary masters the great traditions of the past and to teach students to build on this heritage for the future.' Joseph Hoffman is the director. Miss Ridley was graduated from Holyoke High School in 1928 and from Lasell Seminary in 1930. While at Lasell she studied with Miss Mary Williams. For the past year, she has been studying with Royal Dadmun of Springfield. She has entered the Curtis School, where she will study with Miss Harriet van Emden."

Reference has been made in the report of the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club Meeting of the honor won by Alice Bevin Leewitz, '13-'14, whose painting was accepted by the Artiste Française and Beaux Arts in Paris.

One of Lasell's present members of the Senior Class, Blanche Dougherty, '32, because of her excellent horsemanship, carried off four ribbons at the fall show of the Paul Revere Riding School at Concord.

Pauline LeClaire, '27, as is her good custom, stopped at Lasell en route home from her new field of labor. She finished her training at Johns Hopkins Hospital in March, 1931, and began work immediately as staff dietitian in the City Hospitals of Baltimore where there are 2300 patients, but Pauline's particular work consists in providing food for the doctors and nurses, a group of some 400. Lasell's congratulations to these signally successful workers afieled.

Now we must add a congratulatory word for one of our most efficient homemakers. Eunice Cox Harris, '10-'12, returned to Lasell after an absence of nineteen years, spent on her island home, Jamaica, British West Indies, more matronly than of yore, perhaps, but the same sweet, friendly, efficient Eunice as of old.

Our surprise was outspoken when she showed to us a photograph of herself, her husband, Mr. Stanley Harris, and their nine lovely children. Mr. Harris is not only manager of one of the most extensive fruit companies in Jamaica, but like Auburndale's beloved citizen, the late Mr. Frank F. Davidson, is the founder and supporter of a successful mission, giving, as we understood, some three evenings a week of personal service to the work.

Miss Roxanna Tuttle, a former member of our Faculty, spent the winter in Florida and, as usual, summered in her Marblehead home. This fall, she gave to us a happy hour at Lasell. Her unfailing optimism always renews our courage.

Mariesta Howland, '26, was in Kennebunkport at the time of our Portland reunion, but did not know of the meeting until it was over. She was royally entertained by Phyllis Bridger Leather, '26, and her parents. She modestly confesses that she has a "verse in the September *Good Housekeeping*" and closes with, "Here's wishing you all a happy and successful year at dear old Lasell."

Senora Orozco had a happy vacation with Maria and her dear little "Johnnie-Boy," but also found time to attend a course of valuable lectures at Columbia on high school and junior college work.

Dear Dorothy Herring, '28-'31, and Julia Krider, '30-'31, we are all "a-missing" you sorely these days, but feel sure you have chosen the wiser course, even though it has detoured you from Lasell. Dorothy is just making a business of getting good and strong before starting out again on her college work. Julia is now a full-fledged Sophomore at Oberlin. Girls, your unsolicited expressions of loyalty to Lasell, its Faculty and schoolmates, offer a fine panacea for our disappointment.

Charlotte Hanson, '30-'31, was unable to enroll at Lasell this year with her classmates. Her educational course this summer consisted of a delightful tour abroad. Charlotte is at present at Miss Sacker's School in Boston. Through this former schoolmate, we have

learned that Kitty Comstock, '31, after a month's visit in Germany, October 8, transferred her temporary residence to France. Later, she is planning to spend six weeks with her sister in London. These two, ex-editor and editor-elect of the LEAVES, send cordial greetings to their friends at Lasell.

This very day, we received a letter from Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, written in her LaPorte, Indiana, home. So friendly and newsy is this valued message, we cannot resist sharing a bit of it with Marion's many Lasell friends. She writes: "Early in September I had a caller whom I missed, so a few days later I returned the call, expecting to stay just a short time. But, we had such a glorious time, talking Lasell all over, that I had to tear myself away after visiting two and a half hours. My caller was Mrs. Van Harlinger (Sara Alice Dunsmore, '78) of Atlanta, Georgia, who graduated from Lasell over fifty years ago. She has a daughter who married the son of La Porte's most famous citizen, the late Admiral Ingersoll. Mrs. Van Harlinger is such a live wire and a real Lasell booster, I just enjoyed every minute. She planned to go in to the luncheon in Chicago but at the last moment, she could not. Dorothy Darrow hoped to go too, but could not, so I journeyed in alone. While there, I asked those who went to school in my time to drive out and have lunch with me; seven of the "old girls" accepted. Cornelia Stone, '10, drove up from Kankakee, Illinois. Dorothy Darrow Swasey, '12-'14, was right here in town. Margaret Gregson Barker, '09-'10, '12-'13, came by train and Mary Lumbard Doonan, '10, drove out bringing Marguerita Dike Hallberg, '10, and Margaret Jones Clemen, '11. I was so happy to have the girls come and from 11:30 until after 4:00, we hardly stopped visiting except as we ate. We hope to get together often. We are a very loyal group and feel a deep love for Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, you and the school."

But here comes a minor strain in Marion's letter. She adds: "Our family in the East has been through a very sad six months. Laura's

('16) husband passed on in March; in June, Emily's youngest son, Walter, fifteen years old, passed away; and in August my eldest brother, Stancliff, passed on after quite a long illness. Mother has broken up her home and is now with Laura. It seems a great comfort to both."

"Anne and Mary, my two daughters, thrilled over meeting my school friends of twenty-plus years ago. I think they expected gray haired ladies, so when Margaret Gregson Barker came looking so wonderful in a smart black and white outfit, Mary, my youngest whispered to me; 'Mother, she's young *like you*—looks like a high school girl.' I can't begin to tell you how much more at home it makes me feel, out here away from my New England environment, to see these Lasell friends. It also impresses me more and more with the fact that a mighty fine class of girls goes to Lasell. My love to you, and to all. Marion." A fine letter and I trust, as my wee niece would say, Marion will not "be cross to me" for having shared a part of it.

The picture of the High School at Hato Rey, Porto Rico, which strongly resembles a palace, has just been received at Lasell and what was our joy when accompanying the picture we read this message: "I am teaching in this school this year. It is the best on the island. How are my Lasell friends? Give my regards to all. Affectionately, Iris Cordero." Lasell quickly responds: "Congratulations and our love to you, dear Iris."

Mary Pryor, '28, stopped en route from Canada to her New Jersey home. She is meeting the loss of her beloved father bravely, and is planning later to serve in some capacity in her father's firm, but at present she is her mother's constant companion.

/ Mrs. John Slavens (Dadie Slavens, '89-'90) address is 14 North 17th Street, Phoenix, Arizona. After leaving Lasell, she attended DePauw and was in the first class in Stanford in '92. President Hoover was a college mate. She has one daughter who received her Ph.D. from Columbia and a little fifteen year old daughter whom we covet for Lasell. //

July 1, Eila Patterson Rogers, '05, called at Lasell and with her were her son and daughter. Dr. Winslow had the pleasure of welcoming her to historic Bragdon. The Personals Editor missed seeing this "l.w.d." of her day.

While a guest of the Bangor Lasell Club, this summer, our Dean was entertained at Charlotte Ryder's, '08, lovely home and there learned of Lela Goodall Thornburg's proposed visit for a month in her childhood home, in Sanford, Maine. Lasell had been living in hopes that Lela would not pass us by and yesterday to our delight she called with her sister, Mildred Goodall Campbell, '10, and her charming daughter.

What a friendly act on the part of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith (the parents of Lovina Smith Steffian, '23) to call at Lasell while in New England. It was Mr. Smith's first visit to his daughter's alma mater, and those of us who had the privilege of welcoming these parents, appreciated their coming.

Bernice Kent, '26-'27, called at Lasell, June 28, "just after the fair," so to speak. She was en route to Portland, Maine.

Aline Paull, '31, and Alma Mackinnon, '31, helped to launch us into the new year. I don't know why we let them escape, for they certainly seemed still to belong right here.

How in order it seemed to have Ruth Tilley, '31, address the student body early in the year. She came by invitation to tell the new girls, in her own gracious way, how to carry on Lasell's friendly traditions concerning the attitude of "new girls" to "old."

"Ruth Catlin Wheaton, '28-'29," just this card we found in our post office box, but it told us plainly that we had missed seeing one of our fine "old girls." Her calling proved that she had not forgotten her Lasell and us.

Dear Renee Smith, '29-'31, the pretty postal you sent from Habana was appreciated and showed that you were well on your way home. Your message touched us. We are waiting a further word from you concerning you and your new school program.

To Mrs. Hooker, Ruth Buck Spear, '19-'20,

wrote from St. Louis: "As I have put the Mississippi River between me and Lasell, I'm wondering what is the nearest Lasell Club—hoping I will find old friends in this strange city. Perhaps you know I have a baby daughter born June 12, one more Lasell girl. Wishing you a very successful year, I remain sincerely, Ruth Buck Spear."

When last heard from, Martha Peterson, '30-'31, was visiting in Augusta, Maine, and kindly took time to send to Lasell a fine picture of the state capitol and her good wishes.

A cousin of Dr. Bragdon, Mrs. Fred W. Merbert, nee Fanny Hanscome, '84-'85, called and left her new address. It is 270 Riverside Drive, New York, New York. Lasell is pleased to again get in touch with Mrs. Herbert.

Ruth Hutton, '27, and her mother were guests recently of Ruth's younger sister, Alice, who is this year a member of our Junior Class. Ruth gave us a charming glimpse of Catherine Holby Howze's, '27, wedding from a bridesmaid's viewpoint.

Dorothy Brown, '31, was entertained by Jane Spear, '33, early in October. "Brownie" is not resting from her school labors, but is taking an intensive training along business lines in order to "work into" her father's business. The "new girls" and "old" sang for Dorothy the beautiful song she composed during her Senior year, "Mid the Hills of Old New England."

His name is Edward Clendenin Stahl and he is the son of Edith Clendenin Stahl, '24, and Mr. Edward C. M. Stahl. In her note to Frances Badger, '24, Edith announces this recent arrival and describes him as a "perfect" baby. We can well believe it and extend Lasell's congratulations to parents and son.

Mary Whalen Poutas, '26, correct address is 10 Autumn Street, Boston. On her Lasell card of inquiry, she tells us that she has been a dietitian at Beth Israel Hospital for the last two years.

Louise Wadleigh Bedall, '02-'03, of Los Angeles, California, and Lucia Parcher Dow, '02-'03, her Lasell chum, called at the school

in September. We fortunately were in residence and enjoyed their visit. Louise is the Secretary of the Southern California Lasell Club. These schoolmates have never lost their enthusiasm over and love for dear old Lasell.

The Personals Editor was not as fortunate when Claire Funke Storey, '03-'04, called in August with her husband, Mr. Lynn C. Storey. We are even now hoping that their little daughter, thirteen years of age, will eventually be enrolled among the Lasell students.

Dorothy Hayward, '29 and Dottie Schwartz, '29, were hobnobbing together through Wisconsin this past summer and incidentally living over their days at Lasell. We thank them for remembering us with such a cordial message.

The Alumnae Association officers, President Josephine Woodward Rand, '10; Secretary Priscilla Alden Wolfe, '19, and Treasurer Marion Ordway Corley, '11, chanced to visit Lasell recently. Each in turn was optimistic about the future of our L. A. A.

That was a fine letter and a much appreciated one written by Betty Steep, '30-'31, to our principal, Dr. Winslow. Elizabeth is at present taking up her college work at a Commercial College in Detroit, with fresh enthusiasm. Lasell's hearty congratulations and God-speed to this Michigan "old girl."

We happily ran across Betty Bowden Shugg, '27, in Bragdon Hall during her call and waylaid her long enough to ascertain that she and her husband are both at college again, studying for advance degrees. Our congratulations to these studiously inclined young people. We hope they will take a recess now and then in favor of Lasell.

We regretted missing the call of Ethel Ramage Fisk, '19. Try soon again, Ethel, and we will hope next time to be at Lasell to greet you and extend to you the hearty "welcome home" which you deserve.

On our desk was this extract from a letter of reference for one of our new girls. Margaret Gordon, '25, says: "I have been teaching English for three years in the Enfield High

School." This is a good word from Margaret and she deserves our congratulations.

We appreciate the renewed friendliness on the part of Virginia Williamson Hurlbutt, '12-'13, of Charleston, West Virginia. She not only accompanied Etta Macmillan Rowe, '11-'13, but came later in September with her sister who was visiting Lasell for the first time.

The school year had just closed when who should appear at our door, but "Pinky" Puckett Neill, '23, Mr. Jesse C. Neill and little "Pinky" Puckett, Jr. Louise never looked better or seemed happier than on that bright June day. The golden haired little daughter was the mother in miniature. Louise had a good word for a number of Lasell girls who live in and near Buffalo and pleased us much by declaring that she was occasionally furnishing a dramatic program for some local club or church, has never abandoned the idea of returning to Boston later to finish her course in dramatic art.

Dorothy Peabody, '31, stopped at Lasell en route to Philadelphia this fall. A happy visit in the vicinity of Plymouth had evidently agreed with this dear graduate who looked the picture of health and is fully determined to take up some worthwhile work this coming winter.

Esther Palmer Dwinell, '24, was just escaping after a hurried call at the Seminary when we fortunately chanced to meet and greet her. She declared herself "well and happy" and looked the part.

It seemed like old times to have Karin Eliasson, '31, at the organ and a group of our present day violinists accompanying her at one of our opening Vesper Services with Dr. Boynton Merrill as the speaker. Karin, to her joy and ours, "has made" the Junior Class at Boston University.

Dear Ruth Libby, '31, and Dorothy Hall, '31, are enrolled at the University of New Hampshire. "Rookie" keeps in touch with her friends still at Lasell and to our delight has promised to visit her school home one of these fall days.

We are missing Shirley Wellington, '30-'31,

but must congratulate her that she is fortunate in having a position with the firm she served before entering Lasell.

Emma Jo Thompson, '30, never passes us by and is always a most welcomed guest. She, in a way, helped to launch this year's school ship.

A message was received from Miss Foote, written in Paris and reporting a delightful summer abroad.

Miss Ruth Dunham was Miss Perley's guest with us at the opening of school. She enjoyed her summer school work in Paris and anticipated her new school position at the Burnham School at Northampton.

The marriage of Miss Portia Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Porter Russell, Clerk of Lasell's Board of Trustees, and Richard Austin Winslow, the son of our principal, Dr. Guy Monroe Winslow, and Mrs. Winslow, was celebrated at Miss Russell's summer home at Turner, Maine, October 11. Miss Russell's sister was the maid of honor and Donald Winslow served as his brother's best man. Those of us who have visited this favored region realize it was an ideal spot for such a celebration. Following the wedding festivities the bride and groom left in their car for a wedding journey into Canada. After November 1, they will be at home at 48 Strathmore Road, Brookline. Lasell's family now in residence join with the Lasell family at large in extending a hearty Godspeed to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Austin Winslow.

Maria Riker Hume, '09, has been sorely bereft in the sudden and recent passing away of her dear mother, Martina Grubbs Riker, '84-'85, the result of an automobile accident which occurred at the close of the happy vacation spent by Mr. and Mrs. Riker in the Middle West.

It is difficult to realize that Mr. Ray M. Sanford, husband of our Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, has passed away. We recall gratefully this friend of Lasell and our sympathy is sincerely extended to this bereaved trustee and her dear daughter.

At Commencement time, Lasell enjoyed the enthusiastic presence of Mary Thielens Peeples, '04-'05, and little thought of the great sorrow which was coming to her and her beloved family in the sudden death of Mr. Peeples which occurred early in the summer.

An overwhelming bereavement has come to Dorothy Wells Seller, '09, in the sudden death by automobile accident of her dear daughter, while the younger sister, seriously injured at the time, is slowly convalescing in one of our Massachusetts hospitals." To each of these stricken friends and their bereaved families, Lasell offers her deepest sympathy.

ST. JOHNSBURY LASELL CLUB MEETING

The sixth annual meeting of the Lasell Club of St. Johnsbury was held at the Maple Grove Tea Room, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, June 17th, 1931. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winslow were guests of honor from Lasell. Helen J. Libby, Vice-President, presided in the absence of the President, who was unable to be present.

Preceding lunch the Lasell grace was sung, and during lunch several school songs were sung. Miss Libby welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, and Mr. Winslow responded with the latest news from Lasell. At this time Lasell pictures of interest were passed around.

Mr. Winslow said the endowment fund is growing slowly and is now about \$85,000, the recent graduating class having contributed nearly \$1600. The present enrollment for next year is about 180. We need, at least, 100 more, and would welcome the names of any good prospects that any of you have in mind. The trustees have set aside a sum for a building fund.

Mr. Winslow spoke of the different departments and their good work. The enlarging of the Music Department and increase in organ pupils, making another organ almost necessary. He spoke of the fine work of the Orchestra, and particularly, of the Chinese Garden Tea Party in which the art department and Orchestra cooperated. Lasell Night at the Pops, when the Orphean Club sang several numbers in

Symphony Hall conducted by Musical Director George Dunham. This is to be an annual feature of the commencement season, and arrangements have already been made for the evening of May 27, 1932.

The most radical change in the work planned for next year is in the art department. A third art teacher has been engaged who will give full time courses in Costume Design, Interior Decoration, and Commercial Art. The plan is to broaden the field of our art work, especially in the direction of commercial and vocational art, and for the present, at least, there will be no extra charges for art in any of its branches.

As a new feature of River Day this year an Alumnæ Crew took part. Miss Kay Fitch was captain.

It was rainy for Commencement Week as is frequently the case, but even so, it was a successful and interesting week.

Mr. Winslow brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter.

Miss Libby read a letter from Joe Woodward Rand, '10, President of the Alumnæ Association, in which she said that at the last meeting a majority of those present voted themselves in favor of a building fund. Mention was made of the scholarship fund and also the endowment fund. The building fund, started a number of years ago, amounts to a little over two thousand. To this amount it is expected the board of directors will add some of the general fund. Mrs. Rand's letter was an appeal to the Clubs, if they could not in some way earn money to add to this fund.

She also asked for the names and correct addresses for the new National Treasurer, Marion Ordway Corley. Any help members of the club can give will be much appreciated. No definite action was taken on this letter.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, and the treasurer's report given. These were both approved and accepted.

The meeting adjourned to the Reception Hall where the Misses Pitcher, Fletcher, Houlihan and Curtis rendered a special song selec-

tion. The meeting was continued informally and a nominating committee was appointed by Miss Libby; Chairman, Mrs. Isabelle Jackson, Helen Foster and Elizabeth Stahl, to nominate officers for the next two years.

There was a discussion about holding the meeting at Darling Inn in Lydonville for a change, but no definite action was taken until we can know what arrangements can be made there.

The meeting closed with the singing of the Alma Mater. Those present were:

Hazel E. Baird, '26.
Mildred Brahana, '16.
Elizabeth M. Campbell, '22.
Virginia Cleasby, '31.
Dorris Cleasby, '27.
Anna L. Conant, '09.
Sarah F. Crane, '22.
Dorothy Curtis, '31, and guest.
Eleanor Dorman, '26-'28.
Katherine M. Fitch, '30.
Beulah C. Fletcher, '31.
Helen J. Foster, '16, and guest.
Louise Houlihan, '31.
Isabelle W. Jackson, '23.
Barbara C. Jenkins, '25, (210 Main St., Lancaster, N. H.).
Ruth E. Kinsley, 1930-
Barbara E. Lawson, '28.
Josephine Laughton, '28, (St. Johnsbury).
Helen J. Libby, '22.
Marjorie B. Perkins, '28, (for school record: 34 Robinson Court, Burlington, Vt.).
Miss Pitcher.
Evelyn Ladd Rublee, '28.
Elizabeth Stahl, '28.
Miriam Dailey Taylor, '22.
Vera W. Warfield, '16.
Ruth C. Wheaton, '28-'29.

Anna L. Conant, Secretary, '09.

CLASS OF 1921 REUNION

Another belated but most valued report which deserved space in the Commencement LEAVES, is the following account of the reunion of the Class of 1921. Twenty members of the class reported for their tenth anniversary and what a joy it was for Lasell to have them with us. They were: Helen Beede, Doris Bisset Bryant, Marion Stevens White, Marian Bliven MacDonald, Doris Brown Ranlett,

Lillian Doane Maddigan, Dorothy Ely Bigham, Lillian Fontain, Mary King Sargent, Mildred Knight Norwood, Helen Linnehan Loud, Gladys Lucas, Florence Mann, Ruth Rawlings, Doris Sanborn, Ruth Smith Coates, Esther Story, Viola Sullivan, Helen Jacobs, and Nell West Haigh. Two of these dear matrons, Lillian Doane Maddigan and Dorothy Ely Bigham, have each two daughters. Doris Brown Ranlett and Viola Sullivan have each a little daughter, while Nell West Haigh (to whom we are indebted for this report) is the proud mother of two sons. Mary King Sargent is also the mother of a dear little child. Esther Story is still in hospital service, Ruth Rawlings—a successful young pedagogue, while Helen Beede is an important factor in the office of the Lasell Registrar. We cannot forbear from quoting a friendly word or two from the personal note at the close of Nell's Class report. She writes: "We all enjoyed being in Auburndale once more, seeing our teachers and friends and doing things that we hadn't done since our Lasell school days. It was the first Commencement that either Dot Ely or I had been able to attend since our own graduation, but you may be sure it is not the last; because the new friends we made among the students at Bragdon as well as you, our old friends, made us so welcome that we felt almost as if we had never been away. I hope the coming year will bring a great deal of joy and health to you all. Affectionately yours, Nell West Haigh."

PORTLAND LASELL CLUB MEETING

One of September's best days was happily selected for the annual meeting of the Portland Lasell Club. As usual the meeting place was the Columbia Hotel. An informal reception preceded the luncheon. We were tempted to write "banquet" for the feast provided was so bountiful and tempting. Lovely bouquets of gladioli adorned the tables. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter were the special guests from Lasell. The Club added a charming touch by presenting the lady visi-

tors each with a corsage of roses. Our Principal and Mrs. Winslow contributed wisdom and wit to the program. Dr. Winslow's optimistic report of Lasell's outlook, even in these hard times, was appreciated and heartening. Miss Potter added some personals concerning "old girls" which were greatly enjoyed. She referred to the new members of the Woodland Park Faculty, Marjorie Winslow, '28, our Principal's elder daughter, and Elizabeth Jewett, the daughter of Mrs. Elise L. Jewett, a member of the Lasell Faculty. Miss Winslow is a graduate of Tufts College and Miss Jewett was graduated from Mount Holyoke, last spring. Mrs. Barbara Turner Greenwood, '27-'28, the vice-president, graciously presided, in the absence of President Louise May Harmon, '00-'01. Some charming music was provided by Mildred Corey, '19-'20, now musical director in one of Detroit's private schools. Those present were: Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, Helen Sanborn Rowe, '20, Louise Stevens Prince, '22, Lorraine Lombard, '31, Janet Kennedy, '30-'32, Eldora DeHaven, '32, Marcia Pinkham, '27, Lois Perry Bowles, '20, Helen Chapman Frost, '23, Isabelle Coombs Campbell, '24-'27, Gertrude Hooper, '32, Marion Roberts, '29, Jeanette Eustis, '27-'28, Ruth Ford, '29, Jane E. Bailey Matthews, '13-14, Mildred Knight Norwood, '21, Mildred Corey, '19-'20, Barbara Turner Greenwood, '27-'28.

President Gertrude Wagner, '28, of the Chicago Lasell Club sends this informal, friendly report of their fall meeting held September 11, in the Walnut Room of Marshall-Field's. "Our meeting was most successful in that it accomplished what we intended it to do, namely, to introduce the new girls to one another. There were four of the five who are attending Lasell from the Middle West, at the luncheon—also their mothers. Miss Mulligan had gone East earlier in the month, so we did not have the pleasure of meeting or knowing her. We anticipate that for the future. Our attendance was rather small, due to an epidemic of hay fever and people being still away on vacations. The new girls present were, Jeanette Rising,

Janet Price, Mary Jane Matthews and Betty Swift—all delightful girls, and we thought, typical of Lasell.

"Just at this time, a great bereavement had come to one of our very loyal members, Mrs. Cornelius James Peeples' (Mary Thielens, '04-'05) husband passed away after a very short illness. Mrs. Peeples was back at Lasell for her twenty-fifth class reunion this last June. She is one of the most loyal and efficient members the Chicago Lasell Club has.

"Last night I received an invitation to the wedding of Nancy Louise Pagin, '27. She is to be married the seventeenth of October, to Mr. George Alfred Page. It will be remembered that Nan, after being graduated from Lasell, attended Northwestern University and has been teaching school for the past year. Possibly the LEAVES will be interested to know that Mr. and Mrs. Milton W. Mix of Hartford, Connecticut, have a son, Lyman Wetherall Mix, born August 21, 1931. Mrs. Mix was Barbara Baldwin, '26-'27.

"We are to have our next meeting and luncheon, also elections at Christmastide. I will report again at that time. Most sincerely, Gertrude Wagner."

THE TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY PARTY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY LASELL CLUB

The Connecticut Valley Lasell Club lost no time in accepting the invitation of our own Mary B. Korper, '29, to hold its twenty-fifth annual meeting at her beautiful home, 29 Highland Street, West Hartford, and on Saturday afternoon, October 3, the weather man, in league with Mary, providing a delightful warm, sunny day, fifty-nine Lasellians including Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Mlle. LeRoy were graciously received into Mary's home. A few minutes of hand-shaking, hugging, kissing, and the customary chattering of Lasell girls proclaimed to all that this indeed was a real Lasell reunion, bringing to us girls of earlier years and of recent years some of whom had never been with us before, one of whom was none other than Mary's own room-mate, Barbara

Wilson of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, who was Mary's special guest.

A delicious luncheon was served by The Hartford Club, following the reception, the rooms being attractively decorated with bouquets of roses and garden flowers.

The meeting was opened by the singing of several Lasell songs, with Laura Hale Gorton, '16, song leader and Bernice Cunningham Smith, '24-'25, accompanist, who has been heard in piano recitals over Station WDRC.

President Edna Strickland Olson, '07, then called the meeting to order and extended greetings to all.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted. President Olson then asked the Secretary to read the list of those present at our first meeting twenty-five years ago, and as she did so, any who were present also in 1931 were called upon to rise. Fifteen girls responded.

Bessie L. Comstock, 1891-'03, and her sister Laura R. Comstock, 1891-'92, held the perfect attendance record and these two sisters were asked to come forward and, as a token of appreciation for their loyalty, the club presented to each of them a corsage bouquet. The club also presented Mary's mother, Mrs. Leslie Korker, with a shoulder bouquet, as a token of our appreciation of her hospitality.

The question of raising the dues from 50c to \$1.00 was discussed along with the depleted condition of the treasury due to the fact that about one-fifth of the membership are financing the club. The question was put to vote, and it was voted 45-1 to raise the dues to \$1.00 beginning October 1, 1932. Dues remain at 50c until October 1, 1932.

Greetings were read from the Secretary of the Southern California Lasell Club, Louise Wadleigh Bedall, '03-'04, the President of the Western Massachusetts Lasell Club, Susan Tiffany, '15; the President of the Miami Lasell Club, Ella R. Cushing, '73; National President of the Alumnae Association, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10; and Dean Lillie R. Potter, '80. Emma Ockert, '26, as its President, ex-

tended greetings in person from the New Haven Lasell Club, and Miss Grace C. Huntington, '89, represented Miss Maude L. Stone, '88, President of the New York Lasell Club, who is at present on an extended trip abroad.

Our most famous members seemed to be Alice Bevin Leewitz, '13-'14, artist (now in Paris) who, her mother (Grace Conklin Bevin, '84-'85) said had a portrait accepted and hung at the spring exhibition of the *Artiste Française* and *Beaux Arts* which is held annually at the Grand Palais, and Maude I. Tait, '20, who last fall received the U. S. Transport Pilot's License which is the highest pilot's rating given by the United States Department of Commerce. Maude also won some of the air races held at Cleveland this past summer. /

The Nominating Committee through its Chairman, Harriette Case Bidwell, '22, read the formal resignation of Lillian Gertrude Grant, '20, who has been the Secretary and Treasurer of the Club for the past five years. The Club voted, however, not to accept Lillian's resignation and she was re-elected for another term. Other officers elected for 1931-'32 were: President, Una Storrs Riddle, '17-'18; Vice-President, Jean B. Ayr, '29; Executive Committee, Chairman, Maude Wilcox, '24, Dortha Warner, '31, and Helen Wahlquist, '25; Nominating Committee, Chairman, Marion Griffin Wolcott, '16, Chairman, Jessie Hayden, '82-'85 and Barbara Baldwin Mix, '26-'27; Endowment Bridge, Chairman, Mary B. Korper, '29.

Susan Hallock Couch, '86-'88, Chairman of the Honor Roll Committee, reported the following deaths since our last meeting: Florence E. Chaffee, '24-'25, Elizabeth Harwood Fones, '89, Lina Maynard Bramhall, '79-'84, Alvine Hoelscher, '22, Jennie Raymond Geyer, '81-'83, Evelyn Dunham Mason, '15, Mrs. Harriett Sawyer Holden, '88-'89, and Ella Brooks Cotton Heth, '97-1900.

President Olson then called upon our Lasell guests, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and Mlle Le Royer, all of whom related incidents contrasting the girls as well as school activities of today

with those of yesterday, with much humor introduced. Dr. Winslow reported that while the enrollment was somewhat smaller than last year, due to the continued business depression, they have a very fine school this year, with thirty-one girls registered from Connecticut. He spoke of the stability of the school and said that while new blood was each year being introduced into the Faculty, there still remain fifteen on the Faculty with an average service of twenty years. Lasell this year is celebrating the eightieth anniversary of its founding and has also this year been admitted as a member, in full regular standing, of the American Association of Junior Colleges.

Telegrams were sent to Principal Emeritus Dr. C. C. Bragdon of California and to Dean Lillie R. Potter. The meeting closed with the singing of the Alma Mater, and everyone expressed the opinion it was one of the finest meetings we have ever held. Those present were:

Mary B. Korper, '29
Edna Stickland Olson, '07
Sarah Dyer Darling, '00-'01
Mabelle Hamlin Barby, '15
Dr. Guy M. Winslow
Clara A. Winslow
Jean B. Ayr, '29
Jessie W. Hayden, '82-'85
Dorothy L. Dunham, '31
Agatha Canfield, '31
Nellie M. Hart, '02-'04
Lucy Miller Robotham, '03
Bernice Cunningham Smith, '24-'25
Grace T. Griswold, '08
Una Storrs Riddle, '17-'18
Gladys Cone Russell, '13-'14
Alice Hillard Corbin (Instructor, '12-'22)
Laura Hale Gorton, '16
Kathryn M. Dow, '30
Evelyn E. Hart, '27-'30
Marion Griffin Wolcott, '16
Irene Bollman Kunkel, '14
Grace Holmes Stiles, '92-'93
Bessie Brainard Schmadeke, '97
Elsie Boardman Reynolds, '00
Helen M. Wahlquist, '25
Madeline Sheldon, '16
Helen Merriam Cornell, '02-'03
Grace Conklin Bevin, '84-'85
Florence Skinner Anderson, '13-'14

Hazel Kramer O'Donnell, '26
 Emma H. Ockert, '26
 Dortha E. Warner, '31
 Charlotte W. Buck, '29-'30
 Betty Oppel Morris, '26
 Harriette Case Bidwell, '22
 Lois Case, '27-'30
 Barbara J. Wilson, '29
 Grace C. Huntington, '89
 Lillian Gertrude Grant, '20
 Alice Grimes Griffin, '20
 Freda Griffin Leining, '20
 Harriet S. Hawks, '21
 Maude A. Wilcox, '24
 Eva C. Robertson, '03-'04
 Fanny L. MacKenzie, '03-'04
 Mabel Deming, '03-'04
 Mary Goodwin Olmsted, '03
 Ethel B. Hook, '02-'03
 Mlle. Jeanne Le Royer
 Susan Hallock Couch, '86-'88
 Laura R. Comstock, '91-'92
 Bessie L. Comstock, '91-'93
 Clara McLean Rowley, '02
 Emma White Welles, '89-'93
 Charlotte Joseph Tuite, '13
 Betty Barker, '29
 Helen Saunders, '17
 Doris M. Alley, '28

Lillian Gertrude Grant, '20,

Secretary.

EASTERN MAINE LASELL CLUB

The ninth annual meeting and luncheon of the Eastern Maine Lasell Club was held at Log Lodge, Lucerne in Maine, on Thursday, September 3 at 1:30 o'clock. There were twenty-nine in attendance, including two girls who entered Lasell this fall.

We were very fortunate in having as guest of honor, Miss Lillie Potter, who looked younger than ever. She had many interesting pictures to show us of the girls in their various activities, also, the bulletin in its new blue cover, which is a lovely improvement. Miss Potter's talk after luncheon was most delightful, interspersed with many humorous anecdotes.

It was pleasant to have Katherine Mason Fernald, '99, of Haverford, Pennsylvania, and Marjorie Carleton Steward, '04-'06, of 501 Hillcrest Avenue, East Lansing, Michigan,

join us at the annual luncheon. Mrs. Caroline Saunders of New Jersey, a former Domestic Science teacher, who left behind her at the school a splendid record, was also a most welcome visitor and added a loyal word for Lasell.

It was voted that the Secretary be instructed to send a night letter with greetings from the Club to Dr. Bragdon. It was also voted to send greetings from the Club to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow by Miss Potter.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President ----- Charlotte Ryder, '08
 Secretary ----- Marion Harvey Higgins, '15-'16
 Treasurer ----- Lorena Fellows Sawyer, '99

Those present were: Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, of Auburndale, Mass.; Mrs. Caroline Saunders, of Orange, New Jersey; Katherine Mason Fernald, '99, of Haverford, Pennsylvania; Marjorie Carleton Steward, '04-'06, of East Lansing, Michigan; Jeanette Smith, '29, of Rockland, Maine; Karin Ellison, '31, of Ellsworth, Maine; Constance Witham, '31, of Guilford, Maine; Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10, of Greenville, Maine; Clarice Liscomb, '29, of Bar Harbor, Maine; Charlene Rollins, '29-'30, of Dexter, Maine; Esther Norcross Dougherty, '18, of Old Town, Maine; Helen Gray Porter, '02-'05, of Old Town, Maine; Lydia Adams, '18, of Bangor, Maine; Charlotte Ryder, '08, of Bangor, Maine; Marian Harvey Higgins, '15-'16, of Bangor, Maine; Barbara Stover, '33, of Bangor, Maine; Alice Fernandez, '33, of Bangor, Maine; Louise Hale, of Brewer, Maine; Mary McAvey Miller, '28, of Bangor, Maine; Florence Rogers Hilton, '05-'08, of Bangor, Maine; Lorena Fellows Sawyer, '99, of Bangor, Maine; Florence Wyman, '91-'92, of Bangor, Maine; Charlotte Cahners, '32, of Bangor, Maine.

NEW HAVEN LASELL CLUB MEETING

Dear Editor of the Lasell LEAVES:

I am writing herewith a few lines about the New Haven Lasell Club, and hope you will be able to publish them in the forthcoming issue of the LEAVES. We held our first fall meeting

the evening of October 13th at the home of Helen Kowalewski, '28. Fifteen girls were present. This shows clearly that you get some of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but not all of the people all of the time. However, we had a good meeting and that's what counts.

Our new officers are as follows and you will note there are not many changes:

President	-----	Emma Ockert, '26
Vice President	-----	Hazel Kramer O'Donnell, '26
Treasurer	-----	Harriet Kimberly, '30
Secretary	-----	Helen Kowalewski, '28

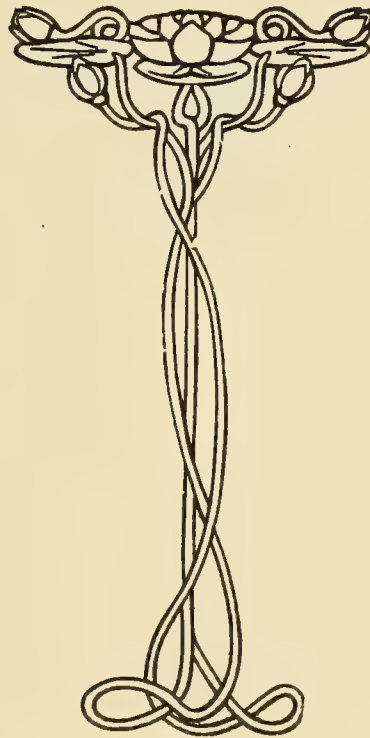
We are mighty glad to have Hazel back in

New Haven. She moved to Pennsylvania when she was married but now her husband's business has brought them back to the old stamping ground. We were so pleased to see Hazel that we immediately wished off on her the task of chairmanship of a bridge which we hope to give in January. With her pep, I am sure things will be humming soon.

"When inspiration comes to me, I will attempt a real letter filled with additional news concerning the high and low lights of our club.

"Cheerio!"

Helen Kowalewski, '28.



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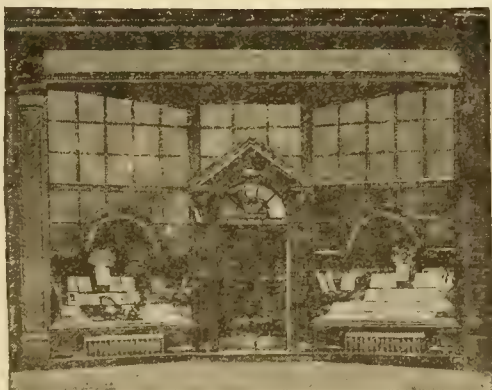
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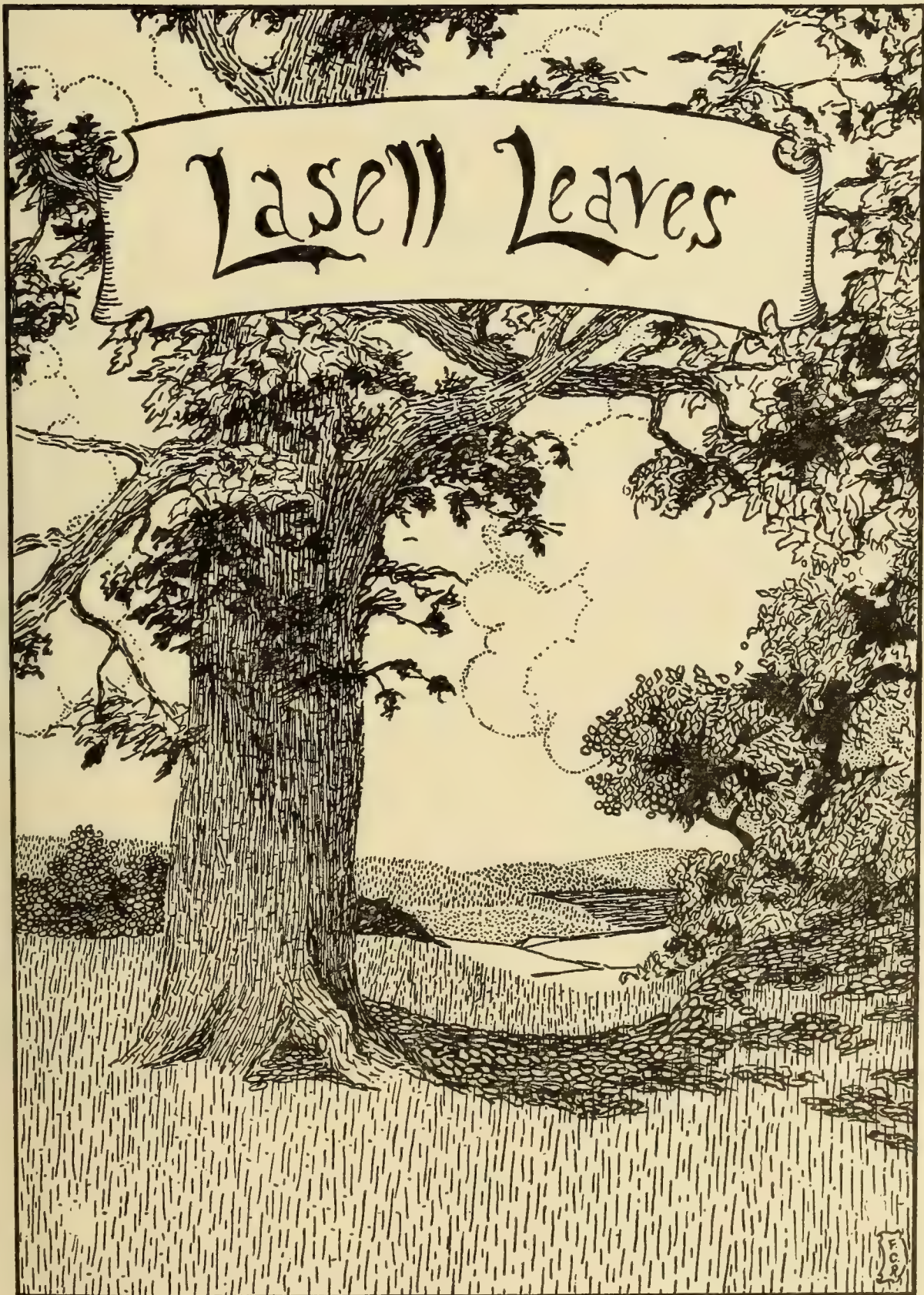
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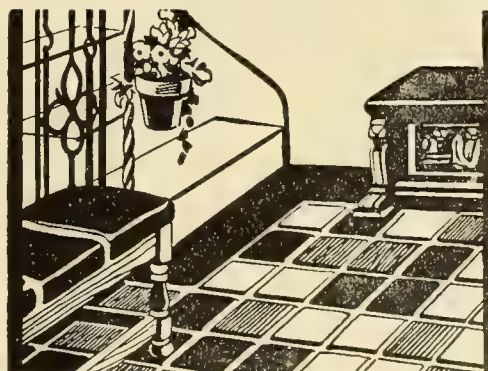
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LASELL LEAVES

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LITERARY

MODERN BARTER

The Lasell forest, now so flourishing, came into being a few years ago because of a depression; Lasell lacked her quota of pupils and a certain gentleman lacked the money to send his granddaughters here. A trade was arranged—land for education. All this reminds one somewhat of the barter of Colonial times, albeit, it took place as recently as during the World War.

Several tracts have been added during the succeeding years, until Lasell now has about fourteen hundred acres situated in Stockbridge and Barnard, Vermont, on the two sides of the White River, approximately in the center of the state. Now land, no matter how charming its scenery is, is a liability unless you make that land work. So in 1925, scientific planting was started. Sections of this land already had large trees, maybe thirty or forty years old upon it, but the greater part of it had been logged.

The planting began in an experimental manner, to find those trees best suited to the land. That first year, 1925, fifty thousand Scotch Pine were set out. They developed successfully, so that each succeeding year more and more acres have been planted. Various kinds of trees have been tried, Scotch Pine, Norway Spruce, White Ash, Red Pine, European Larch, and White Spruce. In the six years since the experiment began Lasell has increased her forest by nearly one million trees. The largest single planting was last year's when two hundred seven thousand Norway Spruce and one hundred eighteen thousand White Spruce were set out.

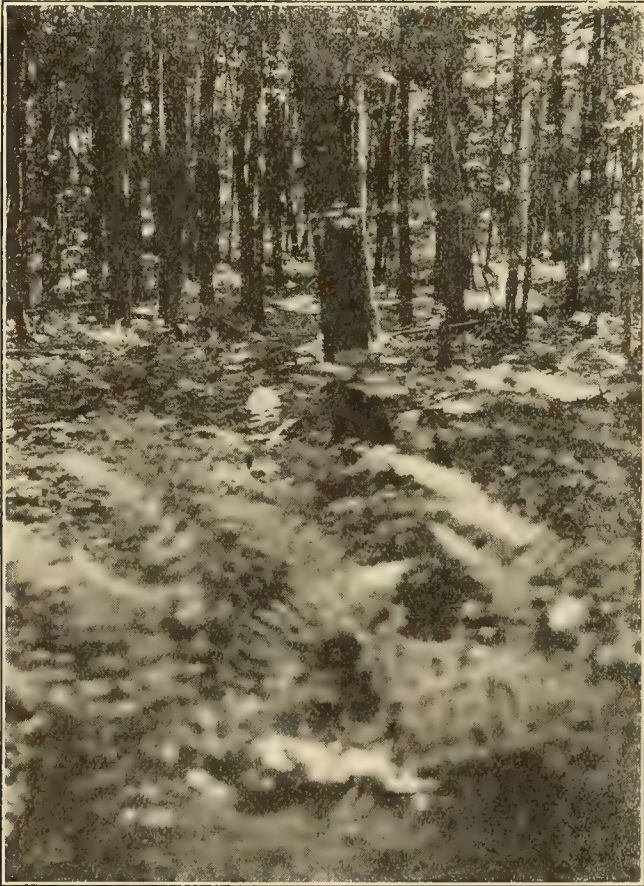
One must ordinarily wait sixty years for the full development of trees of these types, but on those planted last year Lasell hopes to realize in ten years. For in that time those



spruce trees should have attained from four to six feet of growth and be the size desired for Christmas trees. This land will not be completely cleared when the Christmas trees are cut, but the growth thinned out, thus giving those which remain a greater opportunity for developing. One comparatively small group of about ten thousand White Ash was planted in 1927. It is a rapid-growing, hardwood tree most valuable for commercial purposes. Unfortunately, few large plantings of ash have proven successful. If a suitable place for its growing can be found it will yield a splendid return.

Europe has for centuries practiced scientific forestry, replacing all cut or fallen timber with young trees. Some Scandinavian towns have achieved such high returns from their forests that they actually pay all taxes and run the public utilities with the proceeds. On the contrary the United States until recently has cut off her woodlands in such a profligate manner that we were threatened with not having any forest reserves left. In the past twenty-five years the several states have awakened to the situation and we are now raising millions of seedlings each year. These tiny trees are sold when about three years old to the general pub-

lic for purposes of reforestation at cost price—approximately six to eight dollars a thousand. To towns, churches, and schools the state of Vermont sells these young trees for exactly half price. This greatly increases our buying power.



There are many dangers which beset trees, particularly when they are tiny, such as disease, and destruction by animals, but by far the greatest danger is from fire. In the past year some twenty acres of the Lasell forest were destroyed in this way, all due no doubt to some careless workman or motorist and his cigarette. As if natural difficulties were not enough to look out for, there are several more things which must be taken care of if the Lasell forest is to prove successful. It must be made large enough to form an independent economic unit. By this I mean, it must be run on a large enough scale to pay for itself, the interest on the investment, the taxes, and the natural losses, and in the end it must show a profit. One would not attempt to run a dairy farm without sufficient pasturage for his

cattle, neither may Lasell hope to succeed in forestry without sufficient acreage for her trees. The trustees have authorized Dr. Winslow to buy more land from time to time so that the enterprise may be sufficiently large to permit of financial success if the other obstacles are overcome.

Lucy Robertson, '32.

EVEN AS A BEGGAR

Why do I cry and moan for you to come?
I know it cannot be; even as the sea
Desires to gnaw the earth away, and cannot,
I want you here, even as beggars
Stretch out their thin hands for alms not
Given, so I stretch out my heart and call
To you, but you do not come. I know,
As winter knows its death at spring,
So your absence brings a dullness
To my heart. Someday, perhaps, I shall not
Call for you, nor wait with hoping
Soul for your return. Then, dear, I shall be
Dead, and will not wish for anything but
Peace.

Marion Lewis, '32.

"THE TURKEY IS EXCELLENT, SIR"

Jerry Lewis settled deeper in his big chair and smiled a little to himself. It had been just two years ago that he had come to the "big city" from his home in southern Illinois. What a difference now! His own well-appointed apartment, enough money, lots of friends, all the realization of a bachelor's dream. And somehow, Jerry fitted into his dream with his grey eyes and his polished manners.

He was sought after by many correct young matrons to grace their tables or salons. He had heard one say once, "you can always depend on Jerry Lewis to assume some of the responsibility of entertaining—he's a dear." Then Jerry got a tingle of pleasure because he was proud of his gallantry. And now with Thanksgiving near he would be "on the lookout" for the most desirable engagement.

Three weeks before the festive Thursday, Janice Williams called and asked him to come out to dinner. After a moment's hesitation he refused; Janice always had some eligible girl around trying to capture him with her charms. No, he could do better than that.

A week passed with no other petitions for dinner. Then Aunt Joan telephoned and Jerry refused because it would be a family affair and those were intolerable.

The next day Anne Wrigely phoned and Jerry refused again because Anne simply wanted to flirt with him and make her husband jealous.

A week before Thanksgiving, Jerry consoled himself with the thought that last minute invitations were always best anyway. However, the situation was becoming serious, in fact so grave that Jerry went down to the athletic club in hope of meeting someone who would ask him to dinner. His trip was of no avail, because no invitation resulted.

On the eve of Thanksgiving, with three men from the office Jerry went to see a review, then they ate and it was late when he got home. He had deliberately tired himself out so as to sleep late the next morning. About noon he tumbled out into a cold room and went to the window to observe the raw November day. Very methodically so as to take up time, he dressed, wrote a few letters and read. An atmosphere of leisure prevailed so plainly that he was alone on a holiday. At three he left the apartment and started down the Boulevard in the direction of his club.

Lake Michigan was rough and reflected the heavy grey of the sky. Down from the North the wind whipped biting and cold, forcing Jerry to walk briskly to keep warm. Riding and walking everyone seemed gay in contrast to the loneliness of the day and Jerry.

Chilled, he entered the warm deserted Club and proceeded hastily to the dining room. The head waiter bubbled over with good cheer and radiated friendliness. He grasped his pad and beamed on Jerry.

"The turkey is excellent Sir, you'll have the dinner, Mr. Lewis?"

"No—ham and eggs."

M. E. McNulty, '32.

LIMEHOUSE

Sailors wend their thoughtless way
To Chinese depths at close of day.
Endless footsteps, pavements moan,
As Limehouse claims them for her own.
Once they tread this street of sin
They go back, but come again.
Yellow lanterns flickering glow
Announce a welcome—come below!
Wo Sing's den is hung with green.
Have a beautiful opium dream?
Nothing like it I do say,
But smoke this pipe and you must pay.
Human derelicts in bunks are strewn,
Moaning, laughing, drooling spume.
Chinese music softly haunting
Fills one with an awful wanting,
Enclosing like a dreadful thirst,
Consuming those who smoke the first.
Nikki cries out softly, sadly,
Nightly he comes and dreams more madly.
In the mire of woe so deep
Only this way can he sleep.
Paulo killed his love—now hear,
Tired he sobs, wild with fear.
Girls of all colors here are laid.
No distinction of race is made,
Grouped together with one belief
That this is the way to sure relief.
Spiritual, mental, physical troubles
All taken away, by poppy bubbles.

Vesta Black, '32.

KING FOOTBALL

Wild pandemonium; hosts of shouting, enthusiastic people; flaunting banners making brilliant streaks of color against a wildly surging crowd; tawny chrysanthemums; raccoons; and all eyes on that lengthened circle of green, and those racing, gyrating figures flashing over the turf, fighting desperately for a precious brown pigskin.

Football—king of all sports. Your devoted subjects are counted by tens of thousands.

Wherein lies your power? What is it that makes sedate old gentlemen jump up and down in excited frenzy, and transforms poised young women into shouting hoodlums?

Football is such a thoroughly typical American sport. It seems interesting to speculate as to what sources it owes its universal popularity.

When you come right down to it, few people know much concerning the fine points of the game. Some of us exhibit a deplorable lack of intelligence as to the whys and wherefores of a place or drop kick. And yet I defy anyone to prove that the game is any the less exciting to us. Because that is just where its appeal lies—we all go with such widely differing pleasures in mind.

Some of the spectators are primarily interested in human nature. They go to watch the people. Here they can observe their neighbor, by excitement stripped of pose, affectation and consciousness of convention. To these spectators, the crowd is the great fascination, and the game is purely secondary.

Many of the onlookers are completely engrossed in the game as a game. They are intensely aware of every play and plan of action. They recognize the players and are blissfully oblivious of those about them, so intense is their fascination in the sport.

Then there are those who are essentially artistic. To them the crowd is a maze of shifting colors, of lights and shades. They watch the oblique shadows of the racing players on the green background, or the slanting shafts of light cast by a setting sun.

Some come purely for the spirit of the crowd. They exalt in the wild abandon of enthusiasm. The tingle of youth and delicious energy surges through them and they thrill at its feeling. They catch the intense spirit and fervor of those about them and shout themselves hoarse for the pure enjoyment of shouting.

May we thank heaven that Americans are essentially "football conscious."

Katharine Hartman, '32.

LEAVES AND SNOW

The leaves of Autumn are like
Premature snow. I noticed them today.
They heap together and swirl about,
Crisp, dead things that will not melt away.
Summer snows are the white daisies
That grow as stars do in the Milky Way.
Apple blossoms falling gently from the trees
Cover the ground softly—
These are the snows of Spring.

Winter has its crying children,
Autumn the remembrance of things,
Summer but sorrow, complaining of coming Winter.

Spring, love that lives eternal, again
These tumble on us like an endless
Snowstorm, burying us completely,
So fast the flakes fly.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

THE HAND OF A FATHER

Philip Vernon rose from the green plush Pullman chair, stretched his six-feet-two in an undignified manner for a Harvard alumnus of three days' standing, and walked to the platform of the Grenville station.

"Philip, dear!" his mother cried in sheer joy. He embraced her warmly and then shook hands with his father in a more reserved way. As the three rounded the corner of the station, Philip stopped in amazement.

"Why, father, you've bought a new span of horses and a carriage."

"Yes, Philip," his father answered, "we bought them for you."

"Now that you're home for good, Philip dear, we want you to have everything and be just as happy as any other boy in this town," said his mother.

Philip shrank within himself. How could he tell them of the offer to go to India with the United Tea Company? But he must do it before the night was over or he would never be able to tell them.

"We've invited a few of your old friends in tonight," Mrs. Vernon told her son as they arose from the dinner table.

"And Mary Randolph will be with them," his father added with a sly smile, "but before you meet them I want to see you alone in the library."

After Mr. Vernon had settled back in his chair behind the beautiful antique mahogany desk in his library, the bomb-shell came—as Philip felt that it would—although he had no idea of what it would be."

"Philip," his father began in a very serious and determined voice, "I am proud of you. You have proved yourself to be the boy that I have always wanted you to be." He paused, "and for that reason I am going to take you into the business. We will form a partnership."

Philip stared. For a full minute the room was deadly silent. Then he began, "But Father . . ."

"Now, no 'but father' about it. I knew you'd take it this way. Don't tell me that you don't deserve it and all that sort of bosh. It's settled. You are now a junior member of the firm. You'll soon learn the business. Now go and enjoy yourself and we'll talk it over in the morning."

How long Philip sat there he did not know. Life itself seemed to slip from him. The things that he had dreamed of were never to be fulfilled, he thought with bitterness, and he could see nothing but a drab existence in Grenville for the rest of his life.

He rose and went to his room. He took some stationery from his drawer and sat down at his desk and wrote.

Grenville, Tenn.
June 19, 1900.

MR. J. H. MASON
United Tea Co.
New York City
Dear Sir:

I am very sorry to inform you that I shall be unable to accept the position in India that you offered to me. Unforeseen events make it utterly impossible for me to accept.

Very truly yours,
PHILIP VERNON.

* * * *

Philip Vernon, Jr., rose from the green plush Pullman chair and stretched his six feet two in a manner ungentlemanly for a three day alumnus of Harvard. He walked out on to the Grenville platform and engaged the only available taxi.

When he arrived home, he found that only his mother and grandfather were there to greet him. His father would be back in time for dinner. Philip visualized the argument that would take place in order to accept that position, but he would do it if it was his last act on earth. How could anyone be content to bury himself in a town like this for the rest of his life?

Mr. Vernon came in and greeted his son warmly.

"Junior," his mother began at the dinner table, "it's nice to know that you are home for good. We've missed you so much. But now I'm glad that you will be with us all the time," she finished with a contented smile.

"Yes, it certainly is nice to have you home," his grandfather put in, "and now that I'm getting old, you'll be taking my place in the business."

Philip could feel his body becoming taut all over, and his mind raced—saying over and over, "I'll never spend the rest of my life here."

His flow of thoughts were cut short by his father's voice. "I'd like to see you in the library, son."

"Well," he began, after he had settled back in his chair, "you've done good work in college but not once have you mentioned what you intend to do. Haven't you anything in mind?"

Philip's mind became a whirlwind. Here was the time to tell him. Mustn't give him a chance to object. But he failed—all he could say was, "Well, Dad, I have a position in mind with the United Cigar Company, but I'd have to go to Cuba."

He waited for the objection, but instead his father smiled.

"Well, I'm no mind reader, Son, but I thought that a boy like you must have something in mind. I think that will be fine. Just leave your mother and grandfather to me."

Philip jumped from his chair and grasped his father's hand.

"Oh, Dad, I never thought you'd understand. Your living here all your life and never going anywhere. I thought it was understood that I was going into the business."

Mr. Vernon made no reply but merely gave his son a puzzling smile.

Louise Cenedella, '33.

STARDUST

Over a starry lawn
Heavy with dew,
Fate came to me one night
Bringing me you.

Then in one cloudy hour,
Raining and dim,
Fate came again, dear,
And gave you to him.

Sweet while it lasted,
You had to go,
It was stronger than love
I know it's so.

We could do nothing,
Predestined, it came,
But I still love a starry night,
Better than rain.

Marion Lewis, '32.

EARRINGS

Lovely little creamy pearl ones—gazing up at her face from the jeweler's box, seeming to implore her to fasten them upon her ears. These were Judy's first earrings.

She was only fifteen, much too young to even bother about such things. But Joe had mentioned that he did think earrings made a girl so much older looking—and what Joe thought was law to Judy.

It had taken quite a bit of pleading, tears, and utter dejection on her part to persuade her mother that she could not possibly be seen in public without this piece of jewelry, but she had won, and Joe would be proud of her now. She had been looking forward to tonight for weeks—ever since Joe had invited her to the Junior Prom she had been walking on air, now she was in heaven.

She was still in heaven when she awoke the morning after this glorious affair. Memories of those too few divine dances with Joe. The short ride during intermission, in which Joe had told her how lovely she looked (all due to the earrings of course); and the parting kiss as he left her—that was the greatest thrill of all. She was already planning her wedding because, of course, she would marry Joe. She could never meet anyone for whom she would care so much.

Judy wore her earrings many more times with Joe. Each time she put them on it was just as exciting as the last, until that fatal night when she saw Townsend.

It was at a dance given by Joe's fraternity, that she saw him standing in the doorway. She knew the moment their eyes met that she would never be satisfied until she had met him. He was so sophisticated and bored looking. So tall and masculine. In comparison, Joe looked small and insignificant.

Judy did meet him and she became so fascinated by him after their first dance that she couldn't seem to bear the thought of Joe—with whom she must dance, talk and laugh now that she had met someone else so much more worldly.

Her heart sank a bit when she noticed the girl that Townsend had brought to the dance. She was the snaky type—tall, slinky figure, a half-smile on her face. Fingers continually flicking at a cigarette held in her long, tapering fingers. And more entrancing than anything else about her—her earrings that fell almost to her shoulders. Heavy pendulous pieces of jewelry—swinging lazily back and forth.

Judy knew that she could never be happy until she could wear earrings like those she was then looking at. She was almost ashamed of her small pearl ones. The earrings of which she had been so proud until now.

After that night, Judy neglected Joe. She was busy riding, swimming and dancing with Townsend. She was completely under his spell. All self-consciousness had gone. She no longer feared silences for she knew that a bored air made one seem older. She was no longer the sweet and happy girl that Joe had known. She had changed over night. Ever since her pearl earrings had been laid aside for long jade ones. Earrings that dangled and swayed lazily back and forth.

Nights would find her speeding through the streets beside Townsend—cigarette in hand, bored expression on her face.

Joe had tried many times to see her but each time was told that Judy or Judith as she now wished to be called, was busy, never a word from Judy herself.

Then came the night when the crowd was to hold a dance at the Country Club. This was a yearly dance that the younger crowd anticipated with great excitement. Judy had been the one who had taken care of all the decorations in former years but this year found her absent from these duties. In fact, no one saw her at all, until late that night. People could not help noticing her—partly because she was so stunning but mostly because she was so changed from the Judy they had known. There was a certain tenseness about her. Her nerves seemed keyed up to the highest pitch.

At one o'clock the dance ended and Judy left with Townsend in his roadster.

At two o'clock wires were humming with the news of an accident that had occurred on the Lincoln Road. One person had been killed, another seriously injured.

Two weeks later found Judy at home, wan and pale, lying back in a wheel chair where she was to stay for many years. The sun was streaming through the curtains at the open windows and sending out little rays of light

from the two creamy, pearl earrings upon her ears. The jade ones were somewhere back in the wreckage of the car.

They had cost her her entire future. The little pearl ones were her only friends now—little pearl earrings.

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

SOLILOQUY

The Wind

It's slipping through the tree-tops on the hill,
Spinning leaves loosed from their boughs.
Slithering through my curtains
It reaches my ears with a loud but loving swish.
I try to sleep.

The Train

It's rushing through the hills
By the trees and dusty woods.
Rushing even as—and past the wind
It comes to me in loud wails
And hurrying puffs.

It's going home

But I must stay
And longingly but lovingly
Hear the wind and the train
While I try to sleep.

Barbara Stanley, '32.

DO YOU KNOW?

It is an acknowledged and self-evident fact that all up-to-date magazines publish articles by globe-trotters, expatiating upon foreign wonders of antiquity; pyramids, the Taj-Mahal, the lotus-flowered vales of Kashmir and heathen idols made of mud.

Those travelers who are more prosaic, preferring comfort to romance, will cover pages on London's "Cheshire Cheese," of some Parisien cafe, "where snails are perfectly delectable." In this latter category I belong.

So glowingly are these pictures of foreign attractions depicted that we readers yearn to achieve an equal familiarity with places where the flavor of the old world has been preserved.

Unfortunately, we have firmly imbedded in

our minds the erroneous idea that true memorials of the past are only to be found abroad. In our ceaseless search for novelty we have scrapped much that was priceless; in consequence those mementos which do remain are doubly dear.

Now any Bostonian or daring visitor, who is willing to take his courage in hand and invade the crowded market district around Faneuil Hall, can for an hour or two turn back time's flight more than a hundred years, merely by going to dine at the Union Oyster House.

This building, so old that there is no municipal record of its construction, has served variously; once being the shop of the silk importer and at that time quaintly known as, "At the Sign of the Cornfields." During Revolutionary times it was the printing place of "The Massachusetts Spy," a paper which supported freedom for the Colonies so virulently that its writers had to leave Boston. Through the years of actual war the building was the headquarters of Ebenezer Hancock, Paymaster of the Army of Independence. It has known romance too, as Louis-Philippe, later king of France, lived there during his period of exile.

It remained for a New Yorker to tell me of this restaurant dedicated to shell-fish.

After executing an extremely prolonged maneuver, we succeeded, on Saturday night, in dislodging a push cart from its parking space and in substituting our car for it, but we were still almost as far from the restaurant, as it is from the harbor—six blocks.

Immediately on alighting upon the curb, insisting vendors thrust legs of lamb, bananas, and celery at us, "Nize an' fresh, lady, ver' cheap." It was literally necessary to plow one's way through.

When finally we reached the Oyster House our courage failed, the outside was so squalid; besides it was actually full to overflowing with men, perched on stools, inhaling bowls of smoking chowders.

We decided that since famous Bostonians like Webster, Eben Jordan, Charles Hovey, and Richard White could frequent it with impunity, we could too.

Once inside our impression changed, the old mahogany oyster bar, installed in '1826 is still there, though five times the top has been completely worn through. The beams are strong and hand-hewn, the floor is rough and sanded, on the walls are still the wooden pegs on which the gallants hung their huge, tall beavers; black in winter, white in summer.

The dinner served is just the fodder upon which we hard-shelled Yankees have been raised; fish chowder, or lobster stew—all prepared after the original methods of concocting.

If you will go to the Union Oyster House and close your eyes, I'm sure you can visualize Dan'l Webster working away on his standard afternoon order of six plates of oysters, each washed down with a tumbler of brandy, gentlemen perched at the bar with their long coat-tails hanging down behind them, and long rows of elegant beaver hats hung on hand-wrought wooden pegs.

Lucy C. Robertson, '32.

PROMISE

In the dawn,
The bubbly notes of robins
Are clinking coins
Dropped into the shining tin cup
Of sightless day.

Marion Lewis, '32.





SLIPS.

Slips—yes, all kinds of slips—“slips” that pass in the night”—slips that we “femmes” wear occasionally under our new silk dresses. Pink and white slips! These are the kind that trouble you most—and yet—sometimes afford you a most thrilling ten minutes.

A pink one and you’ve been late to class—everyone looks you up and down and then the speculation begins as to the cause of having come late. All becomes serene if your face shows no excitement but only plain embarrassment.

But a white one—you never know what it’s going to say. It may request your presence at one of the offices for some intentional or unintentional act of disobedience or—joy of joys—it may mean a package from home and your imagination runs wild—brownies, candy, a three layer chocolate cake!

You fairly leap to the window to claim your package—but first you are called upon to sign the book. Such sheer nonsense!

With no idea of the contents of the box, you lug it home to your room. Oh, those knots! They are harder than ever to untie, so, out come the scissors, despite the fact you meant to save all the string for future use. Snip—snip—off comes the string and paper. You pull off the cover—you rummage hurriedly in all the papers—underneath them all—oh, dear, and as your voice drops almost to the floor you pull out an old pair of weather-beaten oxfords you left at home for the rag-man, plus an umbrella.

Can it be that some one made a slip!

Barbara Merritt, '32.

IT'S ALL IN THE DIET

(With due respect to Dr. Jack)

The question of what we eat, how much to eat and how to eat it is the predominating and much discussed problem of the day.

In the era long past the cry was, “Hence foul knave, and apportionate to me an adequate supply of nutritious element.” In more recent years it was, “Waiter, bring me a double order of ham and eggs.” Today what do we hear? “*Garçon*, 1.4 ounces of Dextro-maltose, 5 ounces of spinach, 175 calories worth of protein, a dash of Vitamin C, and a small helping of raw turnip; and *Garçon*, for dessert I’ll have 83 units of Water Soluble E served with Zwieback.

What is good for anaemic mice must be good for human beings. Theoretically this doctrine may be right, for myself, I most emphatically do not like it.

It wasn’t so very long ago that a well-known doctor who was daft on nutrition, got me into his power. He deemed it necessary that I consume 3000 calories per day. I did follow this advice for a short time, but never again. You have no idea how much food it takes to make up a truly scientific meal. I tried in vain to get the book called, “Short Cuts in Figures,” to help me do the mathematical problems which one must solve if one lives on calories. It seems that the youth of today is sticking to its log tables because the extra practice comes in handy at college.

I may be classed with the Victorians, yet I prefer the old-fashioned method of eating with knife and fork instead of with pencil and slide rule. Having computed the number of units of heat-calories, the next task is to search for vitamins and minerals.

There are several kinds of vitamins, so in order to discover which one I need, I get a recently taken photograph of myself and compare it with the photographs of rats which are suffering from the lack of certain vitamins. I require the same treatment as the rat whose picture most resembles mine. If the animal is bow-legged, knock-kneed, or pigeon-toed, it is

Vitamin D which is lacking. If said rodent is supposed to be bothered with the snuffles then we both are sorely in need of Vitamin A.

And, Gentle Reader, if we delve deeper into the subject and pause for a moment to discuss a sensitive point, Science will give a bit of advice to the lovelorn. "If your lover be indifferent—feed him Manganese."

Is not Science wonderful? Yes, my dear Lasellites, even you are now vindicated—it is rouge and lipstick for a perfect complexion, or a petition to be served liver!

Ask the modern doctor, "what makes the pie taste so good?" Your answer will be, "Vitamin D is present."

Listen not to the ravings of rat fanciers, bring on the pork and beans.

Charlotte Cahners, '32.



Suspense

I wonder why I love you so
And why I waste my tears?
You've never said you'd care to go,
But still, I have my fears.

I wonder why I spend the day
In waiting for the night?
Each evening you might go away,
It gives me quite a fright.

But then I s'pose I'll go right on
Just loving you the more,
Until I wake and find, some dawn,
You've shown me to the door!

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

Einstein and I

Sitting on a star with my feet hanging off,
I try to see the minutes that go racing by,
But time is nothing
And evening is but dawn,
The future is the present,
And the present is long gone.

Einstein is with me in his gay cocked hat,
He is teaching me the basis of the sphere called
earth,
For here on Serius
We can scrutinize the earth,
We can see the solemn humans
As they muse on death and birth.

Earth's men have watches by which to keep the
time,
They set them to the second by the radio chime.
But time is nothing,
Their present is our past
For Serius' light arrives
When men have ceased to last.

Ruth Stafford, '33.

Celia

Come, Celia, don't be quite so shy,
For kissing's now permissible,
Perhaps you'll want them someday, when
You're really not so kissable.

Marion Lewis, '32.

If You Please

Dear Juniors, seat us if you please,
Hold doorways open wide,
Lift our fallen articles,
Always stand aside.
Rise up as we enter,
Carry please our books,
Even though you hate our wishes,
Guard your evil looks.
We love you Juniors really,
But watch these small affairs,
Next year you'll be Seniors,
And Juniors will hold YOUR chairs.

Vesta Black, '32.

EDITORIALS

"THE SAUCE TO MEAT IS CEREMONY"

Perhaps there is no other criticism that hurts the average person more than to be told that she has either no manners or bad manners. And so we wonder what really should constitute good manners. Does it lie in pulling out a chair for an older person, rising when that same person comes into the room, using the proper fork or spoon and like things *ad infinitum*? Should we, here at Lasell, respect only the teachers and officers of administration or do fellow-students deserve a little as well? Our answer is decidedly in the affirmative to the second question and with reservations to the first. Good manners have at their foundation courtesy, which in turn means consideration and regard for the rights of others. Therefore it seems to us that we should be courteous to fellow-students as well as to teachers.

Unfortunately an idea has grown up in conventional society that we are privileged to be as rude as possible to members of our family and intimate friends. The greater the intimacy the greater the extent of our impoliteness. True enough we do away with certain formalities in the bosom of the family and yet can't we have as much fun and frolic courteously as we should roughly and crudely? Again we would say yes. The very person who resents being called discourteous is usually the one who would think it affected perhaps to be mannerly in her family or with close companions.

And yet we acknowledge that with education should come cultivation. What is cultivation but living with grace and intelligence? In order to live thus one must observe certain

laws of order and decorum. Manners taught in a convent may seem extreme and yet habits thus formed may lead to an inner consciousness of courtesy too. Someone has observed that in a certain European country in which we all like to shop they may swindle one, but one doesn't resent it because it's done with such charm and grace.

In several women's colleges a large part of the hazing of the freshmen is in making them realize the presence of upperclassmen. Not for worlds would a freshman step into an elevator or enter a room before a sophomore, junior or senior, nor does the sophomore or junior dare to go ahead of those higher up. It is taken for granted that freshmen must be taught for they have only lately been seniors in high school and may forget that they are now on the bottom rung of another ladder. While we realize that this external observance may be carried to an extreme yet we feel that "the sauce to meat is ceremony, and meeting were bare without it." Need we say more for an observance of this necessary ceremony here at Lasell both as regards teachers and fellow-students?

STUDENT USES OF ADVERSITY

Those of us who are at Lasell this year should approach this Thanksgiving season with an especial sense of gratitude for we know full the reason why many schoolmates could not join us. It seems necessary that we apply ourselves to our work particularly well for in these days one never knows whose will be the next turn. This may sound somewhat depressing and there is no need to be gloomy even if hard times are all about us. However, we do feel that it is well to remind ourselves

of our good fortune and to make the best of our opportunities while they are at hand.

"Depression" can serve as a good alibi to cover a multitude of refusals to requests for giving. On the other hand it may make us spend our money while we have it. Both these attitudes are selfish and we would turn to another not so depressing, namely, that of sharing what we have.

Some students may say, how can we share by merely applying ourselves industriously to our work? We all know that the success of any enterprise lies in the cooperation which serves as a stimulus to those with whom we work. If we use our brains to their fullest capacity we make wonderful discoveries which become a source of permanent enjoyment to us. But how much greater is the joy when we share those same discoveries with others, including the teacher herself. Then, and then only, is the classroom transformed from a place of dread and boredom to one to which we are eager to go. Not only do we gain by this industry ourselves but in sharing with others we can enlarge our own intellectual storehouses.

But someone says, this is too Utopian an idea for a girls' school. Perhaps. And yet we venture to suggest it with the hope that someone may seize upon it. While our magazines are talking about the uses of adversity from a material or physical point of view, the LEAVES wishes to recommend to our student community the sharing of brains and the application of our full mental powers in these days of "depression," not only for what one is going to receive thereby for one's self, but also in the intellectual bread that is going to be returned because we have first cast ours out upon the waters of imagination.



The LEAVES staff is more than glad to welcome Miss Constance Blackstock back to Lasell. We can't imagine anything more opposite than a summer in India and a winter in Lasell. We only hope that Lasell doesn't suffer from the comparison.

Of especial interest to Lasellites, past and present, is Lucy Robertson's article on the Lasell forest. To most of us, this forest has been a very vague and remote possession, and this article does much toward clearing up its origin and present value.

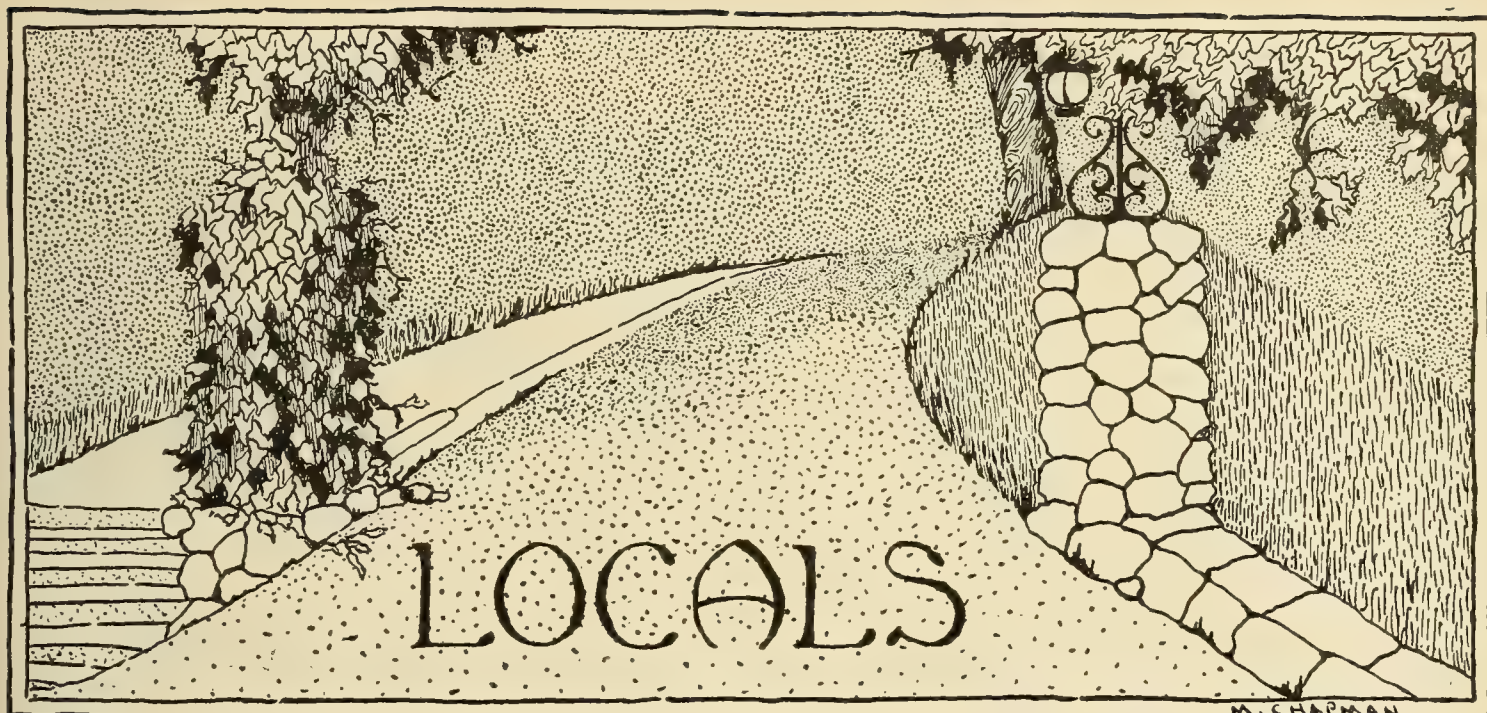
Lucy is a new writer for the LEAVES, and we feel, is a valuable addition. She has also written for this number an interesting description of an early Boston landmark, the Union Oyster House.

There are several poems in this November issue that we feel are particularly worthy of your notice. We liked "Even as a Beggar," by Marion Lewis very much, and thought that Barbara Stanley had excellently caught the mood and atmosphere of night in her "Soliloquy."

We are glad to print the short story of Louise Cenendella, a new Junior member of the Journalism class. We hope to see more of her work in the coming numbers.

Vesta Black, in her most charming and tactful manner, has offered a bit of advice to underclassmen in "If You Please."

"Einstein and I," by Ruth Stafford is a clever poem. We are proud that Mr. Einstein has found a place in the Lasell LEAVES, even though it be through the humble medium of "Wise and Otherwise."



October 15: A party of twenty girls accompanied by Miss Rachdorf attended the service of Aime S. MacPherson Hutton held at the Boston Gardens.

October 18: Vespers. Rev. J. Burford Parry of the Congregational Church, Wellesley, was the guest speaker.

October 19: Miss Constance E. Blackstock, M.A., of the English faculty has returned from her extended trip in India.

October 21: Chapel. Mrs. Dan Brummit, Lecturer at Northfield Conferences, was the speaker of the morning.

October 25: Vespers. Mrs. Francis Clark, who collaborated with her husband in his world-wide work as Founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, conducted the service.

October 28: Chapel. Our guest speaker was Dr. Milo E. Pearson of the Salem Tabernacle Church. In the course of his talk, Dr. Pearson said, "A few years ago the philosophy of life was, 'I'll try anything once.' This is impossible—we must think and choose. Life does not consist of cocktails, kisses and jugs of wine, but of higher ideals." Dr. Pearson concluded with the following challenge to our student body, "Since you must pick and choose, pick and choose the best in books, friends and life."

October 31: Hallowe'en Party. Ghosts, sheets, clammy hands and a lurid skeleton. All of these were in evidence on the night the spooks convened in Bragdon gym. It was a great party and a greater success. Our congratulations to the gym department and their colleague, Miss Peterson.

November 1: Vespers. Dr. Brewer Eddy gave a most impressive lecture about his experiences in China where he was doing Missionary work. This was our first campfire meeting of the year led by the missionary president, Gertrude Hooper.

November 2: Junior Elections. After much ado, the class of '33 has at last found time to successfully carry through their elections. The results were:

President	Betty Andrews
Vice-President	Barbara Stover
Treasurer	Eunice Andrews
Secretary	Mary E. Roberts
Cheer Leader	Margaret Magaw
Song Leader	Jane Dexter

November 2: Faculty Tea. The first Monday afternoon faculty tea of the season was held in the library at Bragdon. Dean Potter, Miss Heap and Miss Fisher were the hostesses.

November 3: Plymouth Trip. The weather man did not deem it wise to favor us at first, but after several postponements he finally

gave us a beautiful day for the annual Lasell Plymouth Trip. Food, games, swimming, boating and....CLAMS, filled the day and the party came home tired but convinced that it was well worth waiting for.

November 5: Senior Open House. A new departure for Senior Open House festivities was the clever progressive tea. All sorts of hors d'oeuvres were served from a huge hallowe'en pumpkin at Blaisdell House. Clark Cottage contributed sandwiches and tea while Carpenter served punch and fancy cakes. Venturesome Gardner closed the tea with demi-tasse and crackers and cheese. One cannot say too much in praise of the cordial reception of our seniors for reasons best known to the whole school and its guests. This party was of special significance to the juniors for it was the first chance that they had had to view the attractive rooms which they hope to inhabit next year.

November 8: Vespers. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton in his sermon contrasted the youth of to-day with the youth of forty years ago, proving that we are better qualified as citizens of the United States.

November 17: Bragdon, "At Home." Also a new departure for the oldest dormitory on the campus, Bragdon. On Armistice Day the residents of Bragdon Hall extended a cordial invitation to the faculty and student body of Lasell to be their guests from four until six o'clock. Tea was served in the attractively decorated library. The candle lighting and soft music furnished by members of this Hall added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Miss Potter and Miss Badger, longest in residence at Bragdon, and two representatives of the Student Council, Barbara Stover and Millicent Thomson, were receiving.



*"A Sport for Every Girl,
Every Girl a Good Sport."*

The Good Posture Club has been started in order to interest everyone in giving more thought and attention to their posture.

The Club will meet once a week to discuss ways of improving and helping not only its members but prospective members.

At the opening meeting of the Club, at which the President, Marion Lewis, presided, the first of the chosen few were Minerva Pritchard, Mary Elizabeth Roberts, Velma Coates, Millicent Thomson, Viola Walthausen.

We congratulate them! We hope that their influence and the earnest desire of every one will increase the membership rapidly.

* * * *

The Watertown High Hockey girls were guests of Lasell Hockey Players a few days ago, in two Play-Day games. A Play-Day implies that half of one team with half of the other plays a like combination.

The Watertown girls exhibited fast and skillful play. It was not only fun but also good experience to have played with them.

Yvonne Bergeron.





What better foreword for the November LEAVES' Personals than Betty Van Cleve Giersch's ('26) "Howdy." Her very vernacular suggests a change of residence, for Betty is now living in the Carolinas instead of "up North." From her home in Charlotte, North Carolina, she opens her friendly message with the inquiry concerning Lasell in general and one of her New Jersey friends in particular. She writes: "I am just hoping Anne Mills enjoys Lasell as much as this Morristown girl did." Not yet, Betty, are we sure of this, but we do know that Lasell is already enjoying Anne very much. "Kay Moore Silverwood, '26, and I have mentioned frequently how much we enjoyed our fifth reunion at Lasell and are now planning for our second reunion five years hence. In September, Mr. Giersch and I celebrated our wedding anniversary by touring some three thousand miles in our car through Florida. We also spent four days in Havana. Every moment was interesting. In Havana, however, it would have been to our advantage could we have spoken French even like 'Spanish Cows' (page Mademoiselle, please)." Betty closes her letter with this fine climax: "Enclosed, please find my annual \$2.00 subscription for the LEAVES and \$2.00 for the Missionary Society." For the five years since her graduation, this Ex-President of our L. M. S. has not failed once to subscribe an annual offering to missions through our school society. No wonder success follows in the wake of this generous alumna.

Through the kind permission of Miss

Blackstock, we are sharing Emily Crump's, '29, letter, just received, with the readers of the November LEAVES. Emily writes: "And now Helen Roberts, '30, is married. She is certainly a lovely girl and the 'man of her choice' is very fortunate. I am going to school again this winter at Westhampton College. Am taking a survey of French literature. We have just taken up the early drama and I am reminded of our course in English Drama with you. Their beginnings were exactly the same. I am inclined to believe, however, that the English drama developed more rapidly. Do you still have charge of the LEAVES? I would like to renew my subscription. Am always planning to go abroad again. However, I never seem to get any nearer than planning but even that is fun. I suppose everything at Lasell is moving along as usual. I would love to be remembered to Mrs. McDonald, Dr. Winslow, Miss Potter, Mrs. Hooker and all the people who make Lasell the wonderful place that it is. My best love to you—and Clark. Emily Crump."

Claire Stritzinger Daller, '23-'24, writes direct to the LEAVES Editor: "I am renewing my subscription to the LASELL LEAVES and enclosed please find my check. Also, this bit of news for the LEAVES. On September the tenth, our daughter, Marlie Claire was born." Our congratulations to this dear little future Lasell girl and her parents and thank you, Claire, for the unsolicited renewal of your subscription to the LEAVES.

The Personals Editor often harks back to the fall reunions of the Eastern Maine and Portland Lasell Clubs, anon recalling some fresh incidents connected with these splendid meetings. At the Bangor reunion, Lorena Fellows Sawyer's, '99, honor guest was Catherine Mason Fernald, '99, of Haverford, Pennsylvania. It was a special privilege to meet this classmate of Mrs. Sawyer, and to learn of the high scholastic record made by her oldest son at Yale University and that her daughter is holding an important position at the Museum of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Nearby Miss Potter at this Bangor luncheon, sat Ethel Hayes Hale, '03-'04. They had not met since June, 1904. They took pleasure in affectionately talking over the worthy "old girls" of Ethel's day. Marjorie Carleton Stewart, '04-'06, remained over a week and drove nearly one hundred miles through the storm in order to attend this Bangor meeting. Her husband, Prof. Robert K. Stewart, is the Head of one of the Science Departments of the Michigan State University. This year, Marjorie is President of the College Club, consisting of four hundred women, wives of members of the Faculty. Success has not spoiled the representative "old girl" for we found her possessing the same unselfish spirit which endeared her to her mates so many years ago.

Vera Studley Bailey, '28, did not answer to the roll call at this luncheon but instead sent her love to "Dear Everybody" and explained that she was chaperoning her wee daughter at her first real party.

Our Senora Orozco has just cause for indulging in family pride, for on October 20, a second grandson was added to her genealogical tree. George Miller Cobb is his name. Our congratulations to dear Maria Orozco Cobb, '17-'18, Mr. Cobb and to wee George Miller, as well.

Marjorie Lovering Harris', '22, youngest is Dean Mitchell Harris, born October 27. Lasell's heartiest welcome to little Dean Mitchell and congratulations to his favored parents.

After a long absence, Helen Guertin, '16-'17, of Chicago, reported at Lasell. The last time we met was on the deck of a transatlantic steamer. That was some years ago but since that meeting, Helen has been a world wide traveler and is now a professional tourist, eager to form parties for foreign or the homeland tours.

"Where is Evelyn Douglass, '28, and what is she doing?" We are delighted to let "Doug" answer for herself, and in so doing, are venturing to quote a bit from her characteristic letter received recently by the Personals Edi-

tor. Evelyn is writing from the Girls' Collegiate School at Glendora, California. Her opening words may furnish a slight hint as to whom she is writing: "Dear ———: Thought I'd surprise you and tell you of the wanderings of one of your 'little white doves.' Yes, I've flown all the way out to California. I am spending this year trying to do for someone else's daughter, what Lasell's teaching did for me. Our school is thirty miles from Los Angeles but thirty miles out here is nothing. We drive fifteen miles to the movies and think nothing of it. The school is located on the side of a mountain half way up, right in the center of an orange grove. Orange groves are the loveliest things I've ever seen anywhere. The school is much like a big Country Club and though the girls have to study hard, they have a wonderful time.

We have a big open grill and a huge stone fireplace in a clearing up the mountain. Twice a week we go there and cook supper, that is, we fry hamburgers or hot dogs and have salad, pickles, coffee or cocoa, etc. Then, everyone sits around the big fire and sings or does stunts till study hall begins. It's really unique. Everyone dons overalls or corduroy trousers and we have a grand time. The fact is, the gym teacher and I have to do all the cooking, so my home economics course did me some good. I'm only assistant dramatic teacher." (Just here we might add that Evelyn was graduated from the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word last year). "As our course is extra, due to the depression, we don't have as many students in the course as last year. Also, because I'm young and full of energy, I've often been elected to do things others can't, won't or haven't time to do. I'll be able to do most anything when I leave here, but it's fun and I love it."

"The Faculty are very nice and six of us got up last week and went swimming at six A.M. in the open air pool on the ranch next door. It was cold, but thrilling.

"Really, Miss Potter, you would enjoy seeing me teaching table manners and being

severe when the students haven't their lessons, etc. Every teacher is on one committee in the school and I was put on the Sunday night Vespers. It's quite like our Christian Endeavor, so you see, even that did me a lot of good. It's surely worth while being a part, even a very small part of everything you can. You never know when you'll need it. Every girl ought to learn it at school and not just sit back while others move by, but take part in every activity there is. I've had to do things here I never dreamed of doing, and I'd have been stumped if I hadn't learned at school to adapt myself to most anything. At least try it once. This has surely developed into a long letter. I've not forgotten any of you so don't forget me. Most sincerely and with love. 'Doug.'"

We rejoice that the glad Lasell wedding bells never cease their ringing. This time the favored few were: Betty Dean, '31, who on the twenty-first day of October became the bride of Mr. Andrew Jackson Dougherty.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Orr announce the marriage of their daughter, Augusta Louise, '18-'23, to Mr. Clifton Alexander Daniels on Saturday, November the seventh.

On Monday, October 19, the marriage of Ruth Decker, '12-'13, and Mr. Robert Manning McCulloch was solemnized.

November 12 furnished Lasell with a real surprise party, for on that day, among our visitors were: Margaret Heath, '29, Ruth Richards, '29, Marjorie Middleton, '31, Barbara Pearce, '31, Clarice Liscomb, '29, also two former members of our faculty, Mrs. Edith Lawrence Davis and Miss Marion Hubbard. Most of the group are happily engaged in keeping the home fires burning. Clarice, the exception, is still enjoying her work as a student at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School in Boston, while Mrs. Edith Lawrence Davis has a kindergarten school of her own with her precious little son the sole member.

Lasell's annual meeting of the Board of Trustees and Corporation usually brings together an interesting and interested group of

"old girls." At this fall meeting, among the members present were: Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, Mary Quick Dean, '14, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, Nellie Woodward Collins, '15, and Lillie R. Potter, '80. We were especially glad to welcome back to New England, Nellie Woodward Collins, who has come "up north" with her husband and three dear children, we trust to settle permanently in our midst.

Charlotte Russell Morrison, '26, your enthusiasm over your newly found haunt tempts us to join you at once. "The Boulders," Oliver Ditson's old home in Jackson, New Hampshire, must be an ideal resting place with the friendly mountains as near neighbors. We'll give your greetings to Miss Heap, your former high school classmate and we are anticipating your fulfillment of the promise to visit Lasell soon.

Lasell is extending tenderest sympathy today to Georgie Duncan Seavey, '02, whose husband, Professor Frank E. Seavey, was killed in an automobile accident, November 13. Her husband was a professor of English in the Engineering School of Tufts College.

In her note to Mrs. Hooker, Janet Hannah Gibbs, '21, is regretting still her absence from her tenth class reunion in June. She was prevented from coming by illness. In the same message, Janet tells of the passing away after months of suffering, of her own beautiful mother, a woman of rare Christian faith. Our deepest sympathy is with this former school-mate.

Jean Smith, '29, of Rockland, Maine, very properly opens her note to Miss Blackstock with, "I am writing to send my usual check for the LEAVES. I have just returned from a five weeks' trip, four of which I spent in Frederick, Maryland, with Vera Studley Bailey, '28. Dixie Plummer, '28, and a friend of hers, flew from South Bend, Indiana, to Washington (in about six hours) and spent a week with us so it was just like a Lasell houseparty. We met Kitty Warrall Clark, '28,

for lunch one day in Washington. She said Ev Bostel, '28, and Margaret Behrens, '28, were coming to visit her soon. Dixie saw Kitty's little boy and says he's darling. I plan to stay home with my family this winter. They seem to think they would like to get acquainted with me all over again. I really don't know much Lasell news. That is why I want to see a copy of the LEAVES. I do know, however, that June Pankhurst, '29, is graduating from Ohio State at Christmas time. Please remember me to Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Hooker, Miss Potter and Mr. E. J. Winslow. With love, Jean Smith, '29."

By the way, it was Jean Smith, '29, looking younger than ever, who brought to that Bangor meeting, Vera Studley Bailey's excuse for absence and at the same meeting and time, Pearl Thompson, '31, told us that she was enjoying her fine position as assistant to one of Bangor's leading physicians.

Julia Potter Schmidt, '06, and her family, to our regret, did not quite "make" Auburndale this summer, but were within hailing distance, spending a part of her vacation at Lake Otis in the Berkshires as guests of Mr. Schmidt's parents.

Mention was made in the October LEAVES of the birth of little Allen Nowell Croft. Since then, a most friendly word has come to our Principal from Beth, '25, and we appreciate the privilege of sharing it with many of Elizabeth's friends. She writes: "It is needless to say we are quite the proudest and happiest parents in Honolulu and think our son just about the finest ever! Had he been a girl I should have said "she" would surely make your acquaintance in due course of time, for I would most certainly want a daughter of mine to attend Lasell as I did. They were *very* happy years in my life. I certainly am looking forward to a visit to Lasell, but I fear it will be a few years before I can do that. One's responsibilities increase with a baby, but how *very* worth while they are in *every* way."

She closes with special "greetings to Mrs. Winslow" and our Principal.

Word has recently been received of the great loss which has come to Marion King's, '27, family in the passing away of her dear father. Lasell's sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

It was through Jean MacKay, '11-'12, that we have just learned of the tragic death of Mildred Westervelt Warner's '13, oldest son, David. He was at camp in Michigan and while diving, struck a rocky ledge and was instantly killed. Of him, Jean writes, "He was such a splendid, handsome boy and an unusual scholar." Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to this sorely bereft family.

That was something more than a mere gesture on the part of Celina Belle Isle Forman, '21, when she writes to Dr. Winslow: "This is just the time of the year when I think of Lasell more than ever and wonder what you are doing and what I would be doing if I were back. Then, I realize that something is missing and it is the LASELL LEAVES, so I am enclosing my check and will you please put my name on your mailing list. Here on my desk, I happen to have a snap of my twins taken in September. I am enclosing it, so that you can see what a lovely family I have. My only regret is that I can't send them to Lasell when the time comes." Unfortunately for Lasell, the twins are boys!

In her recent note to Mrs. Hooker, Ruth Buck Spear, '19-'20, expresses regret that there is no Lasell Club in her new home city, St. Louis. She adds further: "My little girl's name is Janet Louise and she was born June 12. We have already told her she was to go to Lasell and I'm sure she'll love it if she does."

Jane Gray, '29, was one of the privileged guests at Helen Roberts Holt's, '30, wedding and en route home, spent part of a Sabbath at Lasell. We who know Jane's gifts felt sorry we did not hear her sing, as in former

days, at our Vesper Service. In her post-visit letter she refers to a happy meeting and luncheon in Boston with Edith Hussey, '28, and expresses special regret that she failed to

meet and greet Dr. and Mrs. Winslow. You see, dear Jane, there is some pleasant unfinished business still awaiting you at your school home. Please return as often as possible.



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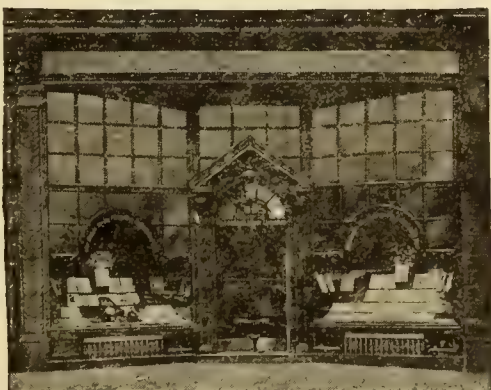
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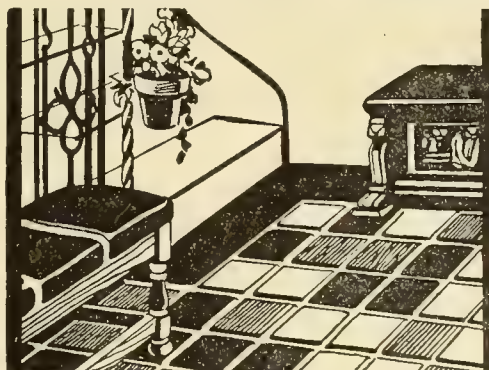
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LASELL LEAVES

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LITERARY

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS TREES

So very often at Christmas I have heard parents tell sweet tales to sleepy tots that now my Eve is not complete if I do not don muff and furs and creep forth to lighted windows along my street. I try to catch a family, grouped about a sprightly fire, usually about nine o'clock, and if I do I never knock for admittance. I just walk in and join them, enthralled at Father's tales of Christmas.

One night last year, I heard this story of the origin of the Christmas tree:

"Krissel (I hope I can give to you word for word), a child of poverty and sore abuse, was approaching his eighth Christmas without a gift and without love. He sought to find solace in the deep, dark wood about his home; so entering its protective embrace, he walked tearfully down the pine covered path, just as the stars were beginning to twinkle in the sky. As he walked, he wiped his tears away with a grimy hand. A smile stole over his cherubic face.

"If I could find some little thing to show my gratefulness to the little Child just for letting me be alive on this Holy Day. Something breathing life, that is lovely, that gives joy to others, that loves the wood, too, that God made for all of us to love, then I would be happy? Slowly he walked down the path, glancing thoughtfully between the lacy branches that hid the stars now and then.

"Farther on down the path in the midst of tall pines and giant firs, one wee, happy shrub watched his brothers and sang. He was small and so useless to the other trees, they didn't even like to think themselves his brother. But to the little tree, the bigger ones were incentives

to grow strong and tall like them. He was happy in his minuteness—he wouldn't ever fall by the wind, though many times slights from the other trees hurt him sorely.

"Now, down the path Krissel came. A bit cold and forlorn, but in his eyes a warm glow shone like a yellow candle lighted in a dark window. He sank beside this youngest tree for want of anywhere else to go, and thought and thought of his gift. The tree beside him, grateful for attention, proud to shelter, glad to help, sang and sang in a soft low murmur. Krissel glanced up and with a cry, touched the green needles with his small hand.

"'My gift' he said simply. 'It lives it's lovely, it's joyful, and it's of these beautiful woods.'" As he spoke so softly, the heart of the little tree swelled, and almost burst with happiness. It was all warm inside, and felt itself grow and grow. Then as the little child watched it intently, its needles slowly turned to gold and gleamed and glowed brightly, in the dark wood, with light all around it, shimmering and glistening against the tall trees.

Delighted, the little boy sank to his knees, deaf to the noisy voices coming through the wood. People from afar, seeing the glow, had come to watch and exclaim. Chimes in the air, and ethereal voices pealed out over the wood. The villagers prayed and talked with each other. The wee tree glowed when he saw.

Ever since then, that fantastic night in Germany the Christmas tree has always been the strongest symbol of the holiday. It has become a world institution. Not only Germans but every nationality in the world hold it supreme in radiating love and comfort.

Most of our Christmas trees come from the middle-western and northern states of Indiana, Missouri, Arkansas, and Oregon. Spruce, the usual Christmas tree, is the foremost growth in Oregon and Washington. It has an almost straight, tapering trunk, thrown out in irregular whorls, its wide-spreading branches thickly covered with dark clear green foliage. The fir, another tree used at Christmas time, is found chiefly from the Rocky Mountains, westward, the most plentiful amounts being in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges.

Thousands of trees every year are imported into the cities of America, and thousands are left as waste. The markets are over-crowded from the excess supply from Vermont, which state makes an industry of Christmas tree export. These lovely symbols are left to decay in market rubbish yards, or to freeze beneath the snow on which they fall when delivered to the distributors. Look beyond the cruelty and seeming waste of this carelessness. Though they are cut down from their tall, proud supremacy and lie wasted, their seed is immortal. Even as they die they give birth to other trees, and to all growing things. Like the Spirit they stand for, they cannot die.

Rachel De Wolf, '32.

TWO THINGS I COULD NOT HAVE

Slowly, quietly, I looked around. I knew
The door had closed, even as I knew
He had gone. I could not utter one,
Small sound. My lips were pressed
Against my hand, as if to stifle a sob,
Though there was none. Arrows of light
Filtered through the casement, mocking,
Laughing at my efforts to keep love, where
Love would not stay; sneering at the way
He'd left me, without one word, and gone
Forever. Then a cloud stole over the
Sun, and the arrows left my floor. I'd loved
The sunlight, and I'd loved him, yet both
Were gone. Two things I could not have,
Yet both were things I wanted. Why was it so?

Marion Lewis, '32.

A GOOD FELLOW—DEATH

Sir John Sheridan was dying, and he was glad—so glad, that he was counting the minutes until Death would come to claim him. How differently he had felt a few days before when the Grim Reaper had first placed its claim upon him. Those few days that had seemed like years. . . .

It was a cold, dismal night in the year 19—. Rain was beating down upon the streets, leaving the gutters full of water that could find no place for escape. Such was the night that witnessed the queer and uncanny sight that took place in the home of Sir John Sheridan, the oil merchant. He was alone in the large partially darkened room, lying back on the pillows of his massive bed, and gasping for breath. Only a few minutes before he had heard the doctor telling his son, Rod, that he could not possibly last out the night. He had never thought of death before. It had been so far removed from his everyday life. His mother and father had died when he had been too young to realize its power over human beings. The only real taste he had had of it had been when Mary, his wife, had passed on five years ago. The blow had left him stunned for weeks. He had gone about the arrangements for the funeral in a daze, depending upon the neighbors for help. But after the first shock had passed off he found that in time he could manage quite easily without her.

But now, it seemed, his time had come. He clutched the sheets in his trembling hands as if to further conceal himself. Perspiration stood out in huge drops on his forehead and upper lip. A great fear was grasping his heart. Fear of the unknown. Sobs racked his body. This deathly fear was doing him no good, it was only killing him faster. Why couldn't he face it like a man? But no, he was afraid! Terror stricken! What was this phantom known as Death? Was it fair that it should be able to come and take a man without even giving him a chance to converse with him? No! No—he wouldn't die! By this time he was

screaming the words and attempting to sit up in his bed. It was in this position that he came face to face with an apparition that caused the words to catch in his throat. It appeared to be a tall, dark figure clothed in a flowing cloak. No face was visible, its voice issued forth in low, dead tones from the folds of its mantle.

"Sir John Sheridan—I am Death! You wished to converse with me. I am here. Speak."

The terror stricken man could only shrink back further among his pillows. He passed his shaking hand across his eyes as if to make certain that he was seeing aright. But the figure remained standing there in front of him.

"Perhaps I misunderstood you—I will leave you alone—to die."

With these words, Sheridan, partially recovering his senses was able to gasp, "Wait."

Reaching out to the table for a glass of water that was placed there for his convenience, he drank its contents down in a gulp. His throat, having been parched with the fear that had clutched him, was now slowly relieved. In a voice which sounded as if it were miles away, he spoke.

"Yes, I wanted to speak to you, although at the time I had no idea that there was such a person or being as Death. Maybe there isn't. Maybe I am only imagining this. Speak again, that I may know."

"Continue," said the phantom in its dead voice.

"Oh, yes, then you are here. I'm not losing my senses." By this time the sick man had lost some of the fear he had experienced at the beginning. "It is true that I was calling for you. Out of fear more than anything else. Fear of you—Death. I'm not ready yet to die. I wish to beg you to let me stay here on earth longer. You must. I can't die. I won't die!" Again the sick man lost control of himself and was hysterically crying as he begged for his life.

The silent listener forced a crackling laugh

from his throat and replied, "You fool! Do you not know that a mortal can never be happy after his time for leaving this world has come. You would be begging for Death in no time. I know, for am I not Death itself?"

"Yes, you are Death, and because of that you have no soul, no feelings. How can you speak of the joys of living? I am the one who can speak of those. I have lived, and I want to continue to live. Do you hear me? I am not ready to die."

After these shrill words had been spoken, there was an uncanny silence, and then in the same lifeless tones, the apparition replied:

"I will grant you one month more of life. Use those days as you will. But remember, what I have said is true. You will not be happy. Farewell."

The next morning the newspapers told of the miraculous rally Sheridan had made. He had been virtually snatched from the jaws of death. Doctors praised his wonderful constitution, giving him all the credit for his fight for life which had been pronounced hopeless by the best physicians.

Somewhere in seclusion, a dark-robed being was chuckling satirically, rubbing his bony hands together as if awaiting some great outcome.

Within a week, Sir John was able to leave his bed. He set about his work as usual, trying to shut out from his mind the fact that he had but three weeks more to live. He tried to make himself believe it had all been a dream but could not for he was haunted continually by thoughts of the figure he had seen and talked to on that memorable night.

It was two days after he left his bed that the startling news came. He was sitting in his large overstuffed chair, enjoying his after-dinner cigar when the phone sent out its shrill peal.

"Hello—yes—Sir John speaking. Oh, yes, Sergeant. What! not my son—Oh, my God!"

He slowly replaced the receiver. Staring straight ahead he rang for the butler, ordered

the car and drove to the police station. There he was told the particulars and was driven to the morgue to identify the body of his son. His boy whom he had trusted and of whom he had been so proud! Dead—murdered—and by a bunch of crooks. Dirty, cheating crooks. And his son had been one of them. Had helped to arrange their schemes. Had backed them with money, that he, his father had worked for. And now he was dead—gone.

Back in his study that night, his head in his hands, a figure rose up in his mind. A figure draped in black, pointing its crooked finger at him and laughing. Try as he might he was not able to erase that image from his mind. It haunted him at night when he tried to sleep. It followed him around at his work during the day. Jeering at him, making life miserable for him.

The next two days passed in some unknown way. The papers flaunted the news of the sensational murder of the son of one of the city's wealthiest men. People gossiped. Life became almost unbearable for Sir John.

The third night after this ghastly affair, he set out for his club. It had been several weeks since he had been there. He did not know just why he was going there tonight unless maybe it was for the company of the other men who would be there. He was so lonely and tired. He had caught himself many times thinking that maybe death would be welcome now. But he quickly put that thought out of his mind. Had he not had a taste of death and had he not found it horrible? No—he would live—live and enjoy himself.

Entering the club he made his way to the bar. Here he ordered his favorite cocktail and sat down to wait for some of his friends. Presently the bar became more populated. Drifts of conversation came to Sir John's ears. Men talking about their homes. All happy homes, so it seemed. Homes that were full of people who were living for the good they could extract from life. He heard one man telling of the athletic honors his boy had won at college.

Boasting about what a man he was going to be. God—would they never stop. His brain was becoming clouded. Perhaps he had better leave this last drink unfinished. Funny how it seemed to affect him tonight. Rod—Rod! Oh, why had he done it? He had been so proud of his boy. His boy—a crook! A liar! He couldn't bear it.

Tottering, he rushed out of the room, blindly pushed open the door to the street, and walked. He must have walked for hours. He reached home in a daze. All kinds of torturous thoughts were running through his mind.

Life—it was all a farce. There was nothing in it but agony coated sometimes with a layer of mock joy. He had found that out. And he had thought that he could find happiness in it. What a laugh! What a huge joke! He must meet this phantom, Death, again and congratulate him on his victory. . . .

And now he was dying. Dying from a bullet wound, the same way Rod had died. It was only a matter of minutes before he would say "good-bye" to this world and "hello" to Death. Only a matter of minutes until his worries would be over. A wonderful fellow—*Death!*

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

FIRELIGHT

The firelight leaped from the open hearth
And played on the Christmas tree,
It touched the glistening icicles
And made bright the topmost star.

It savored the room with heavenly pine,
And shadowed huge ugly things,
It sparkled bright on the heaped-up snow,
Made the tinsel glowing streams.

But the most wonderful thing it did that night,
Was to send its tingling warmth
To the heart of one with white head bent,
Who mused on each Christmas past.

Barbara Hunt, '32.



RADIO MANIA

Radio Mania is the queerest disease that I know of. It is one of those dread maladies which you get before you realize it, and for which there is no cure, that is, no cure has been found as yet although I'm sure numbers of people are trying to find one. A radio maniac appears absolutely normal physically, but after talking with one for a few minutes, it is easy to discern his weakness. He always seems to possess a certain enthusiasm which ordinary people don't have.

What is this strange fascination that this piece of machinery holds for various members of the human race? It makes perfectly rational men sit up to the wee sma' hours of the morning trying to "tune in" some far away station. It makes blasé young ladies arise at a distressingly early hour to take advantage of the setting-up exercises. It makes college men desert their French books when they know perfectly well that if they fail the course there will be a considerable slice taken out of their allowances. It makes middleaged widows stop their housework at eleven o'clock to hear the beauty-aid hour.

I am sorry for the families which are afflicted with one of these persons. They always suffer; not that the radio isn't a good thing, but when one is turned on full blast for twelve hours out of every day, there is a tendency to batter down the resistance which more fortunate members of society have against this disease.

Of course, these radio maniacs have their good points. They are bound to glean some valuable information scattered at various intervals on the air by the more conservative element in the line. Take for instance the French and English lessons which no doubt aid those who follow faithfully and remember to send for the books. Often current novels are read for fifteen minutes each day, so giving the listener something to talk about without going to the expense of buying a book.

Being a radio maniac is like eating the lotus flower. There is absolutely no desire to be cured. You are perfectly willing to remain in a state of dreaming forgetful ease the rest of your life. *I know, because I am a radio maniac.*

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.

"WHY DANCE?"

The orchestra is playing now
A tender throbbing song;
A look bespeaking happiness
Comes o'er the dancing throng.

A quiv'ring sigh escapes the lips
Of those whose love proved false,
But most thoughts are of joy and bliss
In this alluring waltz.

All faces lose their weary look,
Life is a heav'nly trance,
This momentary hour of peace
Must be why we love to dance.

Louise Cenedella, '33.

"SALLY"

Sally dropped the book she was trying to read and looked into the fire. Outside, snow was falling, but so softly that no sound was preceptible to the girl inside, except for the occasional whistle of the wind as it blew around the house corner. After all, she thought, he hadn't needed to have been so emphatic about it. Of course she knew she shouldn't have gone out with Dave in the first place. He didn't, it was true, have a very good reputation and to be seen with him at the "Blue Shoe"—well, it had been too much! Strangely, Sally hadn't minded the talk that was going around and she did not feel broken by Steve's lecture. He would get over it—he always did. But now she was left without a date on Christmas Eve. That really was too bad. Her family had all forsaken her for parties and dates. Dad was the only one who had cared about leaving her alone, but Mother had dragged

him along saying, "It will do Sally good to spend a quiet evening at home."

Steve too, was spending a "quiet evening at home." Somehow he had not cared to go anywhere without Sally. He had been over to Dave Allen's house and told him to keep away from Sally. He had found Dave half drunk and in a unmanageable mood. Steve knew that half of this was put on, but nevertheless he was a bad sort.

Sally had remonstrated, "Dave is different with me, Steve. He really is. Why, you wouldn't know he was the same person. He's polite, doesn't drink more than one cocktail and isn't the least bit hard to manage."

"I know, dear, but that's not the point. It's what other people think that counts. You can't defy the opinion of your friends without paying for it."

"Oh, Steve, why must you be such an old grandpa? I don't care what they think of me. What could they do to hurt me so long as I know I'm right?"

"All right, go right ahead. Do what you want to, but remember, you won't last long if you keep on dating men like Dave Allen."

And now Sally was determined to show Steve. She ran to the telephone and after finding Dave's number put in her call. She didn't expect he would be there and half-hoped he wouldn't. But when she asked the woman who answered the phone if Mr. Allen was there, she replied, "Yes, just a minute." Now, what could she say to him. She couldn't ask him to take her out.

"Hello, Dave, this is Sally."

"Sally who, Oh yes, Sally."

"Listen Dave, my family have all gone out and left me alone, can't you come over?"

"Hey, do you mean that? Sure, I'll be over in a jiffy—in fact less than a jiffy."

Sally put down the receiver with hands which trembled. She was frightened now. Dave had somehow sounded too anxious. Running to the hall she grabbed her fur coat and dashed out the door into the still, white night. The

snow was still falling and it glistened in the light as she walked along. She had no destination in mind, but inadvertently turned toward Steve's house. Her mind was in a turmoil. She realized now that Steve was right. Yes, he was invariably right. Dad liked Steve. He always said she needed some one to look after her. She wondered how it would be to live with a man who was always right. Then she remembered how sweet and considerate he always was of her and somehow the knowledge that he was a "grandpa" didn't enter into it. One needed to be taken care of and here she was, alone and cold with nobody to care if she were happy or not. Sally's eyes by this time were so blurred with tears of self-pity, that she did not see Steve come out of his house and come down the street toward her. When she did see him it was from his arms. As Steve carried her into the house, he said, tenderly, "Sally, when are you ever going to remember to wear your overshoes?"

Esther Gilbert, '32.

RACHMANINOFF

Hands

Rattling programs, slamming seats,
Clapping of hands at the appearance
Of the Master.

Hands

Play a few chords, then silence. Thru' my half
closed eyes

I see shadow, only shadow and black,
Black piano, black coat, black hair, but white
Hands.

Moving quickly, powerfully, victoriously,
Bending over his work like an engraver
Etching the tone with his

Hands.

Quick like rain, heavy like thunder,
Sparkling like sunlight, tinkling like moonlight,
Mournfully, capriciously.

Hands

Folded quietly at the end.

I rise with a feeling of partial harmony
With eternity through the medium of
Hands.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.

WHAT'S IN THE BAG?

On Christmas Eve, Jack and Jill's father and mother were still out buying presents. Of course, you, who, being careful and forehanded have had yours wrapped and labelled and safely piled on the shelf for weeks, will say that there is no excuse for being so lax, or that it is entirely wrong to leave children merely ten or eleven years old alone in a New York apartment at night, but Jack and Jill loved it.

Their parents' parting injunction had been: "If you don't stay in bed, now, Santa Claus won't come here. And he always knows whether you've been good or not."

But as they were rather mature and had already begun to trust more in the family charge account at the toy shop than in Santa they waited only until the elevator door shut and then paddled down the hall to the living room.

"I want to be comfy, Jack—light the gas logs," said Jill settling herself on a hassock.

"Mother and Dad may come back—"

Jill twitched off her slippers,

"Oh—toast your toes."

And there was nothing to do but follow her example.

"Gas logs are nice, aren't they, Jack?"

"You bet! Wood ones have lots of ashes, but company always talks about open fireplaces, and driftwood fires. I wonder why?"

"Maybe they don't really know—big people are funny that way sometimes."

It's hard to know what they really think, it's true," said Jack, "Now that would be a nice Christmas present, wouldn't it?"

"What?"

"The truth, or a way to know it."

Jill settled herself more comfortably.

"The truth—um—. Well—." Doll's tea sets seemed more practicable to her.

Just then the window near the children opened cautiously and in climbed Santa Claus, looking considerably worried. His pack hung limp and light—it looked terribly empty, in fact, it was, almost, and he was most apologetic about it.

Both children scrambled to their feet as he said humbly:

"I haven't much left."

"That's all right. We have such things charged at stores downtown—it's all been taken care of."

Jack was very reassuring, but Jill was more polite—offering timidly:

"Please sit down."

There was no point for Santa to go on his rounds with an empty pack, so he drew up a chair and sat near the hearth. Immediately the children bombarded him:

"Why do you dress like a Russian?"

"Have you an airplane this year?"

"Do you really know everyone's address?"

And Santa caught at this straw in the flood:

"Yes, yes, of course, I know everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything," said Santa, in the tone of one determined to stick to his story.

"Then," said Jack, "What's the truth? That's what I'd call a real Christmas present."

Santa Claus was amazed. These were the first of all his youngsters to want anything so vague and abstract. He went over to his pouch and groped about in its folds.

"Have you got it there?" said Jill, trotting over to look closely at the pack.

"No, not the truth." He gets hold of something in the bag—"Not the truth, but a magic mirror. This mirror will show you any time or any place you want to see—all you have to do is wish. Maybe if we look in enough places we shall find the truth in some one of them."

He set up the mirror and then put out all the lights—gradually the mirror expanded until it seemed as large as a motion picture screen.

"Now then, children, all you have to do is ask—and you can see anything you like."

Jack thought a minute, "I have been reading 'Ancient Man,' " and it said that before man knew how to use fire—"

"You mean before people could cook," interposed Jill incredulously (she suspected she was

being kidded) "I'd like to see the day before people could cook."

The inside of the mirror lighted up and there for the fascinated children is what seemed at first to be a picture of the days when people didn't use fire. The mouth of a cave stared at them; very straight and high mountains could be seen in the rear. A heavy, hairy man, clad only in an animal skin was squatting there enjoying the sun; near him lay his club. Santa whispered a warning not to disturb any one in the magic mirror.

"Can he hurt us?" asked Jill, ready to retreat on a moment's notice.

"Nothing can come out of the magic mirror," answered Santa.

They watched in silence, while a woman came out of the cave. She was hairy and clad as the man.

"See bear today?" asked the woman gutterally.

"No see bear."

A young man crawled out of the cave; he looked at the sun and bowed. The others looked at him with disdain.

"Get bear today?" said his mother.

"Not yet."

"Not today. Not yesterday. Not tomorrow!" the father was bitter. "You no fighter."

The young man made a gallant effort to swing his father's war club. At that moment a very apeish head of another man appeared over a cliff on the right.

"Who is that strange man?" asked Jill.

"Looks like an enemy to me," said Santa.

The other man, by this time was inwardly enraged to think that he had come all this way to attack the family, and now they could not even see them, burst into a fierce war-cry.

"Now watch 'em," said Jack.

The young man recovered from his surprise first, grandly he prepared to strike, but the other man struck without preparing, as Caesar learned so well to do. The young man fell heavily. The Mother and Father fled but were pursued hotly.

"Oh, poor man," said Jill wringing her hands remorsefully. "He is hurt terribly, is he killed?"

"He might only be stunned," Santa encouraged her.

The young man stirred uneasily, but didn't regain consciousness.

"There's no one to help him," said Jill, "what would happen if I stepped into the mirror?"

"I don't know, what do you want to do that for anyway?"

"I want to talk to him," and Jill clutched her nightie about her preparatory to stepping over the frame, much as you and I gather our long skirts about us nowadays. Gently she put her right foot through onto prehistoric grass.

"Gracious, that foot is ever so old now."

Then she took courage and stepped completely into the past.

"I'm going too," said Jack, bumping up against the face of the mirror.

"No, only one at a time," said Santa—then doubtfully, "I'm not at all sure it's safe."

Jack waited reluctantly. Meanwhile, Jill had knelt by the young man, and timidly put her hand on his forehead.

The man sat up dazedly, unable to understand Jill.

"Sun child?"

"Tell him yes, Jill. He won't understand you anyway," instructed Santa.

Just then a dinosaur peeped around the corner of the cave. Jill rose in fright ready to flee back to her 20th century living-room.

"That's all right Jill," said Jack reassuringly, "the sign in the Natural History Museum says 'harmless.'"

Jill remained, but in obvious readiness to retreat.

"It's just like the model in the museum," Jack was becoming enthusiastic, "they were great. They lasted until the glacial period. It must have been the cold that killed them, but our kind made fire or lived through it. I'll bet that day was worth seeing."

Instantly wind howled and swooped down

from the mountainsides; snow fell thickly and the sky darkened so that nothing could be seen but heavy, white flakes. The wind howled on—

Jack screamed in terror. "Jill, Jill, Jill."

Santa sprang up from his chair. "Jill, Jill, my child."

There was no answer.

"Where is she, Santa, where is she?"

"I don't know. You didn't mean to, but you wished to see the glacial period. Maybe this is thousands of years later than when that young man lived.

"Jill, Jill. Santa, we have to get her out. Jill, please answer."

But there was no answer. Then Jack with all his little might swung his chair against the magic mirror. There was a crashing noise and the mirror was completely destroyed. Santa went over and turned on the lights. Jill's slippers were still on the hearth, but of Jill herself, there was no sign.

Santa went over to Jack, who was reduced to a little, huddled, sobbing mass on the floor.

"My poor little boy, you can't follow the truth without danger."

"I don't want the truth, I want Jill," sobbed Jack desperately. "Get her back for me."

"I'm afraid I can't, but I can give you something to comfort you."

"I don't want anything, I want Jill."

Santa took a tight little bag from his now empty sack.

"There's a bag of salt."

"What good is salt?"

"It's good to take, a little with everything you see and hear. It helps the truth." Then Santa stepped to the window, opened it and disappeared.

Jack sank back on the floor speechless with misery. He fingered the bag, he opened it slowly and took a pinch of salt. He could hear the hum of motors outside and a train rattled by. A few minutes passed.

Suddenly Jill ran into the room from the hall.

"Jill."

"What's the matter? Did you call me?"

"How did you get here?"

"Ran down from the bedroom, of course. Why?"

"What happened to you when the mirror broke?"

"I woke up in bed with half the covers off. Did you dream about the Stone Age and magic mirror too?"

"Dream! It couldn't be a dream. There! the salt. We're to take a pinch of it with everything."

It was there, sure enough, and Jill looking around noticed her slippers.

"Gracious there are my slippers, too."

Then a key turned in the door. For a moment the children were paralyzed. The door opened and in came their father and mother, carrying bundles.

"What on earth are you children doing up at this hour?" said their mother.

"What did I tell you tonight?" asked their father sternly.

"That Santa was coming."

"No, what did we tell you to do?"

"Wash behind our ears."

"No—no—I mean—"

"They know what you mean well enough," interposed the mother. "Back to bed, you scamps. I saw by the bulletin that ten minutes ago Santa was as far East as Philadelphia. I wired him not to stop unless you were in bed too. He'll know too. *He know everything.*"

Without a word, first Jack, then Jill took a pinch of salt and swallowed it, and then went off to bed.

Their parents were astonished. Their mother put down her bundles and surveyed the salt bag with disapproval.

"Gracious, children didn't play with salt in my day."

"No," agreed their father, "we were more apt to have our fingers in the sugar bowl. I don't know what the world's coming to—and that's the truth!"

Lucy Robertson, '32.

CHRISTMAS STAR

I watched, amazed
At all it knew, announced and understood
Above all others raised
What glory gained, what gratitude.

Reheralded, refamed
Lauded, its glories have increased,
The Ages have named
It theirs, Star of the East.

Ruth Wyand, '33.

THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE

Of all earthly martyrs, I have come to the conclusion that the farmer's lot is incomparably the most miserable. This conclusion has been drawn only by sad experience on my part. Not that I'm a farmer exactly, and yet I am a kindred soul, rather an aesthetic farmer I should say—a gardner.

This summer marked my first attempts as the woman with the hoe; and there wasn't a single item in the gamut of gardner's woes of which I have not been given a double dose.

First of all, I was late in planting, and my plants late in making their appearance. No mother ever watched her offspring's first teeth push through more eagerly than I scanned the ground for those first green tips to creep up.

But when they did make their first glorious début, they did it with a dumbfounding rapidity. My calendulas and marigolds were lovely slender stalks that surpassed even my exuberant imagination. As I watched them shoot up I had a lurking suspicion that they were unusually thin, but I brightened when I noticed how tall they were getting.

How was I to know that those tops should have been cruelly pinched off? How was I supposed to know that those fringed leaves beside the bright pink petunias belonged to orange marigolds?

It was rather too bad, too, that I didn't exactly understand how to differentiate between

the flower family and their poor relatives the weeds. Take for instance all those huge leafy plants I kept pulling up with relentless hate. One happened to escape me and blossomed out in all its glory—the sole survivor of the plants Aunt Hattie brought from England.

Then too, the weather man was hardly fair. Every time I dragged the hose out, and spent an evening drenching my thirsty plants, he would turn on the heavenly sprinklers and supposedly help me out. Between the two of us, the few specimens that hadn't been carried away with the tide, resembled submerged seaweed more than anything else.

August of course brought red scale, blight and bugs. Please don't think I'm complaining or asking for sympathy. I'm sure I could have borne it all gracefully—even the droughts and our dog and the neighbor's cat, and the way they chose my moonlit garden for their nocturnal arguments, but I still insist—that last hailstorm was too much.

Katharine Hartman, '32.

I WAIT THEE STILL

I looked far down the narrow, sloping hill,
Where trees are lances laid against the sky;
I knew I should be here, each day the same,
Until I die.

Each night has found me here with hoping heart,
As one who suffers, waits for death to come;
And I shall be as constant, dear, to you,
As anyone.

They murmur that the day will never dawn,
When I shall see you coming up the hill;
But yet, as every calm dusk waits for night,
I wait here still.

Marion Lewis, '32.



"SLEEPY BETHLEHEM"

Softly, Day threw on her purple robe adorned with twinkling lights and drew it gently, slowly over sleeping Bethlehem. Shepherds and their flocks, resting on the sloping, green hills, raised their eyes to watch the brilliance of the stars, like jewels peeping from the folds of the robe.

Off to the East a star, greater than the rest, gleamed and grew in brilliance even as the shepherds watched. They murmured among themselves. The night was strange, still and heavy. A golden aura seemed to hang over all. The sheep moved restlessly about while low voices of the shepherds quieted them tenderly—soft voices, hardly heard above the purple stillness.

To the West, three figures appeared on the horizon, coming slowly forward into the path of the stars.

"The star gleams above Krassim's old stable," the watchers murmured. "What can these three want there?"

* * * *

The three figures on the horizon rode on, side by side, in silence.

Melchior, the Greek, by far the oldest of the trio, spoke slowly to his companions as they drew nearer to the brilliant star.

"My beast is strangely strong. We have travelled for two moons, now, yet he never seems to tire. Somehow, he has faith, as I have, that we shall find a King."

"If the Babe in the manger will accept our gifts, he will be a perfect king," Balthasar, his companion said. "My gift is Hope; the myrrh is but a mortal's present, very tarnished and useless beside the greater gift. Hope is omnipotent. I look forward to great places of worship, built by the hands of man in adoration of this child. I see thousands of people healed by His power. I see Christianity existing purely by its own strength and wisdom up through the ages. Christianity, the greatest Hope!"

Kaspar, the third wise man, raised his bent head and spoke to the star.

"My gift is not the frankincense I hold in my hand, it is the gift to give willingly to all, expecting nothing in return. Charity means Brotherly Love. It is Happiness, it is Joy. It is one of the loveliest of virtues. Surely the King must have this."

So each with gifts in their hands and gifts in their hearts, they rode on into the warmth of the star that shone gloriously above the humble stable. Angel voices filled the air; the rays of the star were blinding. One ray was Faith, another Hope, and the other Charity, for the Christ Child was born and had received gifts.

* * * *

Softly, Day threw on her purple robe adorned with twinkling lights. The night itself was strange with a golden aura over all. The Shepherds marvelled at the star and the coming of the three Kings. Each clasped the other's hand and smiled into each other's eyes, for the rays of the star stretched over all the land.

Rachel De Wolf, '32.

WINTER—AT THE POND

The cottage doors are tightly closed,
The lone trees are standing bare,
Cold and silently against the winter sky.
Footprints on the shore are rare;
When snow has drifted in the cove.
To the seagull's cry there's no response
As the winter sunset fills the sky.

Ruth Wyand, '33.

LIMITED

Tea was being served on the east terrace. Fragile china containing amber tea was hiding in a forest of cookies and queer shaped cakes. Now and then the brisk wind whirled brilliant leaves about the tea table. Above, on the balcony, Katherine, a small but very determined young miss, was cleaning house. No nurse was allowed to clean her balcony; she wasn't lazy or helpless though she was only four and a half. Such fun, however, was not to last for nurse soon hurried her back to her detested

bed where poor "Kitty" lay with nothing to do except to count the flowers on the wall and she could count only to five anyway. Her sister's voice drifted up from the terrace where she and Bill were having tea. They were talking about trains. Her sister, Madeline, was saying:

"And really, you know, it will be such a help to the community if father can get the railroad company to run a train over the old tracks to Johnville Station. It will put the old town on the map again and just think, won't it be marvelous if I can get to the city for the dances."

Kitty heard Bill remark:

"Yes, it sure would be great and as your father owns all the land around here it will be very advantageous—er—to everyone."

Madeline laughed at this and asked, "Why not?"

Although Kitty was very small, she knew what Bill meant and she grew hot all over. She hated Bill and Madeline anyway and wished that they would be quiet. Why were grown people so funny? She could hear her sister talking about her now. Madeline was saying:

"And to make matters worse, my sister has a bad heart."

Kitty jumped. So she had a bad heart, wonder what was wrong with it? Well, if her heart was bad she was sure her sister's was worse. The voices below faded away. Sharp pains cramped Kitty's small figure as she lay in her painted blue bed wondering about bad hearts. Her nurse, hearing her groan rushed to her bed. Kind, old Dr. Benson was summoned.

"My little soldier sick again," he said as he took her small hand.

A shadow crossed his face as he walked out of the room with the nurse. "It is very serious this time," he whispered, "the least noise will upset her and perhaps—"

The mighty whistle of the locomotive blew. Kitty's father was successful. Men recognized

his power. He had brought the limited to the country.

Outside Kitty's window on the terrace, Madeline was jumping for joy. That train would bring her to dances and fun.

Upstairs, Kitty, aroused by the shrill whistle, jumped up only to fall back, white and feeble. Her baby eyelids closed tightly and she groaned.

The wind blew the dead autumn leaves from Kitty's balcony down on Madeline and the now-deserted tea table below.

Ruth Stafford, '33.

THE SMILE AND THE BOOK

It was hot. Unbearably hot. Heat waves were rising from the streets and the crowd was an ill-humored one. Chris realized this as he walked hurriedly along. His coat on his arm, his shirt opened at the neck, he swore under his breath at the heat and the people who got in his way. Poor Chris, would he ever realize that few people could keep up to his stride?

It had been a long day and now that it was over, Chris could think of nothing but his apartment, his paper and his radio. He had had dinner at the club and was now hurrying home to be alone and quiet. How sick he was of all this hustle, bustle and pushing of the crowd; the contact with shop girls and tired business men; the crash of the elevated. Tomorrow he would take the bus and go somewhere to find a spot where he could find relief from this bedlam.

Passing a bookstore he remembered he was going to get that book that his boss had recommended. A girl was just putting a cover over one of the shelves.

"I say, am I too late?"

The girl turned. "Why no, that is—no of course not."

Chris stared. The girl was attractive. She was beautiful.

"Well"—the girl seemed not at all embarrassed by his ill-mannered stare.

"I came in to buy a book." (What a dumb

thing to say; as if one would buy anything else in a bookstore.)

"Oh, really," sarcastically, "is there any special one?"

"No, may I look around please, I'm sorry I'm late."

Where was the self-confident Chris? Surely something must have happened to make him so faint-hearted.

"Yes, by all means, do. What sort of book do you prefer? Detective, romance, mystery?"

"I'll take this one," Chris thrust a book into her hand. He hadn't looked at the book, his one thought was to get out—and quickly—he'd made fool enough of himself.

She smiled at his confusion and managed to ask if he didn't think they needed rain to cool it off?

Her smile was glorious.

"Yes it is hot." His confidence returned. "It's just the sort of weather to spend a week at the beach."

"Oh, don't speak of it. I'd give a month's salary to spend a week there."

Chris was buoyant. "Say I've got an idea. I'm going to spend the day at the beach tomorrow. Would you go? But no, of course you wouldn't," he added as he saw her expression change.

"No, I couldn't. The book is seventy-five cents."

Chris was slightly taken aback. He fumbled in his pocket for the right change, put it on the counter and taking the book, he muttered a short "thanks" and hastily made his exit.

All the rest of the way home, Chris cursed himself for a blundering idiot—no need of being so awkward. She was so pretty though. Thinking it over he of course didn't blame her for acting the way she did. The first time he'd ever seen her!

When he reached home, he realized that he hadn't even asked for the book his boss had recommended. What one had he bought? He tore off the cover—"The Adventures of Danny Meadow-Mouse."

Esther Gilbert, '32.



"TOMORROW AND TOMORROW" AND THEN

Early in October it is announced in the Junior English Classes that a theme is due the week before Thanksgiving. Each student is to pick her subject from a list to be placed on the bulletin board the third Saturday in October.

On that Saturday a great mob assembles at the bulletin board. Each is intent on getting the subject about which she feels capable of writing. Feet are ruthlessly stamped on. Elbows are working in every direction. Courtesy and manners are entirely forgotten.

On that Saturday morning each girl makes a solemn resolution to herself that her essay will be done by degrees. The others may rush at the last minute but certainly she will do hers in the proper manner; a little each week and finally when the time comes to hand them in, *she* will not have to rush about looking for spare moments and neglecting her other work to finish the essay in a haphazard manner.

Each girl goes to the librarian and orders her books. She receives a pink slip a few days later. The books have arrived. Ah! now she can begin working. This afternoon she must go to Orphean and tonight she has extra Spanish to do. But surely tomorrow she will start her work.

A week goes by. She has done nothing. But Thanksgiving is a long way off. There is plenty of time. This week-end she will certainly start. Then she remembers! She is going home. Well, next week-end, then. Such

a trivial thing can not bother one who is planning a week-end.

And so the weeks speed by. Each day brings her nearer to Thanksgiving. Each day brings her nearer the appointed day for the theme to be in. Still it is put off.

Suddenly and quite without warning it is three days before the appointed time. Suddenly the Juniors become alive. Every spare moment is spent on the theme. Week-ends are forgotten. Saturday pers are forgotten. Boston becomes a remote and distant place. She thinks, sleeps, eats, drinks and dreams the theme. She becomes irritable, cross, and nervous. The least thing upsets her. Light cuts are taken. Flashlights suddenly become popular. Everything is forgotten but that the theme must be finished.

Finally the appointed day arrives. She goes to class looking haggard and worn. As each passes in the finished theme she thinks, "the next time things will be different."

Louise Cenedella, '33.

XMAS SHOPPING

It is a clear, bright, beautiful day—just great for shopping, my dear. We take the 1:11 in town—go by taxi to Tremont Street and its shops—rummage around to our heart's content, and join in with the merry, jostling crowd.

* * * *

"Oh Rosamond, look . . . let's go."

"Where? . . . I want to look at the jewelry . . . come on!"

"Up there . . . don't you see. Are you blind?"

"Wh—ere? . . . Oh Betsy . . . you can't, you don't mean . . . *Toyland!*

* * * *

Much time is spent in persuasion on one side and hesitation on the other. The purpose having finally been achieved we proceed with great alacrity . . . following the parade of gaily-colored wooden animals to the second floor.

'Tis not long before my friend is as enthusiastic over her renewed acquaintance with our once intimate chums: Teddy Bear—Raggedy Ann—Raggedy Andy—Darling Imp—Dr. Quack, the Duck—Jumbo, the Elephant—Grumpy, the Bear—and, of course, Winnie, the Pooh—all in their Sunday Best! What fun!

* * * *

Over there Eskimo Land—Br-rr-rrr! You can almost feel the cold—bergs artistically portrayed, seem to form slowly all around the little white huts—upon the largest one of them all, nothern lights are streaming, and contrastingly, seals are rhythmically slishing, slashing their tails on the snow before it—in this very one is lodged Santa, benevolently affable to all that come to him.

* * * *

After dragging ourselves away from this spot of enchantment, there is no time to walk slowly down Boylston Street and review the shop windows—we must hurry to catch the 5.05 back to school.

Gertrude Dupuis, '32.

HOW TO WASH A DOG

The most important step in this business is not at the end, as one would expect, but instead at the beginning. That step is the act of catching the dog, for a well-educated animal will mysteriously disappear at the lighting of the hot water heater, or at the mentioning of the word bath. When both laundry tubs are full, one of warm, sudsy water, and the other of cool water for rinsing, the shampoo, the towels and the wash cloths must be found. You then go to the top of the cellar stairs and whistle, in a very kind and coaxing manner. If this does not work, you call the cat and when this also fails, you advance to the living room, reach under the gateleg table, and drag forth the culprit. Then, taking him by the scruff of the neck and the middle of the back, you rush back to the cellar, and plunge the squirming mass into the water.

After thoroughly wetting the dog, you proceed to lather him well with shampoo. About this time the telephone will ring, and as there is never a towel around, you must wave your hands violently in the air, tell the dog to be good, and dash upstairs. After you have washed a dog a few times, you will know more than to return directly to the tubs. Instead you go to the coal bin, where a meek, dripping little beast peers up at you, ears lying flat, and tail wagging apologetically. Again placing one hand on his neck and the other on his back, you lift him into the tub and start all over.

Of course a bath is a dull thing for a dog, but I have found that a handful of soap-suds placed where he can lap it, makes it a much more interesting event for him, and often an easier task for the person doing the washing. You must be very careful not to get any soap into his eyes for it is impossible to go on with the operation if this happens.

His feet and muzzle are the hardest to get clean, as usually the dog has his own ideas about the matter. To rinse off the soap, the dog jumps into the second tub, where his face and ears are washed with his own special wash cloth.

It is an easy thing to dry him. You simply stand him in the center of the floor, where he promptly proceeds to shake himself all over everything within a radius of ten feet. His feet must be wiped on the towel, for small foot tracks are not appreciated on the living room rugs. But do not think that your duty is over when the last drop of water disappears down the pipe. Unless you keep the dog in sight until he is dry, he will make a dash for an open door, find a large spot of the blackest mud and proceed to roll in it until he is dirtier than in the beginning. The easiest way to have a clean-looking dog is to have a black one, for most dogs are not very particular about their personal appearance.

Shirley Gould, '33.



SATURDAY AT EIGHT FORTY-FIVE

(With Mr. Dunham's Permission)

Five girls sit cramped in the end room. One stares wide-eyed, idly; another busily erases and marks on the barred paper before her; two others of this illustrious little company converse in excited but hushed tones; the fifth girl bends over the keyboard, rushing through her manuscript. The tenseness—the great expectancy is keenly oppressive. The door opens, the suspense is over; the girls relax, realizing that with Mr. Dunham's coming their need to "cram" is ended.

Harmony class begins!

Barbara Stanley, '32.



OH MARION!

In the haze of deepening twilight,
Robin Hood left his men,
He wended his way through the cypress
And softly tread the glen.

His steps he hurried a little,
Drawing near the greenwood home,
For Marion sat waiting,
Waiting, faithful and alone.

Bold Robin paused outside the door
To lay his arrows down,
Within he heard a little noise,
A hurrying, bustling sound.

Tactless Robin did not call,
Or give his usual tap,
Poor Marion tried to hide it,
But he found . . . Will Scarlet's cap.

Vesta Black, '32.

THRILLS

Forgive me for only tipping my hat,
 For giving the brusque little doff,
 My hand shakes so at your passing,
 I dare not take it off.
 Your smile quite disconcerts me,
 Your eyes cause weird little chills,
 But with your spoken greeting
 Comes the climax to my thrills.

Vesta Black, '32.

EXCHANGES

The following poem was taken from the *BRAMBLER*, the magazine published by the students of Sweetbriar College:

Juggler of Words

(Nancy Tucker Wilson)

The wind is an artist, in Indian summer
 Skipping through woods
 Where the dogwood branches roll red marbles down,
 Where the falling acorns make a tip-toe noise,
 It scatters gay leaves to paint the circling valleys
 And juggles the sun
 With the live dancing shadows underneath the trees
 Let me be the wind's companion
 A juggler of words:
 Oh! Let me toss autumn across a white page

From Ward-Belmont in Nashville, Tennessee, we submit the following poem:

There's
 Something in a Church
 With its hushed silence
 That soothes
 Turbulent spirits and unquieting thoughts,
 That adds
 Dignity to joy
 And plants in our hearts
 A seed of happiness
 Showing again
 The worthfulness of living.



**"A Sport For Every Girl
 Every Girl A Good Sport."**

The Blue and White hockey game was played a few days ago and suspense was held to the finish with the resulting score—0 to 0.

The Faculty vs. the Students was a game which caused great excitement . . . both teams were amusingly dressed and although the Students "swept" the field with all their might, the Faculty managed to come out on top . . . 4 to 1.

The Good Posture Club is steadily growing . . . six new members have been added. Congratulations to them!

Marion Newfield

Julia Case

Jane Spear

Gene Loomis

Natalie Park

Barbara Stanley

There were some very high scores in the questionnaires, showing interest and a good understanding of the sport played. Natalie Park, head of hockey, was topmost scorer.

Yvonne Bergeron.



EDITORIALS

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Once again the spirit of Christmas prevails, in the very atmosphere of our homes, stores, streets, and public buildings. Good things are stored and waiting on pantry shelves and the huge green tree which is heavily laden, yet proud to bear its beautiful decorations of festoons, tinsel, and other symbols suitable for the occasion, has its place of honor. Every closet, drawer, nook and corner is the hiding place for secret gifts and the struggle with the long list of presents has begun. No one must be forgotten, and each must get that which he has most wanted.

The air of festivity, with candles, wreaths, holly and mistletoe, bright decorations and gaily dressed ships, are but the symbols which denote the deeper feeling of Christmas. Christmas is more than the mere exchanging of gifts, "for the gift without the giver is bare," and to be in keeping with the holiday spirit, all gifts must bear the good will and brotherly love of the donor.

It is now a matter of history that the past few years have been fraught with economic depression and unemployment throughout the world. Conditions have not changed much and another hard winter is upon us, making it possible and probable that this Christmas will be a sad one for many. Surely each and every one of us can help a bit to make this Christmas a happy one for those less fortunately situated than ourselves. All of us have tucked away somewhere, discarded toys, perhaps a little toy drum; a tin soldier mustering a gun on his wee shoulder; a pair of skates; think of the fun it would give some child. You can find these old friends—you really must. Make these toys presentable and make some poor tot, who is not

so sure that Santa Claus will visit her, gloriously happy, for it is by doing good that people hear once again the angel's sing, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Before very long the shopping will have ceased and the hustle and bustle will be over for awhile. The ground will glisten in its new white coat while the beautiful windows of the churches will be illumined and the chimes will softly peal forth the age-old tale, as people everywhere will pause to think of the beauty and wonderment of His birth, so God bless everyone and Merry Christmas to all.

THREE CAPITALISTIC KINGS

Amid a whirl of artificial snow, and veiled by sheerest celophane and tinsel wrappings, sit the three big business Kings of Christmas. They are wearing flashy red and wooly white suits. Their sagging jaws and sneering mouths are hidden under their voluminous mass of whiskers. "The spirit of Christmas is to give," they say, "and the more you give the better business is." These three kings cooperate very well.

The first king is the king of atmosphere. As it is his business and duty to create a jolly Christmas spirit among all people, he is surrounded by ribbon, tinsel, and bright shiny balls. He plays a very important part in the advertising field. With a skilled sweep of his brush he paints a jolly picture of a happy family gathering. They are all standing around a lovely white stove decorated with red ribbon and sweet-scented pine twigs. Beneath the picture he prints, "Even a man of moderate means can please his wife, in the only suitable and worthwhile manner, by buying a stove on our installment plan basis." In the very corner

of the page, in small letters, this clever king doubles the original cost of the stove and writes the new figure down in a modest, self-sacrificing fashion.

The second king of Christmas, is the King of Gifts. This generous individual is surrounded by all kinds of interesting packages. He has the latest models of everything all bright and new beneath a sparkling cover of snow. Bath salts gleam beneath their colored cellophane containers which are caught together at the top by dainty flowers. Tiny small teddy bears look coaxingly up out of their warm, brown eyes. Velvet gowns which are just the correct style and size hang in graceful folds. All the things which King Atmosphere tells us about, King Gift has all ready to deliver to the buyer.

The third king is King of Finance. His sneer is a bit more unpleasant than the others and is often seen when his false whiskers slip. This king's task is to collect Christmas bills which loom before the weak, credulous buyer. Long after the Three Wise Kings have packed away their tinsel and whiskers until another year, the poor individual is returning Christmas gifts which he can't pay for or cannot use.

Oh, little town of Purchasers
How meek we see thee lie,
Through thy sleepless, dreamless, streets,
The Business Kings drive by.

A PLEA

The Sino-Japanese war, Britain's proposed protective tariff, the movements of the German Nazis—world history in the making!

We are living in a tremendously interesting age. An age of momentous happenings and progress, and especially in the realm of international relations are these events of far-reaching influence.

Your degree of intelligence is judged to a great extent by the general information you have acquired and absorbed—by the broadness of your intellectual horizon.

Your ability as an effective and interesting conversationalist is determined by the facts you

have at your command on which to base your conclusions and beliefs, by the way you keep your fingers on affairs of the day; the interest you take in modern tendencies and developments.

The seeming lack of interest and knowledge of present national and international conditions of the average student is almost appalling. In the morning distribution of the paper, there is a decided partiality for the funny sheet and the women's page; the front page is granted a speedy perusal of headlines, and the more deserving editorial page is left severely alone. The same attitude is noticeable as to the periodicals dealing with affairs of the day.

To read is to understand, and to understand is to enjoy. Why not keep yourself informed?

IS THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT BEING SPOILED BY COMMERCIALISM?

Santa Claus is symbolic of Christmas; he is the children's saint, but altogether too much is being done to commercialize this ideal. About three weeks before the joyous holiday it is almost impossible to walk through the streets of a city, large or small, without meeting a Santa Claus on every corner, holding a box or a bag in one hand and ringing a bell with the other. "Charity" Santa Clauses, while their object is to raise money so that poor families may enjoy their Christmas day, are tending to spoil the real thrill and novelty of the once traditional old Santa Claus. It is not to add to the Christmas spirit that the "Charity Workers" attire themselves in costumes like that of Santa Claus, but because they are different than the everyday plain clothes they attract attention and appeal to the sympathy of passersby. There is no one who has not probably experienced thousands of thoughts when approaching a "Charity" Santa Claus and if you pass him without contributing even a small amount of money, what an uncomfortable, guilty feeling! It isn't because these very same men aren't seen during the year, because if you take any particular notice you will most

likely see them in the very same city. It is because the costume symbolic of giving appeals to our sense of pity and generosity and we cannot help but feel obliged to give at least a few cents when we picture all the needy families that we may help.

COMMERCIALIZING CHRISTMAS

Has the entrance of the element of commercialism into the Christmas season defiled the spirit of Christmas? Has it robbed it of some of its beauty? We can not see that it has deprived the season of any of its major qualities, not to the degree of its being objectionable at any rate.

Certainly the days before Christmas make up the Golden Age of the modern merchant. For months before, he makes elaborate preparations for this greatest of all holiday seasons. Store windows are resplendent in their gala decorations; children's departments become veritable toylands; gift suggestions are beautifully wrapped and temptingly displayed; Santa Clauses by the dozens sport with worshipful children; shopping districts are thronged, and everywhere a spirit of good cheer, of hurry and bustle and generosity prevails. Most of these things are innovations of the commercial world. Why are they so deplorable?



The merriest of Christmas seasons to all of you!

We have strived to make this December issue a fitting reflection of this happiest of all holiday seasons.

In "Sleepy Bethlehem," we have a charming interpretation of the gifts of the Three Wise Men. Rachel De Wolf has also given us the story of the origin of Christmas' most distinctive symbol—the Christmas tree.

Of the poetry we were particularly interested in Mary Elizabeth McNulty's "Rachmaninoff." It is an unusual poem concerning an unusual theme. It is difficult to believe that this is Mary Lib's initial attempt in the realm of poetry. We also liked the verses contributed by Dorothy Carmer and Marion Lewis.

Ruth Stafford has again proved her versatility. This time she has written a short story meriting recognition. Dorothy Carmer's story was also very well done.

It is always difficult to conclude without remarking about Vesta Black's contributions to Wise and Otherwise. Perhaps you hadn't known that the stalwart Robin Hood had been troubled by any marital difficulties.

"A LITTLE BLACK BOY TO A LITTLE WHITE BOY"

Do these flakes fall as softly on me
As on you? Do you feel the
Bite of the cold wind as I do?
I hope your white hands are
Warm as my own; my whole
Soul is warm like a black Child's
I've known.
Do you think that bright star
Gleams just for you?
Oh, no! it was a dark hand that
Lit it for me, too.

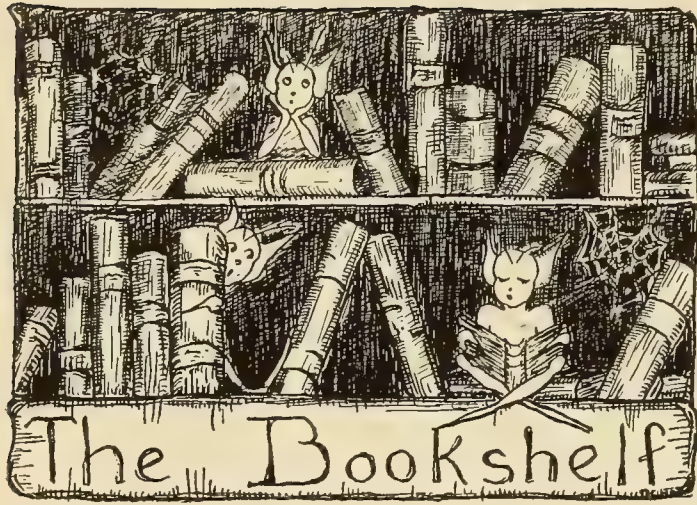
Rachel DeWolf, '32.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Lazy snowflakes have begun their flight
Downward through the peaceful night.
Into a blazing, friendly world they fall.

Shops cast out their cheery beam.
Welcome doorways send a "homey" gleam,
While from each and every window,
Candles gently glow.

Ruth Wyand, '33.



"Education of a Princess Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia

The pride-crushing, torturous descent from near deification to sudden exile is told intensely by one of the Russian Romanovs, Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, in her stirring life history.

This book, "The Education of a Princess," published in 1931, presents graphically to the reader the innermost recesses of royal existence.

Marie, born of a Russian father and a Grecian mother, is brought up in a hostile environment, protected and dominated in the home of her tyrannical and unemotional uncle and aunt. Her mother, Alexandra, Princess of Greece, died giving birth to a son, Dmitri. The two children deprived of any outlet for their emotions by such home environment, became attached to each other by a bond stronger than any that might have been welded in a more favorable atmosphere. Marie, in relating her life, presents to us, unconsciously, the very qualities for which she blames her superiors in the downfall of Russia. They were all Romanovs, all brought up to believe in the "submission of man's nothing perfect, to God's all complete." Nothing, no policy, was for the good of the state; all for the grace of God. This was the policy of the Emperor—this the belief of all Russian nobility. At all costs the sovereignty must be maintained.

She gained the initiative and power to warm her heart and to become less of an extremist,

but not until she had gone through years of indecision and unrest. She should be tolerant of the Czar and Czarina. They were her flesh and blood, though lacking her spontaneity.

At times one can hardly forgive her intolerance of some things. She shows herself to be self-pitying, selfish, conceited, and, toward the end of the book, unpardonably cold-blooded. Marie, somehow, always has an excuse for herself. Perhaps we can forgive her when we think twice of her childhood, and her early influences.

To outline her life would be but the repetition of tedious Russian history. To describe the details would steal the book's glamour. Marie must tell it to you.

Her tale is realistic only when she is telling of something she loves. Otherwise, one feels as if she were writing merely to tell her life story to an insatiably curious public. The suspense is added to by the honor, not expressed exactly in words but revealed to the reader through Marie's cold, methodical style and the development of her character, of the beginning and ending of the Russian Wars.

There is no beautiful description, instead there are strong, impressive words used forcefully and effectively. A low, monotonous rumble, the march of peasant feet, began to throb in my ears with the reading of the first two pages. The sound would not stop but grew stronger until the climax, which occurred with the abdication of the Czar and Czarevitch. The whole aspect of Russian temperament is revealed by intimate touches and not detailed description. The relation is morbid, forced at time, but as a whole, magnificently done. The mood of the book continues until the escape of Marie and her husband into Rumania is accomplished. Then utter stillness, oppressive and tiring, seems to settle on the pages. They are safe, but what bitter memories remain!

Marie describes her relatives and friends expertly. One even learns to know them through experiences that can never be quite completely told. This is the whole story of how they

lived and thought. We live with royalty in their homes; we watch their people, Christians once, become barbarians, and we shudder and thrill the more as we see Marie, a growing girl among them.

We know the author well when the story ends. She brings us through the formative years of her life; we have seen her married young and unhappily; we have watched her find herself and overcome adversity, an inferiority complex, and traditions. She tells us, in a paragraph or two, of her children, two boys; one we never hear of after her marriage annulment, the other she casually mentions as dying within a year after birth. Marie, you are so heartless at times!

Crowds of people move through the pages of the book, yet the author differentiates clearly. We know each by name as they run the gamut of emotions. The patriotism of these people is touching and we sympathize, but cannot completely attune ourselves to them. Marie is really one of them so she does not escape this inclusion. To the end of the book she is a Romanov—cold, hard, essentially a Russian beyond the close intimacy of the reader.

She ends her tale a bit hurriedly, as if she were glad to get it over with. She leaves a few strings still flying, for instance the fate

of some of her immediate family whom she has made very familiar to the reader.

But Marie has lived—lived as vitally as any woman of the age. She has run the scale of human emotions. Whether hers is the perfect life cannot be proved. Living the life set forth in "Education of a Princess," is a life too full to comprehend. Memories live for Marie, and to the reader she imparts these memories to be taken as we choose.

Perfect or not, Marie's life is presented to us, exciting and emotionally intense. We can accept it—vivid, clear, fresh from the immortal box of memories in the mind of a true princess.

Rachel De Wolf, '32.

CALLING ON LOVE

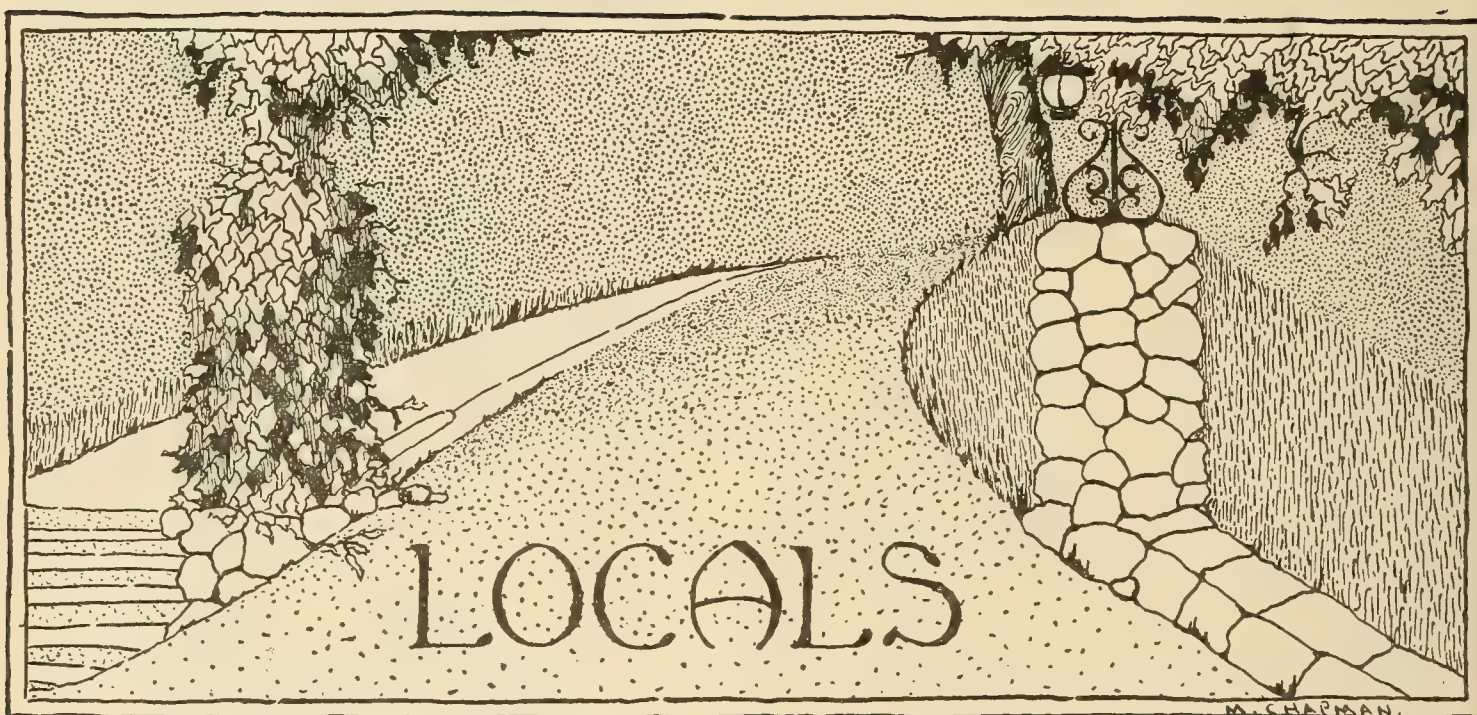
I'd heard of Love and all its joys
From those who said they knew,
Who said they'd tasted all it gave
And found it sweet and true.

I'd also heard of Love from those
Who bore its scars and pain,
Who said Love was only fire
That burned and burned again.

But when I went to call on Love
As most young maidens do,
It really was quite nice to me,
For, dear, it gave me you.

Dorothy Carmer, '32.





November 11: Horse Show. The first annual horse show at the South Avenue Riding Stables where twenty-one of our student body participated was held Saturday evening, November 11. Those taking honors were Blanche Dougherty, President of the Lasell Riding Club, also Alice Fernandez, Janice Musser, Jacqueline Meyers, Betty McKee, Natalie Parks and Jeanette Rising.

November 12: Vespers. Mrs. Etta Austin MacDonald, a trustee of Lasell and author of several books for children, was the speaker. We all enjoyed the new interpretation of Christopher Morley and Emily Dickinson's poetry.

November 19: Junior-Senior hockey game. Quite a number of students braved the elements of weather and came out to witness this game, which ended in a tie score. Much credit is due those who played in the game.

November 22: Vespers. This evening the student body was entertained by two well-known harpists, Mr. and Mrs. Custance, widely known as the Harp Duo. They were accom-

panied by Mrs. Franklin Leland, organist, of Auburndale.

November 23: Faculty-Student Hockey Game. The biggest game of the year and what a game! The faculty of course, won with a big score. Again! You must admit that it was a sweeping victory. "Old Brooms Sweep Clean" you know.

November 24: Endowment Fund Bridge. Under the chairmanship of Esther Gilbert the Endowment Committee held a bridge at Gardner Hall. Although the attendance was small, Esther reported a fair amount of money collected.

November 25-27: Thanksgiving Recess. All the girls who stayed at Lasell, report a grand time, while those who went home don't know what they missed.

November 27: Vespers. Dr. J. Edgar Park, President of Wheaton College gave a very entertaining talk. We are always glad to welcome old friends to Lasell.





Dr. and Mrs. Winslow's "At Home to the Faculty" furnishes always a most delightful social occasion which will receive fitting notice from the Local's Editor, but we venture to introduce this word of appreciation. Through the invitation of our Principal and Mrs. Winslow, two gifted members of the Faculty contributed a most unusual program. Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, just back from her summer in India, brought greetings from her two sisters, Anna, '06, and Esther, '04-06, both now engaged in missionary work in India. Miss Blackstock's vivid and illuminating portrayal of India, politically, socially, and religiously, was most valuable and enjoyable. Miss Katherine Peterson, Head of the Art Department, gave a delightful illustrated talk on her summer abroad. As we looked with enthusiastic admiration at her sketches and realized that this gifted artist painted some three hundred pictures while "on the wing," we marvelled at her extraordinary ability to execute so quickly and ably such a charming collection of sketches.

Mr. Charles F. Towne, the former Associate Principal of Lasell, and Mrs. Towne were guests at Lasell while attending the meeting of the New England Association of School Superintendents, of which organization, he is President. Their visits to Auburndale will probably be more frequent now that their son, Mr. Carol Towne, and Mrs. Towne, have settled in our village.

This latest news from Dorothy Herring, '28-'31 is the best news yet. "I never felt better in my life. Have just returned from a week-

end visit with Julia Krider, '30-'31. We had a great time reminiscing, but alas, made ourselves really homesick for Lasell. Oh, we are not forgetting you and thanks to the friends still at the school, we are keeping well-informed about the happenings there."

Through the unfailing courtesy of Rev. Percival M. Wood, Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Auburndale, we received the latest Parish Leaflet in which reference is made to the beginnings of this church, declaring that the first services in 1877 were held regularly in the Chapel of Lasell Seminary. In 1892 Bishop Brooks dedicated the new church. Mr. Charles Parker, father of the eminent musician and composer, Horatio Parker, was the architect. Lasell was honored for thirteen years by Mrs. Isabel Jennings Parker, '57, mother of Horatio Parker, who served as President of our Alumnae Association. It was this gifted Lasell mother who wrote the Latin words of one of her son's best known compositions "Saint Cecilia."

Edith Anthony Carlow, '06, has a grandson, Lyman Phillips, Jr. To this grandmother, to Lyman, Jr., and to the proud parents, our congratulations.

Charlotte Russell Morrison, '26 is responsible for the following good news about Marion Miles, '25. "I met Marion in Maine at the Fryeburg Fair. She is now the wife of Dr. Edwin Remick of Tamworth, New Hampshire, and is apparently very happy.

Miss Blackstock, '09, met a friend of the former Head of our Art Department, Mary Stewart, who announced that Mary was married last September to a Mr. Walker Komenda, an associate in the art firm with which she is connected in New York. Mrs. Komenda is continuing her art work and her address is 2438 Morris Avenue, New York, N. Y. We have also just heard the sad news of the death of her father, Mr. Stewart, which occurred a year ago.

Mary Morgan, '31, will always have friends for she never fails to "show herself friendly."

Right in the midst of her strenuous college duties, she takes time to pen this friendly note. "Champaign Illinois, November 4. Really this is the busiest world I have ever known, and, in a way, everyone for himself. One is horribly on his own. The freedom in some ways seems quite strange, for instance, we are given unlimited 'cuts' and we are not required to attend any classes, but we *must* pass the examinations.

"I appreciate my two years at Lasell more and more. They have given me such high ideals, sweet friends and pleasant memories. So often when I start to do things, I find myself questioning whether I would be given permission for such a thing at Lasell.

"I am enjoying it here. I like my sorority, Alpha Phi. The girls are very genuine. The campus is lovely and I enjoy all of my classes. Although I like the Middle West, that is, all I have seen of it, the East is very dear to me.

"Last week-end was 'Dad's Day.' All the dads were here and there were a good many entertainments and events planned especially for them. It really was very nice. I liked the idea. In May, they have Mother's Day and all the mothers come. Two weeks ago was Home-coming and all the alumnae were here, and what a crowded and lively place it was then.

"Last Saturday night, I met Elizabeth Bear, '31, at the A. T. O. Fraternity dance. I was surprised to see her and quite delighted. We exchanged news about Lasell and our former classmates. She lives in Evanston.

"I have been invited to go home for Thanksgiving with a Rockford girl. You would like my hostess, I know. She is the sweetest girl imaginable. I hope I can take her home with me next summer.

"I am anxious to get the first number of the LASELL LEAVES and read about everything and everybody. Have received some adorable letters from Lillian Bethel, '28. She is such a fine girl and a true friend.

"Do give my love to Mrs. McDonald and

everyone else I knew and loved at Lasell. Mary Morgan."

The Fates seem to be against our being at home to welcome Sarah Crane, '22. To our great regret, we missed her call on Wednesday, November 11.

Lillian Mae Glynn Thomas, '14-'15, now Mrs. Kelleher of Turners Falls, Massachusetts, called on Ruth Vassar one of the opening weeks of school, but we missed the pleasure of greeting this old girl.

Mabel Flagler Brownell, '14, escaped us, too, but not her beloved Lasell. We would have been happy to have been at home to welcome her to old Bragdon and learn somewhat of her present program.

The LEAVES Staff is constantly getting gratifying returns from the "old girls" who express their appreciation of the school paper. Alice Dunsmore Van Harlinger, '78, is one of our most interested subscribers. On November 18, she wrote from her Atlanta, Georgia, home, "Am just recovering from a serious illness of five weeks." She refers to her meeting with Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, of La Porte, Indiana, whom she describes as "a charming woman and a great acquisition to the social life of La Porte." Alice especially appreciated Marion's generous hospitality to a group of Lasell girls including herself. Mrs. Van Harlinger tells us that she was present at the first Lasell reunion ever held in Chicago, on which occasion, our beloved Miss Carpenter was the guest of honor. From her we learned that Alice Linscott Hall's, '78, grandson, Lieutenant W. E. Hall, is stationed at a nearby army post. He is a West Point graduate. We add with pleasure this alumna's word of praise of Lasell girls of today. "It makes me so enthusiastic to read and know what the Lasell girls of today are accomplishing. It seems to me they are the smartest girls I have ever met." Alice, your fine estimate of Lasell girls, your greeting to our Principal and his wife, and to the Personals Editor, are appreciated.

Through the courtesy of our Senora Orozco, we occasionally get in friendly touch with Betty Way, '29-'30. How grateful we are for these loyal affirmations from this Michigan girl. "I think of Lasell constantly and do so long to be back, if only for a few hours. I never realized until now, how deep an impression Lasell had made on my life. Give my best regards to Miss Perley and Miss Potter." We are not forgetting you, Elizabeth, and will welcome you if only for that "brief visit" you suggested.

Through Senora, too, we received good news from Edith Fulton, '30. She is at home this winter, specializing in domestic science, inspired by a fine objective, for her letter contained the announcement of her engagement.

Edith reports her sister Mary, '27, very happily married and living in Indianapolis, not far from her parents' home. Dear Edith, Mrs. Hooker and the Personals Editor joins with Senora in sending congratulations and do you know it is just possible Senora Orozco may some day "take up" with your suggestion to fly out to Indianapolis on a visit to the "sisters."

Through the mother of our Senior, Gene Loomis, '32, we have learned that Mrs. Gordon Aller, nee Charlotte Young, '24-'25, is now at home at 9351 Longwood Drive, Chicago, Illinois, and has a dear little daughter, Virginia. Lasell's congratulations to parents and child.

Helen Gorham, '31, writes from her "nice, quiet camp in the Maine woods," that she has almost recuperated from her hospital experience and was expecting a visit from her classmate, Mary Hunter, '31, and later, would, in turn, visit her roommate, Mary Hacker, '31. While enjoying "all the comforts of home," Helen actually confesses to a spell of real homesickness for her "dear old Lasell." She hopes to finish her business course in Houlton this winter. She is pleased that her two cousins are returning to Lasell (junior school) and speaks with appreciation of what Lasell has already done for these younger members of the family.

Eunice Stack's, '31, host of Lasell friends

will be interested in this delayed news item. Mrs. Herbert G. Oliver of Beechmont, New Rochelle, New York, entertained at a bridge luncheon. After mentioning the names of her guests, came an announcement of special interest to Lasell folk. "Mrs. Oliver's youngest daughter, Eunice Stack, a graduate of Lasell Seminary, is taking a course in dramatics at the County Centre in White Plains."

✓ Reference has been frequently made to the unusual honors won by Maude Tait, '20, aviatrix. The *New York Press* of November 17 contains this additional word. "Miss Maude Tait, daughter of a Springfield millionaire, is the most widely known aviatrix in New England and obtained her transport license, the highest rating given by the department of commerce, more than a year ago. Shortly before, she was seriously injured in a glider accident during the dedication of the Bowles Airport, Springfield, but pluckily returned to flying as soon as doctors would permit. Only a few days ago, Miss Tait flew her plane at a speed of 211.82 miles per hour, bettering by more than a mile an hour Ruth Nichol's women's record." And now follows the most important announcement of all. "Mr. and Mrs. James Charles Tait announce the marriage of their daughter, Maude Irving, to Mr. James Paul Moriarty on Wednesday, November the eighteenth, nineteen hundred and thirty-one." The bride and groom were accompanied to New York by the father and mother of Maude and after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Moriarty left at once for an extended wedding journey to the West Indies and South America. ✧ Mr. Moriarty is practicing law in Springfield. ✓ Lasell joins with the many friends of the couple in extending hearty congratulations.

One of the best pictures we have seen of our Rosamond Crosby Adams, '30, appeared recently in the daily press. Accompanying the picture was this interesting announcement: "Miss Rosamond Crosby Adams' engagement to Dr. Luis Carlos Guerrero was announced last night at a bridge at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Adams of Long-

meadow. Miss Adams was graduated from MacDuffie School for Girls, Lasell Seminary and Forsythe Dental Infirmary, '31. Dr. Guerrero, son of Dr. Juan E. Guerrero of Colombia, South America, graduated from the National University at Bogota and Forsythe Dental Infirmary. The wedding will take place during the Christmas holiday season."

We have long anticipated this good news, but only now have we permission from the dear little bride-elect to announce the engagement of Shirley Wellington, '30-'31, to Mr. Robert Pree of Medford.

A CORRECTION

Among the "Locals" of the October LEAVES, reference was made to the Vesper message brought to us by Dr. Arthur M. Ellis of Newtonville. Dr. Ellis has changed his residence from Newtonville to Newton, 109 Cabot Street. Lasell is pleased to learn that this inspiring Vesper speaker is to remain a near neighbor.

Dr. Winslow was recently in receipt of an illuminating article written by Mrs. Albert F. Corbin, nee Alice Smith, a former member of our Faculty, describing her last summer's experiences in Russia, Poland and Austria. Mr. Corbin, the retired President of the Union Manufacturing Company of New Britain, attended the Rotary International Conference in Vienna and later visited Poland and Russia. Mrs. Corbin, like many other tourists, refers with pleasure to their days in beautiful Vienna and to the hospitality and friendliness of the people. Russia proved interesting, but unkempt. The people seemed to find it difficult to adjust themselves to their new freedom. Following her visit to one of Moscow's famous art galleries, Mrs. Corbin writes: "Picture a modern art gallery in any of our cities, jammed with men, women and children at eleven in the morning, all unclean and unkempt, wandering about with catalogues in their hands, all apparently keenly absorbed in what their new world has to offer.

"Lenin has been made a god by the people. His body lies today in a wonderfully beautiful mausoleum in the Red Square in Moscow

and dominates the whole of Russia. He lies on a bier in a glass case which is not even sealed, looking more asleep than dead, and every evening between seven thousand and nine thousand persons pass through the tomb to gaze on their idol. Shall we say it is part of the propaganda whipping the people into mental activity, or is it a keen love of the man himself who was without doubt one of the clearest-minded leaders Russia has produced?

"These people, who for centuries have been of the sod, are beginning to learn, beginning to think, and whether it be by Communism or the success of the present Soviet plan, or an altogether different order, Russia will sooner or later make a place for herself among the nations and will not be denied."

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Potter of Minneapolis were among Lasell's latest guests. A friendly new girl asked Mr. Potter if this were his first visit to Lasell and his answer was: "No. I have been visiting Lasell for over fifty years. My sister (our present Dean), three daughters, one granddaughter and a niece have been Lasell girls, four of them, graduates." Miss Potter was especially happy over this visit and Mr. and Mrs. Potter sincerely appreciated the personal courtesies extended to them by Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and their Lasell friends.

Alma Bunch, '13, your letter to our Principal is doubly appreciated from the fact that "considerable time has elapsed" since you were last heard from. Lasell and many of your Lasell friends will be glad to get your present address, 6558 Minerva Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. All will read with interest this description of your latest vocation. "I have recently become connected with 'Book Trails' and knowing that New England has been covered very meagerly, I have had sent to you some literature on this loveliest and newest thing in the inspirational field for children, with the thought of having it placed in the 'Woodland Park' library. There is little that I need tell you for the editorial staff insures the high standard maintained throughout the books. They are graded in every way, stories, art, vocabulary, even print,

to meet and satisfy every stage in the developing of child minds, and give the child not only what it should have, but, equally important in fostering the love of and joy in good books. Art is an education in itself, being absolutely authentic to the country, age, customs, and costumes depicted in the stories.

"Many of the schools here are using 'Book Trails' and they are among the most popular of the books at the library, although to reap the fullest benefit from them they should be *lived* with." Alma also makes mention of the private reunion of "old girls" referred to in a previous paper, given by Marion Hale Bottomley, '10, and praises Cornelia Stone's, '10, especially fine hand loom weaving. Her closing words are worthwhile and contain a somewhat amusing incident. "Let us pray that something starts this mercurial American temperament on its upward way soon and shakes off this death grip of fear. A small boy of our acquaintance listened as long as he could to the family's discourse on what they are having to do because of the depression, looked around, heaved a sigh of disgust, said '*Good Night*' and walked out. He was right, too much talk and not enough action!"

"Remember me to everyone at Lasell. My love to Mrs. Winslow and with kindest regards, I am, sincerely, Alma L. Bunch."

Rosalind Winslow, '20-'21, calmly, as is her wont, stepped into an airship and flew to Boston in time for her friend, Barbara Smith's, '22, concert. Barbara, under her professional name, Barbara Hilliard, gave a recital in Jordan Hall on November 19. In the audience were many Auburndale friends, who were there to enjoy the music and rejoice in the artist's success.

Martha Fish Holmes, '25, and her classmate, Helen McNab, '25, made us twice glad by a recent call at Lasell, especially when Martha promised to come later on for a *real* visit. She spoke with enthusiasm of her new experience as homemaker, declaring that her duties seemed indeed light compared to the strenuous course which she experienced during her hospital training. Her husband, Dr. Edgar M. Holmes, is taking an advanced course at Harvard, specializing in the eye and ear. Dr. Holmes' father was one of the most eminent eye and ear specialists in Boston.

A fitting honor has just come to Clementina Butler, Jan., '80-'80, delegated by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church to represent them at the Seventy-fifth Jubilee of the introduction of Methodism into India. Miss Butler's father, the Reverend William Butler, D.D., and his wife were the pioneer missionaries. Miss Butler is a native of India.

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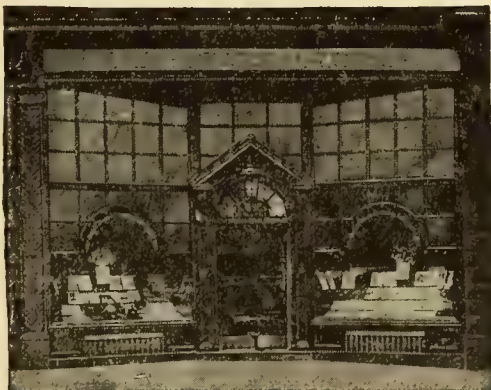
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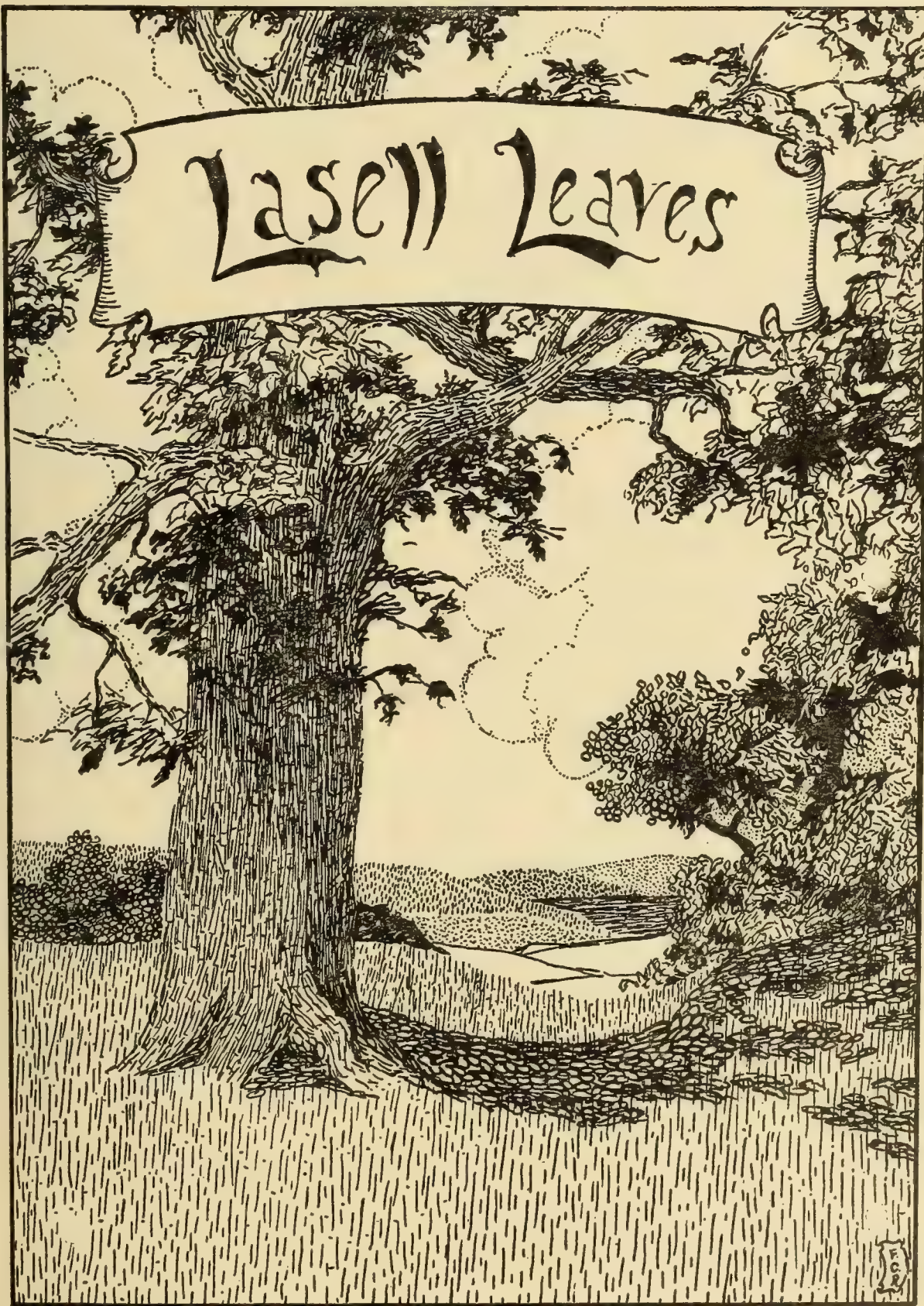
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Vol. LVII

JANUARY, 1932

No. 4

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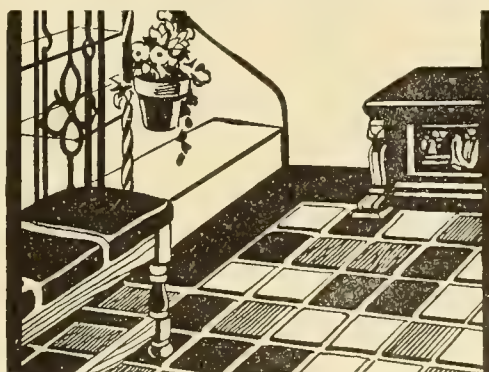
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LITERARY

"FOUR KINGS AND A BLACK ACE"

I

Through curling cigarette smoke a hard, rasping voice, vital and intense in its emotion, spoke words of decision to three indifferent listeners.

"We can do it," Randolph Allen was saying. "No one will know anything about it. We can get the stocks up so high, then spread the rumor of their drop. Our agents will buy the degrading 'stocks' at a low price, then we'll bring out the real stocks and have them all under our control. But it will only work out if all four of us cooperate. We can do it—I tell you. We can do it if we're together."

"The fact that the stockholders had the chance to keep them and gave them up because of 'a silly rumor,' is your defense, eh, Allen?"

"Yes, and only we know the first stocks presented were no good."

"Suppose it is found out," a third voice broke in. "I'm not crooked at heart, you know, Ran."

"Ha, we will be after this one, though," a fourth voice parried. "I'll order my striped suit, now. It must fit, at any rate."

"All joking aside," Allen spoke. "Our resources are unlimited. The temptation is great. I'm only human, you know, and I suspect you are—too."

Jackson Smith's cigarette was quickly crushed under his foot as he got up lazily from his chair. "I suppose so," he drawled, "and we're the only ones that know this new vein of gold has been discovered. Is that right?"

"Just right. What do you say, Masters?"

Keen eyes squinted through the wave of

smoke that rose from between his lips. "I'll admit its clever and—well, I'm human too, Allen."

"Fine! Now then, Langley?"

Langley's cigarette shook a bit in his hand. His narrow, young face seemed even more pinched by the scowl creasing his forehead.

"Gold, and all for us—may I join the brotherhood of—humanity?"

Low laughter accompanied his surrender, followed by the clicking of glasses filled with bubbling iridescence. Snapping logs in the fireplace belched forth cold, blue flames; a few murmured words vied with the tiny clock on the mantle as it hesitatingly struck twice in a high, silly tingle. Gently the odor of cold liquors arose to the nostrils, then polite gurgles and empty glasses were set down on the marble-topped table. Serene coolness pervaded the whole room.

II

"Mr. Marsters to see you, sir."

"Show him in, Miss Chase, and say I'm out to everyone else."

"Yes, Mr. Allen," the calm, efficient voice answered. As sharp heels clicked nervously across the hardwood floor, Mr. Allen's rasping voice shot out, "Will you get some rubber heels, Miss Chase? I've told you again and again."

But, Masters stood before him and the clicking of heels was lost in the rattling of typewriter keys.

"Well, Randolph, you look worried, old chap. What's up?"

"Glad as the deuce to see you, Marsters. Sit down, won't you? I am worried."

"See here, Ran, nothing has happened, has there?"

"No, no. Could anything go wrong with great trusts like us?" he said loudly. Marsters' left eyebrow twitched upward.

"Why we're the powers of Wall Street—we four! It's not that. It's Paul."

"Langley? Why, what's he doing?"

"Not minding his own damn business. That's what."

William Marsters settled back in his chair. His perfectly manicured hand went to the side of his nose and stroked it gently. "Oh," he repeated—"then she's at him again, is she?" All his life William Marsters had known close contact with women. He understood them, but they could never get beyond the cold grey of his eyes. Many times his keen eyes had gone plunging down and through the affected masks of some of society's most serenely hardened women and stripped them of all pose. So, having met Claire Hanby twice before, he quite understood the perturbing effect she had had on his friend.

"I'm afraid of that woman, Marsters. I'm afraid of her. Nearly a year now, since—well, since that night at 'Cleasby's.' Everything has gone as we wished, hasn't it? Now a woman comes into it—no, don't interrupt, I know she's in it. Paul's weak, isn't he? God, weaker than water—and she's a woman, she has no limit. No knowing what he's told her when he's been, well, when he forgets himself. I knew we shouldn't have let him in on the deal, but I knew we would need his money if the plan fell through."

Miss Chase entered with a handful of papers. "Your mail, Mr. Allen." Shall I open it?"

"No, leave it here. Now Marsters—yes, everything is fine, Miss Chase. As I was saying. Marsters, let's get together again. We need our memories and sense of honor freshened. Remember, it was a promise not to tell. If one tells he'll be ruined with the rest of us."

"What of the people we ruin, Allen?"

"I'm not speaking of that, Marsters," he bellowed. "Take care, I have a temper."

"Not a temper, Allen, but plenty of nerves. That's what you've got. Why not take a vacation? Go abroad, go up to Canada, anywhere. You need it."

"Well," his fingers fumbled at a letter in the pack at his elbow. Nervously he opened it. As nervously his eyes swept its pages. He jumped to his feet, speechless with rage. He thrust his purple face close to his companion's.

"Marsters, read it—read it, the dirty piker. I knew it, I knew it—" Slowly Marsters' long fingers reached for the paper held in shaking hands. His eyes narrowed as he read the message. Its wording was subtle. Its meaning clear. Folding the short letter, he suddenly turned to face his friend.

"Well, she's blackmailing us! I don't blame Paul. I blame her. It's the woman in her." His knuckles beat upon the desk as he talked.

"He told when he didn't mean to. She nerved him. Oh, the poor weakling. Now she knows what we know—that we were fully aware of the value of the gold vein before the crash; that we financed the crash; that we are crooks of the worst sort. Now, she knows—everything—."

Allen's back was to him. Something in its frozen rigidity made Marsters walk quickly up to him.

"If we pay—"

"If we pay—" Allen swung around. "Pay what, to whom! Marsters, I swear I hate that woman. She's vicious, she's immoral, she's not human! I'll break her if it's the last thing I do. Pay her? Humph, she shan't get a penny. I'll stop her, somehow!"

"Think of Paul. He loves her madly. We must consider him. I think I'll pay her, to save him."

Snatching up a telephone, Allen barked into its receiver.

"Give me Hampden 70751."

Jackson's voice answered him on the other end. Quickly he stated his desire.

"Tonight, Jack, at 'Cleasby's.' Marsters stepping quickly to the phone heard the answer.

"Yes, I know. I got one, too. We're ruined, Allen—ruined. God, it's come at last." Then the sharp click of the receiver and silence.

III

Eight that night, found "Cleasby's" bar just beginning to be filled. Gaudy trappings covered the walls of the night club. Chairs and tables filled the floor space. In a corner on a small raised platform, sat a rasping, colored orchestra, dolefully pouring forth ragtime accompanied by a high tenor voice—

If I could be with you . . .

. . . strong,

If I could be with you. . . .

I want you . . . one hour tonight . . .

. . . be anything but blue,

. . . with yooooo!

Smoke, laughter, small talk filled the stuffy room. Girls and men, each their own perfect complement, sat close together on the hard straight-backed, multi-colored chairs. The clanging of cymbals in the orchestra accompanied the pop-pop of corks, the tinkling of ice and the clatter of dishes.

A tall, stocky man, immaculately dressed, a bit grey around the temples, wended his way through the moving couples, beyond the noise and clamor of the main room, and through a small door at its end. Softly the door closed behind him. Only silence greeted him. No salutation passed between Allen and the others but he could read the unspoken words in the faces before him. Merely a flick of his cigarette and he was down to business.

"Where's Langley?" he rapped out. "He should be here, anyway—"

"He'll come, Allen," Marsters spoke. "He won't fail us. I asked him to come, myself."

"Help me, Randolph, help me," Jackson suddenly blurted out. "My God! My wife, my children, my reputation—if the papers ever get this—"

He paced the floor heavily, "If they ever

know we planned it, instigated it, carried it through I think I'll go crazy. That woman! I'll do anything to keep her from the newspapers. Damn her soul, damn it."

"Steady old fellow," Marsters stepped to his side.

"Listen, Marsters," Allen butted in. "This is no time to tell us to be steady. Langley has let it out. He's got to suffer. He's been the traitor now he must accept the penalty."

"You can't blame him. We've got to think of his feelings. He hates himself, I know. He told because he loved her, and because she made him."

"No woman could make me tell anything I didn't want to tell. They're not worth it and they're not strong enough. Not even Claire Hanby!" Suddenly Allen moved about the room.

The quiet click of the lock and Langley stood in the doorway—pale, unkempt, shattered.

"Fellows," he stammered, "don't look at me like that—I—I."

With a low cry he buried his face in his hands. A prince of finance, a mere weakling now, in arms.

Instantly Marsters was at his side. "You're in for it, old fellow, and we're justified. It's funny"—he turned toward the others, ignoring Paul, "I stood seeing all those people, last year, lose their life-savings as a result of our scheming, but now I can't seem to stand and watch a man who has done me a great wrong and whom I have every reason to hate, get his punishment. I guess I've known you too long, Paul," he turned back, "we played at war too much when we were young to really fight, now."

Langley flashed a look of immense gratitude toward Marsters and, visibly strengthened, said brokenly:

"And she turned, fellows. I didn't think she was like that—Why, she's blackmailed us. Even I, I whom she said she loved. But she was just lying—and I didn't know it. I didn't know it." Suddenly his eyes blazed up and he

tossed his head back. "And I still love her. I could kill her for that."

He staggered on his feet, but Jackson didn't spare him.

"Look what your spattering's done to me. Paul Langley, you're yellow."

"Stop her," Allen murmured half-consciously to himself. His eyes became slits like yellow curtains amost completely drawn on a lighted window with just a thin strip of light shining out from under. "How?" came the sickening rasp from between his clenched lips.

Marsters' hands played nervously with a pack of cards that lay innocently upon the table beside him. Slowly his eyes dropped to their lavishly colored backs. Four times his finger traveled down his aquiline nose and across his smooth cheek. Then he spoke.

"Let's draw. The black Ace gets it."

Harsh silence followed his proposition. Pale were the four faces, and moist, nervous hands worked continuously. Quietly Allen rolled, re-rolled his cigarette between his left thumb and forefinger. Jackson rubbed his handkerchief violently between his palms. Langley passed his right hand ceaselessly back and forth across the top-back of the davenport against which he leaned.

"I'll draw first," his deep voice broke the silence like the dull thud of the first wave after a calm.

Cautiously each in turn leaned forward. Each settled back with a card in hand. A glance sufficed. All movement ceased. Only the slow, careful rolling of the cigarette went on.

* * * * *

Jazztime, ragtime! The four passed out into the room beyond and were lost, mingling with the crowd.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.



STONE WALLS AND IRON BARS

Riotous pandemonium and all the
Turbulent forces of chaos unrestrained;
Black night and the lightning flash
And thunderous reply of a great God's might;
The wild tumult of mountainous waves
Bounding on unflinching rocks and
Beating out the time of a
Fulsome fugue.

I crouched alone and trembling
And was vaguely conscious of formless
Faces, leering through a heavy
Veil of rain.
All desire of Life streamed out on
The swift flow of my ebbing strength
And with one last effort I resolved
To close my eyes and think
Of summer, and sunny hours and halcyon days;
To see again the triumphant morning sun
Herald the coming of its mistress, Day;
To see again the crystalne dew on glistening grass;
To feel anew the beauty of an evening sunset
By a mighty alchemist transformed to gold;
And to live again a thousand hopes and joys.

I thought and dreamed and felt
The glow of warm blood surging
Through my veins, and lo, when I looked
Upon the earth again, what once had
Been a lovely vision, was now
Reality.

Katherine Hartman, '32.

WHITE BRAVE

Hiwani wandered down the path that led from her wigwam to the quiet pool of water that lay in the midst of the great woods. Her moccasined feet made no sound except by occasional cracking a twig. Her head was held high, her arms swung loosely at her sides. She seemed to be unaware of all around her. Her eyes held a peculiar far-away look that was not suited to her usual smiling countenance. The birds chirped on unnoticed. The squirrels frisked across her path but she paid no heed to them—Hiwani was angry.

Her very soul was full of hate—dark venomous hate. Hate for the white man. He was a trader who had come many times to the

little Indian village where Hiwani lived with her father. The first time he merely glanced at her. The second he spoke. The third time he became quite familiar. And last night—oh, the agony of it. The very thought made her blood boil. That any man would so abuse her—and a white man—it was unbearable. If Wachmasuda knew, he would kill the white man—kill him and Hiwani too, perhaps.

And Wachmasuda was coming home. He had been working night and day at a white man's college. Working in vain she thought, for an Indian has no chance against the white race. They were all like the one she had fought so desperately against last night. Cruel—unfeeling—hard.

Hiwani had had very few letters from Wachmasuda in the two long years he had been away. The first, a few months after he had left her and the last just two days ago. It was necessary to walk five miles for these precious letters. Five miles through the hot, dusty country to the nearest town. But she felt more than repaid when she held them in her hand.

The first letter had been one of utter discouragement. It seemed as though he couldn't fit into the life that was all so new to him. Though he had tried to hide this feeling, it had been clear to Hiwani that he was unhappy and she had suffered for him—knew all the agony that he was fighting against. Hiwani loved Wachmasuda. He was her "brave" and she was to be his "squaw." It had been prearranged by the gods. They would be perfect mates.

Now his work was finished and he was coming back to her. Until the dreadful affair of last night she had been delightfully happy. She had gone about her work with a song in her heart and a flashing smile. But now, how was she to face the man she loved. And a white man was the cause of it all. Oh, how she hated them! Hated their customs, their lordly airs and discourteous manners.

Hiwani spent a sleepless night and was up with the sun the next morning to prepare the

feast for her lover. She worked hard and rested little. As the time drew near she dressed herself in her long beaded dress, combed her luxuriant black hair and placed around her neck the wide band of beads that Wachmasuda had given her as a pledge of his love.

Wachmasuda came, amidst great shouting and song, for his tribe was tremendously proud of him. He had attained knowledge, something with which the gods did not honor every Indian.

It was some time before Hiwani could find time to be alone with her lover. And then she saw what deep in her heart she had feared. Wachmasuda was changed. He was no longer the Indian Brave that she had known and loved. He was a "White Brave." He had given up his people and their customs for those of the white race. He no longer sang to her of the woods, of the birds and their songs. He no longer talked of his and her happiness together. He had forgotten.

He seemed ashamed of this life and talked of the school where men and women studied together. Where girls were white and beautiful and did not live in the sun, but stayed in the shelter of their homes for fear of burning their skin. Of one girl especially he spoke and even showed Hiwani her picture. She had helped him in his work, he said. Hiwani would have liked to kill her for she was white and white people were cruel. She hated her. But she said nothing, only listened.

Every time Hiwani met Wachmasuda, he spoke of the "white girl." No more did he declare his love for Hiwani. She was afraid—afraid and desperate. Perhaps if she told him about the white man he would understand that the entire white race was treacherous and hateful.

It was a clear moonlit night when she did tell him. The forest was deathly silent. Only the sound of the waves lapping upon the pebbles broke the stillness. As she finished speaking she felt a hand reach to her throat, clutch the wide band of beads, the token of Wachma-

suda's love for her, and tear them from her neck. Then the words "nothing but a squaw" reached her ears and he was gone. She had lost him. He was a "white brave."

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

SABOTEUR

Through the biting, bleak of dawn
A Russian peasant plods to work
Alone and silent—bent and pale.
No thought of future happiness
Can ease his twisted brain
For all is gone—all is lost.
Because a wish for self-respect
Induced him to defend his own
The bloody hand of law had come
And left a murky mass of bone
To show the world the sin of greed.
A slave of silence now he walks
With fear of Government, not of God.
The frozen land repels its own,
The stretching shadows call him theirs
As hovering silence seals his lips.

Ruth Stafford, '33.

DIARY

Nov. 5: Passed the half-century mark today and feel just like I did thirty years ago. It all goes to show that if you keep in tune with the younger generation you don't grow old. Look at George Kent, only five years older than I, but he looks and acts like he had one foot in the grave. It should have been easier for him to keep in tune with things than for me because he has children. Poor fellow! Must write to George, Jr., and see how the job is coming along. That's it! I never thought—my spirit is younger because I have encouraged the confidences of young people.

Nov. 9: Got the proofs from my pictures this morning. I guess I can get him to shadow the double chin, the grey on my temples shows just right so I look quite distinguished and not a day over forty-five.

Nov. 16: Spoke about my annual trip to the East today. I guess I'll put it off about two weeks so I can come back on the train with the college crowd out for Christmas vacation. The youngsters will make the return trip rather lively.

Nov. 20: Had to speak to Miss Morse today about the movie magazines on her desk—not very fitting for a girl who holds a position like hers. Magazines are a dead "give away"—you can always judge the kind of a mind a person has by the magazines he reads.

Dec. 1: Leave tomorrow for New York then Boston. Probably will be busy.

Dec. 10: Had dinner at the Club with Thorpe—not very lively—that place is getting awfully musty. Funny why a young fellow should like a tomb like that—probably enjoys the prestige.

Dec. 16: Got my reservation on the 3:15 train for home. Guess I was lucky—Pullman agent said the train was almost full with the college crowd.

Dec. 18: Enroute! Wonderful accommodations. Right across the aisle there's a nice looking girl, but I can't figure her out. Was standing outside before the train started and she came up with a young man. She gave the porter her magazines and books and stayed outside talking to the boy—both of them seemed so interested in each other—I thought it was young love and their first separation. When the porter called "all aboard" he kissed her very nicely and then she got on to the first step and he walked along as the train moved holding her hand. Then I went back to my seat. She came in and sat down opposite me, but left soon with a bunch of girls who called her Janet. I looked over to see what she was reading and there was an *Atlantic*, a *Ballyhoo* and an *Asia*, and a book on Economics. What kind of a person is she? Reading four such vastly different things and in the station I thought she was one of these clinging vines that knew how to dance and smile and that's about all. Pretty soon she came back with four girls and

I could hear everything they said, but it wasn't very much. When we got to Worcester there was much shouting as another gang got on. Then the girls left her and she started to read the book. Pretty soon I heard the car door open and boys' voices talking loudly. As they passed, one of them stopped: "Why, Jan Mac-Arthur, of all people." "How are you Bart." Then he introduced her to the other three and they went back to the observation for a smoke. This Bart seemed to like her pretty well. She came back alone about ten minutes before we got to Springfield, and got all fixed up and then started to read. I could tell she was expecting some one though because every time the door of the car opened, she looked up. Finally he came—a tall blond this time—she didn't even speak when they shook hands—just looked at him like she did the fellow in the station—must be her technique! They talked a long time then went to dinner. Went back on the observation after my dinner and there she was again with the blond and Bart and three other fellows—all hanging around like flies around sugar. Funny that a girl like she seems to be reads such magazines. Pretty tired—I'll have to keep my vigil tomorrow—it's interesting.

Dec. 19: More complications—woke up this morning—we were standing still—pulled up the shades and right under my window was this Janet person and the tall blond. She was looking at him with that same expression again—when the porter called out and she kissed him and then he put her on the train. She must like him pretty well because I heard her come back about one o'clock and there she was up early to say "goodbye" to him at 3:30. She read this morning until Bart came—they talked until the other boys came and then he played bridge. Janet seemed to know how pretty well—seemed to me like she was always winning. When we got to Englewood she waved at someone outside and seemed all excited, he came running in and who should it be but George Kent, Jr.—she looked at him the same way and then

kissed him. Just before we got in, George noticed me—I wasn't going to say anything to him, but he introduced me to this Janet girl and she seemed pretty nice. George said he was doing pretty well now—I guess he's what is known as a "smoothie." I wish I could figure out this Jan—she's one of the moderns I guess—funny how they can't see through themselves—takes a person with a little experience and a young spirit.

May 10: Received a wedding announcement—first one for the June weddings. George Kent, Jr., is going to marry this Janet Mac-Arthur girl that carried on so peculiarly on the train. I always thought he should marry a clinging vine type—a sort of old-fashioned girl. I wonder if he'll be happy.

May 12: Had a letter from George today—funniest thing—can't understand it. Reminded me that I'd met his "Jane" on the train last Xmas vacation—as if I didn't know that! He wants me to get better acquainted with her because she's the type I like—naïve, unsophisticated and sweet—not like the modern girls who know what it's all about. Poor George! Felt sort of tired tonight—wonder if I ought to think about retiring next year.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.

DUSK

Fool, why don't you kneel
As the great clouds steal
Upon you?
Have you no reverence,
Pay not the deference
That's due?
You see no beauty,
You'd kneel from duty?
What madness!
Youth, cease being witty,
God sees you with pity
And sadness.

Vesta Black, '32.

INSANE REVERIE

Margaid Pmalson uttered an inexpiable shriek as he came hobbling down the framework of once sturdy stairs. His bleary eyes stared through tangled hair which hung over his seamed face. He wrinkled into a victorious laugh which displayed his beautiful, even teeth. I was terrified by his appearance and involuntarily crept closer to my companion who seemed to share my unmanly fear. Though we were prepared for the worst, this was beyond our expectation or comprehension. The *Times* had warned us of the terrifying hazards other reporters had experienced and of the futility of questioning this old philosopher, but my friend and I jeered at such tales. We were strong men, just out of college and encouraged by our childish belief that we were something ourselves. We now felt small and quivering: not because we were touched by an unseen hand but because the fears of past reporters were staring us in the face. I glanced about nervously.

The room we were in was too gruesome to describe in detail. There was not a window in the dwelling, but unlike most gory dens, this structure was not dark. On the contrary, it was brilliantly illuminated by purple and blue lights which in turn were reflected in Margaid's wild eyes giving a ghostly pallor to his flesh and yellow garments.

No sound or movement startled us, but the lack of them made us quake. A deadly silence pervaded this tense air. I could see my friend coughing, yet could not hear a sound. Margaid beckoned to us to follow; we did. We entered an adjoining room which was similar to the room described except for sound. Here, because the atmospheric pressure was less, we could hear the slightest rustle. When this philosopher had seated himself, he motioned to us to do likewise. Our chairs were made of polished steel with wire backs and air cushions. My friend, being comfortably seated, was about to speak, but Margaid raised his hand for silence.

This man had never been heard to speak. Philosophers from many lands had attempted in vain to talk with him. Many thought him a genius; many thought him crazy. Now he spoke in a strong, husky voice. His bony body became taut as he uttered these words: "Beasts, do not speak. I have met your kind before. I know your profession; I know your world, but I have determined to speak because. . . ." He hesitated, then stopped. We dared not probe him on, so never learned what he meant to say.

"As a child," he continued, "I often dreamed of a city moulding away in crumbling ruins. Life seemed to be green and musty. This was a case of imagination, not of indigestion. I outgrew this idea, but was afflicted with a worse one. I asked all I saw what there was in this ether before there was anything; what pervades all space, and how great space is; what lies beyond our knowledge of this universe, other worlds or gloomy chaos? People evaded me and my radical reasoning. No one knew how we first got here or what became of us when we failed to breathe. I determined to solve this question of universal interest.

"This house you see here is my creation. It is my workshop. My mother and I have existed here for many years." He pointed towards the wall as he spoke. All we saw was an outline of skin and bones dressed in bright yellow. As we stared, we perceived that she, for it was his mother, opened her eyes. He continued, "I have kept her alive for many years, and there is still a breath of life in her. She eats only food condensed in tablet form. Her glands have been replaced by those of monkeys. Many of her joints are now mechanical. I have prolonged her life that she may share my ultimate victory, but. . . ." He again stopped. He continued in a different theme.

"This house is lighted by power; these chairs in which you are sitting are, in truth, electric chairs." He smiled in the most obliging manner, but I froze beneath the sultry grin. "Now,

to continue with my story," he said. "You are both college men. Like most rapid victors, you have conquered only pages. You have not the power to perceive vastness. You do not comprehend what you have transmitted to your skull. I have made a great discovery, but you will not be able to understand it. I will speak to you in terms of molecules; to attempt a smaller unit would be to frighten you. In one cubic centimeter of gas there are 25,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules. The molecules are as far apart from each other as two flies would be in one of your railroad stations. Molecules are of interest to me because the universe is made up of units much smaller than these. To understand what was here before man, we must first find out what is here with man. Because of my childish doubts, I have discovered many things about the universe.

"The majority of things, it is better that mortals remain ignorant of. One thing, however, I will disclose to humanity. Above, I have a laboratory made of zylonite. Within this chamber are my powerful magnifiers. Here, I have proved that there are molecules. I have seen them. Although this delicate apparatus proves the molecular theory, yet it is powerful and harmful. It shows things about the universe which you cannot know. I once threatened to kill anyone who entered my house, beware! I am going to efface my invention. Do not move or the threats of the past will be a reality of the future."

He pushed a lever, I yelled, and we heard in the laboratory above a tiny metallic click followed by a thunderous whir as the zylonite caught fire and exploded. My friend and I rushed for the door. As we went, I noticed that the bones in the corner were crumbling and only a heap of yellow clothes remained above the ashy ruin.

Having left this unearthly dwelling, we ran on down the road. The words of the philosopher rang continually in my ears. "Beware, or the threats of the past will be a reality of the future. Beware of ancient intents. . . ." On,

on we surged. At last tired and out of breath, we stopped to rest. Cold gray stones were our chairs. Tiny daffodils were waving their yellow arms at us. A stream clashed in the distance as we thought:

The things we cannot understand
Are those that have no cause.
The starry universe above,
A just creation of a love
Is not too vast to comprehend,
But what force caused the creative soul
Is much too profound for minds to grasp.
Love fashioned immortal day,
Yet who can say
Who fashioned love?

Ruth Stafford, '33.

DAWN BY THE SEA

Deep, blue water, fathoms deep;
Salmon-colored sky with
A deep red strip of cloud.
The morning star swings high.

Purple heavens, the white moon there,
With a warm, grey cloud below,
The diamond path, the moon path,
Dies before the sun's glow.

Two jeweled brooches, misplaced stars,
Sail on the horizon's breast.
They hold tight the heavens to the heaving sea
Like two bright pins against a purple dress.

The trumpets have blown, the sun
Rides in the East!
The icy stare of the moon fades
As Elfin waves glide to shore and oblivion.
Does coldness and aversion always
Fade so, before warmth . . .
Two solitary, silent birds, dark
Against the sky.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

THE NEW THEATER

Those of us who are interested in the theater are many, but who in this group realize what an effective weapon the theater of today is in reorganizing society, especially in its severe disintegration resulting from the so-called "depression."

"Theaters of Workers" have recently been in evidence in the poorer sections of the towns in America. The idea was started by the working class and is maintained by them. They criticize the hypocrisy of plays now on the legitimate stage in dealing with life as the educated author sees it. These bourgeoisie have launched their idea against propaganda plays. What they produce is stark realism; their plays are bold attacks on a popular idea; their motto seems to be "drop love; pick up love."

This idea is entirely new, and different. The authors are unknown workers who have an idea in the back of their minds somewhere and who record this idea in raw play form. Thus in having no style they develop a new style in writing—a paradox that is proved by reading and watching their works. The play-product is without embellishment, frank and above-board. Perhaps, eventually, if the worker's theater continues its influence, we'll have plays written by educated, trained playwrights following the black and white realism established by the workers. Then would develop a brand new style in writing, with many of us, I believe, liking it.

These plays are given anywhere. After work the people usually flock to the neighboring Y. M. C. A. or social club and sit down for an evening's entertainment of viewing one of their thoughts dramatized by one of their own people—weeping or laughing over a situation they all have in common. They do not expect money; the play is not art in its higher meaning, but it certainly is art to the man who, after all, should know the artistry of life better than his more fortunate brother. Policies of government with which they oppose or agree generally serve as topics for the plays. Since no admission is charged at the presentation of a play there is no expense. No costumes or settings are used, merely a chair and table; it allows the poorer fellow who can neither read magazines, see a movie, or listen to a radio, to go to his own theater and watch the action of an important or unimportant episode, as it

may be, in the history of the current year. He may even write or produce it himself.

Some of the plays recently put on and most prominent so far are: "Unemployed," "What Price Coal," "It's as Funny as Hell" (how to get rid of unemployment), "Men of Steel," "The Great Money Trick" and "Mr. God Is Not In."

Power! These people know what they want. At this time, when the legitimate stage seems to be slipping, this new play idea comes into prominence. Watch it!

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

DEAD ASHES

On the lonely shore,
Where the smashing waves
Brought the bleached driftwood,
We met.

Together we gathered bits,
Grey from their time in the sea,
And trembling our fire
You lit.

Slowly, slowly started the flame,
Then quickly it burned;
In the glow our bodies
We warmed.

Suddenly our wood was gone,
And our fire faded to coals;
Now, you can not expect that
I tend

Dead ashes.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.





A History

There comes a time in most people's lives when they feel slighted. . . . They begin to notice that histories have been written about almost every thing under the sun except some object which they particularly cherish.

What happens!

Well—another history is given to the reading public.

Do not be discouraged!

Do not weaken!

This, well, I can't deny it will be a history. However, out of pure sympathy, it will be a short one; very short.

This is to be the very moving history of the Life and Tragic End of a Pair of Bedroom Slippers.

Things had been gloriously wonderful. Santa had appeared in the doorway—and, among your share of gifts, had been the slippers. You had vowed that never again would there be such a pair . . . you had loved them!

But then—things haven't changed much since the world began; and—slippers that are worn continually will eventually wear out.

A crisis in your life!

Something must be done!

Since most of your family and relatives have the medical instinct, you inherit it and your first thought, when you refer to remedies, turns to plaster, scissors and such implements.

You repair—the result is astonishing—rather the effect of a zebra.

Due to your insistence in preserving objects dear to you, you are now known as:

"That eccentric thing!"

Well, time goes on and sad as it may seem, there comes a day when the condition of these slippers is beyond power of man to remedy.

They are lost!

You know, the idea "Dust to Dust?" Well, that's it. Sad, sad, sad—but true!

If this has seemed strange, absurd, boring, dry, beyond understanding . . . cheer up . . . it is only . . . History . . . and, as it should be.

Yvonne Bergeron, '32.



"SUPPOSING"

We will stay close to each other,

We will always be true,

The same old time-worn words of love,

But, just supposing we do!

We'll have a cottage together,

Not much, but plenty for two,

We'll live on love, it's been done before,

And just supposing we do!

So many have quoted these words dear,

So many have found them untrue,

Perhaps we can show them they're right dear,

Just supposing we do!

Barbara Hunt, '32.

Unrelenting

My eyes ache from the stare of electric lights
That shriek at me and sting

My lids with burning needles.

My heart is heavy with some

Burden I cannot describe

In words that fit my feeling.

My right hand aches from the steady

Pressure of an unrelenting pencil

That marks on, unaware of

My aching eyes and hand.

Ruth Tivnan, '33.

Etiquette

Always be on time, girls, for your dinner,
Come early and avoid the awful rush.
If you really wish to eat,
Be there first to get a seat,
For forced diet will not make you thin
With stores in easy reach.

Always put your elbows on the table,
Be sure to have good rhythm drinking soup,
Do not break bread or toast,
For small crumbs appear in host,
And you will be detected when
You sneak them to your den.

Always scoup your soup up towards your neighbor,
In order not to spill it on yourself.
If she wears a spotted gown,
The soup will not be found,
And you will still maintain your pride
In being neatly dressed.

Ruth Stafford, '33.

Stupid Snow-Flakes

Lucky little snow-flake,
Swirling gently down,
Perhaps in falling to the earth
You'll dare to touch her gown.

Perhaps you'll linger in her hair,
Or maybe on her shoe,
But come you stupid snow-flake,
Do you know what I would do?

If I could drift down from above,
Just one dear place I'd seek,
And kiss with length and fervor,
Her smooth, soft, little cheek.

Vesta Black, '32.



Major Activities of the winter program: basketball, swimming and winter sports.

Blue and White points are steadily adding up. Everyone is urged to do her part in helping her team. "A chance that is equal with all in the strife, a courage to strive and to dare."

White Mountain Trip scheduled for February 12 to 15. A whole week-end in the heart of the Mountains. Food, fun, frolics!

"A sport for every girl,
Every girl a good sport."

Ode to Posture

"The one who walks with grace and poise,
Is a spectacle so rare,
That even down on gay Broadway
The people turn and stare.

If you would cut a figure
In business, sport or school,
Just mind the Posture Precepts,
Obey the Posture Rule."

Are you Posture Conscious?

Poise

Style

Pep

Intelligence

Personality

Beauty

WINTER SPORTS

Skiing, skating and snow-shoeing are three sports familiar to all Northerners and enjoyed by most of them.

There are two general types of skating—one emphasizes speed, the other values grace. Each has its enthusiasts with national and international contests annually.

Speed records in skating do not differ much from sprinting records on foot, as may be noticed by the fact that the 100-yard dash on skates is made in 8 to 12 seconds.

Figure skating contests are held yearly, but Americans are more interested in skating as a means of playing hockey. But the recreational popularity of skating is very great and is pretty sure to remain so.

Skiis are the descendants of the long, narrow leather-covered snow-shoes used in northern Europe since very ancient times. There are two types of official contests with skiis; the jump and the long distance across country run. Military ski runners have covered fifteen miles in an hour and a half, under favorable condi-

tions. Skiis require a depth of at least six inches of snow for best results. The sport is gaining in popularity wherever deep snows prevail in winter.

Unlike skiing, snow-shoeing has little of the spectacular about it. One can get the knack of it in a few minutes; the rest is a duty of training the leg and foot muscles to an unusual straddle, heels up, toes down. There are bound to be occasional falls and one ought to practice a little for them. After the novelty wears off, snow-shoeing becomes a work-a-day affair of getting where one wants to go.

These three well-known winter sports are loads of fun and are anxiously awaited each year.



Lasell Girls in White Mountains
Remember dates for 1932—Feb. 12-15

EDITORIALS

THE NEW YEAR

Standing on the cliff, expectant, we faced the east and with quickening pulse watched the sky grow redder and redder. Suddenly in a burst of glory, the sun appeared over the horizon, but soon it disappeared behind sparse clouds only to come forth in a few minutes more boldly than before.

This is the time of year that one turns toward the east with eagerness to face the dawn of a New Year bringing with its light, new thoughts, with its clouds, new struggles, and finally with the sun, new triumphs. We all look curiously ahead for what life is bringing us. But why do we wait for life to bring us new things? Let us go, and take them from life. This year let us decide to arrive at a goal and then with determination set forth towards it. Our Puritan Friend said: "All things come to those who stand and wait." Today, however, even though we have thrust aside Puritanism we linger leisurely for something to arrive. Let us be consistent in our revolt, and go and get those things which we want. Here is a New Year, a new chance to accomplish something. Let's do it!

COURTESY

No one characteristic of a person brings out her real personality and shows breeding, or need of it, more than a lack of courtesy toward her school-mates. In the dining-room, in the halls, and especially on the stairs at Bragdon, she should try to be considerate of other girls' ankles and toes. What is more disconcerting than to have the sharp corner of a typewriting book thrust into the small of one's back or to have a heel caress one's ankle in no gentle man-

ner? On the circular staircase which leads to the typewriting rook, one takes her life in hands if she does not keep her mind on her feet.

Courtesy and consideration are especially needed in the library. Where a conscientious student is trying to review her Economics lesson before chapel, we should not inform the other girls at the table what Bill had to say about the game or quote passages from a friend's letter. Really, it isn't fair!

Let's give every Lasell girl a good impression of our character by being courteous and considerate.

RESOLUTIONS

New Year's must be the beginning of a new year. Only you can make it so. New Year's resolutions are a bit worn out. One never knows what to resolve that can claim to be original. But, persistence generally brings about results. If you really want to do something or accomplish a long-cherished desire, persist in it—and being this New Year's. There's a resolution right there—"Never say die!" It is hard to live up to ideals if the way is fretted with stones and chasms. As you tread the way, try not to look at the stars all the time, as some high-minded resolutionists advise, for you will stumble and fall. But do not concentrate too intently on the earth beneath your feet. This might result in worry, a narrow mind, or self-centeredness. Keep a "happy medium." Look straight ahead to farther horizons beyond the chasms and the rocks with a clear eye and an open mind.

It is easy to make resolutions if you analyze yourself correctly. They will not be any different from any one else's, but they serve the purpose for you and that's what counts.

Have compassion on people around you. An understanding mind brings comfort to your companions and friends.

Give yourself some responsibility. Develop your character to accept responsibility without quavering. It's a wonderful feeling and a glorious accomplishment.

Wherever you are when the New Year's chimes ring out; whatever the task or pleasure with which you are engaged, cease all activities and face the New Year with an unflinching heart. Meet it halfway on the threshold of Time's door, with a determination to raise your ideals and with a spirit that sings for the joy of living. A New Year has begun!

WAR

How short is the memory of man! How weak his capacity to reason! A mere sixteen and a half years ago saw the world plunged into the most horrible debacle in history. The "war to end war"—how well it sounded in 1918, how meaningless it has become!

Historians have pointed out that one of the major causes of the War was a growing spirit of false patriotism, an attitude that found its fullest expression in the highly competitive race among nations for the building up of huge armaments. The fierce rivalry for greater and greater armed forces and equipment was an important ingredient in the bomb set off by the murder of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. Secret diplomacy, suspicion, petty hatred, and jingoism formed contributing factors in an atmosphere of intense international jealousy.

The War was fought and "won;" Versailles became history, and the whole course of events ever since has been one attempt after another to straighten out the muddle of 1918. The closing days of 1931 see little if anything accomplished, and nothing of brightness in prospect. The world is just reaping the full effects of its late nineteenth and early twentieth century rashness.

In spite of all the chaos, in spite of world-wide mental depression, if we have learned anything from the last War that will guide the tottering reason of mankind toward an attitude repulsive to war, then the seven millions who made the Supreme Sacrifice on the shell-torn fields of France will not have died in vain.

Is there anything that can mitigate the well-earned, wholesale indictment of all the petty diplomats and politicians who, somehow or other, had managed to work themselves into responsible positions? We doubt it strongly. The "War to end war," the "War to make the world safe for democracy"—how we wholeheartedly subscribed to them, felt them, lived them! Yet to what have those slogans amounted? Catch-phrases—building up the sentiment that threw the glove of the United States into the arena. Today finds them travesties on that which man holds his most sacred possession—Life itself; and hypocritical interpretations of the ideals of him who also died for a cause—Woodrow Wilson.

To what end, then, was the world thrown into the mêlée? The one lesson that should have been learned was the utter foolhardiness of any program for the building up of competitive armaments. That the reasoning of such action is wrong, is obvious. War can't be prevented permanently through fear of one nation for another; but, rather, only through a spirit of international cooperation and amity can peace be attained.

Let us take account of just how far we have progressed in the cause of freedom from war. First, there is the League of Nations, a wonderful idea, the efficacy of which is being rendered quite doubtful due to the insensate, picayune jealousies of many of its members. Then there is the Kellogg Peace Pact, the wonder of its day, guaranteed to end war. Yet, what do we find? France and Italy, mutually hostile, are starting to pyramid their arms. China and Japan are engaged in a real fight, in regard to which the League is showing itself almost im-

potent, and the Kellogg Pact becoming another "scrap of paper."

Slowly but surely the world is sowing the seeds of a catastrophe that will make the last war look like comic opera. Fully realizing the import of all the newest inventions of death-dealing apparatus makes one fear for the existence of civilization itself. The next debacle will see no trenches, no battle-zones, no non-belligerents. The world will form the contest-ground, and every man, woman and child will be involved. Gases of unbelievable potency, bombs of microbe cultures, and airplanes of remarkable ability will be able to destroy whole cities at a time, and lay desolate all cultivation. People not killed directly will be starved to death.

Won't man remember 1914 and take warning? Let us plead therefore for Reason, so often abandoned, yet that alone which should remain a constant factor amidst all change.

SNOW

Down from the heaven it softly fell,
Then, reaching our mad, mad world
It turned to cold and biting frost
And round our ears it twirled.

In vain it rose halfway again,
But only once more to fall,
For as God takes us up to heaven,
So must he let snow fall.

Barbara Hunt, '32.

The steamer leaves white, churning water, astern,
A slush murmur rises, falls, below me
As one long, wide wave flames out from the boat's
side.

Brown smoke discolors the blue sky,
Tiny ripples swell and die far-off
There where the wind is blowing.
I see no gulls—just empty sky—
Where are all the birds and clouds?

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

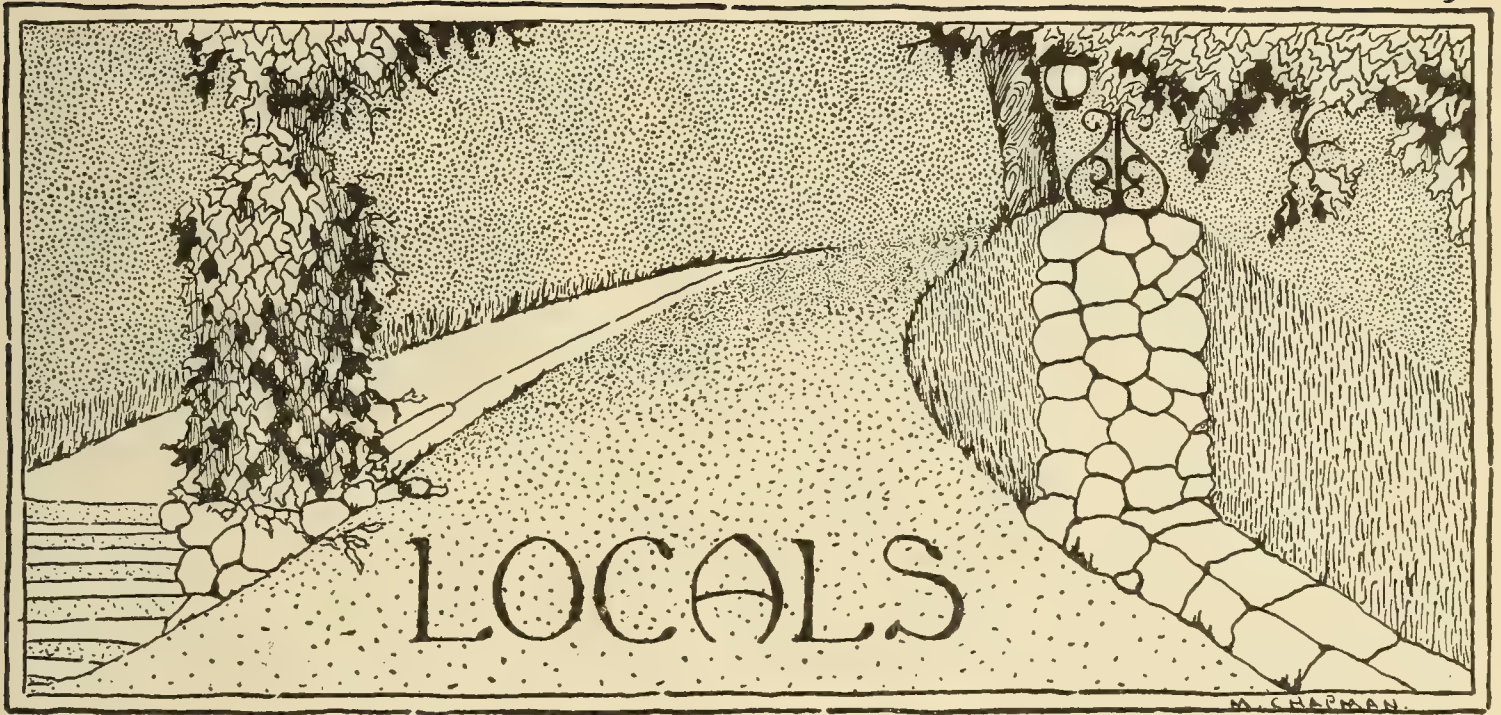


HUMANITY UPROOTED

(Maurice Hindus)

To understand and evaluate this book on modern Russia, it is necessary to know a little of the author's life. Since Maurice Hindus was born in one of Russia's small, remote villages; was educated in America, and makes almost annual visits to his native land, he is well qualified to write a book of uppermost interest to us. Hindus depicts an absolutely new life in which the old religion, government, and morals have been overthrown. He opens his book with a discussion which he is having with several street waifs, upon religion. "We do not believe in God," they say. "Every person is an atheist, except, of course, old hags." Hindus relates many incidents like the above which clearly show that Russia is trying to abolish all religion. He gives the cause of this collapse and the substitutes which Russians have found for theology. By the same method of example, he gives Russia's views on love and marriage. "Love," says one student, "our fellows deny. They regard it as stupid and puerile. Love as a separate emotion, as some distinctive and wondrous experience, does not exist at all, or only in the imagination of old maids and naïve children." The preceding quotation is a good example of this author's style. He explains why Russian youth has cast aside love and religion and what substitutes have taken their places.

Ruth Stafford, '33.



December 1: Chapel. Mrs. G. M. Winslow addressed the students at Chapel. Her subject was "Word Portraits." In the afternoon the faculty and students in residence at Woodland Park Hall were "At Home." Guests were shown through the dormitory and also through Woodland Park School, the Junior Department.

Dec. 2: Chapel. "Vocational Work" was the subject of Miss Matson's Chapel talk on Wednesday morning. Miss Matson is the Director of the "Clothes Institute" at the William Filene's Sons Company.

December 5: Tea Dance. The first Tea Dance of the year was held at Bragdon Hall, under the auspices of the Student Council. The guests were received by Mrs. Winslow, Dean Potter, Mrs. MacDonald and Miss Wright.

December 6: Vespers. Rev. Garfield Morgan, Pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Lynn, was the Vesper speaker.

December 11: Chapel. Dr. Sydney Weston, editor of *The Congregationalist* was the Chapel speaker.

December 12: Christmas Dinner. Christmas dinner parties were held at Woodland Park

and Bragdon Hall. After dinner a dance was arranged for all the students at Bragdon Hall.

December 13: Vespers. The Christmas Vesper service was held in the Chapel. Miss Ruth Seabury, Secretary of the American Board of Missions, described "Christmas in India." The Glee Club sang groups of Christmas carols.

December 15: Woodland Park School Concert. The Woodland Park School presented a very pretty Christmas concert and pageant under the direction of Miss Rosalie Martin and Miss Marjorie Winslow.

December 16: Christmas Offering. At the Christmas Chapel service, the students presented their Christmas offerings to be distributed among various children's hospitals and homes. Groups of students from the Foreign Language Department sang carols in German, French and Spanish. The First Pupil's Musicales was held at Bragdon Hall in the evening. The Orphean Club, under the direction of George Sawyer Dunham, assisted. Miss Mary Williams was the soloist.

December 17: Dramatic Club Play. The Dramatic Club presented the play, "The Goose Hangs High," by Lewis Beach. The play was directed by Miss Rosalie Martin.



The staff joins in wishing you all the happiest and most successful of all new years.

It certainly cannot be said that there is any dearth of poetry in this January issue. Our poets seem to be unusually prolific this year.

Perhaps for some of you, "Dead Ashes," by Mary Elizabeth McNulty, will summon in your own mind an experience which sounds an answering note.

We wonder how many of you were discerning enough to catch the interpretation of Rachel DeWolfe's poem. To the author, industrialism appears as a cloud of smoke, veiling all that is beautiful in life.

Again Vesta Black has invaded the fields of serious verse. We recommend "Dusk" as particularly deserving of your notice.

Of the short stories, "Insane Reverie" is certainly the most fantastical of the fantastic. Ruth Stafford's supply of imagination seems to be without limit.

In "Four Kings and a Black Ace," Rachel leaves the actual conclusion of the story to you. Unfortunately it is not very hard to guess the victim.



Gladys Copeland Slocum, '26, and Mr. Paul Merryman Hunt were united in marriage on November 21, at the bride's home in East Rochester, New Hampshire. Their new address is 16 Howard Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Crawford McIlroy had the honor of announcing the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Stanchfield, '27, to Mr. James Henry Hawes on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of November, nineteen hundred and thirty-one, in New York City.

Thursday, November 26, was the wedding day of Dorothy Quimby, '27, and Mr. André Melville Faure. Dorothy has followed the wise example of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and is moving nearer Lasell. Her new address is 915 Judson Place, Stratford, Connecticut.

The happy prophecy concerning Charlotte Carter Sherman, '30, has been fulfilled. She is now Mrs. Donald Frederick Weiss. Her husband is an Ensign in the United States Navy. The wedding was solemnized at Newport, Rhode Island, November 28.

Lasell's extended felicitations to these her latest brides and grooms.

Among our November callers were Mercedes Rendell Freeman, '23, and her husband, Mr. John Porter Freeman, and also Laura Hale Gorton, '16, and her two little daughters. It was an interesting coincidence that both of these graduates returned on the same day and visited their old room in Bragdon. Seven years separated their Lasell school days, but each in turn was an occupant of the same room and both still feel that number 23 was their lucky number.

Annette Harvey, '29, tarried with us long enough to report that she is teaching art in the public schools of Middletown and Portsmouth, Rhode Island. Her professional labors are evidently not wearing for she looked "the picture of health" and declared herself as happy as she looked.

'That was a model letter from Mary Hopkins, '19, received by our Principal in response to his card of inquiry. She gives her present address as 2230 Witherell Street, Detroit, Michigan. This is Mary's fifth year as publicity director for the Detroit Y. W. C. A. "Three Lasell people have won distinction in Detroit this year—Katherine Rice Brook, '20, of the Detroit Golf Club who is one of the outstanding golfers in the Women's District Golf Association, reached the finals in the first flight of the District Tournament. Maude Tait, '20, drove her Gee-Bee monoplane faster than any woman has flown before, attaining a speed of 214.99 miles per hour as compared with Miss Ruth Nichols' average of 210.6 miles per hour. Miss Dorothy Shank, former member of the Lasell Faculty and Dietician, was one of the speakers at the regional conference of Zonta Internationale and earlier in the year spoke at the National Home Economics Association Convention. 'The results of her very interesting experiments were told in a newspaper interview.

"The most interesting news of our family concerns Ruth, '23, and her marriage on October 10, to Warren Spooner of New York City. While in New York for the wedding, Sarah, '19, and I were guests of Huldah Halley, '18, in Yonkers. I spent my vacation at home in Maine this summer and saw most of the Fort Fairfield Lasell girls including Hope, '16-'17, Bernice Stevens Boyd, '16-'18, Emma Richards Wachlin Chandler, '16-Dec.'16, Maxine Perry Hall, '22, Mary Hacker, '31, and Muriel Peterson, '30-'31, who recently married Elwood C. Murray. Mrs. Herbert W. Trafton, Gertrude's ('19) mother, and Lois Perry Bowles, '20, were visiting relatives in town and Theresa Thompson Osborne, '22, with her two

children was a guest of the Osborne family. I also stopped long enough in Milo on my return to have dinner with Marguerite Houser Hamlin, '19. Several of these girls have taken interesting trips—but more of that when they write to you!

"The space for 'news items' on the Lasell card which arrived in the morning's mail was a gentle reminder that we might all be more alert in sending clippings and news to you. So often, we run across things that would be of interest to all Lasellites."

Thank you, Mary, for your good letter, a fine bit of publicity work. We trust many "old girls" will heed your advice to be alert in sending news which is always so appreciated by the Personals Editor and every reader of the LEAVES.

A dainty card received from Norfolk, Virginia, announces the arrival on November 6 of Robert Alexander McPherrin, II. With the announcement came this added word: "This is my third child, but my first son, so I am very proud and happy." We add: Dorothy Brate McPherrin, '16, certainly has just cause for pride. Lasell's congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Robert McPherrin and little Robert Alexander, II.

We wish you could look over the Personal Editor's shoulder for a moment and read for your own pleasure this attractive folder.

"MISS MARGARET NEWMAN, '28

Interior Decorating

Drapery Work a Specialty

Graduate of Boston School of Interior
Decorating and Architectural Design
Experienced at Wm. C. Davis Co.,
Falmouth, Mass.

9 Cliff Street

Telephone

Winchester, Mass.

Winchester 0735-M"

What a fine opportunity this offers for Lasell girls to employ, so to speak, home talent. Our best wishes for your success, Margaret.

Agnes Adelsdorf Strauss, '12, was married in September to Mr. Sumner Weil of New York. Our Miss Helen Goodrich, Agnes' instructor in vocal music, was entertained recently by this

bride and groom in Boston, and has many pleasant things to say about this meeting with her former pupil and Mr. Weil

Vivian Gould Perley, '29-'31, is not so much absorbed in her new delightful occupation as homemaker to prevent her from sending a friendly message to Lasell through Mrs. Percival. Her letter is full of enthusiastic expressions over her success especially in the department of domestic science. "Our spare evenings are a thing of the past as we are constantly entertaining. It's so much fun—and I feel so proud over my cooking. J. declares that I am the best little cook in the world. The training I had with Miss Eastman was evidently beneficial. You may tell her that for me. Please remember me to all my dear friends in Lasell." We are not forgetting, Vivian, your promise to run out to Lasell when you make that Boston visit.

Peggy Matthews, '26, writes to Dr. Winslow from the Hartridge School in Plainfield, New Jersey. "About this time, the Seniors must be taking their caps and gowns. I shall never forget how excited and thrilled we all were the night we 'took' them—and how much I hated those stiff-boned collars! Do the girls still wear them on Sunday? I am once more in a girls' school acting as Miss Hartridge's secretary and enjoying my work. It seems very natural to be with a group of girls again, even though I was in a boys' school for two years. The boarding department is small, only thirty-three girls, and about two hundred day students. It is a straight college preparatory school, really a 'feeder' for Vassar and Smith. Miss Hartridge is a very active Vassar alumna, being president of the Vassar Alumnae Association. I meet Audrey Jackson, '24-'25 quite frequently. She is in the advertising department of Bamberger's, Newark's largest and best department store. In June, I drove to Wilkes-Barre, to Ruth Tompkin's, '24-'25, wedding. It was very lovely. She and her husband, who is a doctor, are living in Asheville, North Carolina. Every once in awhile, I see Elinor

Stevens, '26—and that is about the extent of my news. Do remember me to Mrs. Winslow, and Miss Potter, and Miss Blackstock, what a very delightful summer she must have had. Ever sincerely, Peggy Matthews, '26."

Merle Johnston Yewdall, '23-'24, (Mrs. Walter Yewdall) has moved, as it were, "from sea to shining sea"—in other words, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. Her present address is 2621 Sacramento Street, Berkeley, California. In her opening sentence, she exclaims: "I was more than delighted to receive the October issue of the LEAVES." Merle, we are "more than delighted" to hear from you after so many months' silence.

Dear Doris Baldwin, '31, you cannot be more disappointed than were we in your failure to register this year as one of our post-graduate students, but a lot of folk just now have had to postpone cherished plans and we are hoping that later you will be able to take your advanced work and your wishes and ours for you may materialize. That was a sweet and minor tone in Doris' note when she wrote: "Last Sunday as I was listening to a Vesper service over the radio, they sang, 'Day is Dying in the West,' and I could vividly picture us all standing together at our Lasell Vesper service singing that same song. How I wished I were back again." We have given your message of love to all your friends at Lasell.

This announcement has at last come to us direct from the little bride herself. On July 25, Elizabeth Johnson, '26, was united in marriage to Mr. Alfred Bryon Pearson of Reading. Their address is 38 Hanscom Avenue, Reading, Mass. Betty writes: "Now that I am settled in my new home, I would love to see anyone from Lasell who is passing through Reading. Our door will always be open to them." We appreciate your cordial, friendly invitation and thank you, too, Betty, for the subscription to the LEAVES which you enclosed in your note.

Accompanying Julia DeWitt Read's, '10, subscription for the LEAVES comes this assur-

ance after the worthy fashion of a real Lasell girl, she is definitely planning to be present in June to witness Enid Jackson, '32, receive her sheepskin, but before that important date, she hopes that Dr. and Mrs. Winslow will report at the New York Club's mid-winter reunion. She adds further: "I want to take this opportunity to congratulate you both. It does not seem possible that one of your sons is married, which shows, of course, that we 'girls' are stepping along! But you wouldn't notice it so much should you see and hear us together at times. Saw Louise Morrell Nestler, '08, last week, talked with Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09, on the phone this morning, and am hoping to have luncheon with Louise Paisley, '09, in New York tomorrow. I think of you all often and hope this school year will be a good one for Lasell in spite of this little story going around about 'Depression.' Kindly remember me to every one I know and with very best wishes for you and Mrs. Winslow, I am, most sincerely, Julia DeWitt Read."

Here's a word of encouragement for our Lasell "dietitians in embryo" from Katheryn Royce, '27. This "old girl" writes to our Principal, "Enclosed you will find my check for \$2.00 for the Lasell LEAVES. I do so enjoy reading them. I am still at the Mary Fletcher Hospital at Burlington, Vermont, and am enjoying my work as Head Dietitian on this floor immensely. 'Every day in every way I like it better and better' is exactly what I think of this line of work. I was interested to read that your daughter, Marjorie, '28, had been made a member of the Lasell Staff. My congratulations to her. I do hope she has just as good luck in teaching as she had in tennis. Remember me to Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Hooker and Miss Potter."

Word comes to us that Dorothy McIlroy, '27, Mrs. James H. Hawes, is now living in New York City, at Seventh Avenue and W. 122nd Street. Mr. Hawes, formerly of Stoughton, Massachusetts, was graduated from Bates College in 1927, and is now assistant manager

of one of the W. T. Grant stores in New York City.

Mrs. Guilford Duncan ("Daisy" Aull, '98), in response to our Lasell card of inquiry, gives this address: 6363 Alexander Drive, St. Louis, Missouri. She enjoyed, this fall, a meeting with Anne Warner, '97, and Emeline Carlisle Hill, '97. The trio were well and devoted some time profitably to reminiscing concerning Lasell days.

Mrs. Sidney S. Campbell (nee Georgia F. Parrish, '26), is now at home at 225 N. Valencia Road, Alhambra, California. Her card is such a bright, friendly one that we are venturing to repeat it. "Just busy keeping house and practicing my harp, but most of all planning on the 1927 reunion in June. Lucy Field of '27, and I will both be there. Take good care of my baby sister of '32." Georgia, your friends now at Lasell, in turn, are planning on this promised return of you and Lucy Field for her reunion. Keep up your harp practice for when you do arrive at Bragdon, your friends will hope to hear you once more harping on your lovely harp. We are not forgetting to keep a friendly watch over Sister Betty.

Betty Gay, '29-'31, returned for a look at the old school. No wonder she had quite the air of a successful little woman of affairs, for when we asked her to write down her present occupation, she wrote: "Betty Gay, Lawrence Corporation Inspector." All success to this enthusiastic little inspector.

Our school frolics just among ourselves are often among the most enjoyable social occasions of the year. The Christmas Party following the Christmas Dinner brought back to Lasell quite a number of our most beloved graduates and former schoolmates. Dorothy Curtis, '31, and Clara Giarla, '31, now half-way through their courses in dietetics at the Newton Hospital, were with us to our delight and the dear Dove twins, '30-'31, dropped their strenuous Simmons College work for one evening in order to make merry with their Lasell friends. Corinne Cowdrey, '30, is taking ad-

vanced work at Boston University. She, too, was a guest at our Christmas Party.

Barbara Tait, '27 (Mrs. J. Loring Brooks, Jr.), from Springfield, in a dainty note informed Dr. and Mrs. Winslow of the arrival of their daughter, Alice Chapin on November 28. Congratulations to parents and to their "golden haired" little Alice.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Thomas (Eleanor Raymond, '30), are also in line for congratulations for on November 16, a little daughter came to gladden their home.

One of the most cherished possessions held by Lasell is the memory of our Lillian Mansfield Packard, '83, a Lasell girl and for many years our Registrar. In connection with the Christmas Festival at our Auburndale Methodist Church is the Annual Sunshine Tree Celebration, a time when the children of the Church School place gifts on their Christmas Tree to be given later to less favored children. Our local pastor, Dr. Maurice L. Bullock, at the Christmas Service this year, spoke in high esteem of this beautiful custom originated many years ago by Miss Packard and adopted by churches all over the world. It stands as a fitting memorial to this beloved Lasell girl of long ago.

Miss Edith Johnson, '26-'30, is living at 4216 Dorchester Street, Montreal, with her brother. She has private pupils and is doing radio work as well. Miss Johnson recently was one of the soloists at the Thursday Morning Musical Club, a very notable group of people who invite celebrated soloists to take part in their concerts. She received very encouraging and pleasing comments from the musical critics of the Montreal newspapers.

Helen Roberts Holt, '30, is nicely settled in her five-room apartment at 797 Marshall Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. She finds the people hospitable and is enjoying mid-Western life very much.

Marguerite Putnam who was at the Woodland Park School in 1926-1927, and graduates from the New England Conservatory of Music

in June, 1932, paid Lasell a visit this month. Marguerite has specialized in normal work and hopes to teach Solfeggio. She is at present studying with Mr. Sanroma in Boston.

Remember you, Lucile Robson, '23-'24? Yes, distinctly and pleasantly and we are rejoicing with you over the coming of little Constance Lucile, born December 13. To Mr. and Mrs. Bonne E. Beneyfield and baby Constance, Lasell extends congratulations.

With her LEAVES subscription, Kay Edwards, '29, sent interesting news. We venture to share a bit of it with other loyal subscribers to the LEAVES. Her letter was to Miss Blackstock and she promptly expresses genuine interest as to how her former traveler-chaperone enjoyed her summer in India. Just now Kay and Anna Colson, '29, are sharing the same apartment in Philadelphia, but their lines of work are quite different. She writes: "Anne is still going to Combs' Conservatory and I'm trying to aid in the prevention of illness for babies and in helping the nation to breath more freely. It's a great job and I like it, but right now business is rather slow and I'm spending my spare time reading and sewing. This morning another secretary and I made dolls' clothes for some youngster whose family can't afford to play Santa Claus this year. Lenna Lyon, '31 has called me up several times—hope to see her during Christmas vacation, but right now, she's busy with exams at Drexel. To all Lasellites, my best wishes for a grand Christmas."

Ruth Bee, '31, your voluntary confession to homesickness for Lasell does not depress us a bit, only makes us glad that you are looking our way, lovingly. Don't you "old girls" imagine that Lasell misses you? Look into our hearts and minds some day and you'll know that your own dear places at Lasell are never filled. About herself, and that is what we care most to hear, Ruth writes: "Last summer, I helped in a girls' camp in northern Michigan where I had charge of the dining room and helped plan the meals. In October, I registered at a business college for their three months'

intensive course open to college students which consists of shorthand and typing. My year of typing at Lasell helped me. I hope to be a 'working girl' by the end of January, but at present positions are scarce in Chicago. I am planning to make you a visit, if even a short one, in June, 1933, when I go to Dartmouth for my brother's commencement." Good news, Ruth. "Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Wright and Senora. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Helen L. Duncan, '26, may be found at present by her Boston friends at the Franklin Square House in Boston. She is serving as secretary to the Boston manager of the Celotex Company (insulation, wall boards, acoustical tile). This is only a temporary expedient for Helen whose wedding will doubtless be celebrated in the near future.

Dear Zelma Briggs, '31, your friendly letter was a real heart-warmer, but we were grieved to learn of the great bereavement which has come to you and your family in the passing away of your precious grandmother. We can quite understand that your duty, at present, is in the home as your mother's aid. Perhaps later your good intention to carry on your educational training will materialize.

Muriel Hagerthy, '29, is now Mrs. Clifford Thomas Small. Muriel's marriage to Dr. Small was solemnized, November 25 at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Saturday, the twelfth of December, Edith Fulton, '30, was married to Mr. Robert Ferri-day, Jr., of Indianapolis. Their new home is at 3536 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

A press notice just received, announces the engagement of Sylvia Goldenson, '30, to Mr. Julius Weill of Pittsburgh. Mr. Weill is a graduate of the Shadyside Academy, Pittsburgh, and of the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. Lasell extends New Year's greetings and hearty congratulations to this group.

Gertrude Leonard, '04-'07, has sustained a grave loss in the passing of her father, Dr. Albert Leonard. Dr. Leonard has been for years an outstanding leader in the educational world and will be missed by a large group of scholars as well as his more intimate family circle.

The holiday was saddened for us because of the great loss which came to Elizabeth Follett, '32, in the death of her beloved father, Mr. William Dana Follett, husband of Edna Thurston Follett, '03-'07. Lasell's tenderest sympathies are extended to these sorrowing school-mates and their bereaved families.

In the New York *Herald-Tribune* of December 14, we found the following item: "The wedding of Miss Dorothy Frances Follett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo F. Follett, and Mr. Malcolm Gettschel Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Miller, will take place New Year's Eve, at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony will be performed by Mr. Miller's brother, the Rev. Kenneth O. Miller. Miss Follett attended Lasell Seminary in Auburndale during 1925 and 1926. Mr. Miller was graduated from the Yale School of Fine Arts in 1929. He is an architect with the Harrison Granite Company in New York."

Betty Lyman, '29, and her mother were only in Auburndale a few hours, but did not forget to call at the school. Betty's strenuous hospital service "told on her" a bit, but in spirit, she was as peppy as ever. She is looking forward to a temporary change in occupation—just the panacea she needs. It was a joy to welcome Mrs. Lyman as well as Betty.

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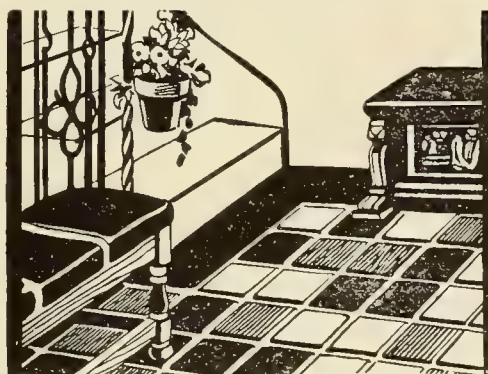
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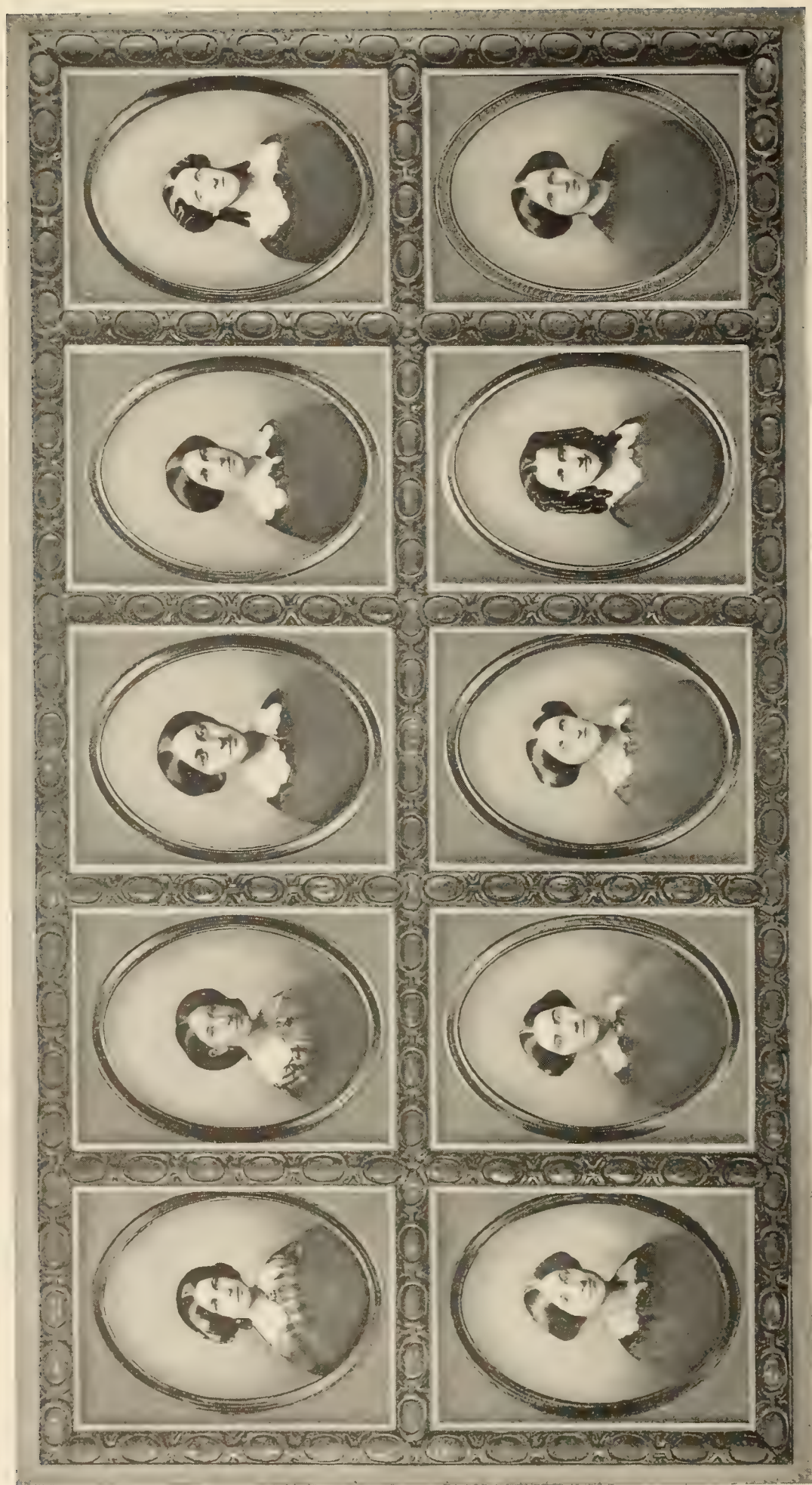
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Date of Sailing: June 24, 1932

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A Berlin! A Berlin! So Zola ends one of his most widely-read novels to indicate the spirit of the French public at the end of the Franco-Prussian War. Today the tourist says it with a very different feeling.

We arrived at the Anhalter Bahnhof one noon and our main objective was to see the Unter den Linden and Leipzigerstrasse, the Tiergarten, Rheingold's and other places made famous in literature and song. One has heard so much about the Commonwealth Avenue of Berlin that it usually proves disappointing at first sight. The linden trees are still small and the year we were there, six years after the War, the shops on either side were likewise nothing to boast of. However, standing on the tiny but imposing bridge which leads to the former Imperial Palace, and looking down, one is much impressed. At one end is the entrance to the Tiergarten with its triumphal arch, the middle one having been used only by the

Hohenzollern family and kept roped off today because there is no Hohenzollern family to pass under it. Germany is not republican in spirit and one doubts whether she ever can be. The German loves order, industry and organization and he is as willing to pay the price for it as England is for her local self-government or France her bureaucracy and centralisation. Music is life-giving to the German and he must have it at all costs. No one has any idea of the hard course which the present government has had to steer unless they have been willing to see the difficulties underneath instead of looking on the surface. Everywhere in shops and hotels one saw the imperial flag flying for, says the German, "Why should we change our flag to please France? If we want to keep our old flag, why haven't we the right to do so?" "But no," says the Government, "it makes a bad impression on the world public, therefore, let's compromise. We'll have the old red, white and black but in the left-hand corner must be the red, black and yellow of the republic." But so strong is the feeling over the national symbol that there are riots in Berlin over it. So, while the tourist may be more interested in palaces, art galleries and cafés, yet if he's to take an intelligent interest he must know something about the country's political problems.

We went through the Imperial Palace, a magnificent display of the baroque in art and saw the room in which the Kaiser signed his

abdication in 1918. One of the most curious art objects is the beautifully carved Holy Family which stands in a corner of the large entrance hall. From the Palace we went to Museum Island, and a veritable island of museums it is. The Kaiser Friedrich is not imposing from the outside but inside, because of the marvellous arrangement, one sees art objects at their best. For instance, the Della Robbias are seen to much better advantage here than in Florence itself. The Antiquities Museum has one of the finest collections of old Egyptian art. One goes from one to the other, amazed at the richness within each.

We joined a holiday throng to Potsdam, travelling fourth class. Again we saw Prussian splendor at its height. The Neues Palace as it is called, is a plain brick structure but inside lies its magnificence. Here is the famous Shell Room in which one has the strangest sensation because both walls and ceiling seem to be studded with sea shells. It isn't beautiful but it *is* odd. Upstairs is the royal theatre, very grand indeed. The finest thing about Potsdam are the gardens and long vistas of beautiful trees that one gets. At the far end is the fountain, as grand as the one at Versailles, and which is also played on Sundays. It was a glorious sight. The most interesting palace, historically, was Sans Souci where Frederick the Great lived and died. One reaches it by climbing hundreds of steps on either side of which are tropical fruits growing in glass houses. At the top is the low palace, covering just one floor with its central dome. It is well that one has to enter from the back door as the view is magnificent over across the rising ground. Inside, the Voltaire Room is of greatest interest. On its walls are monkeys, parrots, and other animals to indicate Frederick the Great's intense admiration for the French philosopher who is the symbol of the Age of Reason to the world. Here also one sees the room in which the great emperor died and the famous clock which stopped the instant his great soul left its tired and worn-out body. In this Palace is the famous statue of

Frederick the Great on his deathbed, as well as the small bronze statuette of the emperor with his two hounds.

Berlin cannot be adequately seen in less than a week but the average tourist has to miss certain things to come back to again. And so we must hurry on to **Dresden** which reminds one of the beautiful porcelain manufactured in Meissen nearby. The river Elbe adds both charm and beauty to this Saxon city and one wants to stay longer than one's allotted time. Of course the main objective of the tourist is to go to the Art Gallery to see the Sistine Madonna which is in a room all by itself. One sees people so emotionally affected that they are wiping the tears from their eyes. Some of us however, can't feel that way and for myself, I should spend all my time in the Rembrandt room and make a holy pilgrimage to the tiny painting of "The Crucifixion," by Dürer which I discovered for myself and did not know hung there. No bleeding Jesus this, but in the background are the heavy, black clouds behind which must be the sun for, fringing them below is a glow of light which rises over the lovely blue hills in the distance. In the foreground is the most graceful body of Jesus, His loin-cloth floats in the breeze, in perfect symmetry on either side of His body. On his face a look both of agony, and yet paradoxical as it may seem, of triumph or perhaps the courage of endurance. To one side of the Cross are three pine trees, the centre one towering over the other two, the whole full of significant symbolism. Surely a Protestant conception of the Crucifixion.



And then **Nuremberg**, the birthplace and home of Albrecht Dürer. Walking along its streets one feels as though one were gazing at a grand opera stage as one sees the timber-decorated houses, both quaint and picturesque. But Nuremberg is today a city of contrasts for suddenly one comes upon a Woolworth's and knows that one is still living in the year 1932.

Munich next! Here is a miniature Vienna with its art and cultivated people. The Deutches Museum alone would occupy a full week of sight-seeing. The Old Art Gallery is full of Dürer's work and very well worth a visit although youth begins to shy at art galleries by the time Munich is reached. A visit to a Biergarten is the usual stunt in Munich and nowhere else does beer taste quite so delicious.

Rapidly we go to *Venice*, the city of gondolas and truly a fairy-land. To see Saint Mark's adequately one must sit at the Café Eden in the piazza in the morning and watch the changing color of the marble. One must in the evening transfer one's self across the way to Florian's the most famous Café in Venice but where one pays twice as much for cassata and coffee. However, once shouldn't break anyone's bank and then the late afternoon light on the Cathedral is best from Florian's. At night, and especially if one is lucky enough to have a moon, one can go back to the less expensive side of the piazza and once more watch the lights play on the marble walls. But be prepared to see a small cathedral. And then do remember to get a view from the water front, just a glimpse of St. Mark's peeping ahead of the Doge's Palace, the tall column with the winged lion at its top in the centre and Giotto's tall Campanile rising above everything else on the farther side. We were lucky enough to be there on the big July festival day when the gondoliers of the rich were dressed in gorgeous mediaeval costumes and the gondolas highly decorated. One really had to pinch one's self to realize that one was living in the 20th century.

Florence, so full of history and romance. Its narrow, winding streets give one a feeling

of hominess and intimacy. Here is an exhaustless city as far as art and interest are concerned. One has to stay long enough in Florence to feel its charm. To hurry through is a crime. It takes days just to get a cursory glance at her art treasures, let alone the shops. For here is your shopping centre. As yet things are ridiculously cheap and you can pick up all the presents for aunts, uncles, cousins, sweethearts, girl-friends, boy-friends "et al." You know they'll be appreciated and they'll cost you very little. Don't wait to shop in Rome or Naples. Ten to one the article has been made in Florence but sells for double or treble its price in Venice, Rome or Naples. At least so I've been told by Italians. But to feel Florence one really should know the Renaissance period in history. How thrilling to walk the selfsame streets on which went Dante to meet his Beatrice, or Michaelangelo to work for the Medicis or Savonarola to preach against papal and ecclesiastical corruption and vileness of living.

Rome, grand and imperial! If it's moonlight, go to the Coliseum. It's a sight you'll never forget. Next morning get up early and go to the Spanish Steps, first look over the parapet across to the surrounding hills, then walk down, cross the street and look up. Your eye will catch the mass of beautiful flowers for sale under large brightly-colored umbrellas, and the steps look beautiful with the church at the top.



Rome probably needs a life-time in which to explore its treasures but distances are great and one has the feeling of sight-seeing more there than in Florence. However, it's full to the brim with history and interest.

Can anything equal the Amalfi Drive in **Naples**? The Grande Corniche in Nice comes nearest to it. The Mediterranean is as blue as the pictures and the roads are perilously curved and probably one would give it the palm of being the most magnificent drive in the world. If you are fortunately placed in a hotel in Naples you will feel most romantic. Across the way is Vesuvius, lighted by its own fires and over the bay may be the light of a beautiful moon.

Milan, modern, hustling and prosperous. One feels as though one were not in Italy here for it all seems so different. The Cathedral will be the most gorgeous you will see in all Europe. You'll never forget it. You probably will be disappointed in "The Last Supper" and La Scala Opera House. One of the surprises will be the very life-like statue of St. Francis of Assisi as he leans over the watering trough which is such a blessing to animals in the heart of the city. And do sit down in the Arcade near the Cathedral and eat a most delicious cassata and think of us who would like to be with you.

Switzerland! One's heart expands at the thought of its people, courteous and independent and clean, at its beautiful snowcapped mountains, its blue skies. Here one's soul and mind rests for there are no art galleries to see, God's own beautiful world is enough. One needs Switzerland after Italy and spirits rise as well as appetites.

Paris: a beautifully matured woman. To some of us she means freedom, a polished cultivation which makes her citizens have that air of superiority which is quite often distasteful to those who think they come from God's country or belong to the empire on which the sun never sets. You may have to dodge taxis or busses until your brain is in a whirl but Paris is so alluring and so fascinating that you forgive her all that has caused you worry and discomfort. On a rainy or misty night walk to the Tuilleries or the Champs Elysées and look up and down. One way will have the Arc de Triomphe at the end, rising like a spec-

tral form, the other the Louvre. Then walk down through the Tuilleries Gardens and turn left near the Hotel Regina and Jeanne D'Arc in bronze will greet your eye. I always love to see that particular statue on a rainy night, perhaps because it conjures up in my mind Jeanne's hardships and struggle to keep France for the French.

Then some day wander along by the Seine, stopping at the little shops in which one may buy antiques, both faked and real, but your shopkeeper will prove more interesting than the goods sold. When you come to the Pont Neuf, gaze about you. On one side you'll see the square towers of Notre Dame. A little to one side the single Tour de Jacques and towards the Notre Dame side the slender spire of Sainte Chapelle. Insist on seeing this latter about three or four in the afternoon. Such a gloriously radiant sight will reward you as the sun shines through the most beautiful rose-window of stained glass at one end and the narrower ones on either side of that exquisite chapel. I shall never lose my heart to any other edifice but the Chartres Cathedral, to see which is to have experienced one of the heavenly gifts, but nevertheless Sainte Chapelle is simply exquisite, both outside and in.

The only way to really see Notre Dame is to go down to the Pont d'Austerlitz take a river steamer and approach it from the back. This must be done at sunset. Whether Romanist or Protestant, one feels like bowing one's head in reverent silence. One completely forgets the chatter of one's fellow-passengers who use the little steamer as we would a street car and who have seen the sight a thousand times. But alas this is a pleasure denied the average tourist who is "doing" Paris in three or four days. After all, to see things, both temporal and spiritual, one must have leisure, denied to so many. And nothing yet of the Left Bank or Montmartre. Night clubs aplenty, but I understand they are better kept in New York. Since night clubs belong to my middle age rather than to my youth they do not interest me. However, it's worth while to take a night

trip about Paris. The lower part of Montmartre appears like a mid-way at a fair but as one climbs higher and higher one feels an exciting curiosity. Dinners are still cheap in Montmartre and it is still the artist rendezvous. One realizes that here life begins at night. Above it all rises the whitest of churches, Sacré Coeur, almost an anachronism from one viewpoint but from another perhaps a necessity. At any rate in its newness and whiteness, appearing almost like a mosque, it gives one a feeling of artificiality and from its exterior seems to symbolize the modern religious spirit of the French. *Comprenez?* On the extremely opposite side of Paris lies the Boulevard Montparnasse and Quartier Latin. Any of the cafés, the Dom or Rotunde afford a most interesting side of Parisian life very different from artificial Montmartre and fashionable Madeleine and Rue Royale. However, to get a complete picture one must take in all. And that is the beauty of Paris. For a few francs one can sit at a café for hours and see humanity from all over the world go by. Outside of Paris are the conventional sights of Versailles and Fontainebleau, interesting to be sure but somehow dead compared to the teeming life of the city.

And now across the channel to the land where exiled monarchs find refuge but dislike to stay and as quickly as possible make a hasty exit to the land of gaiety and sunshine. But to some of us the Dover Cliffs bring a catch in the throat and how delicious that cup of tea tastes the boy serves from his refreshment-trolley! It always seems as though there never was a cup of tea quite like the one you get at Folkestone or Dover, and the boys do a brisk trade with tea and delicious English ham sandwiches. One can take one's time unless one wants a second cup because the empty cups are collected at Victoria (London).

London! the hub and heart of the universe to some of us and even the American tourist relaxes for no more pantomime, no more linguistic struggles. Nothing gives one so much a feeling of being-at-homeness than to hear one's own language spoken and to eat food

more nearly like one's own, bad imitation though it seems. After Regent Street, Kensington Gardens, Westminster and all the rest have faded, what remains. Afternoon tea! One comes back and tries to train one's family aright and anew. No matter where one is, theatre or river steamer, promptly at four tea-cups rattle and the English world almost seems to stop until that afternoon tea is consumed.

The English countryside can only be properly seen afoot or by cycle. But walking is no longer indulged in, either for pleasure or necessity. For the former we take up golf, for the latter we get a Ford. Next best to one's own feet or bicycle is a motor. And not to see the English countryside is not to see England. So, one drives along, stopping here and there through the beautiful, winding hedges. From London to Stratford, one goes through Stoke Poges, Sulgrave Manor (George Washington's ancestral home), Windsor, Eton, Oxford, Warwick and finally Stratford. And in Stratford are not only Shakespeare's home, Ann Hathaway's cottage and the new monstrosity of a theatre but Trinity Church which breathes peace beside the gently flowing Avon, and the company of Stratford Players who make one forget that one had to study Shakespeare in school, but rather we feel that we are witnessing the work of a modern playwright writing of Elizabethan times. And if it should happen that one is lodged in Warwick and if it should also happen that the Lord has provided a moon and a misty night, one is forced into silence as one drives back for one hears only the distant cow-bell which tinkles as an animal is disturbed from its slumbers or its grazing, and shakes its head. One feels the beauty and knows why Rupert Brooke wrote:

If I should die think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all soil shed away,

A pulse in the Eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends: and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

And when you sail back from Southampton
or Liverpool you'll carry memories away with
you that you'll never regret or forget and you
will lay up for yourself treasures in heaven
where neither moth nor rust can corrupt nor
failing banks destroy.

Constance E. Blackstock, '09.



COMING NIGHT

The pink floods the gray.
From North to South
Along the visible space
It's bright and shining.
Now the pink is lavender,
The gray is purple.
Along the borders
A threatening mass accumulates.
There is no more of pink,
Not even purple now,
It's all quickly deadening
Buff and deadest mauve.
No warmth now,
No comforting auroral shades
It seems to be a death.
An End—the end of day.
Pull tight the draperies,
The winter sunset ends.
The wind is rising.
Our fire is our Aurora
And night is dark and cold.

Barbara Stanley, '32.

EXTRINSIC ECSTASY

I see through thee as does a thinking
Mother hearing her child deny stealing
The forbidden jam and cup-cakes.
I see through thee and wish I could forever teach
Thee the depth and meaning of things.
Not the scaly, puny things that rear as
Mountains in your eyes, but events
And words and growing things that
Feed and keep the world a gleaming Paradise.
When you act with guile and proudly raise
Your head, I wish to take you in my
Arms and with pity whisper, "You'll
Know some day, cast out sadness now."
You raise your eyes and scorn my arms
And quickly turn to go. You do not
Care or feel at all. It hurts me to know.
Seek the high places, the ideals, the
Things that mean! Stretch out your
Fingers and hold farthest Utopia
In your palm, the heart of hands. Now,
Breathe in deeply, smell earth, earth
That lives, breathe in its life!
It is what we are and what we will be
Beyond time, beyond any horizon. Our flesh, our
bones,
It is our very spark, giving birth to human
Flame. To the touch it is damp and warm,
Ever new dampness and warmth! It
Is constant life—it gives!
Think of these, not of yourself. To exist?
You whispered in my ear you
Wanted to live! You have to think of
Others, the people around
You, small but important to this inconsequential
World. Forget them and you're not
Mankind, nor are you of God and
God made. You whisper in my ear,
"There is no God." Child, but listen,
God is not a man or thing,
He's a song in your heart,
A sweet melody that sings and sings.
Confess to its presence, be aware of its
Soul—if not then hide your eyes.
Not thus was the Creator's plan.
Of these things you must concern
Your heart, your mind, then Soul.
And the coming of the next Sun will
See you happy.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY VIA THE ALLERLEI

"Can this be true, a low necked gown
'T would give a cold—the very sound.
Is this a joke?
No, she dons a yoke
When she comes to Lasell from her native town."

Before you have a chance to blame this darling little verse on the author, let me explain its source. It appeared on a page topped by a charming drawing of a most refined-looking young lady, her hair much pompadoured, her hands sedately folded in her lap, and most astonishing of all, the straps of her evening dress coyly allowed to slip down over her shoulders in the most intriguing manner imaginable. No, you're quite mistaken, she isn't an example of this modern era of spine-revealing gowns but claims as her abode the pages of the 1903 Allerlei.

This amusing little "before and after" confessional leads us to believe that those early annuals, the predecessors of our own beloved *Lamp*, were not quite so carefully censored as we might have expected.

Those old Allerleis are veritable treasure houses of Lasell's yesterdays. They keep alive and real the spirit and life of our school during the last five decades of its existence.

What vast changes a perusal of these old annuals reveal. We who grumble continually at our cumbersome and excessively warm gym outfits must blush with shame when we see the outfits these girls of former days were burdened with, in those memorable years when the requirements read like this: "The gymnastic costume consists of a garibaldi waist, with full Turkish drawers buttoned to the waist. The length under arm must be sufficient to allow both arms to be raised perpendicularly, without drawing upon the belt. The sleeve should be long enough to permit the arm to be fully raised. The belt must be at least four inches longer than a close-fitting measure. The material must be flannel, dark color preferred. Bright trimmings may be added."

Those were the days when all the young ladies of the Seminary were carefully coached in military drill, and even fencing. Those were tricky military costumes certainly. We only hope that the drill wasn't too strenuous—knotty muscles would have been such a blow to the dear young ladies' mothers.

We are surprised to find that crew was inaugurated at an astonishing early date and is by no means an innovation of the past few years. These early oarsmen must have had their troubles sweeping down the Charles bolstered up in those great white sweaters. But you must admit that dressed all in white with their little white tams perched securely on the top of their smooth pompadours, they must have made a charming picture of active young womanhood.

But sports were not the greatest forte of these young gentlewomen. Oh, by no means! Their greatest accomplishments were obtained with a very particular goal in mind, and consisted of their triumphs in the culinary art and especially in the line of bread making were they amazingly proficient.

But stop—who are we to laugh? Think of the time when our own lovely clothes and carefully groomed coiffures will be the absurd objects of wonder on the part of a future daughter of Lasell.

Katharine Hartman, '32.

MY STAR

Like a new star
Thou hast entered my life.
Hast made thyself
Part of my existence.
Wilt thou ever like the star
Keep thyself at such a distance?

Like an old star
Thou shalt pass from me.
And make thyself
Seen and known to me never.
But ere thou goest, my star,
Wilt thou not love me, ever?

Peg Basley, '28.

GOLDEN PEACE

A wide expanse of gilded sand,
 Eroded by a restless sea,
 Whose waves are at the wind's command
 To toss about unceasingly.

Sand dunes, towering to the sky,
 Wooded with stately trees of pine
 Present a picture to the eye
 Of rare and beautiful design.

Night falls; the moon is gilded, too,
 And stars like amber lanterns glow.
 The sea is now a midnight blue,
 The dunes appear as mounds of snow.

The waves are lulled, as though in sleep,
 And gently lap the sandy shore.
 The pines are wrapt in shadows deep,
 Content to rest forever more.

The moon lights many scenes like this
 From way upon its lofty perch,
 But none so filled with peaceful bliss
 Is ever found in all its search.

Kay Forgey, '28.

"MY NAME IS _____"

I poured the cream into my coffee abstractedly, wondering over my unsuccessful attempts at getting a job. How eagerly I had seized upon Grace's second marriage to escape from the bedlam of cocktail parties and stupid women. Grace, by the way, is my mother, my extremely modern mother, who wants to be her children's chum and feels that "mother" is too maternal sounding. Grace's maiden name was Barton, but she named me Donald Corbin McAllister—that is the kind of a name one expects great things of isn't it? Grace did too. She planned so much for me in the way of a Future. She told me so herself with large beautiful tears in her expressive eyes as she clung dramatically to my coat lapel. She had chosen the best of colleges for my education, travel, to finish it off, politics for my career and to cap it all, a brilliant marriage. But I haven't fulfilled her expectations. I acquiesced grudgingly to the education, enjoyed the travel, balked at the politics, and bolted from the pro-

posed heiress. Hence, you find me at the Hotel Sheridan, San Francisco, taking my frugal evening meal of coffee and pancakes.

In the midst of my despondent reflections, an elderly, well-dressed man entered the dining room and looked about the practically empty room. His lined face made him appear rather older than he was, but his eager brown eyes were contrastingly youthful. He paused at my table and asked if he might join me. I was taken rather aback at his query, but nevertheless nodded my assent. I waited impatiently for an explanation of his sudden descent upon me, but he quietly lit his cigarette, studied the menu, beckoned the waiter and had completed his entire dinner before he deigned to communicate with me at any length. Only once while he was eating had his eyes surveyed me casually, almost absently, then his glance fell on my plate of pancakes. Quickly he summoned a waiter and ordered me a huge dinner, a replica of his own.

After dinner we found a secluded corner in the lobby and watched the throngs of people pass. Gradually, he began to talk, or I should say to make me talk; I have never met a person who could so cleverly make a person divulge his life's history. I was a willing victim, I needed someone to tell my troubles to. I was careful to refrain from telling him my name or my resident city; after all I didn't know him intimately. He seemed unaware of the omission and listened sympathetically. When I had finished I rather timidly asked him a few questions concerning his own life, expecting my queries to be met with a curt stare. On the contrary, he seemed to welcome an opportunity to unburden his mind.

"I was born in Denver, Colorado. My name is Donald Corbin."

At this point I gave an imperceptible start, but said nothing.

"The family of the girl I loved were superior socially and financially to my parents and they refused to hear of a marriage until I had made good. They wanted her to marry John McAllister, the mayor's son, but she pro-

mised to wait for me forever. With her promise throbbing in my brain I left Denver and went to Alaska to make my fortune in the gold mines. For eighteen years I toiled as a mail carrier and gradually with my meager savings bought an interest in several mines from some of the Indian friends I had made. Now I am worth several hundred thousands of dollars, am still very young in heart, happy and love her as much as ever. Come to my room and I'll show you what I have brought her as my wedding gift."

I followed him into the elevator nervously. We shot up to the fifth floor and entered his luxurious suite. From his pocket he drew the key to the closet door, unlocked it and drew from it his suit cases in which were two of the most beautiful silver fox skins it has been my privilege to see. He held them across his knees and smoothed them worshipfully. His long fingers sank into the depths of the fur. I gazed at them in silent admiration.

"These are for her." He paused.

"It will be good to see her again, I am on my way to Denver now. Do you think she will have changed much? External changes are unimportant anyway, I've changed too."

He paused and quickly before I lost my courage I huskily asked the question that had been on my lips since he started his story.

"What is her name?" I almost whispered the question, so great was my emotion.

"Why, Grace Barton." He said it with an astonished air.

"Oh God, I knew it." I said hopelessly, sadly.

"What do you mean?" his hands dug deeper into the fox skins on his knees. "What do you mean?" he repeated.

"She is married, has been twice." That was all. But my words fell as blows upon his gray head. The pulse throbbing in his temples, the protruding veins in his hands were the only external signs of his grief.

I arose and left him alone. In the doorway

I stopped. "I'll be in the lobby if you want me." He didn't answer.

* * * *

Two hours later from my post in the lobby I saw him emerge from the elevator. His face was more deeply lined and the eyes that had been so eager were dull and glazed, but he walked steadily and began to speak to me at once.

"I'm going back tomorrow, of course. I like you. You seem unhappy and if you want to come with me you may."

That was all. We discussed the arrangements to be made until midnight, then I arose and started to go to my rooming house to gather my meager belongings. I said good-night, but as I moved away, he called me back.

"How did you know about her?"

I hesitated. "You haven't asked me my name yet you know—it's Donald Corbin McAllister."

Vesta Black, '32.

TO SUMMER'S PRAISE

(In the Elizabethan manner)

Sing you now springtime, sing you now
The season's tender weather;
Shivering buds on scrawny bough,
And pale sun fickle ever.
Then pipe its praise, and court its days,
And call its sharpness bonny;
But rather would I save my lays,
Singing Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing you will autumn, sing you will
Its gold and crimson season;
The nipping frost, the thin rain's chill,
The summer's flowers to weazen.
Then pipe its praise, and court its days,
And call its sharpness bonny;
But rather would I save my lays,
Singing Hey nonny, nonny.

Glorify winter, glorify
The time of good fires glowing;
When eaves drip ice, and snow doth fly,
And wind is ever blowing.
Then pipe its praise, and court its days,
And call its roughness bonny;
But rather would I save my lays,
Singing Hey nonny, nonny.

Norma Keller.

EXTRACTS FROM A DOG'S DIARY

Monday—The Master came home today. He seemed to remember me even though it has been eighteen months since the last time that he patted me and went away. He was sad that day. I could tell that something had happened, by the way he held me and talked to me, and he didn't twist my ears the way he usually did. Then when the two men came for him and put those queer rings on his hands I knew something was wrong. I guess they didn't like it because I barked and tried to tear their trouser legs. Because of my size, that's the only way I have of showing people that I dislike them.

Master has changed, his eyes don't twinkle any more and he hasn't laughed once. I don't know what those two men did to him but it made him old. He started to twist my ears once today but then I guess he forgot because he let me drop on a chair and went and looked out of the window. I think he must be lonely. Nobody has called or come to see him. Wonder where those nice men are that used to come and smoke and talk. I should think that they'd be anxious to see him after all these months.

Tonight, Master sat in front of the fire and thought. I curled up in front of him and watched him. He didn't notice me, just kept on thinking. Once or twice he started for the telephone but changed his mind. He didn't go to bed until late. I had a hard time staying awake.

Tuesday—Master went away early this morning and didn't come back until dinner time. He looked as if something terrible had happened. I thought maybe he'd tell me because he used to talk things over with me, but he didn't. I heard him talking on the phone and he said that he hadn't been able to get his job back. The Boss had told him that he wasn't needed. I'd like to get a hold on that Boss's trousers! We spent another night in front of the fire. Master seemed to be expecting a call. I think it was that pretty lady that he was waiting to hear from. He used to tell me all

about her. Guess he likes her pretty much. She used to take me for rides in her car—and she smelled so good—I don't blame Master for liking her. The phone didn't ring so we went to bed.

Wednesday—Master went out again today to look for a job. He came back in the afternoon and pretty soon the pretty lady came. They talked for a long time. Master shut the library door before I could get in so I had to wait in the hall. Finally the pretty lady came out and drove away. I hurried into the library to smell the sweet smell and saw the Master take the picture of the pretty lady off his desk and put it in a drawer. His hand shook—he looked as though he would like to cry. If he had been a little boy he probably would have, but I guess he thought he was too old. Then he sat down in front of the fire again.

Thursday—Master called up a couple of the men that used to come around and asked them to come and talk awhile. I guess they couldn't because we spent another night by the fire. I wish Master would read a book or do something besides sit and look straight ahead. I don't think he's happy. Those two men that took him away, hurt him.

Tuesday—Master spent four days looking for a job. But I guess he couldn't find one. Every night he came home looking sad. He's gotten so that he talks to me again. But he doesn't joke—just talks serious-like. Asked me if I still loved him. I licked his face and snuggled up close to him and he sort of smiled. Too bad we dogs can't talk man-language.

Wednesday—Master came home dead tired tonight. He said he didn't feel well. He sat with his face in his hands for a long time tonight. I tried to play with him but he wouldn't look up. Before we went to bed, he talked to me. I couldn't understand all that he said—something about the men who were his friends *once* and about the pretty lady being happy. Then he talked about trying to find a job and wondering where he was going to get any money. I tried to tell him that he needn't give

me so much meat. I find myself getting too fat anyway. When we went to bed I noticed how bent and worn he looked. Poor Master, I wish I could help him.

Thursday—Master didn't come home tonight. I don't know here he is—when he left this morning he twisted my ears. The first time since he's been home. He told me to be a good dog. As if I could be anything else. I sat in the window all day waiting for him because I thought he must be feeling better because of the ear-twisting. He didn't come and I fell asleep on the window seat.

Friday—I saw the paper this morning and right on the front page was a picture of my Master. Underneath, it said S-U-I-C-I-D-E. I don't know what that means but I wouldn't be surprised if Master had done something great. Maybe he even got a job. Seems to me they could have found a better picture of him. though. Master will be awfully mad when he sees it. I'll bet the pretty lady will laugh too. Maybe Master will twist my ears a lot now.

Dorothy Carmer, '32.

MY PATCHWORK QUILT

Sunshine—rain—
Laughter—pain—
Courage—fears—
All the surgings in my heart,
Tell their stories, part by part.
But the sorrows make more dear,
The happiness which is here.
So all things have made for me
This patchwork quilt,
My Life—you see.

Betty Lyman, '29.

THE SLEEPY SUN

The Sun creeps into its West-bed
Pulls the orange cloud-coverlet
Up to its chin—then ducks its head
Down under the horizon, and leaves me
In Darkness, as it falls asleep.

Peg Basley, '28.

WOODLAND PARK JOURNALISM

How I Discovered It

As I was walking down Hammond Street, I heard a faint growl which seemed to come from a doorway. Sitting on a doorstep of a store was a small, bedraggled spaniel. A stone to which a rope was tied was around its neck. Evidently someone had tried to drown it.

"Woof, woof," it said.

Picking the dog up in my arms, I went home. I fed the dog and made a bed for him. He promptly went to sleep.

"You had better take him to the Animal Rescue League. I'm afraid you can't keep him," remarked my mother.

"I've never heard of such a thing. Where is it?" I questioned.

"It's in Boston. I'll drive you in tomorrow."

The next day doggie was taken to the A. R. L. That's how I discovered that there was such a thing as an A. R. L.

Elizabeth Leland, 8th grade.

Morrow

(Imitation of "When Lafayette Came," by
Grace G. F. Norton)

When Morrow came
He was an ideal man,
But he had a higher aim,
He established Mexican peace.
When Morrow died,
We lost a wonderful man,
He did his part, and tried
To help us with affairs of our country.

Elizabeth Leland, 8th grade.

How I Discovered It

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle! Someone was playing our piano again. I sat up in bed shivering, trying to guess the reason for this fantastic music. I felt nervous and jumpy, so I stole quietly down the stairs into the music room.

"Look out, we've got him!" my brother's excited voice called. "He's a white one, too. I'll keep him for a pet."

Polly Staples.

A Railroad Trip

We started down to the station in the buggy. We were going to a neighboring city. Dad said he wanted to go by train. Mother said she wouldn't be seen in such a hideous monster. Well, Dad won, and there we were. We arrived at the station just as the train came puffing around the corner. We got on, and in a few minutes the conductor came and said we were going to start. I was talking to Mother when it started. It jerked forward and then back, and the first thing I knew I was on the floor. My hat was on one side of my head, and my bag was opened. Dad was in a heap on the other side of the car, and Mother was sitting on a little colored boy. We didn't stay in those positions long. Mother got up and in a very dignified way took her seat again and wouldn't speak to Father the rest of the journey.

We were going along smoothly when I noticed black smoke coming out of the chimney. Soon everyone was busy putting each other's fire out. My nice white muslin dress caught fire and burned up to my knees. (What a disgrace). What was left of my dress was black as the wood smoke. We finally reach the next station and how glad we all were to put a foot on ground again.

Norma Bigney, 8th grade.

LAST THOUGHTS OF A CHILD

I'm piping I'm so glad!
Pan, stand off and hear
My notes. I, too, will be
Forever young. I see my place
In the Milky Way! When
Eternal sleep comes that's
Where I will go. Each flake
Of human dust becomes a
Grain of glowing star dust!
Pan! Why do you cry so?

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Hunched beside the lifeboat Larry Riddell watched the fog wisps enveloping the ship. They would go slower and slower now as the veil thickened around them. Slower actually, if it were possible to drag more than they were now, and finally one would hardly be able to hear the water swishing by the bow, or see the white wake churned out and left behind like a path of moonlight. The captain knew every rock, and reef, he had maps to show the way. Why couldn't he go on using blind navigation? With every atom of his will power Larry Riddell wished that ship on its way. He had begun by counting the days from Alaska to San Francisco—three. Before the trip was half over, driven by his mounting impatience he counted the hours—forty-two. Now with the coming of the fog he counted the minutes. God knows how many though might be added while they were fog bound.

He paced the deck. If he could only get tired maybe he could go below and get some sleep, and sleeping is the best way to kill time. Fast around the deck he tramped—twenty-three times round equaled a mile. It was foolishness to even try to get tired there. After years of mushing through Alaska's snow for miles on end, he simply couldn't get tired walking on a plank deck. Still to be moving fast, if only in circles, was some relief.

After several circuits of the deck his mind became completely detached from the physical things about him. He saw neither the other passengers, nor the impenetrable blanket of fog; he even forgot to chafe at his being delayed as he reviewed the past twenty years, trying to see if she could have any cause for complaint. His intentions at least had been blameless, everything, even his leaving so long ago, had been done with her in mind.

Looking back with the perspective of twenty years he could see that Colonel Williams had been right about his daughter. It would not have been fair to ask Ellen, nurtured and educated as she was, to share his life. She was

lovely and spritely, yes, there had been something elfin in her delicacy and grace. Yet she was strong and enduring, born of the pioneering stock that had settled Denver. She was strong of mind too—hadn't she promised to wait until the end of time for him.

The image of that night, poignantly and indelibly etched on his memory, returned to Larry Riddell to increase a thousand-fold his desire to see Ellen again. Her father had just impressed on him that until he could "support Ellen in the manner to which she was accustomed" he need not expect to marry her. Then had come the painful task of telling her that they must wait. She had been brave, as he knew she would be, and she had promised to wait for him until the end of time. Ellen looked beautiful that night, not with an outer, ephemeral sort of charm, but beautiful because she was young, gallant, and unafraid, facing her first trial.

Larry had always carried that picture of her with him, in Alaska it had sustained him, and now twenty years later, on the way back it lured him, his promise of happiness to compensate twenty years of exile and labor. Of course, Ellen would be changed—she would not look just as she had that night. She would be older, dearer, and more mature. They would take up life where they had left off.

In his mind Larry planned the long talks they would have together to compensate these years of silence. Maybe he had been wrong to keep his promise to Colonel Williams. Maybe he ought to have written regardless of his word. But no, he had respected her father and Ellen would no blame him for that.

He would tell her about life in Alaska especially in the early days when his work had been carrying mail to the very outposts of civilization. Wonderful pictures of that savage country could be painted, snows, mountains, prospecting and prospectors, gold and Indians.

Indians were not the merciless fiends the early Western pioneers had thought them. He could prove that by telling Ellen of Keso and

his tribe, how they had taken him in, befriended him, made him a blood brother and finally showed him where to find gold—the foundation of this fortune he was bringing back for her.

Walking and thinking of the pleasures to come calmed Larry Riddell. Once more he was possessed of the patience that had enabled him to work and wait twenty years. Now he could endure the delay while the ship threaded its way through the fog.

Later that night in his cabin Larry dragged from under his bunk a large suitcase and lifted out two exquisitely matched silver fox skins. He fondled them—they were the concrete expression of his love. He had bought them from a trader years ago when he couldn't afford them, and as he had always intended they were to be his first gift to Ellen; two more days to San Francisco, then two to Denver, and they would be hers.

* * * *

Denver had changed almost beyond recognition in that score of years, and the transition from the "gay Nineties" to the twentieth century was apparent everywhere. Formerly it had been a friendly community—he spoke to everyone and everyone spoke to him. Now it was a bustling city essentially the same as every other city. No one spoke to Larry in the station, and he was not sure he recognized anyone either. There was no familiar scene anywhere. Immediately Larry called a cab, and drove to Ellen's old home, 27 Elm Street. The direction his driver took seemed to be right, but everything was unfamiliar—commercial. The hack drew up to the curb before a dress shop.

"Twenty-seven Elm Street, sir."

Great God! even the house was gone. Bewildered and amazed that everything at home could change so radically while he remained intrinsically the same, Larry told the cab driver to keep going, just anywhere. He needed time to think. Nothing that he saw on that ride made the slightest impression, so completely was he immersed in his problem.

If all Ellen's environment had changed, maybe Ellen had changed too. Sharpened by his emotional disappointment Larry saw for the first time that he had let time wrap his past associates in a roseate haze. Then trying to regain courage, he assured himself that although Ellen might change with the times, as was only natural, she would always be the same to him—nothing could change that.

This decision brought about as it was through rationalization, dampened Larry's ardor considerably. It would be better to find out first than to blunder again.

He ordered the cab driver to take him to the business center. Once there he sought a drug store and immediately searched the public phone book for familiar names and addresses. There was no one listed there whose name even implied a connection with Ellen's family. Had they moved? Suppose he could not find her? Ruffling the leaves of the phone book frantically, Larry betrayed his extreme agitation. A clerk looked at him curiously, but offered no help. Then, quite by chance he saw McPhail, Angus, 13 School Street. Could he be the same Angus McPhail, Colonel Williams' gardener? Angus had worked there for years, and had become a privileged member of the household. He would know where she was, if anyone did. He'd take a chance and call that number. There were other McPhails in the book but no other Angus McPhails. Larry dropped a coin in the telephone slot. In reaching for the receiver, he noticed that his hand trembled.

* * * *

Hunched beside the lifeboat Larry Riddell watched the fog wisps enveloping the ship. They would go slower and slower now as the veil thickened around them. Slower actually, until it would seem that the boat was anchored to civilization from which he could never escape. With every atom of his will power Larry wished that ship on its way. He longed fervently for the solitude and release he would find in the Alaskan wilderness.

Tramping around the decks later, Ellen's desolating story kept dinning itself in his ears. Was he never going to be hardened to it? Ellen married? Ellen, twice married! Ellen with grown-up children! Ellen! Ellen! So that was the reward of twenty years labor, pursuing the illusive image of the night when they had separated. Its memory was engraved indelibly on his heart, and as it had lead him back to Denver, now it drove him away. Its bitterness repelling him equally as its promise had drawn him.

In that torrent of grief and emotional frustration there was one steadying thought. When he had needed friendship and financial aid, Keso and his tribe had made him their brother; he could still be their brother. Once more hard work and savage customs would take the place of love and time to think.

That night in his cabin Larry dragged from under his bunk an empty suitcase. As once he had fondled two silver fox pelts, he now held the empty suitcase on his lap, and slowly passed his hand over the cover. If there was one crumb of sentiment in Ellen she would treasure the silver fox scarf that had been delivered with no card in the box.

Lucy Robertson, '32.

THE INEVITABLE

No more biting winds,
Nor icy sleet, nor cold,
No more of life's bitterness for me,
For I am old.

Misty evening shadows
Do not stir my heart,
Of the world's beauty,
I'm no more a part.

Here by cold ashes
I'll sit for a while,
And fold my shrivelled hands,
And even smile.

It's good to be old,
I'll be ready for God,
Do I hear him now?
I nod—and nod.

Marion Lewis, '32.



NOSES

Big noses, little noses, humpy noses, straight noses, Roman noses, Greek noses. How convenient if we could only choose our own, but how funny most of us would look.

Imagine the little, short, fat, freckle-faced boy with a Roman nose. His nose would be as out of place as would the ancient Roman Guard pacing his watch hours on the streets of Auburndale.

Your nose or mine! Let's consider them for a moment. How funny we would look with someone else's nose or even with one of our own creation. We would dearly love to change them but since they are here to stay let's content ourselves by saying, "we have so little to be thankful we have, and we have so much to be thankful we haven't."

Alyce Quinn, '33.

RETURN

The earth seems to be
As a babe of the wilds
Who, left alone for long,
Lies patiently, silently, expectantly
Awaiting a return.
The quiet babe
Awaits its Mother who,
Bringing food and comfort
Settles quietly and lovingly
With the babe and gives it warmth.
The quiet earth
Awaits its comforting snow.
It feels the nearness and so
Lies in silent expectation
As the loving warmth covers all.

Barbara Stanley, '32.



[These verses were printed in the Detroit News.]

Reason Enough

I've watched you pass my house each day
And never even look my way;
Its been a week or two or more
Since you set foot inside my door.

The reason why I stew and fret
And get so terribly upset
Is one that's surely hard to beat—
You are the postman on our street!

Kay Forgey, '28.

Thrifty

I've saved your letters one by one,
But after all is said and done,
What good are they, since we are through?
It seems a foolish thing to do.

Just why they're under lock and key
Is still an unsolved mystery.
Some day when something's roused my ire,
I'll chock the whole bunch in the fire.

Kay Forgey, '28.

Dizzy Daze

You are the only one I've found
Who caused my senses to go round
The very first time that we met.
(A moment I'll not soon forget).

It happened quickly, that I know.
But wait—here is the final blow.
Our meeting place—laugh this one o'er—
Was in a fast revolving door!

Kay Forgey, '28.

Falling

You're always smiling down at me
In such a tantalizing way,
Your style just suits me to a "T,"
I'm falling harder every day.

The trouble is that you're too free
With your attractive smiles, my lad,
I guess you cannot help but be,
Since you're a well-known tooth-paste ad!

Kay Forgey, '28.

EXCHANGES

We are glad to receive the *Gould Academy Herald*, a very complete magazine we think.

As each number of the *Ward-Belmont Hyphen* is received, we become more convinced that it is one of the most attractively compiled issues we receive. Each section is so satisfactorily complete. Congratulations to you!

The *Central Recorder* of the Springfield High School might advantageously include in its issues a book review section.

We commend the editors of Nashua's *Tattler* on their publication. The Foreign Language number is intensely interesting.

In Nantucket's *Sea Chest* were revealed delightful artistic and literary ability. We congratulate you on your publication.

Bangor High's *Oracle* foretells wide success for its editors and contributors. They show ability in their work.

WITHER GOEST THOU

Sifting sunlight,
Swirling wind,
Rushing people,
Deafening din,
Whither hasten thou
I plead—In noble quest or mere
Stupidity?

Betty Lyman, '29.



"A Sport for Every Girl,
Every Girl a Good Sport."

CARNIVAL BALL A GAY AFFAIR

At the annual Winter Carnival Ball, Betty Clark, '32, was chosen Queen with Katharine Hartman, Janice Musser, Isabelle Mulligan, Betty Bronk, Jean McNab, Jane Fowler, Barbara Merritt, as her court attendants.

The hall was decorated as a winter scene and in spite of the lack of winter outside, one actually felt frost in the air as one entered the Gym.

Dancing, a streamer battle, snowballs, Miss Downing's tap-dancing, grand march, and refreshments made the evening a great success.

BASKETBALL AND SWIMMING

Some fifty girls are playing basketball regularly in a League Tournament prior to the interclass games.

Although it is not so popular a winter sport, a large number of girls are now practicing for the swimming meets that are coming soon. Gertrude Hooper, '32, is in charge.





DAUGHTERS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Left to Right

Raine Renshaw	Mrs. R. R. Renshaw (Laura Birdsey) '97-98 (deceased)
Jane Spear	Mrs. Joel Spear (Ray Spitz) 1901-'03
Marian Newfield	Mrs. Albert Newfield (Frances Hartman) 1905-'06
Emeline Walker	Mrs. C. F. Walker (Harriette Ward) '01
Betty Follett	Mrs. William Follett (Edna Thurston) 1903-'07



WINTER QUEEN AND COURT

(Back Row (left to right))

Betty Bronk, '33	Jane Fowler, '33
Barbara Merritt, '32	Katherine Hartman, '32

Front Row (left to right)

Isabelle Mulligan, '33	Betty Clark (Queen), '32
Jean McNab, '32	Janice Musser, '33

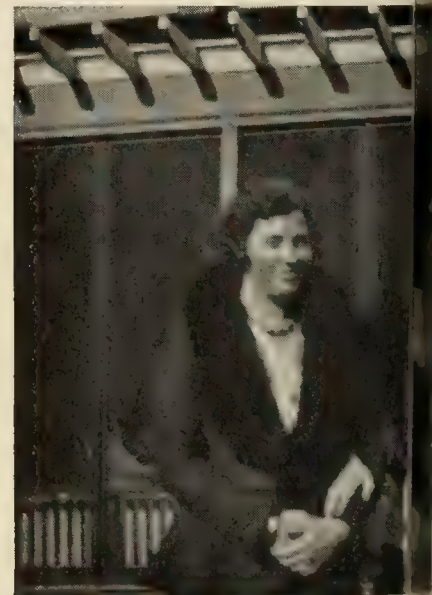


- | | | | | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. C. Moreau | 16. B. Briggs | 31. J. Grant | 46. T. Macfarlane | 61. H. Jones | 76. E. Udall | 91. M. Kenn |
| 2. O. Johnson | 17. M. McNulty | 32. E. Small | 47. L. Barker | 62. R. Small | 77. D. Shehadi | 92. L. Cened |
| 3. Y. Bergeron | 18. G. Hooper | 33. E. Bradley | 48. L. Robertson | 63. E. Ronimus | 78. L. Ray | 93. E. McKe |
| 4. D. Gosse | 19. M. MacClymon | 34. P. Lovell | 49. J. Campbell | 64. M. Tarbell | 79. H. Merritt | 94. B. Erick |
| 5. G. Dupuis | 20. M. Lewis | 35. E. Gilbert | 50. F. Turner | 65. M. Holden | 80. A. Williams | 95. M. E. H |
| 6. B. Cowdrey | 21. R. DeWolf | 36. C. Clynes | 51. E. Parsons | 66. H. Champane | 81. S. Gould | 96. D. Day |
| 7. D. Carmer | 22. K. Hartman | 37. E. Loomis | 52. M. Munson | 67. E. DeHaven | 82. J. Murphy | 97. H. Decat |
| 8. B. Merritt | 23. E. Follett | 38. E. Jackson | 53. E. Whitney | 68. R. Mooney | 83. F. Rothenberg | 98. F. Barbe |
| 9. A. Litchfield | 24. E. Buchanan | 39. M. Pritchard | 54. E. Page | 69. M. Morse | 84. G. Wellington | 99. G. Becke |
| 10. B. Stanley | 25. B. Dougherty | 40. M. McClaren | 55. N. Park | 70. M. Hrubec | 85. L. Newell | 100. R. Tivna |
| 11. B. Hunt | 26. C. Horner | 41. M. Jarbeau | 56. I. Morse | 71. F. Marshall | 86. M. Bowlen | 101. S. Swans |
| 12. V. Black | 27. E. Clark | 42. V. Coates | 57. J. McNab | 72. H. Fitch | 87. B. Bowlen | 102. D. Plattu |
| 13. B. Gould | 28. A. J. Price | 43. V. Walthausen | 58. A. Paxton | 73. E. Johnson | 88. H. Burwell | 103. R. Whitt |
| 14. A. Metcalf | 29. M. Guyette | 44. R. Crouse | 59. C. Sproat | 74. R. Leonard | 89. E. Cunningham | 104. F. Kent |
| 15. J. Case | 30. T. Fretchner | 45. C. Cahners | 60. L. Parmelee | 75. M. Bates | 90. E. Kiley | 105. P. Winsl |

SCH



Etta MacMillan Rowe, '11-'13, Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12, and her twins.



Margherita Dike Hallberg
Cornelia Stone

The four of 1910 Class, of
Indiana, September 29, 1931.

Margaret Greg
Dorothy Darro
Margaret Jones



SCHOLARSHIP

1. M. A. Guest	121. H. Bardua	135. E. Schuller	150. M. Parsons	165. E. Heyford	180. B. Bronk	195. D. Lewis
2. L. C. Mulligan	122. N. Webb	136. G. Gowdy	151. F. Parker	166. A. Newell	181. V. Ogden	196. E. Heywood
3. E. Shiveley	123. G. Hannigan	137. J. Musser	152. H. Pilcher	167. D. Fox	182. L. Adaskin	197. A. Larchar
4. B. Bassett	124. M. Borkum	138. W. Glenn	153. J. Dexter	168. S. Coy	183. B. Stover	198. M. E. Roberts
5. M. E. Young	125. H. Gregory	139. R. Stafford	154. R. Renshaw	169. H. Hall	184. G. Dunne	199. S. Swan
6. D. Joy	126. M. J. Matthews	140. E. Seybolt	155. M. DuBois	170. M. Thomson	185. B. McIntire	200. C. Murphy
7. H. Nichols	127. A. Hutton	141. E. Hedstrom	156. L. Recher	171. J. Kennedy	186. D. Foss	201. F. Crane
8. F. Swift	127a. M. Walker	142. N. Skiff	157. L. Rafter	172. H. Breed	187. E. Chinn	202. S. Browning
9. G. Fernandez	128. A. Moore	143. C. Phillips	158. J. Heilig	173. L. Lord	188. M. Lee	203. D. Bevin
10. R. Kerr	129. B. Root	144. I. Silverblatt	159. J. Foster	174. R. Wyand	189. N. North	204. D. Candage
11. S. Case	130. C. Fuller	145. M. Donaca	160. A. Smith	175. D. Blaser	190. B. Pfeffer	205. H. Spear
12. D. Rising	131. B. Andrews	146. J. Fowler	161. E. Doudera	176. J. Hill	191. P. Demond	206. H. Joyce
13. R. Newfield	132. L. Page	147. M. Morison	162. J. Price	177. E. Walker	192. H. Parker	207. E. E. Wheeler
14. F. Spear	133. E. Andrews	148. J. Ellison	163. H. Smith	178. M. Palmer	193. J. Smith	208. A. Quinn
15. P. Vassar	134. W. Silvernail	149. B. Heath	164. S. Thomas	179. C. Ockert	194. M. Magaw	209. A. Mills
						210. E. Goodrich



M. Hale Bottomly
 M. Lumbard Doonan
 seven girls taken at Laporte,
 members of the party were:
 '10; '12-'13
 '14
 '11



Etta MacMillen Rowe, '11-'13, entertains a group of Lasell friends:
 Left to right
 Dr. Guy M. Winslow
 Mary Starr Utter Maxson, '12
 Etta MacMillen Rowe, '11-'13
 Mrs. Guy M. Winslow
 Mr. Allen
 Virginia Williamson Hurlbutt, '12-'13
 Picture taken by Florence Jones Allen, '12



SISTERS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Back Row (left to right)

Julia C. Case	Mrs. Harold Bidwell (Harriet Case), '22
Gene Loomis	} Mrs. Charles Collingwood (Margaret Loomis), '21
Alice Hutton	{ Mrs. Carl Stuebing (Cecile Loomis), '22
Betty Parrish	Ruth Hutton, '27
Janet Kennedy	Mrs. Sidney Campbell (Georgia Parrish, '26
Rachel DeWolf	Mrs. Thatcher Blanchard (Eleanor Kennedy), '27
Martha Palmer	Mary DeWolf, '24
Priscilla Winslow	Elizabeth Palmer, 1927-'28
Lillian Druker	Marjorie Winslow, '28
Barbara Cowdrey	Anne Druker, 1927-'28
	Corrine Cowdrey, '30

Front Row (left to right)

Leah Adaskin	Viola Adaskin, 1930-'31
Betty Peffer	Nancy Peffer, 1929-'30
Grace Wellington	Shirley Wellington, 1930-'31
Laura Dietz	Clara Dietz, '30
Vesta Black	Mrs. George Sprague (Helen Black), '25
Jean Murphy	Ida Murphy, '30
Enid Jackson	Audrey Jackson, 1924-'25

EDITORIALS

ELIZABETH GARDNER BOUGUEREAU

It is easily granted that aside from the fact that one of the Senior Houses has been named after her and that there is a painting in the Bragdon drawing room created by her, few of the pupils know very much about Lasell's most noted alumnae, Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau. For some unknown reason, no official record has been made of her, and it has been my privilege to interview people who know of her and to study the former records of LEAVES to get all the information available.

Miss Elizabeth Gardner was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1838. Nothing is known of her childhood until she entered Lasell Seminary in 1851, to take the art course. A fellow student still living remembers. "Lizzie," as a very beautiful young lady. Her picture with the class of '56 is ample proof of that.

After being graduated from Lasell, she went to Paris to pursue her studies in art and anatomy. Through the influence of her former teacher and Hugues Meril, she became a pupil of Adolfe Wm. Bouguereau who was already widely known as an artist of talent. She was soon regarded as being his best pupil. Miss Gardner's works showed the love of beauty which her master, later her husband, imparted to her. Bouguereau possessed the great art of being severe with kindness and it was not long before master and pupil were in love.

Madame Bouguereau was greatly opposed to the match since Elizabeth Gardner was both a Protestant and an American. The pair respecting the wishes of Bouguereau's mother waited until her death before their marriage. After a romantic engagement of twenty-two years, they were married on Monday, January

22, 1896 at Paris, France, where they continued to make their home.

Elizabeth Bouguereau painted exactly as her husband, because of his predominating influence as the master artist. William Bouguereau is by far the more famous of the two since he was one of the greatest artists of his time. But Elizabeth Bouguereau has the honor of being the only American woman whose work has received a medal in the Paris Salon. Her preferences in painting were female historical characters and children. She also gave much study to expression. The London Portfolio says that she "was a popular artist with American, French and English buyers." Her painting entitled "A Farmer's Daughter" won the William Everetts medal in 1888, giving her the distinction of being the first American woman to receive it.

When Madame Bouguereau's husband died on August 20, 1905, without having completed a portrait of himself, she finished the painting so that no distinction can be made between the artists, and added the angel of death ascending above him.

Madame Bouguereau never forgot her associates in America throughout the years of her residence in Europe. Lasell is most fortunate in being reminded of her by two of her original paintings, one of which is her splendid gift to her Alma Mater. "Le Jugement de Paris," as it is called, is some 9 feet by 6 feet and was given to the school only on the condition that it be hung in a good light. Madame Bouguereau considered this painting one of her best even though the canvas is somewhat rougher than that generally used by her. "Le Jugement de Paris" exemplifies the evident preference of a

young farmer for the daughter of a nobleman rather than his playmate, who is standing near disapprovingly. The girl who posed for the young daughter of the nobleman was the same girl who posed for the painting in the blue room of Woodland after an elapse of twenty years.

All of Madame Bouguereau's paintings illustrate how ardent a follower of the Bouguereau school she was. She inherited the elegance and academical traditions which are distinct features of it; and thus she became the most noted American artist of her time. Lasell should truly appreciate the honor of having such a famous woman as a former student.

WE SING TO THEE

Practically everyone here in school has been to a football game, and has heard a college sing its Alma Mater, or victory song; has listened and remarked to herself how each and everyone in the stadium has entered wholeheartedly into that expression of love for his school. An attempt at any comparisons shall not be made, but I want to bring out the fact that there is a marked difference between our singing and that heard so strongly in the clear, cold air. It must be realized by everyone that we can improve a great deal, and what that improvement would mean! Poor singing is a detriment to any student body.

In the dining room, advantage is often taken of the lapse between courses to start a class song. Practically every girl sits back, and manages to look either very bored or puzzled, though she does sometimes let a thin, piping tune escape her lips. Granted that the dining room cannot be compared to a stadium, we *are* capable of filling the place with music as strong and clear as that of any heard at a game. Don't we know the songs, or are we just too lazy to sing? I doubt that it is the former, for by now everyone has been given several chances to learn the songs. If it is an effort to join in to make our junior and senior class songs sound well, we're in a sad state.

There are a few who really feel the songs and sing them. But when only those few out of over one hundred girls try and carry on by themselves, it only emphasizes the fact that not everyone is doing her part. Remember, we have no representatives to do the singing for us—everyone has a share.

We have good songs. Our Alma Mater is beautiful and sacred to us, and should be rendered as such. Our class songs are snappy and full of life, so why ruin them by a poor rendition? It is one way of showing our love for Lasell, and although it's only a small degree towards expressing that love, let's give all we have when a song is started. Our lungs are sound and willing to be used, so let's *really* sing!

MISS PETERSON'S EXHIBIT

The ordinary American tourist in Europe finds his time so completely absorbed in rushing madly from this cathedral to that museum and from there to the shopping district that even spare moments for writing home are at a premium.

Even knowing the capacity for work of that diminutive art teacher of ours, it is difficult to imagine that anyone could find time to do some three hundred sketches in the span of a single summer's tour, and yet this is the amazing record of Miss Kay Peterson.

About fifty of these sketches have recently appeared on exhibition at Doll and Richards, 138 Newbury Street, Boston. Included in this interesting showing were groups from Paris, Amsterdam, Lucerne, Venice, Florence, Avignon, Cuenca, Spain, and The Alhambra in Granada.

All these sketches were done in shades of black, brown, gray and sepia. Their artist was able to catch the picturesqueness of the native people and the quaintness of their surroundings in the most charming manner imaginable. She was able to see the things most of us would like to see but which, lacking her artist's eyes, pass us by unnoticed. We are proud of you Miss Peterson.



The LEAVES staff sends the most cordial greetings to all Lasell old girls everywhere. This is your particular number of the LEAVES, and we have worked with the desire to make it of the greatest interest to you.

Perhaps our cover will start some of you reminiscing. We are awfully proud of it and are deeply indebted to Ruth Stafford, '33, its creator. To make these charming sketches as accurate as possible, Ruth has used for her references the pages of the old Allerleis. We wonder if any of our readers have recognized themselves. Our particular favorite is the demure young maiden at the left of the back row. Isn't she a picture of propriety?

The person who has given the most time and effort to this number is our Personals Editor, Miss Potter. She alone is responsible for all those interesting pages of alumnae news.

Another of the staff members who deserves recognition is Helen Bardua, '33, who has written the dedicatory article on Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau. We are happy to dedicate this LEAVES to this famous daughter of Lasell and her class of 1856.

For our poetry, we have used almost entirely the contributions of former LEAVES writers. We are glad to know that they still think of us, and we are deeply appreciative of their generosity. To Norma Keller, '31, Peg Basley, '29, Kay Forgey, '28, and Betty Lyman, '29, we extend our thanks.

We take as an accepted fact your enjoyment of Miss Blackstock's interesting travel article. This beloved Journalism mentor of ours is rather reticent about writing, and we count our-

selves very lucky in being able to include this travelogue.

You have perhaps noticed that Vesta Black's and Lucy Robertson's stories carried similar plots, Vesta's getting first place, Lucy's second. We must explain that this is not a case of plagiarism, but merely the result of one of Miss Blackstock's short story exercises. In this exercise she gave the class the bare outline of an actual incident and let us develop the story as we wished. A committee of English teachers have chosen the three stories they thought had been best developed. We thought it would be interesting for you to note the widely differing methods of development, so have printed two of them in this issue, the third one by Rachel DeWolf to follow in March. For the plot we are indebted to Mr. George Emery of Sanford, Maine. Mr. Emery is an uncle of Ruth Emery (1919-20) and a great personal friend of the Goodalls, Lela, '08, and Mildred, '10.

"MOLDY MATURITY"

Waves curl softly at my feet,
I sneer and turn away.
Stars patiently sift the returning wind.
I laugh and turn the pages of a stiff
History book for adventure and romance and dying
thought.

I cannot see the words or meanings
Now of holier things. They tire,
Confuse and frighten me.
I am passing down the long, dark path
That is the way from careless childhood,
To moldy maturity. Only my straggling
Ideals somehow retained from
Those unborn days, hold me constant
To the way. I am born now and life
Lies before me, fearsome but exciting.
I wish I were dead again!

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

LOVE

One solitary spire silhouetted
Against a setting sun.
Thus as in all things
There stands above the rest—one.

Peg Basley, '28.



January 5, 1932: The return of the students to Lasell for a new year.

January 15: Reception. The first reception of the year with Paul Shirley a noted musician of Viola d'Amore entertaining us, took place at Bragdon Hall. Mr. Shirley gave us the same program that he played at the White House a week previous. The students attending enjoyed Dr. Winslow's hospitality greatly.

January 20-30: Mid-year examinations.

January 22: Informal Tea. The girls of Clark Cottage and Carpenter Hall went to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Winslow to an informal tea. During the time they were there, Dr. Winslow showed some of the pictures taken at various school functions last year. On Friday afternoon, January 29, the Gardner girls were their guests.

January 30: Betty Clark was crowned the Carnival Queen at the Ball held in the gym. The decorations were in keeping with the season, as it should look in January. The Queen had as her attendants a party of seven girls. We will all agree that Betty certainly had all the queenly attributes.

February 1: Opera. The first party of girls journeyed to the opening night of the Opera.

Practically all the operas were attended nightly by parties from Lasell.

February 5: Pop Concert. For one evening we were all transported to a small village in Spain. For those who were there, certainly they can say the atmosphere in the gym was altogether very Spanish and for that we thank Miss Peterson and her Art Classes. The orchestra under the direction of Miss Eichhorn and conducted by Agnes Metcalf deserve much credit and the unique costumes worn by the waitresses were ample evidence that Mrs. May played her part in the plans for the successful affair.

February 6: Tea Dance. The second tea dance of the school year was held in the gym with an afternoon in Spain. The Student Council wishes to thank the Art Department for the use of their decorations.

February 7: Vespers. Vesper Service at Woodland Park. Miss Louise Paisley, Class of 1909, told us of her numerous experiences in Russia and Persia. The student body wishes to extend to Mrs. MacDonald, their sincere appreciation for such an interesting and pleasant service.

February 10: Chapel. Miss Brackett of the Newton Hospital staff spoke in Chapel on the subject of "Everyday Hygiene."

February 12-15: White Mountain Trip. Under the chaperonage of Miss Spaulding and Miss McClelland a party of fifty-five girls left for the White Mountains. They reported plenty of snow and one grand time.

February 14: Vesper Service. Charlotte H. Brown, President of Alice Freeman Palmer Institute of Sedalia, North Carolina, was the speaker.



AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Again we are debtors to "old girls" and new, and to a dear company of Lasell folk by adoption for having so generously remembered us at the holiday season. Who has ever attempted to estimate accurately the value of loving kindness? The beautiful cards, the gifts, and the personal messages, sometimes but a word, served to banish from our minds all thought of "hard times" and has sent us out into 1932 with a Godspeed which gives us high courage for "the days that are to be."

Gratefully and affectionately,

CLARA AUSTIN WINSLOW,
GUY MONROE WINSLOW,
LILLIE R. POTTER.

IMPORTANT SPRING AND COMMENCEMENT DATES

Andover-Orphean Club Concert, Jordan Hall, Saturday, May 14

River Day, Wednesday, May 25.

Orphean Club at the Pops, Symphony Hall, Friday, May 27.

Commencement Concert, Wednesday, June 1.

Exhibits, Friday, June 3.

Class Night, Saturday, June 4.

Baccalaureate, Sunday, June 5.

Commencement Day, Monday, June 6.

VISION

I know that Life can hold for you
The sweetness of the morning dew.
I know that all can share the sky,
The birds, and crystal moon on high.
I know that if we really dare
All hopes, all joys are truly there,
An azure sky, a bird's sweet call
Are treasures He has stored for all.
But we must learn to clearly see,
The glorious plan of His divinity.

Betty Lyman, '29.



"Mademoiselle LeRoyer Chamberlin's host of "old girls", together with her Lasell friends of today, will be delighted to read this fine word of appreciation, a tribute to Mr. Chamberlin, published in a recent number of the "City Club Life."

"Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, Dean of Boston Journalists, Performing a Young Man's Task. He's Four-Score, But Hale and Hearty—At His Editorial Desk Every Day."

"Every long-established newspaper office has its honest-to-God sage: a man long in service yet not so much distinguished by that fact as by his seemingly omniscient knowledge of men and things; by a kindness toward his associates, a character and attainments which develop respect, bordering on reverence. . . Somehow, the boys look up to him as the finest representative of their profession. . . an indis-

pensable man. That is to say, while we admit the seeming truth of the generalization that 'no man is indispensable,' we know perfectly well that the work of this man could not be duplicated, and that he never could be replaced.

"It is said of him that during a journalistic career which began on the *Chicago Evening Post* in 1868, in most of the years intervening, he has not failed to turn out at least a column of original matter a day for 300 days in the year—an aggregate that runs to 20,000,000 words of newspaper writing alone.

"He has enriched journalism with some of the finest literature ever admitted to newspaper columns. . . His books include the compilations, 'The Listener in the Country' and 'The Listener in the Town'; and he collaborated with Mary E. Wilkins in 'The Long Arm,' a novel of thrilling interest which won first prize as the best detective story of its time. This was, however, only one of many magazine serials and stories that came from his pen; and he almost always uses a pen, not a typewriter. His 'John Brown' is recognized as one of the best of the many portrayals of that stormy character; and when the *Transcript* prepared to celebrate its 100th birthday, July 24, 1930, no one but Mr. Chamberlin ever was considered to write 'The History of the *Boston Transcript*,' a book that is a running compendium also of the history of Boston and of Massachusetts for a century.

"From 1890 until 1900, his chief work was as one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*. In 1915, Mr. Chamberlin returned to the *Transcript* as an editorial writer, and since 1916, he has conducted also the Listener and Nomad columns, displaying, as all *Transcript* readers know, most intimate knowledge of birds, trees and flowers; and he also is keenly interested in questions of social tendency and reform and in literary criticism.

"At eighty, this wonderful man is still voluntarily in harness, writing as many editorials, besides his specialties, as any other member of the staff, and usually covering the 'big stuff,' or the 'important events,' as the *Transcript*

would put it. He is the walking reference library of the *Transcript*!"

We close these excerpts with this witty finale by the friend of Mr. Chamberlin who was granted the privilege of writing this article. "We take the liberty of initialing this article, that none of our members may think Mr. Chamberlin wrote it himself—as *he* could have done very much better.—W. E. B.

The Personals Editor's latest word from Marguerite Houser Hamelin, '19, was doubly prized inasmuch as it brought to us a direct and welcomed report of our dear Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, "Mother Cushing" as the girls affectionately call her. Marguerite writes from Miami: "This week I called on Mrs. Cushing and found her looking real well. She had all the old Lasell enthusiasm and seemed quite like herself. I have been down here six months visiting Mother, but expect to leave this week in order to be home in Maine for Christmas. I didn't bring my family with me this trip. Lovingly."

Professor Edith Williams, former member of our Faculty, now head of the Home Economics Department at Indiana University, writes to Dr. Winslow referring to an impromptu Lasell reunion held, not long since, in Detroit, when six of Lasell's former instructors met unexpectedly. A report of this "Faculty Meeting" appeared in an earlier number of the LEAVES. From one member of the group, we learned that Miss Williams is a very busy woman, being president of the Woman's Faculty Club of her college, has been settling the new reconstructed Home Economics Building and in the midst of it all, assisting the girls in their preparation of an original cook book. She must indeed be a disciple of President Hoover for she confessed that sometimes she worked fifteen or sixteen hours a day, but when the attractive book appeared, the girls were so pleased that her hard work for them seemed but of little moment. Adelaide Lidikay Boyd, another former Lasell instructor, and her little son, called, early in the year, on Miss Williams.

This young mother confessed she has never enjoyed anything in her life quite so much as this little son of hers.

Prominent among the charming cards which came to us at the holiday season, were the wedding cards of two of our "old girls."

December the twenty-first was Rosamond Crosby Adams' ('30), marriage day when she became the bride of Dr. Luis Carlos Guerrero. The wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride in Longmeadow, Mass.

Our former day pupil, Ethel Doris Shutzer's ('31), marriage to Mr. David I. Kennedy was celebrated, Sunday, December the twenty-seventh, in Brookline, Mass.

A card announcing the engagement of Vivian Dinsmore Johnson, '28, to Mr. Daniel High Krick has just been received.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* of December 27 1931, contains the following notice: "Mr. and Mrs. Arnold E. Pitcher, of Wachung Avenue, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Eleanor Lovell Pitcher, '29, to Mr. Ralph Francis Hansen of Daytona Beach, Florida. Miss Pitcher is a graduate of Lasell Seminary. Mr. Hansen attended Stetson University and Columbia University and is a member of Delta Sigma Phi fraternity."

Jeanette Smith's ('29), recent letter to the Personals Editor contains the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Arthur K. Orne. Accompanying Jean's letter was a charming account of the luncheon given in Rockland at which the engagement was announced.

On New Year's Day, the New York *Herald-Tribune* contained a notice of Dorothy Frances Follett's ('25-'26), marriage to Mr. Malcolm Gettschel Miller. Mr. Miller is a Yale graduate. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Kenneth O. Miller, brother of the bridegroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathias C. Loewe announce the marriage of their daughter, Ella Christina, '23-'26, to Mr. Nicholas Thomas Hooper on January 9, 1932.

The marriage of Loretta Christine Krause, '27, to Mr. Howard Abel Eyer on November

the twenty-sixth, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Krause of Allentown, Pennsylvania.

A card has been received announcing the engagement of Frances Smith, '30, and Mr. Livingston Stark Jennings.

Dorothy Meeker, '30, was friendly enough to come in person and report the interesting news of her engagement to Mr. John E. Pearce of Tampa, Florida. Mr. Pearce was graduated from the Department of Engineering in the University of Florida and has a fine position with the Standard Oil Company. The date for the wedding has not yet been fixed.

Lasell extends to this special group, her most cordial felicitations. One of the wedding announcements was addressed not to the Principal, his wife, or the Personals Editor, but "To my Alma Mater, Lasell Seminary," certainly a gracious departure on the part of this Lasell bride.

Clare Hightower, '30, lecturing! Oh, yes, those of us who knew of her leadership here, have always been expecting something fine from Clare and she has not disappointed us. This opening sentence in her last letter to our Principal was gratifying. "I congratulate you that Lasell has been fully admitted as a junior college. I have been very proud of it and recommend Lasell to all of the girls who are seeking a school with a high standing scholastically and a high standard for girls. My two years with you were my happiest and most profitable and I will always count you and all the Faculty among my best friends. I have had an interesting time since graduating. First, I worked in the largest greenhouses in the South and loved and cared for the plants. Then, I became assistant to our most prominent garden architect in the city. This spring and summer, I spent with my mother in Europe, studying gardens where I took some interesting moving pictures which I am using now in lectures. I am attending Sophie Newcomb College, taking the few courses they offer which will help me with my work. The rest of the

day, I work in the garden and I love it all. I wish that New Orleans were no farther from Boston in miles than it is in my thoughts, so that I could keep more closely connected with the school, but I want you to know that I am always vitally interested in it and appreciate any news from Lasell."

We are not yet wholly reconciled to Janet McCartney's, '30-'31, detour in favor of a school wholly devoted to art. Nevertheless, we wish you success, Janet, especially when we remember your devotion to art work at Lasell. We cannot but feel sure that all our good wishes for you are well founded.

We are thinking constantly and tenderly, these days, of our Ruth Kinsley, because of her great bereavement in the passing away of her devoted mother.

This is the latest word from Sarah Hopkins, '19, sent from Rochester, Minnesota, to our Principal. After leaving Lasell, Sarah was graduated from Mt. Holyoke and later received her Bachelor of Science degree in Secretarial Science from Simmons College and is now with the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. She writes from this famous hospital: "We have physicians and patients from everywhere and it is a most interesting experience."

Florence Skinner Anderson, '13-'14, is still recalling the pleasure of her meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Winslow at the Lasell Connecticut Valley reunion. Her home duties, music pupils, and her own music lessons to prepare, keep her busy and happy.

To our Principal and Mrs. Winslow, Eleanor Pitcher, '29, writes, adding to the formal announcement of her engagement this appropriate confession: "I am polishing up on all the 'housewifery' things I learned in P. K. at Lasell."

Dr. Winslow is the proud possessor of some charming snapshots of Mary Starr Utter Maxson's, '12, little twins. The pictures represent the children examining a bird's nest held in the hands of Etta MacMillan Rowe, '11-'13. The mother of the twins completes this interested and interesting group.

Rebecca Shepherd, '94, little you realize how much joy your "bit of old Paris" brought to us at the holiday season. We have often recalled our happy meeting with you and Rosamond Best, '88-'89, last fall and your friendly message awakens in us delightful recollections of your dear parents whose valued friendship was ours in the old Evanston days.

We have purposely delayed any reference to Cora Cogswell's, '83, letter received by Dr. Winslow at the close of the year, feeling that the tidings of her sister's passing away in June would reach a larger circle of her former schoolmates through the alumnae number of the LEAVES. Cora writes from Killingly, Connecticut: "Mabel S. Cogswell, '85, (Mrs. Eric H. Johnson) of Putnam, Conn., passed away in June. She is survived by her husband and daughter, Annette, of Putnam, and son, Donald, and two grandchildren of Providence, R. I." The many friends of her Lasell days will join with us in extending sympathy to this sister and other members of the bereaved family.

It seems good, after waiting so long, to get this pleasant report from Nell Carneal Drew, '10. She writes from 175 W. 72nd St., New York City: "You were very kind to send me the addresses for 1910 and the 1931 catalogue and I want you to know I appreciated your kindness. I am happily married. My husband is a corporation lawyer here in New York, so we have our apartment in New York in the winter and we have bought a summer home in Old Saybrook, Conn. I'm hoping we can run up to Lasell sometime before long. Some of the happiest times of my life were spent at Lasell and the older I grow, the more I appreciate what a wonderful school it is. It will always have my highest recommendation and love. I know you will be pleased to hear that my husband is very much interested in bettering the conditions among the labor classes of the country."

Our Mrs. Caroline Sibley Saunders is now with Mary Saunders Houston, '22-'23, and her husband in their new home at 27 Burnett Ter-

race, Maplewood, N. J. We appreciate the gracious message which came to us from Mrs. Saunders during the holiday season and heartily reciprocate her good wishes for the New Year.

Grace Austin's Christmas card with its glorious picture of Mt. Hood explains in part the lure of the great Northwest which holds Miss Austin so steadfastly contented with Oregon. Nevertheless, we hope some day she will make that promised pilgrimage back to New England.

How just like Mariesta Howland, '26, it was to fall into rhyme and this is what we gratefully received from her at Christmastime:

"Though a 'White Dove' fly far distant
Still when Christmas Day draws near
Comes a wish for happy feasting
And a rich and glad New Year!"

Charlotte Joseph Tuite, '13, confesses she feels the responsibility of her children, but with all, is very happy. Lasell extends good wishes to this graduate.

From Bessie Draper Ruffin, '02, our principal received a note announcing the passing away recently of Mary Upham Clark, '02. Bess writes to Dr. Winslow: "Mary's death was very sudden. She was one of our dear 1902 girls. Such a fine woman and ever a loyal Lasellite."

Friends of Miss Witherbee, '92, will be grieved to learn of the passing away in December of Miss Witherbee's uncle, Mr. Clay Lewis of Laurel, Delaware. We extend our sincere sympathy to the immediate families and many friends of these bereaved ones.

Think of Susan Stryker's, ('10), neice, Sue Jr., being of college age! Susan, her sister and family are spending the year in Sauk Center, Minn. She hopes to report at Lasell sometime and we suggest, dear Susan, that that time, if you please, be in the near future.

What a traveler is Julia Crafts Sheridan, '06-'10! From Memphis, Tenn., she writes: "Phil and I are having a wonderful vacation and I suppose rest, by driving to the coast. We left New York on the fourth and drove to Charleston, West Virginia, where we visited

my cousins, Net Elliott, '24-'25, and Ruth Elliott Wagner, '25-'26. You remember them? Nettie is just the same as at Lasell. She is working with her father. Ruth has two adorable children, both boys, one three years, and the other four months. It is her class reunion this spring and she is counting on returning. Tomorrow we make New Orleans and I'm hoping to see Mildred Snyder Grant, '10. Later we go to Texas and then to Arizona. Then I hope to see Leona Benner Brotherton, '08 and Dr. Bragdon." A safe journey, Julia, and don't forget to include Lasell on your way home.

Maude Tait Moriarty's, ('20), and her husband's Christmas card was most unique and fitting. It represented an airship with the two pilots, Maude and James, waving a joyous farewell as they take off, supposedly on their wedding journey. On the side of the plane are these words: "Merry Christmas—Happy Landings."

Eva-May Mortimer Riffe's, ('25), frank and friendly message we venture to repeat in part for the pleasure of the Lasell family and the larger circle who keep in touch with their Alma Mater through the columns of the LEAVES. Several years have passed since we received word direct from this graduate, but when it came it was worth while. She writes: "I have a baby boy born the fifth of October. Our little home is now complete. Our wish to you is that your New Year may be as happy as ours. Little John Mortimer Riffe sends his love." Lasell sends back a like cordial message.

Even the fact of being a Senior at Northwestern University does not prevent Marjorie Hubler, '30, from expressing loyalty to her earlier love, Lasell. She wished to return last Commencement but college duties prevented. However, we all join you, Marjorie, in hoping for your "visit to Lasell soon."

Ex-President Susan Tiffany, '15, expresses her satisfaction, along with the rest of us, over the return to New England of Nell Woodward Collins, '15. That placing of a Christmas

candle in your window for the Personals Editor was a most friendly act, Susan, and because of it we are making a low curtsy of appreciation to you.

Dorothy Barnard, '24, was that your silhouette on the cover of your card? It was dear, but the message inside was dearer. We thank you for both.

At this time, we are holding in remembrance our Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald, the death of whose father, Mr. James W. Caldwell, occurred January 7 at Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Of Mr. Caldwell, the local press said: "He was one of the oldest and one of the most highly esteemed residents of Wolfville. At the time of his passing, he was eighty-four years of age. Mr. Caldwell was born at Grand Pre, the son of the late John Caldwell and Amanda L. Borden and was a cousin of the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert L. Borden and the late Hon. Sir Frederick Borden. He was a member of the Dominion United Church at Ottawa, having served the official board for thirty years and was for twenty-five years superintendent of the Sunday School." Those of us who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Caldwell, realize that a truly noble soul has passed to its reward. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. McDonald, her dear mother and bereaved family circle.

A bright message from Marjorie Mayne, '30-'31, declares: "I hope to see you in the Spring." Our answer is: "May this hope, so much in our favor, come to pass."

Dear Dorothy Herring, '28-'31, nothing from you could have pleased us more than your last friendly note, but let me say you made one big mistake when you signed yourself: "Your little black C——" instead of "Your little w—— D——." We are rejoicing to hear of your good health and your splendid plan to take up, at once, advanced work in the University of Arizona. God speed you in this forward movement.

Isn't this a bit of good news worth printing? Helene Grashorn Dickson, '22, writes: "It's a good thing Christmas comes once a year,

because then I am sure of at least one short note to you. I am planning to be back at school next June, so till then, my best wishes to you and Lasell."

And, this good word from Theresa Thompson Osborne, '22: "It is with a great deal of anticipation that I am looking forward to our class reunion next year. It will be good to see you all again. I have a sweet little daughter, not quite a year old, who is undoubtedly a future 'L.W.D.' of Lasell—also, I have a young son aged four and a half. My time is well filled, but I find it all very interesting. Ruth Hopkins Spooner, '23, of Yonkers, I see very often."

Edith Clendenin Stahl's, '24, latest worthwhile message includes this: "I have an adorable little baby boy named Edward and I hope you will see him sometime before he grows too large. May the New Year bring you joy."

Among the most recent and welcomed recruits to our Lasell juvenile group is Master John Shepard Burr, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Read Burr (nee Olivia Shepard, '29-'30). The little son's birthday was December the fifteenth.

On December 30, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Farrington, our Virginia Amos, '26, welcomed to their home a daughter, Mary Virginia.

Little Katharine Knox was almost a Christmas gift to her parents, having arrived four days before Santa Claus was due. Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson McClaren (Mary Katherine Knox, '24) and to little Katharine Knox, 2nd.

January 8, 1932, was the birthday of Barbara Janet Stone, the wee daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Stone (nee Lena Vee Kelley, '14), of Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. John Olow, Jr. (Helen Johnson, '21), welcomed at their home little Anamae on January 9, 1932.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Burns (Mary Stark, '18), of Louisiana, Etta Blackwell Burns arrived on January 25, 1932.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs (Janet Hannah, '21), are the proud parents of little Wil-

liam W. Gibbs, Jr., who was born on January 27, in Fitchburg.

The announcement of the birth of little Herbert Curtis White, on February 1, was made by his father acting as his amanuensis and contained this question: "Wonder if he will be suited for any of the 'White Doves' like his papa?" His mother is our Madeleine Roth White, '26.

In response to a holiday greeting from one of our Faculty, Katherine Jamison Stone, '27-'28, sends this interesting acknowledgment: "I have been an old married woman for fifteen months—and a very happy one."

Ella Stedman Frank, '82, is already planning to be at Lasell for Commencement. May nothing interrupt this plan.

Our first thought at glancing at Harriet Morris Kenney's ('18), Christmas card was that she and Mr. Kenney had used a Raphael group, but, no! these modern cherubs proved to be photographs of their little daughters, Harriet Emily and Clara May, whom Harriet, Senior, declares "are anxious to visit Lasell and we intend, at that first visit, to place their names on Lasell's waiting list."

It takes more than many miles of sea and land to separate Lasell from her newly-found friend, Iris Cordero. We very much appreciate her message from Porto Rico.

As a physician's office assistant, Mary McConn, '29, writes: "I am still very much interested in my work. I understand Lasell is now an accredited junior college. I am glad. No one knows how much I miss Lasell. Every year it seem to grow on me. I hope it won't be long before I will be able to return for a reunion." We join you in that hope, Mary.

Could any letter be more welcome or satisfactory than Eleanor K. Schrade's, '29? "Another year nearly passed! As busy as we all are throughout the year, our hearts always turn to our Alma Mater at this time. I am exceedingly busy as you well know, the dental profession is never slack. I am planning on continuing with dentistry on a higher plane,

hoping to enter Columbia next September to obtain the license of Oral Hygienist. I have enjoyed the LASELL LEAVES during the past year. It certainly seems strange to read over the many new names on the school roster, but new girls will always be coming. I have quite a few bits of news of some of our class which I will send soon after the New Year. I know you always enjoy news of the whereabouts and doings of your 'L. W. D's.' My best to you all."

Betty Stephens Fuller's ('20), holiday letter proved to be one of our most valued and delightful surprises of the season. With all of her new-found happiness she retains grateful memories of her Lasell days. To Betty and her loved ones, all good wishes for 1932!

Julia Clausen, '29! That rollicking card of yours furnished us a joyous thrill ere we had read your precious message. Yes, I am trying to take care of my "little white doves," but am constantly longing for the sight of some of you who have flown too far away from your Lasell dove cote to please me.

A recent note of appreciation from Edith Burke Wells, '02-'03, almost brought upon the Personals Editor a spell of superiority complex. The only thing that averted the trouble, alas, was an inside knowledge of the facts. Nevertheless, the Editor in mention deeply appreciates this heart-warmer from this particular "old girl."

We well know what Mary Elizabeth Barton, '29, is doing without a report from her, working harder than ever in her chosen profession—music—and remembering her Alma Mater generously at the holiday season. We appreciate her kindness.

Dr. and Mrs. Harvey David Thornburg (nee Lela Goodall, '08, could not have sent a more pleasing greeting than their holiday card of this year. Above is a fine photograph of Dr. and Mrs. Thornburg and below, a fitting and choice quotation. We appreciate this unique gift.

Every moment of Virginia Whitman's, '31,

time is bespoken. She is serving part-time in her father's office, conducting a club of some thirty Greek girls, on Sunday her "rest day," has a class of forty little children to interest and instruct. "Ginny, how well you look!" exclaimed one of our Seniors. To which she replied: "Well, I guess it's because I'm so happy." This graduate knows nothing of unemployment. Her social service work keeps her busy from morn to eve. During a day off which she spent at Lasell, we learned from her that Harriet Cole, '31, is enjoying her year at Beloit College and has been admitted into one of the finest sororities. Harriet's sister, Helen, '28, is an instructor in dramatics and physical culture in the Ellis School, Pittsburg. In a note to Miss Beede she writes: "I often think of Lasell. I am teaching in the private school from which I was graduated and love the work and feel myself fortunate to have this position. One of my pupils, who is a Senior, is thinking seriously of Lasell. She is a lovely girl and I am sure would be a good student. Do remember me to my friends. I am hoping to be in Boston some time in the spring." It is heartening to Lasell to know that her alumnae are doing such practical work in behalf of Lasell. All success to the sisters, Helen and Harriet Cole and to Harriet's roommate, Virginia Whitman.

It will be an easy and pleasant matter to think daily of little Nancy and Gifford Grimm for their photographs with their pet teddy bear adorns the beautiful calendar which came to us at New Year's bringing greetings from them and their parents, Assemblyman and Mrs. George W. Grimm, Jr. (Marjorie Gifford, '22).

We would like nothing better than to have Barbara Jones Bates, '14, appear at our office door as she suggests and drop in for a real visit instead of extending her greetings from so far away. Barbara writes: "We are all well and happy. I'm sending some pictures to prove it." Here before us is the proof—two charming pictures, one of mother and

daughter and the other of son and daughter. We gratefully acknowledge these dear reminders of our Barbara and her family.

Dorothy Aftel, '29-'30, has just announced informally her engagement to Mr. Irven Levenson of Cincinnati, Ohio.

What a hospitable greeting is this from Carolyn Moore, '14, to the Personals Editor. "It was pleasant to have a moment's chat with you in your room. I surely hope to have a longer visit out here some day. Do you come to Minneapolis in the summer? I would love to drive you up to Duluth and chauffeur you about."

While strolling through the art center of the Evanston Public Library, Mr. Frederick B. Schmidt, husband of Julia Potter Schmidt, '06, was surprised and pleased to discover that the original Christmas card of his daughter, Betty, had been placed in the exhibition. Our congratulations to this little artist in embryo.

Dorothy Cole, '29, we are going to hold you to your latest promise: "I intend to come out to Lasell soon." We also thank you for your generous thought of us at Christmas time.

That joint, beautiful holiday greeting from Charlotte Ryder, '08, is doubly acknowledged by Mrs. Winslow and the Personals Editor. Knowing the generous heart of the sender, we divide the greeting and found we each had a measure running over.

That was a happy thought on the part of many graduates to send by the way of their class secretaries a gracious greeting to the Personals Editor. These little ambassadors of good will well represent hundreds of "old girls." To each of you, a loving acknowledgment is hereby extended.

Nell Jones Yeomans, '05, never forgets her annual, friendly Godspeed to us. Somehow, the New Year could not start aright with her loving message missing.

A long line of palmetto trees, a bridge faintly outlined in the distance, and in the foreground a typical Southern home on the water's edge, gives us a charming picture of Rosenda

Cabrera Matheis's ('19) home in Honduras, Central America. This greeting revives in us many pleasant recollections of this dear Southern girl and her nieces. To Rosenda and her husband, our grateful acknowledgment.

In a note to Dr. Winslow, Helen Creveling, '28, reports progress since leaving Lasell. She has been graduated from the Department of Speech of the Cincinnati Conservatory and also has studied voice with Dan Beddoe. After all is said and done concerning her advanced work, Helen exclaims: "Nothing can take the place of my years at Lasell!"

Like many young women at this time of business stress and strain, Elizabeth Hazelet Weiss, '13-'14, has taken up interior decoration as an avocation, but so successful has she been in this new departure, we believe she is strongly tempted to make it her vocation. Her Williamsport, Pa., home furnishes the studio and she has orders from a large area including New York City. Lasell's heartiest congratulations to this successful adventurer in the department of household arts.

Florence Jones Allen, '12, was the fine etching on your greeting card a picture of your home? Such an attractive, hospitable house! We are happy to own the picture and may we reciprocate the cordial greetings of Florence and Draper Allen, Tommy and Nancy.

A pleasant note from Lorraine Lombard, '31, accompanying a dainty gift, gave no hint of her recent illness. We are happy to learn from others that Lorraine is herself again and, as usual, devoting her time to her art studies.

The friends of Caroline Lindsay Haney, '20, and what a large company that includes, will be relieved to learn that her little son, Robert, who was injured by an automobile, is getting well. Caroline writes: "Bobby is just down stairs and dressed for the first time in twelve weeks." This bravest of brave mothers turns from her own long strain to send the cheeriest of greetings to all her Lasell friends.

Virginia Hinshaw, '31, that exquisite etching of "Trees," by Wassone, is before us. It is

a thing of beauty and will be a joy to us for many a day. We thank you.

Hester Shaw, '28, did you bring this bit of Old England from over-seas or does it represent New England as "in the days of long ago"? Anyway we are charmed with this latest bit of kindness from a Tufts College honor student and one of our very own "L. W. D's."

Frances Wheeler, '31, writes she still holds the dearest memories of and best love for Lasell. Well, that is just where Lasell is holding you, Frances. Tell us sometime all about your college life in the Southland, please.

In her last letter, Mayno Seltzer Richmond, '22, confesses: "I envy the girls who are near enough to Lasell to run in and out often, but I am optimistic and hope to return some day. My greetings to all who remember me."

It is many a day since Marie Cogswell Gelsinsky, '06, communicated direct with her Alma Mater. Her letter of "real Christmas gladness and good cheer for the New Year" was most welcomed. Lasell is enjoying Marie's little niece, Marjorie Donaca of Portland, Oregon, who entered in September as a Lasell Freshman.

Dear Edna Rogers Carlisle, '05, was that stately ship which adorned your season's greeting the ship of state? It certainly was no ordinary craft. The golden sails suggest happiness and plenty on the way. We regretted disappointing you at your reunion, but if you will promise to report at your Alma Mater at Commencement time or any time, we pledge to be right here to welcome you home.

President Edith Simonds Bennett, '04-'05, of the Southern California Lasell Club has been busy for some time working up the annual meeting which is held in Pasadena the first Tuesday in March. In a climate where March is bound to be as pleasant as May and with Edith as generalissimo and her fine group of officers back of her, it is easy enough to predict a successful reunion. We cannot refrain from quoting Edith's facetious reference to

California's recent surprise snow storm: "I know full well the Eastern papers are playing up our delightful snow storm. It was a sensation out here you may be sure. We had one-half inch fall in our yard and I made a snow man on our lawn. The sight of snow weighing down palm trees was most *unusual*. However, it did the country a world of good. The flowers will be glorious this year and our Yosemite will have falls running full well into the summer. There is ten feet of snow around our wee cabin at Tahoe."

One of the most beautiful cards delivered at Lasell brings this message: "One of your 'L. W. D.'s' who has changed her name from Alice Light, '29, to Mrs. Harry H. Leavitt, 20 Court Street Place, Augusta, Maine."

"With pockets almost empty and cupboards almost bare, but who of us should care," so ended Helen Hinshaw Toohey's, '23, clever poem, but Helen's personal postscript contains not a hint of hard times. She closes with: "My thoughts turn your way often. How I did enjoy last Commencement at Lasell. May this year, 1932, be filled with genuine joy."

These are the assurances which provide a sort of "fountain of youth" for the "old guard" at Lasell. Could any dare grow old when she realizes that so many dear, friendly hearts are holding her in loving remembrance.

We were glad to hear from so many of our last year girls.

Among those who are staying at home are Mary Hacker, who is earning her spending money by taking care of the house; Marjorie Magune, who wants us to know that Posy Adams is engaged; Louise Houlihan, who has been made a lady of leisure after several accidents and a slight operation; Marjorie Tillotson, at home in Lenoxdale, Mass.; and Roxanne Christopher, who is living with her aunt in Cambridge.

Several of the girls are going to school in various parts of the country. Estelle Geyer and Dorothy Brown are studying at Katherine Gibbs School in Boston; Phyllis Sherwell

writes that she is attending Syracuse University, and adds that Elinor Taylor, '30, is also a student there; Fran Wynkoop is attending Commercial Art School in Chicago, taking Interior Decoration; Frances Kearby is studying at the University of Wisconsin and has been pledged Kappa; Lenna Lyon is going to the Drexel Institution taking the four year course in Home Economics and is classified as a sophomore; Jane Hupman is attending Northwestern University, pledged Alpha Omicron Pi, majoring in sociology and doing settlement work; Ruth Nicolette is going to school at Potsdam Normal; Mary Morgan is studying at the University of Illinois; Eunice Stack is studying dramatic art at the Westchester Country Club in White Plains and Miriam Abbe is at the Forsythe Dental School in Boston.

We have quite a number of our girls studying dietetics. Mary O'Connell is studying at the New York Post Graduate Hospital. She and Eunice Stack get together frequently and talk Lasell; Mary Marble is entered at the Hartford Hospital; Clara Giarla is continuing her course as student dietitian at the Newton Hospital along with Dorothy Curtis and Helen Sears.

Several girls were fortunate enough to find work. Among these are Alma MacKinnon, who has a position in the Provident Life and Trust Bank in Boston; Ruth Winslow, who is teaching music in Killingly, Connecticut and has a large number of pupils; Dotha Warner, who has a position but does not say just what it is; Dorothy Wickham is working in the City Hall in her home town; Betty Condit is helping her father run the First National Bank and is enjoying herself immensely; Lorraine Lombard is very busy teaching piano and studying.

Social Service Work has attracted Virginia Whitman, who is working in Manchester, N. H., and Ruth Tilley, who is working among the children in Holyoke.

Norma Keller's father has built her an inspirational studio where she is following her career. During the summer she visited Dorothy Brown at Cape Cod.

We are sorry that more of our 1931 Seniors have not been heard from, and that this list is such an incomplete one. We would be more than glad to hear any additional news.

HENRY TURNER BAILEY

"Maltbie Babcock, Christian Gentleman" was the title given one of the many tributes paid to the late poet-preacher. These fitting words well describe Dr. Henry Turner Bailey, whose passing occurred at the very close of the old year. Never was one more prepared for entrance into the life abundant than Dr. Bailey. So diversified were his talents, one hardly knows where to place him, for this apostle of nature was alike at home in the realm of art, literature, and the humanities.

Lasell prized most highly his personal friendship. Known to us first as the father of one of our beloved pupils, all during the years that followed he inspired us with a love for art, always pressing home the great truth so potently insisted upon by Ruskin: "Art which does not eventually lead us to God has lost its way."

The Class of 1917 honored themselves by making Henry Turner Bailey their honorary member.

It is impossible to associate death with this beloved teacher whose radiant life in the intimate circle of his home and with those of us who were privileged to enjoy his friendship was an unfailing plea for immortality.

"This is not evening twilight, it's the dawning,
Fairer and plainer grow the hills afar;
He is not folding up his hands from labor;
Freshly, he lifts them while the paling star
Melts into light.

O! vaster, grander grows the world before him,
The shadows vanish in the rising ray,
No longer suffering—he is just beginning
Through God's great universe to make his way.
With soul alert, he's passed into the day
Unhemmed by night."

LASELL ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, INC.

The annual mid-winter luncheon of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., was held on

Monday, February 8, at the University Club in Boston. The usual informal reception was held from 12:30 to 1:15 and in spite of the stormy weather there were sixty-nine guests present.

Early in the feast, our president, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, called for an O-e-la from the older girls and the younger ones sang L-a-s-e-double-l, Lasell. The L. A. A. officers were asked to stand so that the guests would know just who our new officers were. Some very interesting pictures of the school and campus, taken during the last heavy snowstorm, were passed around.

After a delicious luncheon, Mrs. Rand presented Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, as toastmistress and she in turn introduced Dr. Winslow as our first speaker. Dr. Winslow assured us that the school will be able to come through this present financial crisis in a good healthy condition and he urged the Alumnae to send in all the *good* girls possible as new students. He praised the Lasell Pop Concert and the wonderful decorations made by the Art Department for that event. We were pleased to learn from him that our Lasell forest in Vermont now covers 1500 acres of land and after June 1, there will be a total of one million trees growing for us. An attempt is being made to specialize in white ash trees and 18,000 of these were planted six years ago. It is expected that this forest will be a great help financially to Lasell in the years to come. He gave us all a very urgent invitation to visit our Alma Mater and to keep our school home notified of our many interesting activities.

Mrs. Winslow was then introduced by Miss Potter and although she expressed a desire to speak to us separately instead of collectively still she was very glad to see us all together.. She described the decorations of the Pop Concert more in detail. They represented "A Night in Spain" and as the second tea dance of the season was held the following afternoon, the decorations were used over again as "An Afternoon in Spain." Kay Peterson of

the Art Department made many of the sketches on her trip to Europe last summer.

Miss Potter brought greetings from Senora Orozco, Miss Irwin, Miss Wright and Miss Ransom, all of whom were detained at school.

Mlle. LeRoyer quoted in French for us and made a short, snappy, little speech.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32, President of the 1932 Senior Class, and Katherine Hartman, '32, President of the Student Council and Editor of the LEAVES, both guests of the Association, brought us greetings from the girls at school. Both praised the excellent school spirit at Lasell.

Mr. Amesbury, who guides the financial affairs of the school, reported that although Lasell is having its problems along with the rest of the world, they are not proving to be too serious to be solved.

Mrs. Martin gave a loyal talk about Lasell and its sterling ideals.

Mrs. McDonald, now connected with the Senior School, expressed her pleasure at being with us.

Louise Paisley, '09, told of what a wonderful time she had experienced in coming back to Lasell for a visit. She related an interesting experience of how she managed to cook and live out-of-doors after an earthquake in Southern Russia.

Miss Potter's Lasell roommate, Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, sat beside her during luncheon, but could not be prevailed upon to speak.

Lillian Grant, '20, brought greetings from the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club.

We were all pleased to see Miss Margaret Rand again this year and Miss Dorothy Shank who dropped in at the beginning of the reception.

Our President then spoke of the advisability of changing our day of meeting and it is possible that the Committee may attempt plans for a Saturday instead of a Monday next year.

After a very enthusiastic and pleasant affair, we adjourned at 3:20.

Respectfully submitted,

PRISCILLA ALDEN WOLFE, '19.

Sec. L. A. A., Inc.

Those present at the mid-winter reunion and luncheon of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Incorporated, were: Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Winslow, Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald, Mr. Amesbury, Mrs. Jennie Ford Amesbury, '01-'03, Mademoiselle LeRoyer, Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Miss Helen Goodrich, Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32, Katharine Hartman, '32, Lois Nichols Arnold (Mrs. E. V.), '18, Bertha Burnham Baker (Mrs. N. C.), '30, Mrs. Joseph C. Burke, '82-'85, Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, Mildred Goodall Campbell (Mrs. Wm. N.), '10, Constance Ely Coddling (Mrs. J. W., Jr.), '26, Ethel Cole, '23, Margaret Rix Cole (Mrs. R. B.), '26, Marion Ordway Corley (Mrs. J. D.), '11, Corinne Cowdrey, '30, Myra Davis, '95-'97, Mary Quick Dean (Mrs. H. D.), '14, Nora Burroughs Dillingham (Mrs. F. S.), '97, Lucia Parcher Dow (Mrs. F. H.), '02-'03, Margaret Perley Downey (Mrs. J. J.), '20, Edith A. Dresser, '97, Helen Duncan, '26, Dorothy Burnham Eaton (Mrs. R. C.), '20, Miriam Nelson Flanders (Mrs. S. R.), '05, Edna Thurston Follett (Mrs. W. D.), '03-'07, Alice Graham, '25-'27, Lillian Grant, '20, Florence Grout Hale (Mrs. M.), '02-'03, Mildred Marshall Hayden (Mrs. W. V.), '08-'09, Dorothy Messenger Heath (Mrs. G. S.), '26, Helen Jacobs, '19-'21, Estelle Jenney, '25, Esther T. Josselyn, '27, Elizabeth Leach, '31, Dorothy MacDonald, '26-'27, Marion Bliven MacDonald (Mrs. Harold), '21, Marjorie Magune, '31, Ruth McGovern, '29, Doris Wilson Minzenmayer, '25-'27, Florence Bell Merrill (Mrs. H. M.), '17, Olive Chase Mayo (Mrs. G. W.), '29, Elsie Moore, '30, Muriel James Morrison (Mrs. F. K.), '20, Margaret Newman, '28, Mildred Cloake Norbury (Mrs. J. E.), '16, Mildred Strain Nutter (Mrs. D. G.), '17, Louise Paisley, '09, Annie Kendig Peirce (Mrs. Silas), '80, Evelina Perkins, '15, Helen B. Perry, '24, Pauline Butler Poore (Mrs. L. McG.), '21, Josephine Woodward Rand (Mrs. L. W.), '10, Miss Margaret Rand, Mary King Sargeant (Mrs. L. F.), '21, Harriett G. Scott, '94, Phyllis Rafferty Shoemaker (Mrs. A. B.), '22, Mary Wales Smith (Mrs.

G. A.), '74-'76, Hattie Greenleaf Smith, Jan. '87-'87, Ruth Tilley, '31, Edith Stone Van Horn (Mrs. James), '27, Edith Burke Wells (Mrs. H. G.), '02-'03, Priscilla Alden Wolfe (Mrs. L. P.), '19, Alice Phillips Weeks (Mrs. A. N.), '19.

N. H. L. C.

"As secretary of the New Haven Lasell Club, I am writing to tell you a little about our last activity—an endowment fund bridge, which was held on January nineteen, at the New Haven Woman's Club. Hazel Kramer O'Donnell, '26, was chairman and made an excellent success of the affair. We ran a food sale in connection with the bridge and this proved to be a splendid idea. We had about forty tables of bridge and in addition had donations of money from a few people who were unable to attend. During the latter part of the afternoon, punch, assorted tea cakes and salted nuts were served. We had a most pleasant afternoon and felt that we had a good number out, considering the depression.

"Our Christmas Tea, given by Mrs. Charles Killam just before Christmas was mighty nice. About twenty girls were present, which is good for a Saturday afternoon when it was a temptation to trot around in the stores and shop. Mrs. Killam, who was Cornelia Hemingway, '22, has a new and very tiny but most adorable infant son.

"Sincerely,

HELEN E. KOWALEWSKI, 28.

"Secretary, N. H. L. C."

NEW YORK LASELL CLUB

The Lasell Club of New York held its thirtieth annual luncheon and meeting at Alice Foote McDougall's 57th Street Coffee Shop on Saturday, January 23, 1932. There were sixty-two Lasell girls and three guests present.

Miss Constance Blackstock, '09, our guest of honor, and our Vice-President, Audrey Jackson, '24-'25, met the members of the club during the reception before the luncheon. The

Vice-President, in the absence of our President, Maudie Stone, '88, opened the meeting with a cordial welcome to all and Grace was said by Edith Harris Seward, '99-'01.

After the luncheon the Secretary's report was read and accepted, followed by the Treasurer's report which was also accepted.

The Chairman of the Memorial Committee, Susan Hallach Couch, '86-'88, reported deaths of the following:

In March, 1931, Harriet Sawyer Holden, a former member of the Faculty at Lasell, 1925-'26.

In February, 1931, Evelyn Dunham Mason, '15.

Ella Brooks Cotton Heath, 1897-1900.

Julia DeWitt Read, '10, read the report of the Nominating Committee. The following names were submitted and elected: President, Audrey Jackson, '26; Vice-President, Dorothy C. Reynal, '25; Secretary and Treasurer, Alice Martin, '30.

In the absence of our President, the Executive Committee decided to bring before the club the amount to be given to the Lasell Forest. It was voted that \$25.00 be sent to Dr. Winslow for the improvement of the Forest. The usual telegram was voted to be sent to Dr. Bragdon and also one to Dr. Winslow.

To get a report from all the classes the girls were divided into groups and each group selected a representative who was to be their spokesman. They were as follows: 1888—Annie Gwinnell, 1889—Grace Huntington who read a message of greeting from Maudie Stone from Cairo, 1904—Loure Simons, 1906-1910—Florence Swartwout Thomassen whose class had Richard Winslow as their class baby, as he was born two days after the girls entered school, 1912—Mildred Leber, 1923—Mercedes Rendall Freeman, 1929—Peggy Contrell, 1930—Mrs. Caroline Saunders, a former teacher and head of the Home Economics Department for thirteen years, 1921—Frances Long, whose class is the baby of the Club.

Miss Blackstock's talk on her recent trip to India was most interesting and educational. She brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Mr. Amesbury. She reported that the school is still in a good financial condition and that this year they have about thirty girls less than in average years. In December, Lasell was admitted to the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools as a Junior College, the third school to be so recognized in New England. Therefore, Lasell has a right to feel very proud.

Some of the changes at Lasell are that the Juniors can go on Saturday afternoons to theatres unchaperoned, the Andover boys have a joint concert with the Lasell girls in the spring, the school has a Lasell Night at the Pop Concerts in Boston, at which the Orphean Club sings, and that this year for the first time school is closing on Monday instead of Tuesday in June.

After the pictures of school had been passed around, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

DOROTHY C. REYNAL, Sec. '25.

The girls present at the 1932 meeting of the New York Lasell Club were: Audrey Jackson, '24-'25, Constance Blackstock, '09, Dorothy Cook Reynal, '25, Elinor Ebbels, '31, Alma Gale, '31, Ruth Galusha, '31, Frances Long, '31, Helen Schaack, '31, Dorothy Wickham, '31, Hilda Doyle Armstrong, '29, Kathryn Ball, '29-'30, Julia ter Kuile Brown, '10, Dorothea Clark, '29, Clara Parker Colby, '12, Peg Contrell, '29, Sally McKee Cooke, '29, Susan Hallack Couch, '86-'88, Glorian Duvall

Devereux, '25-'28, Christine Lalley Sullivan, '23, Mrs. Murphy, Esther Porter Pratt, '12-'13, Elizabeth Edson, '12, Katharine Edwards, '29, Grace Garland Etherington, '78-'80, Mercedes Randall Freeman, '23, Barbara S. Goodell, '29, Alice Ball Graesbeck, '94-'96, Annie M. Gwinnell, '88, Dorothy Hale, '26, Ina Martha Harber, '06, Grace C. Huntington, '89, Mary Saunders Houston, '22-'23, Sarah Heyer Kennedy, '30, Marjorie Kuehn, '29, Florence Longcope, '21-'22, Myra Schofield Magnuson, '08-'09, Sophie Mayer March, '08, Alice Martin, '30, Dorothy Meeker, '30, Adele Wilson Moffett, '13, Mildred Hall Leber, '12, Helen Neilson, '30, Helen Louise Ohm, '29, Theresa Thompson Osborne, '22, Ruth Balch Ott, '07-'09, Eleanor Pitcher, '29, Julia DeWitt Read '10, Mrs. Caroline Saunders, Edith Harris Seward, '99-'01, Alice McCaghey Shuler, '24, Florence Boehmcke Simes, '23, Laura Simons, '02-'04, Ruth Hopkins Spooner, '23, Rosalie Starkweather, '29, Grace Bliss Stewart, '94-'95, Helene Swick, '29, Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09, Elizabeth Hunter Walsh, '28-'29, Olive French Whitehead, '29, Lucile Hopkins Willenbrok, '25, Dorothy Millspaugh, '23, Dorothy Alexander Windatt, '21-'22, Margaret Woods, '28, Florence Zacharias, '29.

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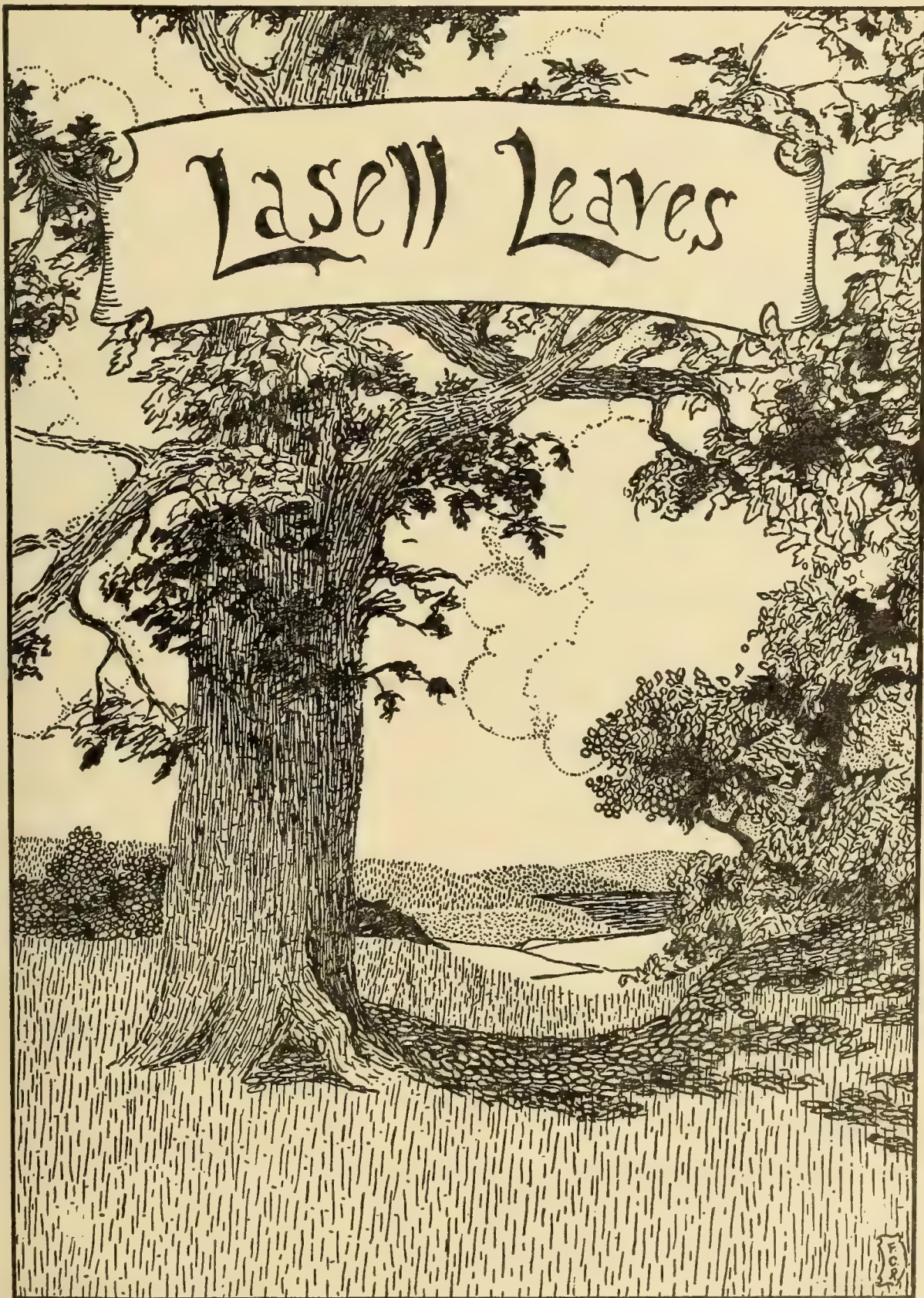
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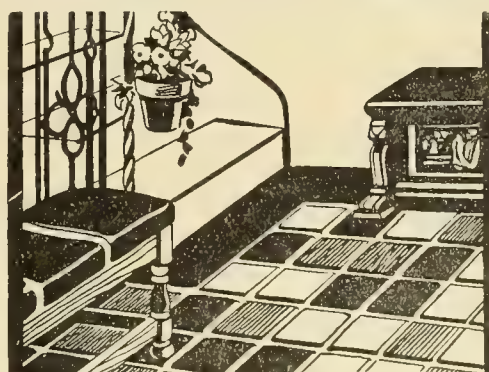
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LITERARY

LOST LAUGHTER

The small, shaking car was stuffy. The train crept lazily along the thin pencil-striped tracks to a definite intersection miles ahead. The whole illusion was of a vast V, the wide section toward him seeming to swallow him up while his mind whirled in loud cryings of Vanity! Vanity! Vanity! To think she would wait—wait for fifteen years. The utter futility of such a thought suddenly overpowered him. It hit between the eyes and shuddering, he pulled his thick fur collar up closer to the deep rim of his hat.

On all sides cast, white country rolled by, spotted every so often with black, empty patches like a moth-eaten white fur piece—ugly, staring, depressing. Stark, straight trees rose like white splinters in cold, crisp, invigorating air. And over all this was the grey, leaden sky, oppressive, unbroken, frozen. With amazing velocity the miles extinguished all sight of growing things. As the air grew colder the black shadows on the white snow disappeared and the ground became monotonously white.

Stephen's eyes closed. Queer, he thought, how awful the absence of color could be. He hadn't seemed to mind it before—perhaps he did now after New York. He thought absently of the greens and reds that had been eternally swimming before his eyes during the last six months. The lights of Broadway were so silver—"as silver"—his throat snapped close but the voices in his heart finished it—"as silver as the gleam of the silver fox skins." He tried not to remember, but his heart called out for it.

She was ten and I was two years older. We were playing "Indian." I wore, as always, the damp, straggly fur piece, gleaned from Claire's

attic, the sign of chieftainship and power. With petulant mouth Claire was asking for the skin, "I'm your wife. I should wear it for awhile, Stephie," and suddenly, Stephie, you arrogantly said.

"Some day, Claire, I'll bring you two real silver foxes—all for you, then you can—you can be chief instead of me."

Blue eyes opened very wide. A soft, honeyed, "Oh, Stephie" . . . and now those skins were sold and the money spent because she hadn't waited.

Ten years before Stephen Jackson had left Denver, Colorado, "to make good." He was desperately in love with Claire Merrill, the darling of wealthy parents. Stephen was forbidden to see her. All their friends knew why. Her father was a puritanical and prosperous manufacturer whose fortune had precedence over everything else, while Stephen Jackson's family was almost penniless. As a result the son was forbidden to have anything to do with Claire. In order to "get rich quick" and establish himself profitably in the eyes of his prospective father-in-law, he left Denver for Alaska at the age of twenty-eight. Here he expected to turn up a few shovelfuls of snow and find there gleaming marbles of gold. He carried with him the promise Claire had given him, to wait "until the end of time."

In his position of mail-carrier between Wind Bend and Snow Creek, the best occupation he could find when the gold globules didn't appear in upturned snow, Stephen met every type of Alaskan Indian. He lived with Joe Eagles in a cabin that seemed strangely familiar to him. When he first stepped across its threshold he half-unconsciously felt at his throat for the gummy fur-piece. He found the Indians taci-

turn but eager to be friendly. He admired their stoicism and in the days following began to absorb a bit of their qualities into his own nature.

He played at Chichitane with White Feathers, the half-breed, and Midwanna, two of the more animate natives. Chichitane was shooting with self-fashioned arrows at a target—usually Little Eagle, balancing a can of tomatoes on his head, his eyes as big around as saucers, his face as red as the bright paper on the can. Often his half-sister, Bitawu (Earth), came to watch the sport. She was tall, full-breasted, but slender. Her eyes were black and always intent on the white man. Of all the Indians Stephen knew, he admired Bitawu the most. She belonged to no one in particular. She had fought her way against the hostile Alaskan elements since childhood, finally becoming recognized in this tribe for what she was and not what she had been, and adopted by Little Eagle's family. These three, Stephen, White Feather and Midwanna, became great friends. The Indians owned four fertile gold cachets up in the mountains near Snow Creek, and offered to take Stephen into partnership. Their trust flattered and pleased him. They all shared equally. After ten years of ceaseless and strenuous labor, Stephen sold his interests. With six skins, a hundred and twenty-five dollars in cash, and his letter of credit for several hundred thousand more, he left the frozen country and headed back for Denver.

Would Claire still be there? Would she be the same sweet Claire he had left? A tiny flame of doubt burned in his heart but he stifled it, making himself believe what his mind imagined.

Jackson recognized Clayton Street only by the newly-painted sign nailed on the corner telephone pole. New houses, new stores, even a wide, green park helped to make the street seem strange and unknown to him. However there was the Spa just as he remembered it. The familiar sight heartened him. It had been four doors down from Merrill's. He decided

to make inquiries first, so striding across the threshold, he bumped awkwardly into the weighing machine immediately facing him. The long days in boundless country had made him unaccustomed to barriers and unnecessary detail. To cover his embarrassment he asked for a sarsaparilla. The drink tasted like water after the hard, peppery liquid he was used to in the North, but taste was forgotten in the reply to his quiet tense, "How are the Merrills? Are they still here about?"

The clerk behind the counter he had never seen before and Stephen could sense strange faces staring at his back. Shifting uneasily he repeated the last part of his question.

"They're about all right," came the reply, "but Mr. Merrill's lost every penny he ever had." Several of the young men leaning against the confectionary case behind the Alaskan moved lazily to the door and stood looking out of its broad window.

"Where's Claire, the daughter?" Stephen's deep voice finally asked. He was hardly prepared for the reply as it came although he had steeled himself for bad news.

"She's married twice and this time she sure picked a lemon. He used to be the town's political crook but he was run out, ages ago. I guess he won't come back again . . . what'll you have, Bill? Camels or Chesties? I always smoke . . ."

Jackson slammed shut the heavy door, Claire's name whirling dizzily before his eyes. Then great dollar signs loomed ahead only to change to Claire's face. Again he saw black headlines in a newspaper shrieking her name across the page. A silver blur and in bright relief he saw the silver foxes, dancing impishly before his eyes. Suddenly they were blotted out and Claire's voice called to him to come back—come back, in childish treble.

He covered his ears with large, muscled hands and strode down the crowded street toward the muddy river that oozed its way along the bottom of the street. It was inky blackness down there but he finally seated himself on a great bale of cotton near the edge of

the rickety dock. So many thoughts crowded his brain he felt dizzy but rose to his feet defiantly. He spoke aloud to the darkness and softly gurgling water just visible between the boards under his feet.

"I'm going away—as far away from here as possible. Away from Claire and her tantalizing voice." With long strides which he had learned to take from all-day walks in thick, crusted snow, he turned his steps toward the shrieking of a train whistle audible in the distance.

* * * *

Now he stood on the flashing runners of the sled, whining through dry snow on his way back to Joe Eagles'. The letter of credit was still untouched in his pocket under his fur-lined jacket. He had only spent a fifth of the cash, for the silver fox skins had brought sufficient income for his six months in New York. And he was back, more grim, more taciturn than ever. Something was missing from the corner of his mouth. Before he had held something there, now it was straighter and tighter.

It was dusk. Ahead a dull red light fused the sky. He wondered about the light as the snow flew by, stinging his face and causing his eyes to moisten. The sixteen dogs ahead were only a dark blur moving in perfect rhythm. This he remembered. The period of darkness would set in the next day. The Indians were having a ceremonial. A mile more and he put away the dogs in their warm lean-to. Hesitantly he walked toward the moving group around the fire. Their eyes smiled a welcome but they uttered no sound. Bitawu danced faster and faster about the flames. Bitawu, beautiful, dark, intense. She reminded Stephen of the Akakaa (fire-moth) as she whirled and twirled, sweeping the flames with the hem of her wide skirt. Soft "e-e-yes" came from the squatting figures as she started the Star Dance, the bat-hahu, in a blur of red and black. The flames leaped and sucked at the air. Noiselessly the fire grew brighter and gave off a soft, lazily

floating smoke. Bitawu came nearer and stopped opposite Stephen.

"Manbatawa! Manbatawa!" she cried and clasped Stephen's hand close to her breast. He looked at her intently for a moment in the bright firelight, then drew her slowly to him. He felt her nearness. Her cool, dark skin soothed his torn longing. Earth enfolded him—he would stay.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

YOUR WORDS

When I am dead, who'll sit like this,
Far into velvet nights,
Who'll see the dawn put out the stars,
Hear early-morning flights

Of cold, white sea-gulls sailing low,
Their heads turned toward the sea.
They do not care, for they've not read
Your books of poetry.

Your words would never stir their souls,
But mine they warm and glow;
Yet they are simple, little words
That even sea-gulls know.

Marion Lewis, '32.

MARATHON

"Dancing in the dark, while the tune plays. . . ." Joe stopped singing to exclaim, "That's a smooth medley of old timers isn't it, Sue?"

"Joe, is it almost time?" Her low tired voice could barely be heard through the din of whining saxaphones and shuffling feet.

"Sure it is, old kid," Joe answered. "Just this medley and then the damned theme song."

Sue clung a little closer and sighed softly. Anyway this was the third night of the contest. Barney was a swell guy and generous too, giving a five-thousand dollar prize to the winner. Two thousand of that would set Joe up in his own radio shop and with the rest they could start housekeeping and have a little in the bank too. They had planned it all out and

for the hundredth time Sue went over it for defects. There was none. She liked to think about it though; it helped to deaden the dull ache of her body, that peculiar throbbing in her breast, and the soreness of her tired feet.

Joe spoke again. "There's only sixty couples left now Sue. See the bulletin, they've crossed out one hundred and twenty and eighty-four and now they've put down sixty."

Sue looked at the bulletin near the door and then up in the balcony where a few new on-lookers had straggled in to watch. They were young people too, but apparently they were "slumming." The girls were wrapped in white fur evening jackets, the men wore double-breasted coats, white silk scarfs and suede gloves. Sue resented their being there. They were too obviously amusing themselves, looking and laughing.

A light touch on her shoulder interrupted her bitter conjectures. It was Pete and Mary. They danced along side by side. Mary nodded toward the balcony, "Listen to Mr. Astor up there singing 'Save the Last Dance for Me Sweetheart.' He wouldn't want the first or the last if he was in this racket, how about it, Joe?"

"C'mon Sue, that's all until five a. m." Joe piloted her through the tired crowd, which was surging in one direction—to bed for that long-awaited three-hour rest.

At the door of the girls' room, Sue stopped and lifted her face to be kissed.

"Abyssinia, baby," Joe kissed her and made his way to his own room.

Sue and Mary dropped on their beds exhausted and struggled out of their dresses as they lay there. No one removed her shoes although each girl longed to, but experience had taught them that it was fatal. The first night everyone had kicked them off and slept blissfully, but at five in the morning they had looked at their swollen feet, tried to step into their shoes (fourteen of them unsuccessfully) and had stepped out of the contest instead.

At four forty-five a. m. a gentle shaking

awakened Sue. She rolled over sleepily and opened one eye. It was the doctor to examine them again. She groaned at the unwelcome interruption, but lay still while he took her pulse and heart beat. He removed his stethoscope, pursed his lips reflectively, but said nothing.

Sue got up, drank her milk and ate her sandwich hurriedly.

"Hurry up, Mary, there goes good old *Dawn is Breaking*. Sue unceremoniously dragged Mary up the stairs to the dance-floor. The boys were waiting. Sue stepped into Joe's arms and they glided away smoothly, automatically.

* * * *

The last night! For eight days and nights they had circled the shiny dance floor and now there were only four hours to go. Sue hugged Joe happily. They had a good chance to win too. Nobody was left but Hendrick and Martha, Mary and Pete and themselves. The balcony was crowded now. Sue looked up and smiled at the spectators. There were the rich young crowd again; funny she didn't mind tonight; and there was Dr. Bushnell, who had examined her every morning and who still pursed his lips, shook his head and had even told Barney to take her off the floor. Barney didn't of course. He was a swell guy and knew that they wanted the five grand. He came toward them now, across the hall.

"Listen, you kids, I'm going to throw a wedding in, too, if you win." He walked along beside them twirling his mustache violently. "It's a good 'ad' for the place and besides the crowd wants it. It got around somehow that you were going to get marred if you won the money. What do you say?"

Joe assented eagerly. "Gee, that's swell, Barney, isn't it, kid." He looked down at Sue.

"Sure—I guess so, there's a lot of people tho'. . . ."

"Don't you worry about them," Barney interrupted, "they're all for you and want to see you win."

"Look Joe, Pete and Mary are stopping." Barney and Joe turned to look, it was true, Pete said something to Mary, she walked toward the balcony and Pete came up to them.

"We're out, Barney. Mary's so tired she's crying."

Barney nodded and walked away with him to speak to Mary.

"Only Martha and Hendrick now, Sue." Joe spoke through his teeth. With dogged determination he replaced his slow, dragging steps with intricate, graceful ones. Sue followed him easily and the crowd cheered their spurt of energy. Three hours later they were still dancing across the glassy oak floor. Sue felt as fresh as she had the first night. Why shouldn't she? They were alone in the dance space now with only forty minutes between them and the money that would mean having each other and a home. She hummed softly. Joe heard her and laid his cheek on her auburn hair happily.

Ten minutes more now. Sue felt herself drifting along; she wasn't tired, she was exultant. Was that Mary up in the balcony looking at her so intently?

"Look, honey, here comes Barney in with the parson." Joe chuckled gleefully. "Listen, they're starting the theme song. It means we're almost through." He hugged her tight and he hummed in her ear, "Save the Last Dance for me Sweetheart." She didn't answer, just smiled happily and gave herself up to the delicious drifting sensation which swept over her. Glancing up she thought how curly his hair was and how blue his eyes. She looked long and hard. How oddly his face seemed to recede. She was drifting faster now, her head was bursting. Oh well—only about three more minutes.

* * * *

Twenty minutes later the rich young set made their way to the street. A handsome, dark-haired boy, evidently the general spokesman, whistled his surprise.

"Well, we sure got our money's worth, anyway. Sue saved her last dance for Joe all right."

VESTA BLACK, '32.

A SCHOOLGIRL HEARS THE CHILDREN'S SERMON

"In Boston, when the town was new, there stood

A carven sailor-man of wood outside
One shop where seamen brought chronometers
And rope . . ." (The store had dusty shelves;
And yellowed charts with dolphins and grotesques

About the margins much bethumbed, and dark
With age. From the window toward the town
Were spires and weather-vanes and cobbled street;

But from the side where came the smell of sea
Above the tar of ropes and choke of must. . . .
Street's end; the harbor wharves communed
with tide;

And spars stood slimly tall against the sky;
The white birds wheeled with thin and airy call

And dipped on whitely flashing wings upon
The lesser blue of air to water's hue.
The creak of ropes and hollow restless thud
Of anchored boats, the lapping of tide
Were common sounds; and commonest of men,
With sea-bronzed skin and stocking-caps,
Would trade old cashmere shawls and carven jade

For sail-cloth. Sandalwood and spices brought
Tobacco, hard-tack, casks, and mending-twine.
And stories settled with the dust upon
The shelves . . . of graven idols, strange and
sun-drenched lands . . .)

"The shop, of course, has long been gone from there,

A fine new building stands upon its place;
The sailor-man is somewhere in a town
Museum. Now I'll read our Scripture text.

Norma Keller. '31.

SHINING SHOES

Miss Nancy Keys smiled complacently down at her small, dainty feet encased in shiny patent-leather, as a tall, dreamy clerk shuffled towards her with an oblong box under his arm.

"Would you care for a dull finish like this?" he inquired.

"No, I like these polished ones. Do you think they'll hurt my feet?"

He shook his head.

"You're sure they'll wear well?"

He nodded.

"They'll stay shiny, won't they?"

He nodded again and dragged himself off with her old shoes under his arm and a crisp bill in his hand.

As Nancy proudly walked down the street, she frequently glanced at her gleaming pumps. The shoes, reflecting the dazzling sun, appeared to be made of sheerest cellophane, rather than of durable leather. Since this was the first pair of shoes that Nancy had ever bought alone she was proud of her choice. Their neat cuban heels would impress her mother; the rounded toes were for father's eyes, but those tiny, leather bows on the shoe's vamp were Nancy's own frivolous choice. As she was now walking home through Pine Street Park, she diligently guarded her sleekly-shod feet from the small trickling streams which oozed from the warm Spring mud. Since she was guarding her shoes from mud-puddles she did not at first notice the dark, handsome youth on the dilapidated bench ahead. When she saw him, however, she entirely forgot her shoes. Nancy coyly glanced at her Romeo, then gazed nonchalantly at some small boys playing ball, then back at him. So he, in turn, gazed at her, then at her feet, and all her childhood admiration for Cinderella was restored to her. Nancy had always dreamed that romance would come to her in a bold, different way. Coquettishly she walked to the next bench and sat down with pretending fatigue. With a wildly thumping heart,

she awaited her Prince Charming who, swinging something over his shoulder with a cocky air, swaggered towards her. She had not been mistaken. He was handsome, dark and foreign looking. He was probably a Spaniard who had more ancestors than gold. Oh! He was almost here. What could she say? Vague ideas rushed through her head. She might drop a handkerchief . . . she couldn't find any. She might ask him the way to some near-by street . . . she couldn't think of the names of any of them. He was by her side and smiling confidently down at her. With the same cocky air which he had formerly assumed, he slipped a small box off his shoulder and said, "Does Madam wish a shine?"

Ruth Stafford, '33.

"THUS DID ECHO FARE"

My cross is this: I loved but was
Just a voice that sounded the sea
And sang down on the wind out of harmony.
Higher than the Pleiades, I touched a planet
By choice. Brief deepened my heart. I climbed
The ladder of the ages in a day. If you place
A crown, gasp not at the gold, or seek to
Prick your fingers on its points. Once donned
Its metal heart is sold. The flash of its
Face is false, for its soul is curtained in lies.
I called with the sea, I fled down on the wind;
I spoke only your name, nothing moved. For
Earth rolling through the heavens could
Not wait in its path for me.

Rachel DeWolfe, '32.

FRENCH TRAPPER

Peace encompassed the whole world, even the azure lake seemed motionless under the great turquoise dome. The forest was hushed in gratitude for its new green garments, and there was no stirring beneath the warm April sun.

Like the aisle in a church the path leading from the trapping country to the nearest trading post, Chicago, divided the cathedral of the woods. Long before the advent of the French,

the Indian hunters had forged the trail and marked it by bending young saplings so that they formed a right angle and then mounted once again in their natural manner; now after years upon years of growth they were excellent benches for the weary. These markers occurred every two or three miles from the post way up into the land of the lakes.

On one of them sat Yenis; her head leaning against the trunk of the tree, and her hands folded quietly in her lap. She seemed as serene as the forest, but her eyes danced with her dreams of the post eighteen miles away, again she heard the squeak of the fiddle which played for the trappers and French maidens to dance. That was two years ago and her father had never taken her again: she was not for the eyes of the "damn French." Her father owned much land along the lake, and there he lived with his supple daughter, too old for hunting and not desirous of the nomadic life of the rest of his tribe who had moved westward when the village became too large.

The sound of footsteps broke Yenis reverie and she looked up to see a French trapper coming down the path. He walked as if he had come a long way and as he neared her he slowed down his pace.

"*Bon jour*, mademoiselle. Could you tell me where I could find water to drink?"

"Follow me," said Yenis sliding off her natural chair and starting through the woods. Her heart bumped mightily as she lead the way, this was the first time she had ever spoken to a Frenchman. Soon they came to a small cabin over-looking the lake; Yenis went inside and brought out a cup of clear water and held it out to her visitor. He smiled down his thanks and drained the cup in a gulp.

"Will you rest?" asked the girl.

"Thank you, Mlle." he said ridding himself of his pack.

"Sit here on the bluff," Yenis pointed and then sat beside him.

"I have never seen you at the post."

"No. My father never takes me."

"Oh! I know *your* father. Wachmasuda is like his name; he is wise and he knows the value of his treasure," he said laughing.

"I want to go," she mused.

"Perhaps you shall—someday." With this he rose, shouldered his pack, and thanking her briefly disappeared into the woods. In Yenis' cheeks were two bright spots.

One noon a week later the girl heard her father speak to someone outside the cabin. She paused in her meal-cake making to look out of the door. Quickly she returned to her work, and her eyes gleamed as she made an extra cake. At lunch her father introduced her to Pierre Ouilmett, "the best guide at the post." Pierre's eyes twinkled down into hers and warned secrecy of their previous meeting. The young man came again, and talked of the dances at the post while his eyes glowed at the very memory of them. It was August before he returned again, and he talked long to Wachmasuda before he entered the cabin to greet Yenis. He asked her to come out on the bluff, and she followed hesitatingly.

"Yenis, I have permission from your father—will you marry me? I love you—and I promise to keep you happy."

She looked at him, and then covering her face with her hands started to cry. Pierre was surprised; he slowly put out his hand and drew her to him. There with her head on his breast she sobbed while he stroked her black hair. She looked up and smiled slowly.

"Pierre. . . ."

The next trip seemed very long to the young Frenchman, because he was going to be married during the Harvest moon. At night he dreamed of all the dancing and the gaiety there would be at his wedding. Yenis sat on the bluff and pictured the life at the post with all its excitement; Pierre would teach her to dance and she would have many strings of beads.

Ouilmette returned at the end of October, and in two weeks they planned to marry. Wachmasuda took Yenis to the post on Tuesday, and on Thursday morning they went down

to the little church together. There was much dancing and drinking—everyone in the village celebrated the nuptials of the popular young man. The feasting lasted all day, and in the evening Yenise and Pierre went to their new home. When it was dark everyone came down and serenaded them with old French songs.

They were happy together. Pierre was absorbed in trading his furs with men who came up the river to barter. They did not go to the dances in the common hall for four weeks after their marriage. One night Yenise asked to go and Pierre took her gladly; he had longed for the music, but discreetly waited for his bride to ask to go. She did not know how to dance and Pierre found it embarrassing to teach his wife in front of his friends so promised her a few lessons when they got home. They sat and watched the other couples all evening—Yenise content to watch, but Pierre with longing in his eyes.

At the first opportunity Pierre tried to conduct a dancing lesson. He found to his dismay that Yenise was not an adept pupil; she could not seem to feel the rhythm of the French music.

"Never mind, my love, I shall be happy to sit and watch with you," she apologized. But that was not what Pierre wanted—his wife should go and dance with the other women.

The next Saturday Yenise asked to go again. The long room was hot and the air was thick with the odors of many people. In the farthest corner three violins whined for the whirling mob. Each woman tried to be more attractive than the next and their daring ran to brazenness. Their full skirts billowed when they waltzed; they wore sleeveless gowns cut very low at the neck, revealing full bosoms. The men were bronzed, and wore heavy trousers and usually a skin jacket of their own making. Yenise did not understand these people, but she enjoyed looking at them. Pierre did understand them, and wanted to dance too.

A black-haired girl called Margot slunk by them several times—always smiling at Pierre. Finally he asked Yenise if she would mind if

he danced. She smiled her consent and watched him bend rhythmically with the crowd. The next Saturday Pierre danced more and only sat half the time with his wife. She was happy in his enjoyment and did not object. He danced often with Margot.

"Why must you bring your wife, *mon ami*?" she queried.

"She is my wife," defended Pierre.

"Don't you trust yourself without her?" she teased. "You have not drunk my health for a long time."

That night Yenise led her slightly unsteady husband home and put him to bed. At the next dance Pierre left her immediately, and she sat slightly afraid in the corner. There were a number of strange men in the room; they all seemed drunk, and Yenise shrank into the shadow as if to hide.

Then one of the men walked by her, and she lowered her head. He passed again and sat down beside her.

"Wouldn't you like to dance, little girl?"

"No, thank you."

"Oh, you would like a drink."

"No."

"You're not mad at me, *ma chérie*?" He leaned toward her and put his heavy arm around her shoulder. She shrank and turned pale. His dirty hand took hold of her arm. With a gasp, Yenise stood up, but he caught her wrist and pulled her back to his lap and held her clean body with his filthy hands.

"Pierre! Pierre—Help me! Where are you?" she gasped, but no one heard. Pierre was in the other room merrily drinking healths to Margot.

With one last effort she broke away from him, ran across the room and all the way home. She threw herself sobbing on the bed and was still there when Pierre came, in an hour. He stumbled into the room and over to his wife.

"Why did you leave, little one?"

"Pierre, we must leave here. I can't stand it. We shall go to my father." She looked into his grey eyes pleadingly.

"I can't leave the post. Whoever heard of such a thing!"

"But those awful people—always dancing."

"They are my people. That is life."

"But, Pierre—I don't like it."

"Go back to your father then, stupid one!"

"Pierre, Pierre—yes."

The man left the room and she heard the door bang as he left the house. The woman sat on the bed staring at the little candle that her husband had lit. She sat thus for an age or a minute—time made no impression now. Her mind was whirling: "Pierre, Pierre—that man—I love you—why?—I am not a good wife—I love you—Pierre, Pierre."

Slowly she rose, walked over and took her cape from a wooden peg and went to the door. When she touched the handle, she looked down and hesitated, then ran back to the bed. Tears streaming down her cheeks, she again walked calmly to the door, opened it and took the path by the shore that led to her father's house.

When Pierre left, he walked stunned down the street between the small, dark cabins. Soon he left the settlement and as the cool wind blew off the lake into his face his brain cleared and he remembered what he had said. She would never go—well, what if she did he would be free again to dance all he pleased. But Yen is was so dear. Suddenly he turned and hurried back to the village. His front door was open and his house was empty. She would return—he knew they could not live without each other.

* * * *

It was April in the woods by the great lake. Yen is sat on her tree-seat, leaning her head against the trunk. Her eyes were starry, with tears at the thought of her Pierre. She could never go back to the post with its brazen women and insolent men. The sound of footsteps broke her reverie and she looked up to see *her* French trapper coming down the path.

There was no stirring beneath the warm April sun and the forest was hushed in gratitude for its new green garments. The azure

lake seemed motionless under the turquoise sky and peace encompassed the whole world.

MARY ELIZABETH McNULTY, '32.

BENDING GRASS

Oh, girl, you've gone so far from me,
You gave a parting kiss then laughed and fled.
I touched your imprint on the grass,
And cried in the shadows, while my heart bled.

I fancied I saw you in the rush of wind;
I heard you in the roar of sparkling flame;
Your face was mirrored in the sea,
And the call of birds echoed back your name.

Since you've been gone, I've felt a need
For something stronger than my prayer and sigh,
I think I shall lie again on the grass,
And call back to the birds and try to die.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

"IT'S IMPORTANT"

Janet, followed by a large-mouthed, chocolate-colored porter, climbed up the steep steps of the Yankee Clipper just two minutes before its departure from South Station. Having found the car and pullman chair indicated on her ticket, she slung her heavy sealskin up on the rack above her and settled down into the green velour seat with a sigh just as the train started. Resting her small brown-clad feet on the suitcase by her side in a manner not becoming a Wellesley senior, she slowly drew off her gloves, and let her eyes wander around to her travelling companions. There were three or four old ladies at one end with their heads close together, probably ripping some poor unsuspecting person up the back, Janet thought. In the opposite end of the train from this quartet were twins, two small girls, at that instant intent upon separating the orange, rectangular-shaped lolly-pops from their long yellow curls. Whenever they had to pull exceptionally hard in their attempt to retrieve the sweet, they would emit a short, high-pitched

scream, which called forth a word or look of disapproval from a stiffly-starched governess. Except for these few and Janet, the car was empty.

"This ought to be a splendid trip home," she mused, "considering the elevating conversations I might be called to carry on, either with the Ladies' Aid or the kindergarten."

She reached up, and pulling her sealskin down, put her hand into the left pocket and drew forth a small, blue-bound book of Browning's poems. Throwing the coat on the rack again, and having it remain there only after the fourth fling, she picked up her purse and smoothing out her heavy, wool dress, slowly made her way to the club car. This was three cars behind her own, and after she had finished pushing the heavy doors of all these open, she was quite ready to sink into the comfortable, leather chair nearest to her. She opened her purse, and drawing forth a Lucky, lit it slowly, regarding her companions through the slow puff of smoke that she blew out. They were all of them either bald or travelling salesmen; neither type interested her. There was someone occupying the chair next to her, but she was seated so closely to him what she couldn't with any sense of due courtesy, turn to look at him. After this observation she opened her book of poems, and turned to the last few pages of *Pippa Passes*. If she could get these poems read, the rest of her Easter vacation could be all play. She laughed to herself; as though she'd let schoolwork interrupt the days of Guy Lombardo, Ozzie Nelson, and such. But her mind would feel easier, and she needn't bother about them for the first few days after school began again.

Finishing *Pippa Passes* in fifteen minute's time, she turned to Browning's shorter poems, *Meeting At Night*, *Such a Starved Bank of Moss*, and *Prospice*. Beginning the latter, she had hardly read the words

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,—
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place . . ."

when a low, masculine voice sounded in her left ear, "Do you really suppose death is like that?"

Lifting her eyes slowly, and as slowly turning her head, she looked directly into a pair of very light grey eyes, placed close together in a narrow face. A sensitive mouth, with turned-up corners, and a very long aristocratic nose were the finishing touches to the face of a clean-cut young man.

Her eyes wavered from his for a moment. "I—I don't know. Why do you ask *me*?"

"Because I never thought there was any sense of such emotion or feeling to death. It always seemed to me that one just—just died." With a slow shrug of his shoulders he looked questioningly at her.

Janet by this time had recovered her subdeb nonchalance, and was beginning already to feel drawn to this stranger through the peculiarity of the subject under discussion, and his apparent interest in it.

"Wait 'till I read the whole thing," she said, and in about a minute's time looked up smiling. "It's lovely; and the whole character of Browning is portrayed in those few lines right there. She pointed with a small, pink fingertip:

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!"

"Yes, I think death is like that." After a pause, "Is death your chief interest?"

"Oh, I don't know." He said these words slowly, and catching his lower lip between his teeth, looked out of the window at the bare, brown trees, beginning to point toward spring by small, green shoots sticking out in all directions, like little green worms. But the next minute he had turned toward her again, and smilingly said, "If you don't mind, I think the proper thing to do would be to introduce myself. I'm Dave Carter, a senior at M. I. T., and am free, white and twenty-three. How about yourself?"

Janet dimpled, a thing she did easily and naturally, and in a smooth voice said, "I'm Janet Rogers, Wellesley senior, and I'm only twenty-two." So they talked the rest of the

way to New York. The discussion over *Tennyson* became so heated that they completely forgot lunch and Janet was quite surprised to find that a newly-acquired friend had actually made her disregard meal-time.

"Stick around, and I won't have to diet," she laughingly told him. "You've got some queer, yet awfully calm ideas regarding death, and you're interesting to talk to. By the way, do you live anywhere near Stamford?"

"Yes, fairly—New Rochelle. I'm going there now to spend this vacation with my married sister. My folks are dead, so she's dear enough to take her orphan brother in. You'd like her—she's happy, lovable, guess you'd call her, sweet. Just as opposite from me as a sister could be from a brother."

"Why, aren't *you* happy?" Janet asked, a little hesitantly, because it was an impertinent question to ask an acquaintance of four hours, even though she did feel that she had known him longer.

Bit by bit he told her about the semi-tragic life of his. His parents had been killed in an automobile accident when he was four years old. At the time of their death, he had been very ill himself, and was left with that dreaded and horrible sickness, melancholia. He had seen numerous specialists but none of them could do a thing for him. When he was in the throes of the disease, he could not rouse himself to do anything, but sat buried in the most morbid, depressing thoughts a person could possibly conjure in his own mind. Once he had attempted his own life by hanging, and once by drinking poison but his sister had always appeared before it was too late.

"I guess someday when I'm in that state, I'll do away with myself, and the world will probably be a better place for it!" His bitterness was too apparent to ignore and Janet shuddered. Dave saw her do this, and was immediately extremely apologetic for having talked so much about himself. So all the rest of the time (it was only an hour) they talked of her, their work, and their one or two mutual acquaintances. Then Dave asked her, "Please,

may I see you sometime? It's been awfully nice to have met you and I hope you haven't thought me—"

"Too forward?" said Janet, smiling. "Of course not. And I should love to see you real soon. I know—I'm giving a dance at the Westchester Country Club next Saturday night and I should love to have you. How about it?"

"It's a date. What time?"

"Oh, ten or so. It's formal, but only in dress. You'll love the crowd, I'm sure."

"One at least I'm bound to," he said, looking straight into her light eyes, whereupon Janet did a thing not generally practised by that person. She blushed, and attempted to cover it up by a generous coat of Yardley's.

In a few minutes they arrived in Grand Central, and Dave took leave of Janet at the check room, where she left her bags while she shopped before going home.

"I'll call you up tomorrow, may I?" he said, taking her hand to shake, but somehow neglecting to do so. "Around eleven—will you be up?"

"I'm getting up at nine every morning. Don't want to miss a thing that happens. After all, ten days aren't very long." She gently removed her hand and smiling a goodbye, and an acquiescence to his former question, she literally melted in the crowds wandering around the station.

* * * *

Janet graduated in June and Dave finished at M. I. T. They were whole-heartedly in love. Ever since Easter they had been together as often as possible, and now, as a graduation present, Dave had given her an engagement ring—a small but perfectly-shaped diamond in a plain setting.

They were together every minute during July. Dave hunted high and low for a job but there was absolutely nothing to be had. This, alone, prevented their marriage. And lately he had been, more than once, in the clutches of that hated disease which was such

a great part of his life. Janet gave all her efforts over to cheering him up—she loved him, made a fuss over him, sent him things he liked and cooked food that particularly appealed to him. She was so afraid—an absolute terror clutched at her heart at times for fear he would harm himself when in the midst of one of his depressing moments. She thought back with horror of that event in May; once again he had tried to hang himself in his fraternity house, but once again it was the will of Fate that he should live. And lately he had been horribly blue. If only she could be with him. Just her presence was a cure for even his worst spells. He wanted her, needed her—yet couldn't have her. If he had had any money at all, they would have married, and economized and saved 'till it hurt, but of course it wouldn't hurt because they would be sharing. But at present he was almost dependent on his sister and brother-in-law.

One evening late in July, they were driving along by the waterfront on the Sound. It had been warm that day and the small breeze was like a drop of water to a wilting plant. They were very close to each other tonight—yet strangely enough not so terribly depressed about their situation.

"Darling, things will change soon. I'll get a job—God, I must, and we'll be married. Of course, we'll have to save at first—" His voice went off into the now cool singing darkness of a summer night.

"Dave, I'll save till I absolutely squeak from being so tight. We'll be together then—" Her voice, too, melted away like his had done. Seemingly the sentence was finished in thought.

"I'm expecting a letter tonight from Mr. Barker about that inventory job. We'll pray it's good news, honey. That would mean work for a month or more, and I think we deserve a little good luck."

There was a short silence.

"Dave, I must go home. It's late."

"I don't want you to go but you're tired and

I mustn't be selfish. Want anything to eat? Ice cream, hamburger?"

"No, dear, save the pennies." She smothered a yawn surprisingly well. "I *am* tired. This waiting, Dave, gets one in time."

"Yes, I know."

"You'll phone in the morning if you get a letter from Mr. Barker?" "Before the birds, dear. I haven't told Sis of this stab for a job. I want to surprise her if I get it, and anyhow she's enough to worry about with the baby coming and Bob on the point of losing his job."

"Darling, he's got to—"

"Yes, he had. Lord, please. . . ." The last was uttered in such an agonized tone that Janet immediately felt afraid for him and tried hard to be cheerful, the result being a very choked voice.

"Dave, come to dinner tomorrow night, will you? I've a surprise. . . ." She didn't have, of course, but she'd think of something.

"Love to honey. Folks out?"

"No, they'll be there, but they're going out early."

"We're home, dear. Goodnight, and always keep on loving me, won't you? If anything should happen to us—"

"Dave, dear, I love you more than I possible could tell you, and I always shall, too. Now run along, dear, there's good news, I'm sure, waiting for you at home." With another very tender kiss, she ran up the three, short steps and taking but a minute to open the door, disappeared from his sight.

The next morning, she was up at ten. It was a little cooler, and Jan felt happier than she had for quite a time. Dave would call soon. She washed the few dishes, and sat out on the front porch listening to the lawn mower that Tony was manipulating on the front lawn. The phone rang and she jumped up—Dave of course. But she was disappointed. It was El wanting to get up a bridge game for the afternoon, but Jan was not in the mood for cards. The phone rang again—wrong number.

"All right, Dave Carter. Three times and out—you've got to be next," she said to herself.

In five minutes it rang. An excited and heart-breaking voice came to her ears.

"Hello-hello, Janet, is that you? This is Dave's sister. Something awful has happened—Dave is—oh, my God, I can't stand it. Can you come over? I can't—I can't—" Sobs were all that came through.

Jan fell into the chair beside the phone—her face was pale as death, and her knees trembled unmercifully. In less than a second a rough but not unkind maculine voice came to her ears.

"Hello, Janet, this is Bob. We just found Dave—steady, old girl—guess you know the rest. Must have been melancholia again—no note or anything. But near him a letter torn into small bits—the only thing we could find intact enough to read was the name Barker. Can't imagine what caused this; do you know? What's that Janet? Can you speak just a little louder, dear?"

"I said how did he—did he—?" Her voice went off into thin air. It was a physical impossibility to finish the sentence.

"Must have died immediately—bullet right through the temple. I'm coming over for you right away. Are you all right? Be thinking if and where you have heard the name *Barker* before. It's important!"

Marion Lewis, '32.

MASSASOIT

Massasoit—
Stern, impassive and mighty,
Gazing forever at the
Work of the Almighty.
Tribute to you—
The brave of your race,
Swells in my heart
O Watcher of Fate!

Betty Lyman, '29.

ARIEL

Ariel and Jane sat opposite each other on the heavy old Jacobean chairs in the Woodworth drawing room. Their attire was a startling foreground for the otherwise ancient room. One would expect to find two old maids knitting socks for Washington's men rather than bobbed-haired young ladies with high heels and short skirts. With the exception of these girls, the entire Woodworth estate fulfilled the traditional appearances that the drawing room revealed. The home itself had been built by the girls' great great grandfather, who, having been granted a strip of land by King George, had established himself in Central Virginia and had become one of the leading tobacco merchants. His son and his son's son had upheld and enlarged upon the family fortune so that the luxurious furnishings which had been imported from England so many years ago were still to be found in these spacious rooms.

But why should it be changed so suddenly? Jane looked beyond her sister and eyed the dusty and faded rugs and draperies. Whoever would believe that in so short a time the flourish and pomp could abandon such a noted estate and leave utter misery for the survivors? Could it be possible that what had taken four generations to establish had been lost? Somehow, Jane felt responsible for the lot. Now that both her parents had died before facing the family's bankruptcy, as the oldest Woodworth living, she must uphold the family pride and dignity. She would never have thought of doing anything else if it had not been for her irresponsible sister, Ariel, who was so adequately stepping out of all responsibilities just as she had been doing for the twenty-two years of her life. Jane was beginning to wonder how their fates would be changed if Ariel were the elder.

Ariel walked over to the elaborate smoking stand which had once been her father's and lit a cigarette. "How long will it be before you can get all these legal matters over with? You know, Janey darling, I haven't been to New

York since I was a tiny kid. I wish that all this mess were over with now, so that we could pack right this minute and leave the first thing in the morning. I've been dying to see the town again ever since Widow Blanchard left with that good-for-nothing son of hers."

"Who said anything about New York?" replied Jane, who was becoming annoyed at the fickleness of her sister.

"But what are you going to do? You surely cannot hang around this one-horse town afterwards. Don't be a sil, Janey. Think of how gorgeous it will be. There will certainly be a few thousand dollars left, and with it we can set up the snootiest apartment ever. It will be as easy as pie for you to find something or other to do and I can keep house."

She would have continued rambling and dreaming in her usual fashion for hours if Jane had not stopped her. "Just a minute, dearie, in the first place, New York is out of the question. That is all there is to that."

"All right, suit yourself, but I'm going to the big, big city."

"If I may be so impertinent, may I ask just where you expect to get the money?"

"Surely, Janey dear. Ask as many questions as you like so long as the answers are as easy to find. There will be enough money left over from Dad's insurance to get me settled in the city, and after that, you can pay the bills and I'll do the worrying."

Jane knew, that in the end, Ariel would have her own way just as she had always. But right at present, she would be the last person to admit that Ariel's foretellings were very likely to come true. She hated the thought of going through life being led to do the work fulfilling the younger girl's plans. Ariel, without a doubt, had the knack of telling others what to do, and then standing by to watch them do it.

* * * *

And Ariel was right! In a short time the girls were established in New York. They

could no longer see everything through rose-colored glasses. However, Jane had paid her father's debts from his insurance and from the sale of the estate. There had been sufficient money left over to bring them to the city and carry them over until Jane had found a position and Ariel a two-room apartment on the east side. Now, at the end of eight months things looked very black.

"Hello, darling. We're having a dandy supper tonight. Your favorite, guess!"

Jane wearily lifted her hand to her forehead and pulled off a tight-fitting dusty felt hat. "I don't have to guess, I can smell it. And besides, we have had it every night this week. Corn beef!"

"But I thought that you liked it better than anything else. Why so glum, Janey? Did you find yourself without a hankie when some stunning man passed you by?"

"Will you ever be serious, Ariel? At the rate we are going we shall never get ahead. You have simply got to start looking for some kind of a position. How do you expect me to pay for everything on twenty dollars a week? You want all kinds of clothes and spending money so that . . ."

"There, there, dear. Don't fret yourself. The dinner's almost cold already and there is no need of getting into a frenzy and having indigestion besides. We'll talk about it later."

Jane was too exhausted to argue. Slowly she put her hat into a cardboard box that sat on the top shelf of their closet, hung up her coat and was retiring to their little kitchen, when the telephone, which Ariel had insisted upon having, rang.

Ariel leaped from her chair, bumped smack into Jane and was across the room with the receiver in hand before the operator had stopped ringing the bell.

"Hello, yes, this is Ariel. Why Tommy, you old darling, how are you? What, tonight? Fine, I'll be ready in a jiffy. See you in fifteen minutes. Bye!"

"You aren't going out with him again to-

night, are you? This is the third time this week."

"Never you mind about me, Miss Prim. You can rest assured that when I pick a man, everything is all right."

"But Ariel, you know nothing whatever about him except that he has plenty of money."

"Now I ask you, sister, what difference does it make to me how or where he gets it so long as he has it?"

Jane was both stunned and baffled at her sister's statement, but since the much-debated Thomas honked the horn of his roadster and Ariel was hurriedly getting ready to leave, Jane thought it best to drop the matter for the present. Ariel hastily kissed Jane and ran down the stairs. From behind the lace curtains, the elder sister watched them depart. Slowly she walked into the kitchen and ate a bit of the now cold and greasy corned-beef and cabbage. It was sickening. She made herself a cup of tea and took it into their small sitting-room. The tea was refreshing and somewhat rested her battling mind.

What was she going to do? Was Ariel being fair? For almost eight months she had been working in Sterns, first as a clerk at the hosiery department and now, through her good work and the influence of the sales manager, she was on the road to becoming assistant buyer in the Ladies' Dress Department. In that respect alone, did Jane see any hope for the future. But she was considerably worried about Ariel's welfare. She knew nothing about what the younger girl did from the time she left for work in the morning until she came home at night. Frequently of late, Ariel had left her at home alone as she had tonight. Jane disliked so much solitude, of course, but the main issue was that Ariel seemed to have joined a very fast set. They did not seem to be of the cultured class. Jane felt that this Tom (she did not even know his last name and she was not at all positive that Ariel did) was surely some noted bootlegger or gangster. Before Jane went to bed, she decided that some-

thing surely must be done about Ariel in a very short while.

In the course of a week, Jane managed to have her talk with Ariel. Ariel *had* to do this, and she *had* to do that. She had to consider the expenses, she had to stop going with the bunch of ruffians that had been her companions, and she had to look for a position. For once Jane was the victor. Ariel had promised to fulfill all her sister's desires.

Jane was happy at last. Now their little household would be perfect. Bliss and harmony would reign. Once more they could remember that they were of Woodworth heritage. Yes, the Woodworths of Virginia. Even if Ariel was unable to find work right away, two or three weeks was not a long time under present economic conditions. Jane was happy in the realization that her sister was at least trying. The gas and electric bills were not half so difficult to pay when Ariel was in a responsive mood.

It was ten o'clock Saturday night. Unconsciously a sigh of relief escaped Jane's lips as she noted that the hardest day of the week was now over. At last she could take the subway home and retire to their cozy apartment. She had happy news, too. Something had come true which until now, she had believed to be too impossible to hope for. The girl at the hosiery department had contracted tuberculosis and the Head was leaving the vacancy open for Ariel. It was wonderful! They would be together constantly. Jane could help her over the first few hard days. Oh, how good it was to live! Jane almost skipped along in her excitement. She climbed the thirty-six stairs leading to their apartment in better time than she had ever before made in spite of her apparent fatigue. She opened the door into a dark room. The light coming in the windows was sufficient for Jane to find the cord of the lamp next to the davenport. Where was Ariel? She looked for her in the kitchen, and not finding her there, she called. A few moments later she noticed a note on the table. It was Ariel's writing:

"Janey dear,

"I couldn't stand this quiet life a second more. I am going to Tommy. Forgive me and always remember me as your adoring sister,

"Ariel"

HELEN BARDUA, '33.



DREAM OR MEMORY?

I lay in bed, that eventful night, and wondered if it had all been true. What? The Senior Prom! It had taken place in a regular baron's banquet hall at Longwood Towers and the stiff shirts of our escorts seemed just like the tin fronts worn by the Knights of King Arthur.

Gone! Gone! Gone! Never to be recalled! Was it a dream through which I had eaten the many course dinner? Did I only imagine myself treading the light fantastic figures of a waltz or fox-trot? Do say it was for I would love to relive it again. You want me to relate the events? Gladly.

Five o'clock was the magic hour when a red cab whisked me away to the tall, three-towered city. It was here that I lost myself in the deep, comfortable chairs that filled the main lounge. It was here that I sat impatiently awaiting my "prince charming." How those minutes dragged until I saw a familiar face over the many ferns that decorated the walnut-lined room. He assisted me to my seat at the banquet table. Then, many efficient men served us to our dinner which was broken by several dances. We adjourned to the lobby again to

have a further look around and were called back to have our picture taken.

Where was the dancing? Right in the same gorgeous hall. Here fourteen dances sped by in rapid succession and ended far too soon. Cinderella had nothing on me then, for I had forty golden minutes in which to say good-night to my prince. Then, I drifted into a dream that lived again the memorable minutes spent at the Senior Prom.

Betty Follett, '32.

HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

Determined footsteps are heard coming up the stairs. A door opens and closes. Inside, a disturbed teacher faces a roomful of surprised but jubilant girls. A notebook and pencil are produced. Expressions change. You are seized with a horrible premonition. You look at your fellow conspirators. Alas, they, too, have the same premonition. The teacher maintains an awful silence. She walks over to the closet and opens it. Finding it empty, she seems to be satisfied and starts writing. The names of each girl in the room are placed in the little book. With a calm suggestion that each girl return to her own room, she makes a dignified exit.

The next morning six girls receive notices: "You are on restrictions until further notice."

ESTHER GILBERT, '32.

CHEWING GUM

We are told not to chew gum. It appears that it is a very "vulgar habit," or, at least, that is what our elders and teachers think. "Young ladies," they say, "do not chew gum," or, "I am quite surprised to see you indulging in such a habit."

And so our school store does not sell this greatly desired delicacy. For, who is there who does not enjoy a few minutes of this delightful gum-chewing occasionally? We talk against it and disapprove of others when we see them chewing, but we really envy them. Even the most disapproving of us occasionally

indulge. We obtain a stick of gum, seek a secluded spot, look carefully around to see that no one is near to spy upon us, carefully remove the paper, and then blissfully begin the process of crumbling the long, thin stick of gum into a sticky, round ball. We chew away contentedly, like so many cows that we might see in the shade of an old apple tree. We can then begin to fully appreciate that happy, restful (if dumb) expression they wear at such times. The chewing goes on and on. We snap it and occasionally blow little bubbles if we have the right kind of gum and the patience.

Suddenly, we perceive some one approaching and either hastily take it out of our mouth or swallow it, depending upon our chances of disposing of it unnoticed. We then continue on our way, rebuking others, but secretly awaiting another chance to spend a few minutes indulging in the "vulgar, unladylike habit."

Hazel Merritt, '33.



"I Love Louisa"

She wants to let her hair grow long,
But that, I tell her, is all wrong,
She envies those with Garbo grace
And thrills at Connie Bennett's face,
My sweet Louisa.

She's short and very nicely so,
But how she really wants to grow,
Because her David's six feet tall
"You know we don't go right at all!"
That's what she says.

Right now she has great tribulation
In finding some fit occupation.
She's even sent across to France
To learn if she's the slightest chance
In that far land.

In spite of all this heavy care
She has the biggest sense of dare.
She's always taking breathless chances,
Her dashing, restless pace entrances,
Always in a whirl.

She's quick of speech, but her affection
Knows no end; but by reflection
I can see that practicality
Has no place in HER personality.
But she is sweet!

Right now she's sitting at my table,
To skin potatoes she's not able.
I gladly fix them and still say
My love continues every day,
For . . . what's the use!

Barbara Stanley, '32.



FREE!

With great relief I cast you by,
And then emit a lengthy sigh.
To think that I am done with you
Seems much too lucky to be true.

I've just been hoping we would quit,
But couldn't come right down to it.
I'll bet you, now that I am freed,
I'll choose a shorter book to read!

Kay Forgey, '28.

"SCRAM"

Go away girl
You bother me
I shan't fall for you,
You're wasting time—see?
I have too much fun
To tie up to a dame
Pooh! love's nothing to me
But a childish game.
Go away girl!
Well, why don't you start?
That's it—"scram,"
Gee, what's this tug at my heart?

Vesta Black, '32.

STATIC

Your silence puzzles me, it's true.
Somehow it doesn't seem like you.
Is this some crazy stunt or sham,
Your shutting up tight like a clam?

Some day I'll find out what is wrong,
This surely can't go on for long.
I miss your voice more than you know,
You noisy, squawking radio!

Kay Forgey, '28.

EXCHANGES

We are glad to exchange with Gulf Park's "Tammy Howl" which we find an interesting and most complete school paper. It shows successfully, the endeavors of its editors.

With special interest and appreciation we acknowledge the receipt of Sweet Briar's *Bram-*

bler. It is a publication of which, we are sure, the college is proud. It is a pleasure as well as a satisfaction to read every page. May we receive your next number?

St. Margaret's "*Magpie*," we find is a wonderfully complete magazine. You are to be complemented for the variety and extent of your Literary Section.

The *Hopkins Arms* from Hadley has a very unique form in its "exchange department." We liked it, as well as the rest of the publication, but we did expect a larger literary section for a quarterly magazine.

Congratulations, Hampden-Sydney, upon your publication. It is a most carefully and satisfactorily compiled quarterly. Every one of your contributions is worth reading more than once. Your cover is unusually well done. We anticipate the receipt of your March issue.

Bangor's *Oracle* we find, is a most worthwhile magazine. It shows diligent interest and planning on the part of its editors. Your "current event" columns are unusual.

Lebanon's *Incubator* has a complete and definite plan which we admire. The "Language Department" is a fine idea.

We read *The Abbot Courant* with delight. It is a beautifully and systematically compiled publication. We think your contributors have an appealingly distinctive style, on which we congratulate you.

The extent and pleasing presentation in the plan of Nashua's *Tattler* makes it a distinctive publication. The block prints as headings add another individual touch to that already attained in your Winter Sports Number. We are pleased to exchange with such a fine magazine.

Since space limits, we are forced in acknowledgment, to only mention *The Tower* from Summit, N. J., *The Red and Black* from Claremont, N. H., *The Nautilus* of Waterville, and the Girls' Latin School's *Jabberwock*. We are glad to exchange with you all.



The staff is very anxious to find new members for the coming year. Please let us know if you are interested. Literary genius isn't a requirement, you know.

Rachel DeWolf's story, "Lost Laughter," is the third of the stories chosen by the English teachers in the Journalism story competition.

We are never able to restrain a feeling of pride whenever we can include something of Norma Keller's, '31. "A School-girl Hears the Children's Sermon" was written last year and was prompted by a story told to the children at the Congregational Church. This charming poem displays the excellent descriptive quality so characteristic of Norma's writing. Imagine the minister's amazement should he ever read what an imaginative mind had read into his story of the carved sailor boy.

The short stories of Marion Lewis, Vesta Black and Mary Elizabeth McNulty have come to us from Mrs. Sypher's English Composition class. We consider all three very well written. Marion and Mary Elizabeth have written well of familiar territory. We can only hope that Vesta's acquaintance with dance halls is not of like intimacy.

We thought Rachel's poem, "Thus Did Echo Fare," very lovely. Her use of the crown and its menacing points is an unusually apt one. The pure simplicity of Marion Lewis' poem, "Your Words," is particularly appealing to us.

There is one member of the Journalism class who has a place of honor high above the rest of us, for even at this early age this captivating young lady has had a poem dedicated to her. Can you guess to whom "I Love Louisa" was written? You can't help *loving her!*



**"A Sport For Every Girl,
Every Girl a Good Sport."**

POSTURE CLUB GROWING

With safety and sureness of purpose, membership into the Good Posture Club is growing. It is hoped that more will realize its importance and strive to become members.

SWIMMING MEETS

To begin Wednesday under the leadership of Gertrude Hooper, head of swimming and Captain of the Senior team, Mary Elizabeth Roberts of the Juniors, and Dorothy Fox of the mixed class. More are out for this sport than in previous years and competition promises to be good.

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

Opening Tuesday, April 1. Ten games will be played to decide the championship. Ethelyn Whitney is head of Basketball and also Captain of the first Senior Team.

On March 11th Lasell goes into the Windsor Gym to play the Antiques in a double-header game. A real floor, fast opponents, a bus ride, eats and good game makes us look forward with interest to that date.

Following the Interclass Tournament there will be a Blue and White game, and a game with the faculty as a wind-up for the basketball season.

EDITORIALS

STUDENTS—HAVE A HEART!

For months the word depression has been uttered from the lips of many, many people. Vaguely we have heard it and thought little of it, but now the time has come when we've got to stop and think what it is all about.

Our parents are sacrificing for us. That is rather an astounding fact to some of us, who have had and are having everything we want. Nevertheless, it is true. They wish to give us the things they missed in life and are worrying and fretting over bills and wondering just how much more we shall want. They realize how important it is for their boys and girls to have a college education in order to "keep up" these days, and are striving to give each of us everything that is within their power to give and what are we giving in return?

Most of us are accepting thanklessly and thoughtlessly all the love and material things that are so unselfishly and quietly bestowed upon us. We are spending every cent they give us and want and hope for more.

People are out of work, starving, freezing, dying, while we sit peacefully by. To be sure, there isn't a great deal we can do for these unfortunates but we can help our own people in little ways. We do not realize how happy and encouraged it makes them when they receive our good marks but it really brightens everything for they feel that we are getting something out of our college studies.

Every day we are taking our walk to the village and filling up with sweets that we do not need, just because the others do it. We go to Wellesley or Boston on Saturdays regularly just to get out of school. We spend money on eating, on movies, and on little things that we think we'd like to have. The end of two weeks comes and the allowance that was

in the possession of many, has vanished. It certainly would not hurt the girls of Lasell Seminary to do a little economizing.

When the time comes for us to provide, our parents should be released from all worry and care. Their children must carry on. No one can tell what the future holds for him and it is up to all to grasp every opportunity that is offered to him now so that when he has the chance he may be able to return in part, the things that have been given to him.

LEARNING TOLERANCE AND SELF-RELIANCE

Every day of our lives we come in contact with people in a business or social way and since so much of our time is spent with others, we must learn to live with them. The fundamental object of a school is to teach young men and women how to live, how to extract the most from life. Our first training is in the home where we are taught to share with brothers and sisters or to respect mother and father: but the people in one family usually have habits and tastes along similar lines: their environment is the same; their wealth is the same; their religious beliefs are the same. Consequently, the child's struggle to accustom himself to people within his own family is not a hard one.

In the grade schools he learns to play and study with children, but all the time he lives at home. At boarding school a young person is placed in unfamiliar surroundings; he has to live with people he has never seen before and so a great mental adjustment is made. He learns that other people have been brought up differently from the way he has, and that their interests are not at all similar to his. He finds that their pecuniary advantages are different;

that their religious beliefs are different and yet he must not only live with them, but be friends as well. He must learn the lesson of tolerance. To me, that is one of the greatest things a boarding school or any school can teach—the ability to adjust oneself quickly and properly to other peoples' mode of living.

In the family a child is naturally dependent to a certain degree on others in the household, usually the mother or an older brother or sister. When that support is removed, he must learn to do things for himself, to realize his own needs and care for them instead of waiting for an older person to do it for him. In other words, he must learn to be independent. With this independence comes a greater reliance on his own judgment, because some day he will go into the world with no one to lean upon and it is just as well to have a little practice before he starts.

These lessons of tolerance and self-reliance are far greater ones than those gleaned from books, and far more difficult to learn. What matter if the scholastic standard of a school is not high if it is able to teach these things? Because we are individuals we must learn this lesson of primary importance: to live life in harmony with others. This it is that a boarding school has in its power, so why not make it its chief function?

THE DEPRESSION-MINDED

Alas, there are those among us who are depression-minded. The minds of some of our fellow-citizens, very unfortunately indeed, have been slightly twisted or distorted by this period of economic depression. We find these unhappy individuals smoking cigars in brokers' offices and complaining about Consolidated Copper; we find them on street corners with their hands thrust deeply in their pockets, talking about unemployment; we come across small groups of women in department stores, chatting discreetly about the drop in prices. Even though these are the places in which "depression talk" is indulged in, many people carry

the thought into the home and fill up a child's mind with it. By way of example, a tired business man comes home late to dinner, gives his wife a peck on the cheek that is intended for a kiss, and proceeds to eat his dinner in silence. Young Junior looks on, never saying a word, but he is glad he isn't grown up. It must be awful to be so quiet and thoughtful all the time. After dinner, when Junior is taken to bed, Mrs. Brown, the wife of the tired business man, announces that the Cranes will be over to play bridge. These words are received with an ill-smothered sigh. But, after the game is in order, Mr. Crane and Mr. Brown are happy talking about the hard times.

The men are not the only people who are depression-minded. Have you been to a card party lately? Some of us have and have promised ourselves that we would not go to another until this depression is over. Here is just some of the conversation heard:

"My dear, do you know that Alice is having a perfectly awful time? Well, you know, her maid Katy is as fine a maid as there is in the city, and she just can't see how she can pay Katy twenty dollars a week in these hard times. Such a shame. But, you know, you *can* get good competent help for fifteen dollars."

"Oh, Jean, I heard the other day that the Lords are buying canned goods by the crate. Mr. Lord heard from a packing concern that the prices on canned foods are going up this winter. Aren't they shrewd? It is a sensible idea though; I suppose I'll get a few things in, myself."

"I was planning to trade in my car for a new Hupmobile eight, but John says I'd better wait till things pick up a bit. Rather a disappointment."

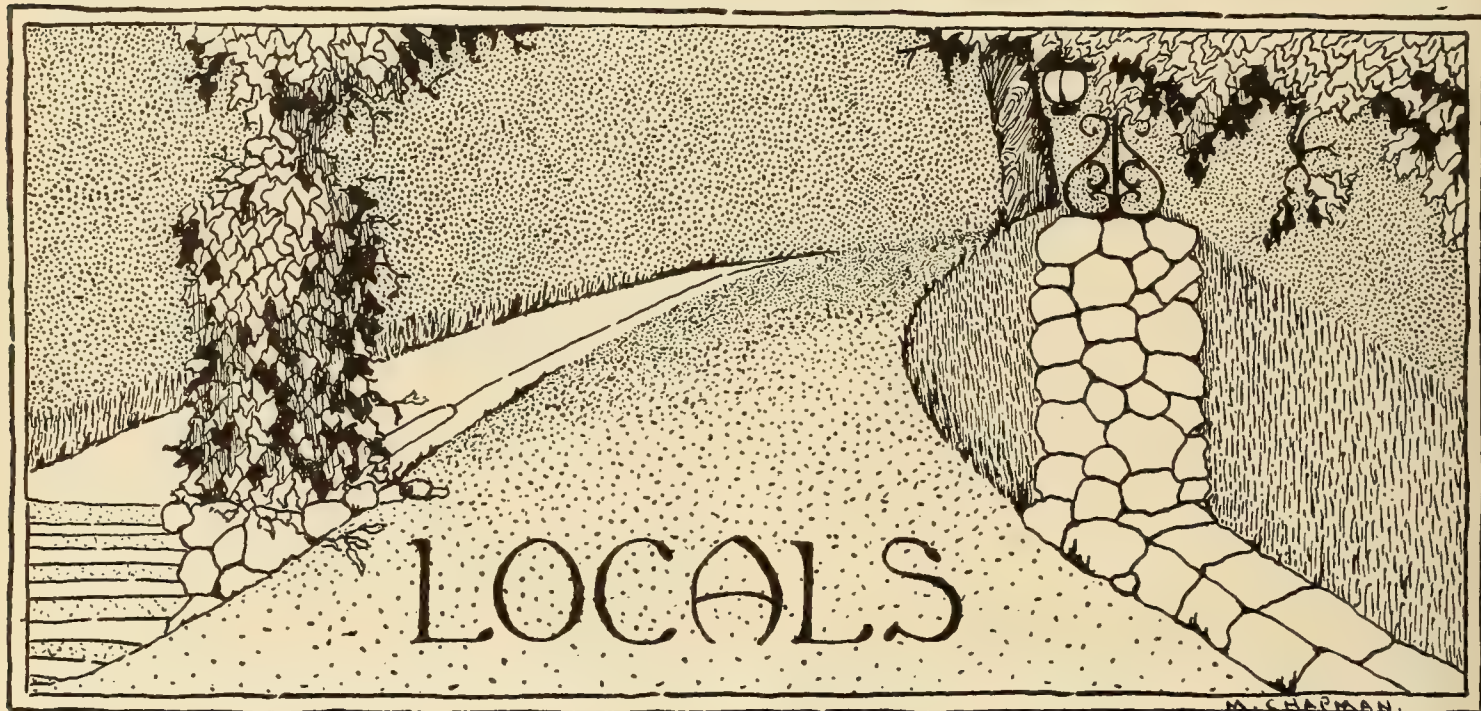
Even the children joke in their own way about the depression. They hear it in classes, at home, and even in church. They too are becoming depression-minded.

When we were children in school, and we were worried about the outcome of some prank, grandmother always told us that worrying never helped any situation. That is sound

philosophy. We can't save the country from economic depression, but we can save ourselves and our family a good deal of mental and spiritual depression by simply avoiding the subject in our ordinary conversation. No one wants

to hear of our hard luck; he is too worried about his own misfortunes.

The depression probably will not end this winter, but if some of us don't stop talking and thinking about it, it may end us.



February 16: Tuesday Morning Chapel. Our friend, Rev. John Franklin, pastor of the Baptist church at West Newton, spoke to the student body. We are always glad to hear the message Dr. Franklin brings to us.

February 17: Wednesday evening. The Spanish Department entertained us with a short play "*Uno de Ellos Debe Casarse*," directed by Senora Orozco. Much credit is due those who took part.

February 19: Friday Evening. Leon Vincent gave the first lecture of his series on "Sir Walter Scott." Dr. Vincent brought to us a very complete history which we all were very much interested in hearing.

February 20: Saturday Evening. If you want a detailed description of this Prom you will be obliged to read it on another page for there is not enough room to tell you all about it here. Did we have a good time?????

February 21: Sunday Evening Vespers. Dr.

Edward Payson Drew, Professor of Philosophy at Gordon Bible College, was the guest speaker. Certainly after hearing Dr. Drew, we who were born in the month of February feel rather fortunate.

February 22: Monday Evening, Washington's Birthday Party. Students dressed in old Colonial costumes led the procession that filed into the dining room for the special dinner in celebration of the birthday of George Washington. The dinner was a big success from the cocktail to the ice cream plus the red cherries and who could ask for more on such an occasion. Dancing followed afterwards in the gym.

February 23: Tuesday Morning Chapel. Our neighbor and friend, Ex-Mayor Childs of Newton gave us a very worthy comparison of the lives of our two great men born in this month—Lincoln and Washington. We are all very much interested in hearing what this friend of Lasell has to say.

February 26: Friday Evening. For the benefit of the Endowment Fund, Mrs. Blanche C. Martin of Boston, also an old friend of Lasell, gave us her special arrangement of the play "If I Were King." We all wish Mrs. Martin the best of health and happiness and thank her kindly for all that she has done for us in the past years.

February 28: Sunday Evening Vespers. Daniel L. Marsh of Boston University conducted a very suitable service for the girls this evening. His subject was on the Lenten Period.



Albeit years have intervened since—Miss Mary Augusta Mullikin, former head of our Art Department, resigned her position and although literally half the world separates us from this gifted teacher, nevertheless, she, in a very friendly way, still belongs in part to Lasell. We appreciate Mrs. Winslow's willingness to share this intensely interesting letter just received from Miss Mullikin. The address is: 397 Elgin Avenue, Tientsin, China. The message was written New Year's Day, 1932.

"Dear Friends:

"So this Tientsin has been an international news feature, with big headlines, in the home papers,—and I was not here for the excitement. You doubtless know that in November there was an unofficial war here between the Japanese Concession and the native city. Fortunately for the rest of us, their territories adjoin so that all the other concessions were out of range of the fighting, and only concerned in barricading themselves so as to remain out. No foreigners were injured in this small

war. My family say that here in the British Concession those ten days were characterized by a deadly quiet, for martial law put a tight cordon around this whole area, with sand-bags and barbed wire barriers, so that traffic came almost to a standstill. The strange thing is that no one knows what it was all about. Was it instigated rowdyism or was it a real communist 'putsch?' Or was it an underground phase of domestic politics in which the Japanese seconded a Chinese faction in an effort to discredit the Manchurian war-lord, Chang Hsueh Liang (now living in Peking), who is still nominally in control of this part of the country. The result has been hard on the merchants, native city business being brought to a standstill. The big native silk shops and department stores are moving down to the Concessions and setting up under foreign protection, as if they meant to stay. Here they can sell off their stocks of Japanese wares which the 'Anti-Japanese Boycott Association' had tried to confiscate—and sell off for their own benefit! The drama must move on soon, but if we are again in the headlines, remember that the foreign concessions are well protected by some thousands of foreign troops.

"I have had a strenuous campaign of traveling and painting, ever since last March, when I went south to Shantung, to meet the Spring.

"In September, my Scotch artist friend, Anne Hotchkis, and I made a memorable trip to North Shansi. Have you ever heard of Yun Kang? No? Well, you are no longer to be ignorant of it, for this is the story of our journey to the Caves of Ten Thousand Buddhas. We travelled first for sixteen hours on the Peking-Suiyuan line, a railway financed, built and managed by Chinese, without foreign supervision.

"Our seats were far too short to lie down on; it got constantly colder as we ascended the Mongolian plateau, some five thousand feet in elevation. Darkness was not much dissipated by one smoky storm-lantern, at one end of our first-class section. The hours dragged on in cold, cramped misery, till four A.M., when we

reached our destination, Ta Tung Fu. . . . The sky had hung out her choicest ornaments to meet the approaching dawn, with Orion, Sirius, Venus and the old moon. We passed through various cavernous gates which looked like the ruins of Roman baths, and came abreast of a long line of bullock-carts patiently waiting the sun-rise opening of the city gates. It remains one of the pleasing oriental mysteries that a calling card in an alien language serves as 'open sesame,' so while the patient bullocks and their sleeping owners waited, we, the privileged, crept through the partly opened gate. . . . At ten, we, our servant, and our supplies were loaded into Peking carts, drawn by mules, and were travelling on toward the Buddhas which were drawing us with their magic across all hardships. We rode over the old desert road which goes on through Kuei Hua and Paotou to the interior of Asia. . . .

"Jogging in our heavy carts through the almost dry, stony river bed, past miles of scantily populated land, we felt a pervading curiosity growing to excitement as we neared our goal. The cliffs grew higher, there were a few premonitory caves flanked by carven figures, then a bend in the road revealed the little village, the gleaming tiles of a temple and the black mouths of caves in tiers and rows up the face of the cliff. Arriving, we found our abode was not only a temple but a police station as well, and that the police vied with the soggy priest and his filthy care-taker in their amiable efforts to make us at home. The rooms were not actively dirty, and the layers of fine yellow Gobi dust coated them with a species of cleanliness. Investigation soon showed that while our rooms were in side-buildings, the main temples, three in number, formed a continuous façade before the largest caves. . . . In the first caves the color is old, mellow and enriching. Invoking the aid of an electric torch, we followed the Life of Buddha, told in low relief, in a long Giottesque frieze, around the walls, just above eye level. Looking up, strange-rays of silvery light pierced the dusk, picking out in prominence an occasional figure standing

with palms joined in adoration. Larger Buddhas carved in high relief are separated into niches by columns of massed saints and angels, preserving the column and arch form, while each remains an individual with its own unique expression of adoration. . . . The core of the cave takes the form of a pagoda, enshrining, at the ground level the Buddha upon the altar of worship. At an upper level stand four colossal Buddhas, back to back, surrounded by smaller pagodas and Boddhisattvas. The whole effect of this cave, as indeed of all the caves, is that the stone has burst forth into life in inexhaustible fertility and exuberance.

"Beyond the temples and behind the village the storied cliff continues, with niches and caves, with ranks of low-relief seated Buddhas, until the number of forms must run through hundreds of thousands, perhaps to millions. . . . Dry pages of history have come alive for me since our visit to this blighted little desert village, with its one street of mud hovels. In 1929, vandal soldiers blasted away a number of figures and heads and sold them out of China for her shame and their own enrichment, but now there is a strong pressure with international backing for their protection. One fine seated figure is now in our Metropolitan Museum, New York.

"We spent eight days, painting during every instant of daylight, and our only hope is that we may return for further study of this truly spiritual art. . . .

"Ten days after our return from Yun Kang we were on our way to Hangchow, more than a thousand miles distant. . . . From there we started on another Buddhist pilgrimage to Poo Too, an island in the Chusan Archipelago off the coast from Ningpo. Going overland from Hangchow, we rode in ten different conveyances and spent forty-eight hours. One night was in the Oriental Hotel at Ningpo, whose style and modernity expired with the application of baggage labels. The second night was in an unknown fishing village on an unidentifiable island, whose inn would make proper stage-setting for a brigands' rendezvous,

but the brigands were all six-footed and we were prepared for them with powder and incense. We crept out at half past three in the morning, and slid on fish scales to the wharf where we boarded a tiny 'puff-puff' and chugged the last lap to the sacred island which Kuan Yin herself only reached by a miracle. It was a gorgeous approach, with dawn breaking over the sea and the rock-bound coast of our island. We spent eleven days here living in the Monastery of the Rising Sun, posed like a mediaeval castle upon a bold cliff above the sea. Chinese women are not allowed to live on the island which is owned and administered by the priests, of whom there are thousands. All visitors are expected to be strict vegetarians, and our servant, though a Christian, would not touch even an egg. We were supposed to live on priests' food, but they made no inquiries as to our supplementary dishes, for we had brought eggs, tinned foods, bread, butter, coffee, jelly, etc. It is well for our health that we had, for after once passing through the kitchen, my appetite for their dishes was gone.

"After glorious weeks of painting in Hangchow, we artists determined on a joint exhibition in Shanghai, which duly took place in the spacious and elegant lounge of the Foreign Y. M. C. A. in the first week of December. Our sales were not numerous but we had more than four hundred visitors, and a 'good press,' the chief paper reproducing our pictures in two successive Sunday supplements. We also arranged to leave some paintings with dealers in Shanghai, so our busy two weeks were worth while. There we renewed acquaintance with many old friends and were dined and tiffined and teaed every day.

"By this time the outlook had become increasingly war-like and I determined to get back home and to my base of supplies while it was still possible. . . . We had to go north by boat, as 'patriotic' students were holding up the railroads for free transportation to Nanking, where they were demonstrating. That they were to some extent the tools of communists,

is evident, and in that influence lies the chief danger of the future. . . . One of the first events in the efforts to form a new government was that an overheated speaker said in open meetings that not all the traitors had gone out with the old government. Instead of threshing the matter out, a number of important 'patriots' fled precipitately for the safety of the Shanghai concessions. It really is amazing and disheartening. . . . The world as a whole seems to be in a parlous condition. I can only wish you each a Happy New Year in your heart and in your home.

Mary Augusta Mullikin."

The General Manager of a big Western Railroad once declared: "If you wish a car to stick to the track and run steadily, burden it with a heavy load." It just seems that some "folks" are like that. Just listen to this last report from Jeanette Ritter Heller, '09-'10, whose husband, Rev. Clark W. Heller, is Pastor of the Shiloh Reformed Church of Danville, Pennsylvania. To Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Jeanette writes: "It has been years since I met you at the Lasell reunion in Philadelphia. Is the Philadelphia Lasell Club still functioning? I have not received a notice for some time. One motive for my writing this letter comes from the fact that my birthday is due shortly and my two daughters, Mary Louise, sixteen and a Junior in high school, and Dorothy Jane in Junior high school, have asked me to mention a gift which I would prize. For years I have longed for a duplicate of my lost Lasell Dramatic Club pin, the prettiest design I have ever seen. Does your store still carry these pins? If so, can my daughters secure one from you? Since I am still in the Dramatic profession, it has been my pleasure to do a lot of directing of plays. Right now, I am 'putting on' the play, 'The Path Across the Hill,' which will be given soon in our church. I am very busy as the mother of four children, a boy, Adam Wessley, fifteen, a head taller than his mother, and our little Prince Richard Eugene of seven, who has just passed through a serious operation. At the

same time, our Mary Louise was critically ill at home, but they are both well again and we are truly thankful. Then, I am busy in the church as a worker, but not as a head of any organization. I simply work with the rank and file. My girls, too, are dramatically inclined and give their services freely in our work. We will soon have two children ready for college. Kindly send me a catalog of Lasell. With much love to you both, I remain, Jeanette Ritter Heller."

To Dr. Winslow came a message recently from St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco. The writer was not a patient, but none other than Madalyn Patten, '27, one of the very successful dietitians at this well known hospital. This word of commendation, however, did not come from this modest honor student, Madalyn herself, but from one who gets reports straight. She is making a fine name for herself and her New England domestic science training. This life secretary of the Class of 1927 is afraid that a continent will separate her from her classmates at their fifth reunion at Commencement time. She writes further: "What was my surprise one day when talking with one of our patients to learn that she was a Lasell girl, Dorothy Shove, '21, now Mrs. Everett A. Kelloway. She is very charming and I am enjoying her friendship a great deal. Few days go by but that I think of Lasell and my very happy days there. My very kindest regards to all my Lasell friends."

Margaret Heath, '29, and Ruth Richards, '29, are dodging New England's bleak winter and are spending two months with Peggy's family in Miami, Florida. We appreciate Ruth's word of sympathy for us "ice-bound northerners" and would be glad to accept Margaret's invitation to join them in a more congenial climate.

Clara Nims, '07, reports "all well" in her Watertown, New York, home. She took an advanced course in library work at Columbia last summer. When we recall her constant devotion to study in her chosen profession, we wonder if there are any new worlds left for her to conquer in this line. She inquires for

Katherine Dearborn Wingate, '16. This Lasell girl is a near neighbor, but not often in sight. We would like much to have Katherine come home to Lasell more frequently.

Our visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hollis L. Roberts the night of the Pop Concert at Lasell, was almost as good as a sight of their dear Helen, '30, and Mr. Holt. Life is certainly opening up very beautifully for this recent bride. She likes St. Paul and the hospitable Minnesota folks immensely. She has plunged into the breezy western life, enjoys all outdoor sports in that often frozen north, and is affiliated with one of the fine local churches in which she and her husband find opportunity, through its organizations, for worthwhile service in the community.

All honor due Mabel Martin McGregor, '01, who only just now has written on to Lasell for her credits to be used possibly in taking up advanced work at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, her home city. Our Principal's letter assuring the graduates that Lasell has been a junior college since 1851 has revived the educational urge in this ambitious alumna. "My children," she writes, "are through college—Mary, a Smith graduate, and David, a M. I. T. alumnus. This gives me leisure time for study." Our best wishes for this forward movement on Mabel's part.

Count on Ardelle Drabble, '28, as a loyalist when it comes to Lasell and its interests. Her latest word is the best ever. After saying a host of kindly things about her Alma Mater and its staff, she ventures this: "You may be interested to know that my parents have recently announced my engagement to Stuart Hayward Tucker, son of Mrs. Jerome Hammond Tucker of this city. Mr. Tucker is a graduate of Brown and of Harvard Law School, Class of 1925. Perhaps the next time I come back to my Alma Mater, I'll be able to bring him with me, for I'd like to have you know him, and I also want him to know the Dean of Lasell's 'L. W. D's.'"

The glimpse we had of Lois Nichols Arnold, '18, at the Boston Alumnae Reunion was a de-

lightful surprise and now she writes back to Lasell's Principal: "I only wish I could take the trip abroad with Senora, but a new boy, Jimmie, a year old, beside my other two youngsters, keep me more than busy these days. Kindly remember me to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter and Senora. With all good wishes to Lasell and may this year be another successful one, sincerely, Lois Nichols Arnold."

We think Hortense May's (24-'25) name ought to appear as an associate to the personals' editor of the LEAVES. We are constantly indebted to this secretary afield for bits of school news. Her latest items follow: "The engagement of Miss Margaret Mattoon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Mattoon of South Street, Pittsfield, to Mr. Carl Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Nelson of Fountain Street, this city, was recently announced. Miss Mattoon, a graduate of Skidmore College, has taught home economics at Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, and at Waterloo, N. Y. Last year she taught chemistry at Miss Hall's School at Pittsfield. Mr. Nelson is an accountant at the Smith & Wesson Company.

"Alta Lucas, '23-'24, of Riverview Street, Springfield, Mass., was united in marriage, October 17, 1931, to Mr. Clifton A. Pike. They are now at home at 64 Federal Street, Springfield, Mass.

"A daughter, Deborah Jane, was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Benjamin Redfield, Jr., of Marblehead, Mass., on January 4. Mrs. Redfield was formerly Phyllis Crooke, '23-'24, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben F. Crooke of Colony Place, Meriden, Conn."

Eunice Cox Harris, '10-'12, of Jamaica, B. W. I., and her family sailed for home January 29, after having enjoyed a four thousand mile trip. While in New York, she had a visit with Betty Farnham, '10-'11. Eunice and her husband took to their island home, a new member of their family. While in Springdale, Conn., there was born to them a little daughter, Daisy Jolim. Lasell's bon voyage follows them.

Miss Blackstock has recently been in friendly correspondence with Elizabeth Bear, '31. Beth mentioned a check which she is sending to be used as a Clark Cottage gift from her house-mates of 1931. She writes with interest, questioning the doings of her former teachers, English and Journalism classes and mentions her continued reading course which she is greatly enjoying and closes with: "My remembrances to Mrs. McDonald whom I think one of the most charming persons I have ever known."

To Miss Blackstock, Eugenie McEdwards Bunting, '27, writes: "I so often think of you and wish I could stop in for a cup of tea and visit with you. In June, we, or many of us, will reunite after five years. I am hoping to see you then, but who knows, I have two boys now and perhaps they won't let me go." Lasell can but hope the privilege will be granted so that Gene can join her class at commencement time.

Constance Risser Allain, '14-'15, assures our Principal that his letter to former Lasell students brought back delightful memories: "I can see you and your family sitting before your fireplace, as in the picture of old days, and it certainly is inspirational. Living in your home, as we did, we felt that you and your family were very near to us, and we learned to know and love you better than did the girls in the neighboring dormitories.

"I am interested to learn all I can about your Junior School. You had just started the venture when we were at Lasell, and it is similar to our work. Ruth Winslow, '31, is the only Lasell girl who writes from the East. I often see Cornelia Stone and Frances Hunter, '15-'16. Our home town, St. Anne, is a factory town. I taught in the high school here for six years. I am now thinking seriously of opening a summer camp for boys and girls." This means that Constance will receive these little summer guests at their own camp of some five acres, with the roaming privilege of four hundred acres adjoining. We hope this delightful project of Constance's will materialize.

The latest little pilgrims to arrive in the homes of Lasell girls are:

Joanne Townsend Winetraub who arrived on February 6 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith J. Winetraub (Frances J. Brown, '29).

On February 10, C. Segwick Moss, Jr., came to gladden the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Segwick Moss (Abbie Viener, '14).

To Mr. and Mrs. George E. Sprague (Helen Black, '25) on St. Valentine's Day, came little Sally Marcia Sprague.

Miss Mary E. Williams' letter from Charlotte Ridley, '30, gives such a fine glimpse of Charlotte at work in her music school, we have begged the privilege of spreading this report through the columns of the LEAVES. Charlotte's address is 2017 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She writes: "I am enjoying Curtis very much and find that it is quite an experience. The people with whom I have associated are all very kind. Miss Van Euden is very attractive and has been lovely to me. For sometime she had me do nothing but vocalize, to get my voice more forward. Just lately, I have been working on songs, some old Italian and German songs by Mozart. Besides my two lessons a week with her, I am taking Italian diction with Mrs. Gregory (Dusolini Gianni's sister). She is very sweet and I enjoy her class immensely. I am studying German and English diction, Solfege and dictation and operatic acting. In connection with operatic acting I have to take fencing. At first it struck us all as being rather funny, but it is very good exercise and trains ones hands, feet and whole body to be more graceful. I have five hours in operatic acting a week and piano, too, so you can see there is plenty of work to do. We go every week to the opera and frequently to the Philadelphia Symphony. Please remember me to Miss Potter, Dr. Winslow and Mr. Dunham." Charlotte is evidently finding for herself that Carlyle's definition is true: "Genius is largely an aptitude for hard work." Our congratulations and Godspeed to Charlotte.

It was good to hear from Miss Emily Genn.

We want to assure her that her optimistic prophecy for the New Year is working out beautifully.

Many "old girls" will be saddened to learn of the passing away in February of Mrs. Maude Smithers Mitchell. The Newton papers spoke with appreciation of her long and faithful service on behalf of the temperance cause.

The sudden passing away of Postmaster Willard R. Heath of Concord, New Hampshire, father of our Frances Heath Thompson, '20, has brought an overwhelming sorrow to our former schoolmate. Mr. Heath had been honored repeatedly by the citizens of Concord. A large circle of friends join with us in extending sympathy to the bereaved family.

"Well, here I am," writes Dorothy Herring, '28-'31, "clear down in Arizona going to school again. But, oh, how different it all is from Lasell. I am very, very happy here, but I do miss you and Lasell. Just another 'Little Black Crow.'" Dorothy, your Lasell friends are still missing you and join in wishing you success in your new college home.

Just as we go to press, comes the announcements of the engagements of Peg Contrell, '29, and Ruth Galusha, '31. "Mr. and Mrs. John Contrell, of Shepherd Avenue, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Axford Contrell, to Mr. Robert Arthur Sayre, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Sayre, of Broadway. The announcement was made last Saturday night at a dinner and bridge given by Miss Contrell in her home in honor of her fiance's birthday and celebration of St. Valentine's Day. Miss Contrell is a graduate of Miss Gildner's Preparatory School, at Princeton, and of Lasell Seminary, in Massachusetts. Mr. Sayre is a graduate of Barringer High School and New York University. He is a member of Delta Mu Delta honorary fraternity. The couple are planning an October wedding."

"Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Galusha, of Hillcrest Road, Caldwell, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Ruth L. Galusha, '31, to Mr. Overton Harcourt Klinefelter, of Montclair. Miss Galusha is a graduate of

Caldwell High School and Lasell Seminary. She also attended Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. Mr. Klinefelter is the son of Mrs. Belle Harcourt Klinefelter, of Roland Park, Baltimore. He is a graduate of Baltimore Polytechnic Institute and Johns Hopkins University and is a member of Sigma Tau Delta fraternity."

This marriage announcement was also just received. "Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Woolley announce the marriage of their daughter, Alice Louise, '23, to Mr. John William Morgan on Monday, the twenty-ninth of February, in Salem, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan will be at home after the first of April at Seventy-seven Nason Road, Swampscott, Massachusetts."

Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Walter R. Amesbury (Jennie Ford, '01-'03) and her family who have recently been bereaved through the death of Mrs. Amesbury's brother, Mr. Winthrop D. Ford.

Frances Boothby, '27-'28, musician efficient, having completed her courses in 'cello, piano and organ, is now offering her services, assisted by two other musicians, for weddings, receptions, teas, clubs, etc. Lasell having enjoyed this young artist is hearty in her recommending her to any who are wise enough to secure her services. We were sorry to miss her recent call at the Seminary.

Janet Fox, '29-'30, the niece of Edna Ferber, is following in the wake of her gifted aunt and plans, we believe, to take up dramatic art seriously.

An unusually friendly letter has just been received from Annie Mae Pinkham Allyn, '02, giving us the hope that she and Sadie Burrill Tatley, '92, may visit Lasell together, "for her fortieth and my thirtieth anniversary." For a time, Annie was afraid her son's wedding would interfere, but it has been so arranged that their fine hope of being at Lasell in June, will be consummated. Aside from her pleasure expressed over the recent engagements of her daughter and son, she also tells us that Helen, her younger daughter, has a private

kindergarten in Hanover, N. H., and is very happy over her work. The announcements of the engagement follow:

"Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Allyn (Annie Mae Pinkham, '02) have announced the engagement of their daughter, Marjorie Elizabeth, '26, to Dr. Abner Oakes of South Berwick, Maine. Dr. Oakes was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1927 and the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and has been connected with the Mary Hitchcock Hospital in Hanover, New Hampshire."

"The engagement has also been announced by Professor John W. Young and Mrs. Young of Dartmouth College of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth (Smith College, '30) to Mr. Horace Warren Allyn (Dartmouth '30), of Newark, N. J., son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Allyn. They are to be married the latter part of May."

Nadine Strong James, '28, is still regretting that she missed out on her class reunion. Her classmates were equally disappointed over her absence.

I wonder how many "old girls" have read Anna Andrews Barris' ('01-'02) books. One "old girl" was so well pleased with her stories of child life in South America that she gave several sets of these books to her nieces and nephews as Christmas gifts. Anna writes in her last message: "We are still living on this lovely Virginia farm, twelve miles from a town or even a railroad. I have written two books this summer and winter." Lasell's congratulations to this successful Lasell author.

Rev. Mabelle H. Whitney's ('03) message is almost too personal to share, but we want her Lasell friends to know that she is busy and happy and we want her to know that we are grateful for her greeting.

A December issue of the *Delray Beach News* of Palm Beach, Florida, announces the death of Mr. R. Graham Bostwick, husband of our Nadine Malone, '07-'08. Mr. Bostwick was active in church and community work. There will be a great loss not to his family alone, but to a large circle of friends and citizens.

A newspaper from Wheeling, West Virginia, recently received, contains a notice of the passing away on January 6, of Alma Russel Hubbard, '89-'92. Of her, the local editor writes: "Miss Hubbard was one of our best known and highly respected residents. For years she has taken part in everything that made up a bigger and better city."

The Class of 1893 lost a faithful member in the death of Mrs. Jessie Gaskill Wheelock, wife of Mr. Charles E. Wheelock, one of the prominent business men of Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Dear "Old Girls":

On April 1st of each year, it is my duty to mail out reminders of the \$5.00 pledges which so many of our graduates have made in support of the Lasell Endowment Fund.

We take a great deal of pleasure in announcing that the annual Endowment Fund list now numbers more than six hundred subscribers who are pledged to give \$5.00 yearly. By this method alone, the Endowment Fund may grow at the rate of more than \$3,000 a year. In addition to these pledges, there are larger amounts received annually from the Clubs, and from individual givers. At the time this announcement is made, the Endowment Fund has reached a total of \$86,657.15.

More than ever before, this Fund is now needed for the assistance of worthy students at Lasell and although this is a year of depression, we are hoping that every subscriber will see the necessity of keeping up her subscription even though it means some personal sacrifice, in order that the assistance which we have planned for some of our girls may go on uninterrupted.

Cordially yours,
WALTER R. AMESBURY,
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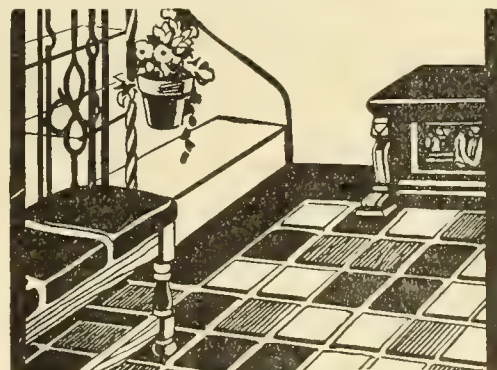
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LITERARY

CENTRAL PARK

Jim Stuart gazed staringly out upon the fairness of a world in bloom. The color, the odors, the birds' songs of early spring were lost in his mind. Tightly clenched in one hand the "News" flashed brazenly "Judge Lynch Rules" in two inch block headlines and within his soul the slights, the injustices, the contempt of 25 years of life as a Negro flared into race hatred and revolt.

Upper Central Park was alive this morning with people out to enjoy the beauties of the spring day. Nursemaids with carriages, school girls, ladies of a business profession flashed inquiring looks at the handsome foreigner on the bench but unobvious of them all he perused the story of race hatred gone riot, of human passion running high in a little Georgia town.

"A mob of 300 hundred men and women last night rushed the jail at Jenkinstown, dragged George Jackson, colored, 37, from his cell and forever settled his case of attack on a white woman at the age-old rule of the lynching laws."

And so on to a detailed account of the guards that were not on their duty which only added to the great race injustice gone mad.

Jim Stuart was colored. He was a Negro although he could have easily passed for a white. Tall, dark, of almost classical regularity of features, he was one of those of his race, a mulatto who defied being distinguished. Of a striking appearance, handsome and well built, a college graduate, with a pleasing charm of great power he was not used to the advances of women.

Suspected by his own race, he often unconsciously passed as a white man but as soon as

he was found out, and he never intended to "pass white," he knew the look of hatred that followed.

Even now, as he read, a girl sat down next to him on the bench. Dark, and attractive she would command more than a casual glance in any circumstances. And now she seemed deliberately bent upon attracting his attention. And as she sat there she engaged herself in reading "over his shoulder" all about the race hatred. All the desire for revenge that boiled in Jim Stuart's mind seemed to reach out and fasten itself upon this girl as a victim.

Here was a white woman trying to "make him." Very well, this was New York. Judge Lynch was unknown here. He would "pass white" and "cross the line" and personally take revenge upon these whites who had ruined and now were crushing his race.

Never before had Stuart tried to unhesitatingly pass white, although he knew many young Negroes, both men and women who had. There was John Hansen, well-to-do young lawyer across the line. Lee Stacy, a stenographer downtown who didn't worry about a salary, for she had her Daddy. But loyal to his race all through school, even at Harvard Medical, Jim had declared his race, despite the snobs in his class. As a doctor he practised in Harlem, among his own people, making a fair living honestly, although many times turned down.

He had avoided the temptation of white women for his moral strength and the pride of his race and had kept him on his side of the line. It had not always been easy. The day before the Junior Prom in his last year at school, Betty Brady, favorite of the fraternities had been making an effort to flirt with him on the campus until one of the boys tipped her off. Then he

had seen admiration turn to contempt. So many times had this happened to Jim that he was getting used to it when he was suddenly brought back to the girl beside him.

Turning to her, he smiled and then indicating the paper with a flick of his free hand remarked,

"I see they got another one of those niggers."

"Yes, I have been reading the paper with you as I was rather interested myself. I hope that you didn't mind my reading it with you."

"No, not at all. Are you interested in lynching and such things that are happening down South right now?"

"It does seem a shame that such things are happening in a civilized country."

"Oh, yes, in a way but you have to keep those niggers in their places. They know how to do it down South, although up here they get away with it."

But two young people on a park bench could not go for long in a conversation so dark. It was spring and they were young and Stuart had plans other than these.

He learned quickly that she was a student at N. Y. U. studying Social Service and working part time as an assistant district nurse in the East Side. She found out that he was a doctor. He made no mention of his particular district of practice. Before they parted they had become friendly and arranged to meet on the Sunday afternoon coming, there in the park.

As Ann Borden walked north through the park her spirits were high. Loneliness was at an end. The terrible loneliness of being alone in a great crowded city fell away before the glamorous remembrance of this new friendship. And Jim hurrying towards his office on 135th Street, was thrilled too, but for a different reason. He had "passed white" completely. The admiration, the liking in the girl's eyes had not been lost upon him. Revenge was within his grasp and he was thrilled in the idea. But, as the weeks passed and one meeting led to another, the idea of revenge vanished.

They went many places together. Central Park in spring held new wonders. Theatres and clubs were more dazzling. Riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, surrounded by the flash of lights, the roar of traffic, the glimpse of life from faces became adventure. Ann was happy. It had not taken long. She knew she loved Jim. But he, supremely happy in her company, was tortured by the situation he found himself in.

He loved this girl and she was white. He wanted her and could not take her. More than ever was he in revolt against the fate and his own conscience of right. He must tell her, reveal himself. His whole being shrank from the lash of contempt he knew must follow. He dreaded the bewilderment, the hurt, the hatred that must come into those fine eyes. His soul writhed in the foreknowledge of the bitter, terrible things she would say.

Why tell her? Why not just drop her acquaintance? That would be so much easier. He grasped at this alternative. In this giant city it would be easier not to see her again.

No! He would see her once more, make a clean breast of it all. Suffer the scorn of this woman he loved in the hope that she might understand just a little and in the future forgive and perhaps admire him just a bit for his honesty.

And so Jim called Ann one Saturday.

"Hello Ann. Busy tonight?"

"Why no, Jim."

"There's an unusual club up in Harlem. Would you like to take it in?"

"Oh, I'd love to."

"Fine. I'll be over about ten."

And so Jim escorted Ann into the Steppers Club at about 10:30. This was no Cotton Club with Negro waiters, a Negro orchestra, a scattering of Negro patrons and a crowd of curious whites. Here was Harlem. Negroes from light brown to jet black at the tables. Liqueurs on the tables and a black band playing jazzy music. There were no white people here. The floor was full of swaying black couples. The young

people, sat at a table in a dimly-lit corner occasionally getting up to dance.

After a few dances Jim found courage to declare himself.

"Well, Ann how do you like it?"

"Oh! Jim. It's so different. I never have been in a place like this before. There are no white people here!"

"No, they don't allow them to come here."

"How did we get in then?"

"Ann, I've something that I must tell you. Ann, dear, these are my people and I am a Negro."

Now it would come and it did. A look of bewilderment spread over the girl's face. And then suddenly she began to laugh, laugh crazily. Her whole body shook. She seemed beyond control.

Jim sat in astonishment and dread, overcome by this turn of events? Surely she had had too much of this atmosphere. How could he meet this turn in events? He had been prepared to meet hatred, contempt, but not laughter. Then suddenly the wild laughter died down.

"Jim, I'm sorry I laughed so. You must think me insane. I must be. For weeks I have been so unhappy and now at last, relief. No, don't interrupt me. Let me tell you that I, too, am a Negro. I thought it was fun until I began to realize I loved you. And then it was dreadful. I would never have had the courage to tell you. In two days school is over and I thought that I would run away, leaving only a note to tell you. I was so unhappy. Oh, Jim, our love can come true, we can realize something by it all. It doesn't have to end. I'm so happy, just crazy happy."

With mixed emotions Jim listened to this confession of Ann's. All the weeks of dread seemed to disappear. Hardly could he restrain the impulse to take her in his arms.

Out on the street they went together, happy, eager to be away from the smoke and liqueurs and rhythm. Again that night Central Park held new wonders.

Barbara Merritt, '32.

SVENGALI

Two shafts of light through the darkness,
Two lights that pierced the gloom;
Over the roofs of Paris they sped
And called Trilby to her doom.

They plunged through the raging storm,
They laughed at the wind-swept skies;
The very lightning of heaven
Quailed before those eyes.

Trilby sleeps but fitfully,
The light is on its way,
Of a sudden the attic is flooded
With a brighter light than day.

Softly she slips from her couch,
Her cheek is wan and pale,
Gathering her cloak about her form
She steps out into the gale.

The lovely feet step lightly,
With the sureness of one who is led,
But her lustreless eyes are unseeing,
She walks as one who is dead.

The wind is whipping about her,
She's a reed in the maelstrom's rile,
Svengali stands at his window,
On his lips a twisted smile.

He feels she is mounting the stairway
She's in the hallway dim,
The hesitant feet are pausing,
"Come in my dear, come in."

Vesta Black, '32.

L'AUTEUR—C'EST MOI

If you have never known the joys of trying to write, then you can't sympathize with the way we amateurs scent news afar, and scenting feel a delicious, ecstatic something that spurs us on to do greater things. On the campus the college publication looms large and vigorous, and we are willing to compete with the regulars in its name.

Now, Salem may be a picturesque, historic, sunny town hospitable to sightseers in the summer months, but in winter it retreats behind a forbidding New England exterior, and definitely repulses inquisitive outsiders. It becomes

austere. The dignified McIntire houses frown upon all interlopers.

Equipped only with curiosity and our little black notebooks, we set out from Boston one snowy, Saturday afternoon in February to besiege the town with questions, investigate its hallowed spots, explore its sanctuaries, and to return home laden with our intellectual spoils, or to be more explicit, data for an article for the aforesaid school paper.

En route we planned the places to be included in our itinerary, and a complete list it was, beginning with lunch at the Hotel Hawthorne, and ending with a drive through the narrow streets that had preserved their flavor through all the bustle of these inelegant times.

Success awaited us on our first venture. The luncheon was a culinary triumph. So, fortified with food, we went first to that treasure trove, the Ropes House, that is such a convincing witness to the by-gone wealth of the mercantile princes. In response to our knock the attendant opened the door a fraction of an inch, (if that much) and icily informed us that the Ropes Memorial is not open to outsiders during the winter. He shut the door instantly, leaving us with that thwarted feeling that puppies must have when they are relegated to the cold outside.

We fared no better at the Pierce-Nichols house, or the birthplace of Hawthorne, or the Witch house, or anyone of that great, long list of historic monuments.

Nothing remained except to try the museums, open to the public at least so we supposed, and in regard to the Peabody Museum we were correct. Admittance was easily gained, and there we found a sailor's paradise. The cases are filled with ancient charts, intricate sailor's knots, and ship models upon ship models. Row after row of the replicas of the Chinese merchantmen that brought fame and wealth to old Salem, and a few American privateers, the bane of the British blockade. But nothing that was at all illuminating to us.

Thus defeated again, we determined to try

as a last resort the musty Essex Institute. We crossed the street and approached its door. It was the last hope remaining to us. We tried the door—it was locked.

Now there is a limit to all human patience, and also a limit to the defeat we will endure in the name of literature and our school paper. This limit had been reached, and so in grim determination we thundered on that portal. An inmate of the museum, alarmed by our violence, descended, intending to drive us away. He opened the door an inch—I put my foot in the crack.

In spite of my foot and our combined stubborn airs, he was determined that we should not enter, presenting the arguments that the museum was always closed Saturday afternoons in February, and that a Miss Tapperly, (whoever she may be) was away. Hoping to settle the matter once and for all, he announced that the various rooms were all locked. He forgot that at that very moment he was dangling a bunch of keys in his right hand.

That was the last straw, and enlightened by one of those inspirational ideas that visit one during periods of crises, I adopted a somewhat superior but entirely conciliatory air. With the veracious expression that is generally associated with the stewards of the Methodist church, I announced that I was from New York (absolutely true), that I was representing a monthly magazine (also true) which was going to feature an article on Salem.

Oh! Magic words!

The attendant, deluded by my bland statement, leapt to conclusions and visualized "Salem" emblazoned on the pages of Harper's or Scribner's. He opened the door widely, and we hastened to fill the breach before our youthful appearance should betray us.

The rooms and cupboards of the museum were thrown open, everything was done to facilitate our quest. He assured us that Miss Tapperly, apparently an omniscient being, would be glad to do reference work for us if after our return to New York there remained any puzzling details.

But now it must be confessed that victory, even as revenge, when accomplished under false pretenses, turns to dust and ashes. We were overcome with our duplicity, and bowed down by the mental picture of this hopeful man haunting magazine stands for months to come, searching endlessly and in vain through all the publications of the intelligentsia. To quiet the whisperings of conscience we bought pamphlets, folders and booklets that were full of historical data. But absolution is hard to buy, and I shall always pass by the Essex Institute on the other side of the street—and hurry by too.

Lucy C. Robertson, '32

BIRCHES

The three white birches
Are sisters who stand
In the cathedral woods
And lift their lacy
Lady-like fingers to the
Turquoise sky in prayer.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.

SO LONG!

Whoooooooooooo! Whoooooooooooo!

"Mary, say it again!"

"I'll write it, Peter! I'll write it, dear. Good-bye good-bye."

Slowly, smoothly the majestic ocean liner slid away from the dock, drawing its train of foam behind it. The thick smoke from its leaning funnels, hanging blue in the air, disappeared slowly to reappear later as small puffs of fluffy white clouds high above the sea.

Hours later, Mary Jones sat in her comfortable steamer chair on first deck, in an enthralled state of mind. She drank in the healthy salt tang of the air, lifting her small, pretty face to feel the caress of wind blowing fresh across cold green-blue water.

"Oh, Mrs. Lancaster, you are so good to me. I just can't tell you or even hope to repay you."

"Now, child, that's perfectly all right. I know you will repay me with your glorious voice. You must study hard and some day you'll be famous. I shall feel repaid then."

"I will try very hard!" She pulled the brightly checkered blanket higher around her shoulders. "This is just the beginning of all the even more wonderful things to come, isn't it? And Peter will be so proud of me too!"

"One Lancaster eyebrow rose deftly to meet the first deep wave of a perfectly marcelled head of hair.

"You will forget much, my dear. You will forget. One *must* forget some things to make room for new memories, you know."

Mary's eyes widened in surprise, then narrowed with suspicion.

"What do you mean?"

"If the shoe fits, put it on!" and Mrs. Lancaster's determined chin disappeared under her wooley, Scotch-plaid steamer rug.

* * * *

"Why will you not say eet, Mees Lang—why will you not?"

"Oh, Maurice, you are so silly and sentimental. I know you were the first to congratulate me in Paris, that night at L'Opera, but what of it? There are plenty now and—and we forget, you know—the things that pleased us so, at first."

"You were so beeeautiful tonight! You do not know—."

"Yes I do. Yes I do, really."

"Weel, even then, nothing you can ever eemagine, can equal"

"Now Maurice, I do not love you. So how can I say I do? Please go. I—I am very tired. The performance this evening was tedious. Call me tomorrow. Good-night."

The soft swish of heavy silk skirts, the muffled click of a door latch and Maurice was left in the high French drawing room, alone and rejected.

"Theese Americans! They weel not love. *Vive les Mademoiselles de France!*"

* * * *

"Lucretzia, why won't you come with me. I know all Europe lies at your feet, but only *I* really love you. I could give you so much. Money, position, beauty, love."

"I am fond of you, Clive, but I must repay Mrs. Lancaster for all she has done for me, before I can think of myself again. I have been around the world. I have forgotten so much; I remember so much it will take a thousand years to forget—again."

"You have the kisses of a thousand men on your lips too."

"Yes I have, but what of it? I haven't ceased to live just because of my career."

"No, I can see that."

"Don't you understand, Clive. It's the English propriety in you that makes it impossible for me to marry you. I must be free. I must do just as I please, until I meet the right one. Please say good-bye, Clive. I don't want to love you."

* * * *

One high, sweet note hung perilously in the still, tense air, as does milkweed silk poise for a second on an ascending wave of wind, then floating off sinks slowly to the ground. So did the note hang for a full minute to trill slowly down to a soft ending.

A great clap of applause drowned the last notes of the accompaniment. The singer smiled and retired behind the red, velvet curtains of the small stage.

Two hours later, Lucretzia Lang, alias Mary Jones, sat on the edge of her small pink bed, saying her good-nights to her companion. They were on their way home.

"Well, my dear, here we are. You are ready to go back, now I am proud of you—so proud."

"The passengers seemed to like it, didn't they, and they are a representative group."

"Are you still wondering Mary, whether you are liked or not? What do these fifty or one hundred people mean, contrasted with all Europe and now—America?"

"I love it all so, I don't want anything to interfere with it."

"Silly child, you will not grow up, will you?"

"Oh, I hope not, it's such fun *not* to grow up."

"La Boheme is a favorite with Philadelphia audiences. You will be a sensation—you will amaze them!"

"I will try, even harder than before. My own country alone remains unconquered."

Mrs. Lancaster smiled as she watched the queenly toss of Mary's head. She nodded wisely to herself. No trace of "Mary Jones" in this beautiful, cultured girl.

"Paul will meet us at the dock, Mary. I am eager for you to meet him. He is back from Brussels but must return soon after your performance for the consular service demands much of his time. You will like him Mary; I know you will."

* * * *

Peter Coe sat slumped in an office chair. His hands were cupped under his chin. His eyes held a dreamy look. She was lovelier than he had ever dreamed she could be. Changed, of course but still "Little Mary Jones." He started and looked guiltily around him, as if he had thought aloud. "She told me never to call her Mary Jones, again," and he drew in a long quivering breath. "She loves me still, she said she loved me for what I stood—I wonder what it is I stand for?" He swelled his chest. Maybe it's faithfulness!"

"I saw her last night for the first time in three years and still she loves me! I asked her and she said so herself—then when I asked her to marry me—," he closed his eyes, tears of joy crept down the side of his nose. "I wouldn't let her finish. I ran out quickly, too happy to breathe. Now I've got to get some money. I didn't dare hope for all this. . . ."

"Hello there, Coe. Who are you waiting for? Why so glum?"

A tall square-shouldered young man gave Peter's shoulder a tap and smiled down into his face. His deep brown eyes glistened.

"I was waiting for you Mr. Lancaster! May I see you alone?"

"Surely! How have you been since we met at the club yesterday?"

"Fine, Sir, fine! I suppose it seems good to be home."

They were opening the large, oaken doors, now. The room they entered was high and airy. Three broad plate-glass windows faced them. Peter felt a desire to draw a deep breath. A breath of the wideness; a breath of the height; a breath of the clouds he could see sailing by the windows.

"What can I do for you, Coe? Sit down. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks!" Peter took a deep plunge. "You see I knew, when I met you yesterday, that you were the one, since you have plenty of money, to see me through!" Peter went plunging on. "I want to get married. I earn twenty-six hundred a year which isn't half enough to support the girl I want to marry. You see, she's been used to big things and I do want her to have them. You see, Sir, I've waited three years to make her say yes, and she loves me by the way."

"Can you pay this back, Coe?"

"Oh, yes Sir! Why with her behind me I can pay off the war debt."

"How much do you want to start with?"

"Thirty thousand. I'm sure that will be enough."

"It's not much Coe, not here in New York. Make it fifty thousand."

Peter thought him a grand fellow. He certainly picked the right day to ask him. He felt good!

"There you are, Coe. As soon as you can, you'd better pay it back. But don't lose sleep over it."

"Thank you, Sir."

"All right old chap. I must go now. I'm in a hurry, do you mind? Stay here as long as you like."

Peter rose from his deep-cushioned, high-backed chair. I'll never forget this Sir." His blue eyes twinkled as blue as the sky outside.

"O. K. Peter, I've got to take my fiancée to lunch. I guess you know women won't wait and Lucretzia's an extraordinary woman—Lucretzia Lang, you know. Well, so long—so long!"

Rachel DeWolf, '32

WHO'S TO BLAME?

You said "Come"
And I came.
You said "Love"
And I loved.
You said "Trust"
And I trusted.
You are sorry,
Who's to blame?
You, I fear.

You said "Go"
And I stayed.
You said "Go"
And I lingered.
You said "Go"
And I went.
You are sorry,
Who's to blame?
You, I fear.

Gertrude Dupuis, '32.

A COMPOSITE PICTURE

We hear almost every day the expression "the daily round of life," implying that life is continually going around in circles. Of late I have begun to question this symbolism. Rather I think of it as a triangle. Of course there is the much talked of eternal triangle; there are three stages in our school system—primary, high school and college; there are three stages to our system of degrees—B.A., M.A., and Ph.D., there are three great political powers dominating world affairs,—Great Britain, France and the United States; there are three great Romantic poets of the nineteenth century,—Byron, Shelley and Keats; and there are three great novelists whose work is very similar,—George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and Sheila Kaye-Smith.

All of the three localized their scenes to defin-

ite sections of England namely the Midlands, "Wessex" and Sussex. After reading one of their novels one feels as though one could travel without guidance in that particular section of England. All three make use of the dialects found in that particular locale and use them well. It gives local colour but at the same time is understood by the reader unacquainted with those regions. All three have written magnified character studies of some one person. For instance, Adam Bede is the dominating figure in the novel bearing his name as the title; Joanna Godden is the one bearing hers and Clym Yeobright in "The Return of the Native," although Clym has to somewhat share honours with Eustacia Vye. The names Adam Bebe and Joanna Godden are significant in themselves. They denote a simplicity of sterling honesty of character in their very sound. Because of those qualities we feel they are bound to suffer. All three novelists make us feel their descriptions as well as see them vividly. They are part and parcel of the story and have a strong influence on the characters presented.

In introducing Adam Bede the author shows him in the workshop singing in a rich baritone:

"Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth

and again,

"Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear."

We really need no further introduction and throughout the story we are impressed with the strength both physical and moral of this stalwart literary hero. In direct contrast to Adam is the woman he loves. Again we are not surprised for such strength denotes tenderness and an affection for small delicate creatures. What could be a better description than the one of Hetty Sorrel's beauty to signify the type of literary heroine that a character like Adam Bede must have? Hetty's beauty was like "that of kittens, or very small downy, ducks making

gentle rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle and to engage in conscious mischief," or again, "Hetty's was a spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and one comes to a stand *in the middle of a bog*." And, so, in a few glimpses we get the full value of the character.

Who that has read "The Return of the Native" can ever forget the musical rhythm of the short sentence which tells all that the author wishes to imply regarding the heroine when he says, "Eustacia Vye was the raw material of a divinity." We know then that her struggle on this earth is going to be a great one. Later he says, "Her presence brought memories of such things as Bourbon roses, rubies, and tropical midnights; her moods recalled lotus-eaters and the march in Athalie; her motions, the ebb and flow of the sea; her voice, the viola." Eustacia wore a black velvet fillet to bind her hair and laughed when neighboring girls wore coloured. In that small incident lay Hardy's value of this splendid feminine character. In direct contrast is Hardy's summing up of Clym Yeobright. He says, "Yeobright loved his kind. . . . He was a John the Baptist who took ennoblement rather than repentance for his text."

Joanna Godden was "what men call a 'fine woman' with her firm, white neck, her broad shoulders, her deep bosom and strong waist; she was tall, too, with large, useful hands and feet. Her face was brown and slightly freckled, with a warm colour on the cheeks; the features were strong, but any impression of heaviness was at once dispelled by a pair of eager, living blue eyes. Big jet earrings dangled from her ears, being matched by the double chain of beads that hung over her crape-frilled bodice. Indeed with her plumes, her earrings, her neck-

lace, her frills, though all were of decent and respectable black, she faintly shocked the opinion of Walland Marsh, otherwise disposed in pity to be lenient to Joanna Godden and her ways." There in a short paragraph the novelist sums up her heroine and we realize both the strength and the weakness of this truly elemental woman. The earth called her and she responded with her full physical strength, but when love, which is the life of the earth called, she again responded with her whole being. And so when Martin Trevor, a gentleman and extremely opposite to her in type, loved her, we have no very elaborate love scenes. They would not have been fitting. Instead the author says: "The differences in their natures were no longer incompatibilities but gifts which they brought each other—he brought her gifts of knowledge and imagination and emotion, and she brought him gifts of stability and simplicity and a certain saving commonness. And all these gifts were fused in the glow of personality, in a kind bodily warmth, in a romantic familiarity which sometimes found its expression in shyness and teasing.

"They loved each other." And in that last simple sentence the author shows us clearly their relationship.

The three authors then have taken as their leading characters, men and women in direct contrast to each other; in a few simple sentences and by simple acts they have given us full insight into these characters when they have first appeared on the scene. We know at once the nature of the struggle which will ensue.

George Eliot was primarily interested in human motives. Her characters are constantly making choices and she dwells at length on the reasons that prompted them. She gives them the power to make of their lives what they will, their destiny is entirely in their own hands. They are not the playthings of wilful and capricious gods but are powers in their own right. She believed in retribution but it is not a blind

meting out of punishment. It is a just reward for the wrong doing. She was also extremely interested in social problems. Being very much a woman of the day her novels are true reflections of what was going on in the feminine world of her time. In neither "The return of the Native" nor "Joanna Godden" do we find social problems raised in the same way as in "Adam Bebe." Hardy and Sheila Kaye-Smith seem taken up with the problem of human relationship as it affects individuals. George Eliot seems to consider its effect on public morality. That is, in both "Adam Bebe" and "Joanna Godden" an illegitimate child is born. However, in the former a public hue and cry goes up, to be sure because the child is killed, but the author herself seems to raise the question of right and wrong. In "Joanna Godden" it seems but the natural outcome of Joanna's life and nature and the author justifies the act. In Hardy's novel his pessimism seems to be all enveloping. It colours his characters, their personalities, actions and even Egdon Heath. All along, the odds are too powerful to subdue. The characters are so much chaff, tossed about on the wind. Their destiny is not of their own making. Their choices seem determined not by an inner drive but by compunction through the medium of an irresistible outer force. Hardy was absorbed in the effect of environment, and the character he has given to Egdon Heath is superb.

All three novelists deal with the middle class in the country; they also delve deeply into the value of human personality. They are interested in the adjustment which the individual is able to make with his or her environment. They have great sympathy with the individual struggle and they show the conflicts which are bound to come to simple natures who respond to elemental calls in a truly human way.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32

Katharine Hartman, '32

STARLIGHT

Wee star, far up in the midnight blue,
I sit alone and think of you.
Why do you sparkle, twinkle so?
Have you a secret, sinking slow?

I wish I could rise up so high,
And be all bright, then I'd not sigh.
I'd scatter my beams in golden hue
As soon as fell the evening dew.

I'd guide, as did that star of old,
The shepherds driving home their fold.
I'd send an extra brilliant ray
To light some traveller's weary way.

Barbara E. Hunt, '32.

COPPER PENNY

It was spring. Central Park was humming with life, the light green leaves were bursting into bloom, the rich damp earth was thrusting green blades of grass into the sunlight, a fat worm in the bill of a robin squirmed avidly for life. But it was a case of the survival of the fittest, the robin swallowed him in a gulp and hopped complacently on in search of other prey.

Penny watched life wrestle to live and looked pityingly at the fair-haired boy on the end of her bench who so eagerly perused the headlined extra: "Prominent Colored Citizen is Lynched in Tennessee." He didn't notice that the warm breeze was filled with promise of summer or that a robin at his very feet had just enjoyed a satisfactory tea. Poor, fair-haired boy who breathed just oxygen. He folded his paper noisily and put it in his coat pocket. His eyes met hers, they were stormy blue eyes and looked almost black just now. Penny smiled to herself. At least he thought, even if about, unpleasant things. The lines between his eyes, the droop of his mouth, and the firmness of his jaw determined that.

He smiled however at the intentness of her survey.

"Do I need a shave?" His voice was clear and surprisingly low. It made Penny start a little, one expected a voice with the depth of

his to ensue from a thick rotund form, not his lithe slim body. She laughed a little self-consciously.

"Of course not, I merely was interested in watching the growth of the frown."

"Good Lord was it as bad as that? I've been studying reflexes in my psychology course at Columbia Med. and just then I was trying to determine the cause of the white people's hatred of the Negro—that carries it to the extent of lynching anyway." He folded the paper again and she read the account with him.

They talked of many things that afternoon and the next and the next. He knew now that her name was Penelope Wheeler, Penny for short, that she was studying voice and living at the Art Students League. Penny knew he was Hugh Trevor, that his uncle was educating him, and this was his Senior year.

Sometimes walking through the gray dusk of early twilight they sang together softly, Hugh liked to have her sing in Italian the songs from the old operas. Penny loved jazz too. The weird rhythmic barbarism of it appealed to the pagan in her. Because of this she and Hugh often frequented the Cotton Club. Hugh told her he didn't dance, but she liked to go and watch the swaying, graceful figures of the colored couples and the vulgar dancing of the white crowd who tried to out-dance them. It was one night early in October that she first heard Duke Ellington play his Black and Tan Phantasy. Resting her elbows on the red and white checkered tablecloth, chin in hands, Penny listened, oblivious of the surging crowd, large tears gathering in her eyes. She no longer thought of herself as a civilized, educated girl in a Harlem night-club, but as a whirling, bending figure worshipping the rich verdure of the moonlit tropics, dancing to the beat of her throbbing pulses, as noiselessly and gracefully as a reptile coils about the trunk of a tree.

Hugh watched her eagerly, a half-smile twisting the corners of his mouth. Her brown eyes

sparkled and matched the golden gleams in her hair. The music was at its height now. The heels of the eager dancers beat a staccato rhythm on the polished floor. Suddenly, but very quietly Penny stood up.

"Hugh, I've got to dance."

He put out a detaining hand and started to speak, but she had gone. At the edge of the dance floor she paused. From apparently nowhere a tall beautifully proportioned Negro appeared. He stopped at her side, wordlessly she pressed her warm body to his. In perfect harmony they glided through the weaving couples, she might have been a part of him so completely did she surrender herself. Exotically, intricately, they bent, whirled and dipped. Faster and faster the notes crashed and whined. As the song ended Penny's partner twirled her to a stop, they were a blur of red dress and black suit.

Breathless and humble she returned to Hugh. Neither of them spoke for a while. Finally she could bear it no longer.

"Hugh, you're going to despise me as a cheat and an imposter, but I must tell you—I crossed over and went white six years ago"—she paused and glanced at him inquiringly.

He was smiling quizzically. Penny drew in her breath sharply.

"Hugh, do you hear? I have colored blood, I'm coming back to Harlem to live. I want to dance with Negros, eat with them, talk with them—" she was almost sobbing now, but Hugh still smiled.

"So my little Penny is a real copper." Hugh said it happily. "I knew though the minute I saw you dance. Come on out on the floor with me and let my dancing show what I had made up my mind to tell you—there's a copper glint in my blood too."

Vesta L. Black, '32.

WOMEN!

Quiet reigned in the small but comfortable recreation and living room of the Old People's Home. Most of the chairs were occupied, as usual, by various types of old men and women. Some were talking together in low voices, others were intent on some game or piece of work. All was a perfect picture of serenity and comfort. A fire blazed and crackled in the grate, before which two old men were seated, a table between them, upon which was a worn checker-board. Their eyes were fixed upon the hands of the other and their very attitude was that of great intentness. Occasionally one of them would make a move and the expression on the other's face would either light up with the expectation of his next move or register a look of deep disgust. This nightly game was a matter of great importance to these two old men, but it was looked upon as just another way to pass the time by the other occupants of the room, especially by the women, who could see no enjoyment in sitting so silently and doing nothing for so long a time.

The door from the front hall was suddenly pushed open and at this point a short, plump, old woman marched into the room. She entered with the air of one who had no worldly fears but who expected everyone else to have their full quota. With a glare around, she walked to a vacant chair which was next to the two checker-players. A close observer could have seen a frown pass across the countenance of one of the men, also a slight twitch of his hand as he held it over one of the black discs, preparatory to changing its position.

The old woman, settling herself comfortably, brought forth a piece of knitting, with which she busied herself. Again silence prevailed, until suddenly glancing up from her work, the old woman remarked,

"Oh, Mr. James, about that plant of mine. I've tried everything you suggested and it's done no good."

The only answer was a barely audible grunt

from the direction of Mr. James who at that moment had just decided upon a play which ended in a disastrous move.

"I think it only courteous to speak when you're spoken to, Mr. James."

"Uh—oh, yes, yes."

"Mr. James, I"

"Confound it, Miss Smith, can't you see that you've interrupted a very serious move? Can't you learn to keep quiet when we're playing? I say, George old boy, I guess the game is off for tonight. I can't concentrate."

With this his partner pushed back his chair, reached for his cane and left to find entertainment elsewhere. This left Mr. James and Miss Smith together. Night after night for three years this same episode had occurred, and with its occurrence the silence was broken and the room began to buzz.

How Mr. James endured it was really beyond comprehension. No one could really understand it. Every night, to have his checker game disrupted by that overpowering Miss Smith was ridiculous. It not only bothered him but the rest of the occupants also, for it inevitably led to a quarrel which finally drove them one by one from the room to seek a quieter place.

Tonight it was no different—with the departure of his partner, Mr. James turned his chair around, cleared his throat and the fight began. Tonight it was at its height. The deep rumbling tones of Mr. James' voice, intermingled with the shrill, shaky tones of Miss Smith's set the others hurrying from the room. Their peace had been corrupted once again. The only thing left for them was bed.

"See here now Miss Smith, this has gone far enough. Your quibbling must stop. How can I play a decent game of checkers if you interrupt every night? I tell you, it has got to stop. I have stood it long enough."

"Mr. James, do you realize that you are speaking to a lady. I won't stand for that I tell you—I won't."

"I know perfectly well who I am speaking to—I'm not so old that I've taken to forgetting

faces and names, thank heavens."

"Well then, suppose that you show just a little respect—I am only trying to be sociable, There's no harm in that I hope."

"Miss Smith, I'm going to tell you a story that perhaps will help you to understand how much I hate to be interrupted and especially by a woman. If you'll listen, for once instead of trying to forever change the subject, I'll make it brief."

"I was christened James Ferritt, although I've always been known as Mr. James here. I lived in a small village on the sea and shipped on a whaler when a young man. Before I left I became engaged to a young lady who lived nearby and she promised to marry me when I came back. I was gone for three years and came back to find her waiting and mighty glad to see me. However, after my first two visits with her, I found that she wasn't the gem that I had left. Those three years had worked a change or else I had been blinded before by what I thought was love. Instead of being the sweet, easily-pleased girl I had thought, she was more like you are now, forever finding something to quibble about, always taking offense, and never giving me one moment of peace.

"She had a younger sister who had been away at school, and had come back grown up. I saw very little of her, but I can remember contrasting the two, at the time. The one finicky and ill-tempered, the other calm and pleasant. I often used to think that it was the sister Sylvia that was meant for me, but of course she was too young and I was engaged to Mary Jane. I tried to do it, but somehow just couldn't so I left early one morning on another whaler without leaving any word. I remember, the last person I saw was Sylvia and I can recall how I wished that she were the one for me.

"I never went back to that village. Probably just as well for me. And I never cared for women, after that. How I came to be here is another story—why—what is the matter Miss Smith—I hope I haven't offended you—"

For Miss Smith had stood up, drawn herself to her full height and in a voice, shaking with anger said,

"Mr. James, *I am Sylvia.*"

As the last embers of the fire glowed dimly in the room, Mr. James rose wearily from his chair and made his way toward bed. He had just experienced a great shock.

Dorothy Carmer, '32

THE LAST DAY

Give me one more day to live,
I wonder what I'd do?
Try to atone for all my sins,
Or do good deeds, though few?

I think that first I'd try to see
The people who'd been kind.
And those who'd done some harm to me,
Forgive, though not remind.

I'd want to tell the ones I'd hurt,
When I'd gone hurrying by,
I hadn't meant to bring the tears
By hasty word or lie.

In that last day allowed to me
On Earth with other men,
I'd be the one I'd like to be—
If I should live again.

Marion Lewis, '32.

WANDERLUST

The moistureless, dust-laden air smarted in his throat and lungs, and left his lips and nostrils parched and cracking. Along the roadway the dust rose in clouds at every step, the trees stood lifeless in ragged shrouds of dead, brown leaves.

Thirst, hunger, torture, heat—intolerable heat, death! He must take hold of himself, he was losing his mind—going mad, yes mad! Good God, he was going lunatic and it was for this that he had always dreamed; this for which he had been educated; this for which he had left his comfortable home, wealth, and friends,

this India. To him it was no longer India, the land of magic, mysteries, big game, enchantment and wonder. It now represented Hades, black torture! Fingers seemed to be tightening around his throat, he was choking, gasping for air, and his breath was hot upon his hands as he ran them over his feverish, perspiring face. Objects swayed before him, things looked dim and distant.

A bright light seemed to strike his brain, a steady thump, thump, thump was racking his head. Oh, at last a shallow stream how precious water in this vast land of heat. His own flask had long since been emptied. Throwing himself forward he lay in the water soaking his aching body it was anything but cool and clear, yet it was water. His head cleared a bit as he lay there and a picture framed itself in his mind another stream, a cool, green stream in the Adirondacks where the trout played merrily all day long while a man and boy spent endless hours trying to catch them. He had been that happy, carefree boy and the man, his father, a noted explorer. Often while they fished, the man told the eager, wide-eyed lad about his travels in the Far East and India. The stories of India had appealed to the youth's fancy.

The wearied man pictured another scene. Again his father and he, but this time they were in New York harbor viewing the many ships. He recalled also how he had once asked, "Where do they go to, Daddy?"

"To lands on the other side of the ocean, Sonny; to France, Africa, China and even to India. Some day, Son, I hope that you too, may sail to one or more of these lands."

"Gee, Daddy, to India? To India where you go, and bring back all the things? To India where I can have lots of fun seeing all the strange things and shooting wild animals? Do you really suppose that one day I, too, shall go to India?"

The older man's eyes held a peculiar light of fear and longing as he answered, "Sometime, Son, who knows?"

The heat-stricken man laughed shrilly. India? India? Little did he dream that this was what was in store for him. He rolled from side to side, then he rose and went on, on, on, stumbling and grasping toward he knew not what. Heat consuming days, endless nights. Was it hours, days, weeks, months, or years he wandered? He had lost all track of time. Heat, heat, heat—he was rotting in it. Please, God, oblivion, death, anything but this everlasting torture. Now animal-like, he was crawling on his hands and knees, mouth open and tongue hanging, lips dried and cracked. He couldn't go on any longer ah, the hut was his fool mind playing tricks on him again?

"Don't fool me," he pleaded childlike, "let me find peace," whimpering. "It is the cabin, the cabin!"

With a last supreme effort the poor worn out, sick body dragged itself toward the open door and finally fell half-conscious across the threshold and into willing arms. As if from afar he heard his name, "Bob, Bob Livingston."

"Richard, good old Richard," he murmured feebly as the much sought for calmness and relaxation in the sable coat of unconsciousness enveloped him.

* * * *

Down New York's Broadway, surrounded by thousands of lights, night made into day, a car forced its way.

"Why the shudder, Bob? Surely you're not cold or nervous? Why man alive, a person of your experiences must be without nerves."

"No, not nerves, but this damp climate, night life, entertainment, speaking and all make me feel horribly."

"Buck up old man you're due for a big evening."

Then at the club—

"Do you think the museum will use all the things?"

"You must have suffered intolerably."

"Your last exploration, they tell me."

"Heard that you picked up some wonderful collections this trip."

Voices, voices, voices. The everlasting buzz, buzz, buzz. The same old New York, ever impatient to embrace a new hero, ever ready to worship an idol. He nodded to this one, shook hands with that, answered innumerable questions, the delivery of his speech and the acknowledgment of the huge loving cup, then, his New York apartment.

Sitting before the huge fireplace he gazed into the dying embers.

Was he ill? What was the matter with him? Money? He had plenty of that. Friends? He was besieged with them. Excitement? Surely he'd had his fill of it these past few weeks in New York. The brook, stream, fishing? No, he was much too restless for that. The harbor, ships, India? Under the burning sun he had changed. It was in his blood, he had become a part of it, it had become a part of him. India the land of wonder, mysteries, enchantment. That was it—India was calling! It lured him on again, his love for adventure and the explorer's longing for discovery were too overpowering. Then, led by the same desire that caused Byrd to fly to the Poles, and Lindbergh to cross the mighty ocean he went to the phone.

"That you Richard?"

"Where to, now Bob?"

"Home, Richard—India."

Charlotte Cahners, '32

ORE BOAT

Out of the silence of the night
I hear the low, haunting whistle of the light-house.
I see the moon's white path on the black water.
I feel the soft pine-scented wind in my face.
Suddenly with dignity, like a great queen from her
chambers
An ore-boat comes from the corridor of the Straits.
She is low in the water and her twinkling lights
'Fore and aft, glow in the black of the night.
Slowly she sweeps by us without sound
Into the silence of the night.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.

**"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S
FANCY"**

The weather had always influenced his temperament. Rupert, try as he would to overcome it, had to admit, the heat "got him." It was cowardly for him a man of twenty-six, to admit to such defeat, but again today in the "lab" when his dissecting had not met the standard of Dr. Phillips, Rupert had been forced to leave abruptly, rather than vent his hasty temper before the doctor.

Again he mused upon the slow, lazy characteristics associated with his race. Negroes weren't known to have tempers, so the North with whom he associated thought. Some have, some haven't. Rupert knew that he had. But he wasn't a Negro, he was a mulatto; in fact his mother's white blood filled his veins to such an extent that he always "passed white." His mother's brother, who had taken an interest in the boy, had adopted him at the time of Rupert's mother's death and had brought him North to Boston. Twenty years had he been living there, attending preparatory school, Harvard, and now the Medical School of his Alma Mater. To all, with the exception of his intimate friends, he was a southerner, not because of his color, but because of his accent. It had been a test of real friendship, telling Norm, George and Dick that he had more than an accent, but they had passed the test. The many other college friends and social acquaintances were only associates—it made no difference whether they knew the truth or not. His social standing, through the influence of his Uncle Roger was unquestioned.

Yes, his white blood had a habit of boiling frequently and after a particularly bad day for the assertion of his temper, Rupert was glad to escape from the heat and all material things, and to sit quietly in the small park near his fraternity house.

"Rather fictitious—Harvard student sits on park bench—picks up woman marries she finds he's a Negro suicide murder this eternal and

infernal race prejudice what does the *Transcript* have to offer?" With such thoughts, young Coleman opened the newspaper he'd bought from a little colored boy.

"Prominent Coloured Citizen Lynched in Tennessee." Strange those were the first headlines to catch his eye. He started to read the article, but was interrupted by a movement of a young lady on the bench beside him. So engrossed had he been in his musings that he had not noticed her before. He now became aware of her presence and she seemed interested in his paper. What had he read? Lynched? It wasn't done in Boston, but the cheap habit of "pick ups" was. Quickly it flashed through his brain that this white girl apparently thought him white too—he'd find out just what her object was—rather an interesting experiment.

Two years of "Med" had whetted the young man's quick sense of observation and interest in human characteristics. He thought her exceptionally attractive as he turned to offer her his paper. Her voice added to her charm as she apologized for having seemed aggressive. This was no girl whose habit it was to spend her time in public by-ways. Who was she?

Rupert continued the conversation which finally led to her telling of being a student at the Conservatory and his telling of Harvard. Coleman felt he should enjoy knowing this girl and so suggested that they meet again. He mentioned an evening on the Charles because of the warmth of the weather.

As he walked back after leaving her at her dormitory, he recalled her soft voice in which he felt sure he'd detected an accent not unlike his own. He'd not mention it because well, he'd see her again, and the experiment was just beginning.

The evening on the Charles proved to be far more interesting and delightful than the determined young man of a week past had anticipated.

Patricia Warwick, though they'd not learned of one another's past, made the present delight-

ful for Coleman. And so it came to be that vacation forced them to continue friendship by means of airmail and special delivery which served Rupert in Bar Harbor and "Patty" in Atlanta.

Friendship turned to love during this time. Rupert, though he'd learned that Patricia came from a Georgian family of only moderate finances cared for her none the less. She was not, it is true, his "dream girl;" in fact the young mulatto had scarcely thought of love. His career had always been his incentive. He was studying now to complete the course after which he would return to Charlotte where he had been born, and where he would devote his life and knowledge to the advancement of his father's people. They were his people too, though he, because of his Bostonian environment had become a Northerner. He had not however, lost his feeling for them, and his desire to help them. How could he marry Patricia who was probably a biased Southerner and take her to live among his people? But even before that, could he ever tell her that he, himself, was one of them? And so the summer, though bright with pleasures, was clouded for young Coleman by these fears.

The climax was reached on one of August's brightest and most perfect sailing days. According to a mutual desire Mr. Stanton and his nephew from the South passed days together on their launch. Their comradeship was steadfast; each reveled in the other's company, not as uncle and nephew but as father and son. Their understanding was perfect, the younger having explicit faith in the older and the latter found a fulfillment of his own hopes in this youth as a father does in a son.

Rupert, from the age of six, the time of his adoption by his uncle, had confided in him with complete trust. It was only natural that at such a critical moment Coleman should turn to the older man for counsel. This he did while sailing the "Gull" through the waves of the harbor. Uncle "Roge" in his customary "pro

and con" manner of deliberation expressed his opinion "pro" the truth. There could be no question that Uncle "Roge" was right. It was only fair to them both that Patty should know all.

Tonight, the day of her return to Boston, he was seeing her. He was calling at her dormitory. He was waiting for her to enter the reception room. She was coming toward him—he'd not realized her beauty was so startling. She was in his arms—he could never tell her. Rupert knew he loved her but he must tell her. It would be a cruel test of love on the part of each. So without deviating from his straightforward though tactful manner, the young man imparted his secret to the one he loved. Though he had felt sure that Patty's reaction would be only as Patty could make it, Coleman didn't expect her to be quite so calm. She merely searched his face as though she were assuring herself of her discovery of that for which she had been waiting and anticipating. Then, burying her face on his shoulder, she cried softly as she handed him a note which she had been about to post.

She too had been "passing white."

Barbara Stanley, '32





SENIOR PROM

Four-fifteen of the afternoon of Saturday, February twentieth, found all the prom-trotters in a wild state of excitement. I, for one, was sitting on my bed, ready to slip my dress on, waiting for the arrival of a corsage that for some reason never arrived. Perhaps it was because it wasn't sent. I never really inquired into the real cause of its absence. One could not enter a room but they would somewhere see hung up a creation literally glowing in the knowledge of its beauty and newness. Paris, in all its glamour of fashion, would have been completely eclipsed by these new and exquisite models.

One evening about three days before prom, we had to parade in them for inspection, (though they don't count our vertebrae now that we're Seniors). Almost all were passed on with a little pinning and pulling together. There were going to be no broad expanses at *this* prom!

The ride in the taxi was an unknown and new way to go to a dance. It was still broad daylight and people on the streets turned around with dropping jaws and startled eyes to look at such elegantly dressed young ladies riding unescorted. Longwood Towers was finally reached. It's a smooth place for a dance and we were proud of our committee, headed by Betty Follett, for its selection.

The men began arriving soon after we did, and one by one the girls dashed for the door each time it opened, a look of expectation, then

joy or disappointment on their faces. Introducing has never been anyone's favorite pastime, and we were no exception to the rule. So we took our men directly over to Miss Wright and Miss Potter and then turning, breathed a sigh of relief that inaudibly said "well, that's over."

At last we received the signal that dinner was ready, and arm in arm, the couples made their way to the very attractive dining room. Some slowly, others hurrying (I was of the latter, not having had much lunch). We had to leave Ray still waiting, which she continued to do for a half hour. George had been a little too anxious to arrive or else a "cop" had liked his looks so much, he had stopped him. Anyway, Ray came in later, George sheepishly following her.

The dinner was delicious, and the Techtonians so good that not one person could remain seated when between courses, they played the newest and best songs. A few funny things happened as they always do—those little *faux pas* are seldom absent. I committed one by taking someone else's fork for my salad. Being a bashful boy, he was almost deprived of that tasty dish, but finally got up his courage and asked if he "please might use mine if I wasn't going to?" Blushingly I handed it to him.

After we lingered the desired amount of time over our demi-tasse, we retired from the dining-room, to sit and talk in groups. Just before the program dancing began, we were arranged to have our smiling faces pictured. We were fidgety because we wanted to dance, so this of course delayed matters. (If there is any doubt as to our impatience, just look at the prom picture.) Finally, however, the picture was taken, and the orchestra leader announced the first dance. Practically all the men were, in the words of one of our dear classmates "swooning dancers," and with perfect music who could help but enjoy themselves? The dances were cut very short at the end, although I guess one dance is enough time to find out whether or not

you are in the arms of your "heart's desire." It was a wonderful time, all too quickly gone.

At the end there was quite a scurry for wrap and coat so that the given time for coming home would not be unnecessarily shortened. For myself, I found time to do quite a few things in those forty-five minutes, and I guess that if any of the girls ever wasted three-quarters of an hour in their young lives, it *wasn't* that night!

My three room-mates all arrived back at Gardener a little later than myself. One of them even got lost, yes, "she just didn't know the way home, and they got way out in Watertown somewhere, and turned the wrong corners and everything."

It was a prom that not one participant will ever forget. Even the day after when everyone arose with the birds and left, the glamour of the night before had not worn off (what with dancing three hours in new shoes), nor will it ever be pushed into a far recess of our memory. It is too dear for that.

Marion Lewis, '32

Coup d'Etat

After seeing our Seniors take tables in their most approved, dignified manner, it requires an enormous stretch of the imagination to picture the stirring excitement which this occasion aroused in former days. Today there is nothing more exciting than tables left ungraced by Senior faces, and perhaps a slight improvement in the Senior singing. But not so ten years ago. Those were thrilling days. When the time was on hand for Senior table-taking, you imperiled your life every time you tremblingly entered the dining room. The object was you see, for the Juniors to prevent the Seniors from accomplishing the feat and from all reports, the underclassmen gave their elders a pretty time of it. The feat was only officially accomplished when two of the long tables had been pushed together, end to end without a single Junior hand having touched either one. This could be

done any time during school hours or meal time.

Easy, you say! But there you do not do those Juniors full justice. They would thereupon establish an organized patrol system, and every period would find two wary underclassmen doing duty in the dining room. We venture to guess that by the time the potential owners did at last find the Juniors off their guard, they were too tired to enjoy their precious tables. Oh, it was great fun, and everybody loved it, that is, everybody but the faculty and the administration. It seems they felt that the yearly price of broken dishes by these unlicensed furniture movers was much too steep. After all, perhaps, it wasn't the most dignified way of taking Senior tables, and so another Lasell tradition passed into oblivion.

Katherine Hartman, '32

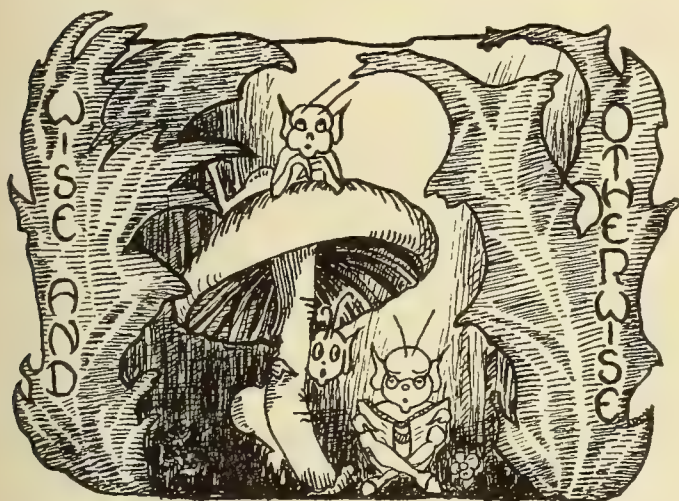
When the North Winds Blow

When you come into Bragdon's front hall on your way to classes, have you ever felt a gust of wind come blowing up from the North that all but took your feet out from under you? But, worse than that, have you ever had to sit for a full hour in the classroom where that overgrown breeze first strikes? If so, you would easily understand why we run for coats before entering Miss Blackstock's novel class.

Buttoned up to the chin, and with teeth chattering even before I cross the threshold, three times each week I feel the symptoms of pneumonia. Miss Blackstock, standing there in front of the open window on a day of 15° above, with such a breeze blowing upon her that strands of her hair are loosened from their fastenings and fly about her face, presents a picture of what *we* of today *are not*. We argue, we entreat, we beg almost with tears in our eyes, but her comebacks are always more true and logical than our loud-voiced petitions. Good clean, cold air is far more beneficial than a stuffy atmosphere; colds are much more easily contracted in a poorly-ventilated room than in one that is cool and full of the fresh ozone.

Wear more clothes and we wouldn't be cold.
We know she's right, but the knowledge of our
error does not help keep us warm. We shall
continue to shiver and entreat, but also to pray
for those warm, balmy spring days, when the
air that comes in, in great gusts, will cool a fev-
ered brow, and not chill an already cold one.

Marion Lewis, '32



"I haven't been out very much."

"I haven't been out very much,"

You raise your eyes so blue,

"But Mamma let me just to-night,
She's awfully fond of you."

When I start to kiss you,
And you feebly resist,
You know you'd die of fury
Should I suddenly desist.

When at last my love does sway you,
And you promise to adore,
Your technique always betrays you
You've done all this times before.
Vesta Black, '32.

Professor—how could you?

I planned a life of solitude,
A life of comparative quietude.
A life devoid of any men,
To analyze Life, by work of pen.
A few years given up to travel
All serious problems to unravel.
Then, at Harvard, to get my degree,
I took a course in philosophy.
There I met you, my own professor,
Now I beg, be my confessor,
Did you resist with all your might,
But did you, too, love at first sight?
Vesta Black, '32.



"A Sport for Every Girl Every Girl a Good Sport."

The swimming season ended with the Blues
victorious over the Whites, while the Seniors
under Gertrude Hooper's guidance won all
three of the interclass meets.

IN BASKETBALL

Senior I team captained by Ethelyn Whitney
was victorious in all its games, defeating Junior
I team for championship in the final game. The
Whites evened up the defeat in swimming by
winning the basketball game in a fast, close
game, 31 to 33. In the Student-Faculty game,
the score favored the Faculty but the playing
was indisputably the student's.

SPRING ACTIVITIES

Weather permitting, all the anxious enthu-
siastic supporters of Crew will be on the river.
It is hoped and expected that a great many more
than last year will come out.

There are many more sports that deserve an
equal amount of interest and enthusiasm. Ev-
eryone come out for golf, tennis, riding, arch-
ery, baseball and track! The annual Athletic
Meet will take place some time in May.

EDITORIALS

SENIORS IN A JUNIOR COLLEGE

There has been a great deal of discussion of late about senior privileges. More conservative members of the school are very worried that the Seniors will not have their customary ones. They say the Juniors are encroaching more and more until very soon there will not be such a thing as a senior privilege.

Privileges, such as Saturday luncheon permissions, were originally granted to Seniors because it was expected that they were older and little more experienced and even able to conduct themselves in a manner more befitting young women. Today the difference in age has almost vanished. Juniors and Seniors are all about the same age. The Juniors have proved themselves quite as capable of taking care of themselves as the upper-classmen. Recently, the Juniors have gained greater freedom in their social conduct and not a few fear for the traditional "senior privileges."

There is one privilege that can never be taken away from the Seniors, and it belongs to them by right of longer time spent in school activities. To them belong the important offices of the school. It is a senior who should be president of the Athletic Association, editor of the LEAVES, president of the Missionary Society, president of the Dramatic Club and all the other positions of influence in the school. Here it is that Seniors should prove their greater ability. The right to affect more than anyone else in the school its general atmosphere and pace for that responsibility is indeed a great privilege. It is a senior's right!

Seniors, take your right as persons of responsibility. That is your privilege and one

which no one can take away or limit. Yours is a great power; take advantage of it and prove yourself worthy of the title, Senior!

"RAPPROCHEMENT"

When tradition bows before reform the action imparts a great deal of satisfaction.

Our Student Council has done much for us this year and we are justly proud of it. Its most recent achievement is the planning and execution of exchanging Bragdon and Woodland girls for Tuesday night dinner. Every Tuesday night sees the exchange of five or six girls. Many of us have met each other for the first time through this new habit, and are very grateful. The easiest way to know people and to gain friends is to meet them on common ground and to meet them often. It is so much easier for two people to talk and laugh together with a steaming hot, deliciously seasoned meal in front of one, and sweet haunting melody to satisfy the ear. It is so much more pleasant to clasp a girl by the hand and say "Hello," rather than to walk by her mute, because you do not know her name or what she is like. Woodland and Bragdon are surely closer than they ever have been previously. Many more trees of friendship can be planted now, than ever before, and they will blossom and bloom in bright hues for our hearts and minds are linked together in friendships that we will be loathe to break with the advancing years.

CAN WE LEARN TO HAVE A SENSE OF BEAUTY?

In the United States we find a system of education which compels all children to go to

school until a certain age; varying according to each individual state. The aim is, to have citizens who will be worthy of their grand and noble country.

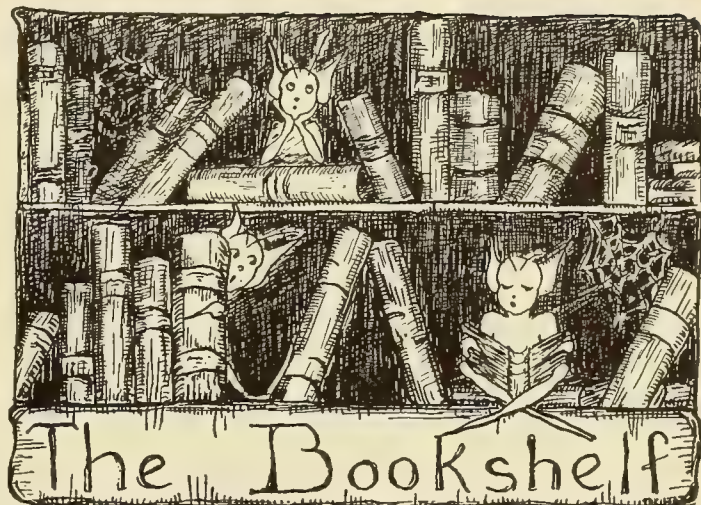
The American educator, in his enterprise, has overlooked a very important point. These children must all be taught. Yes, but what? So far, it has only been comprised of reading and writing and other stray bits of knowledge. The important things have been omitted.

This vast country is a beautiful one, filled with all sorts of entertaining elements. Cities have committees to embellish the grounds and erect new buildings. Rich men die and leave donations to build public libraries and museums. Yet, those for whose benefit these are created are unable to enjoy or appreciate them. They seek the movie houses or such places of lower amusement, and would be willing to go without food, even, to sit and gaze at a new movie star.

That is the defective element in our system. The people should be guided to the way of learning how to enjoy the things that are finer and make for a better world. Of course, that takes time, but on the other hand, it took years before the farmer could be torn away from his plow and taught the benefits of education.

If all this is going to turn out people who are willing to give up the elements necessary to their good health, then *two* bad results have been established. Their education will only enable them to lower themselves (or, at least, not elevate themselves) and, those poor in health are not ideal citizens. Far better to have left the farmer in his fields. At least he had beautiful sunsets that were *real*.

We can see the Board of Educators pointing their finger at us for suggesting what seems like the impossible. He who says so will get the ready answer that it is only the lazy man who could have such ideas. If the lower classes are not going to be taught to love museums and libraries, let us burn them and be done. They are not useful as ornaments!



"Only Yesterday:" By Frederick Lewis Allen

"Only Yesterday" is a history of the United States since the World War. In calling it a history, however, I do not mean that it is a dry accumulation of certain facts. Mr. Allen, on the contrary, has written fascinating accounts of, not only the development of governmental affairs and business relations, but of the development of the radio, women's dress, sports, the movies, the so-called degeneration of the modern generation and the birth of jazz.

The first chapter of the book takes us back to the year 1919, in May to be exact, six months after the Armistice. Mr. Allen has chosen an original and interesting means of telling us of the environment in which the people at that time lived, by taking us through a day with the "Smith Family."

Starting with breakfast, we are first given an amusing description of Mrs. Smith's duties. Then follows a synopsis of the contents of the morning paper as read by Mrs. Smith. After breakfast, Mr. Smith gets his car out (a picture and description of the probable "make" causes us to laugh at the high altitude from which the passengers must look down) and after a good deal of cranking and encouragement, it starts. Once on the road, Mr. Smith must keep within the speed limit, that of twenty miles per hour.

At the office, Mr. Smith discusses with his business companions the progress of American business. The soldiers, who for the first few months after the war walked the streets looking for jobs, were gradually becoming employed as a result of a brighter business outlook. Every one was talking about international trade and the shipping business.

In the afternoon, perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to tea dancing at some hotel. If this is the case, they will dance to a real jazz band, for we find that jazz has been introduced. During the dance Mr. Smith will probably go to the bar of the hotel to enjoy a few drinks.

In the evening, if they go to a play, perhaps they will see "Dear Brutus," "Three Faces East," or if they go to a movie they will see Norma or Constance Talmadge or Madge Kennedy. When they arrive home after the entertainment they do not turn on the radio, for this has not been perfected.

The next chapters proceed to give accounts of the events leading up to the present time. Mr. Allen has written a long chapter about the scandals of Harding's administration. The Ballyhoo Years were years full of excitement. In this chapter we read again of the new Ford, Floyd Collins, the Dempsey-Tunney fight and the Lindbergh "miracle."

In the concluding chapters, Mr. Allen brings his history up to date by telling us of the interest in America aroused by Russia's Five Year Plan. Altogether "Only Yesterday" is a book which everyone who can remember the past war days, even dimly, should read and in doing so will enjoy to the fullest.

Esther Gilbert, '32



Our readers will pardon our lack of modesty if we remark that we Seniors are very proud of this April issue. If only you like it with equal fervor, certainly nothing remains to be desired.

This is truly a Senior number, from the front cover through to the Personals, Miss Potter's domain, and every Senior member of the staff has contributed. For our cover, we have Natalie Park to thank, and we are deeply grateful to her.

Poor Miss Blackstock has had her troubles with the present Journalism Class. We seem to show a propensity for writing everything but short stories. In order to extract them from us by fair means or foul, she has resorted to the poisonous practice of short story exercises, by giving us the suggestion of a plot and allowing us to develop it as we will. In spite of this painful method of procedure, the results have been so gratifying that we felt assured of your interest in them. The stories of Vesta Black, Rachel DeWolf, Barbara Stanley and Barbara Merritt were among these chosen by the class as showing the greatest originality of development.

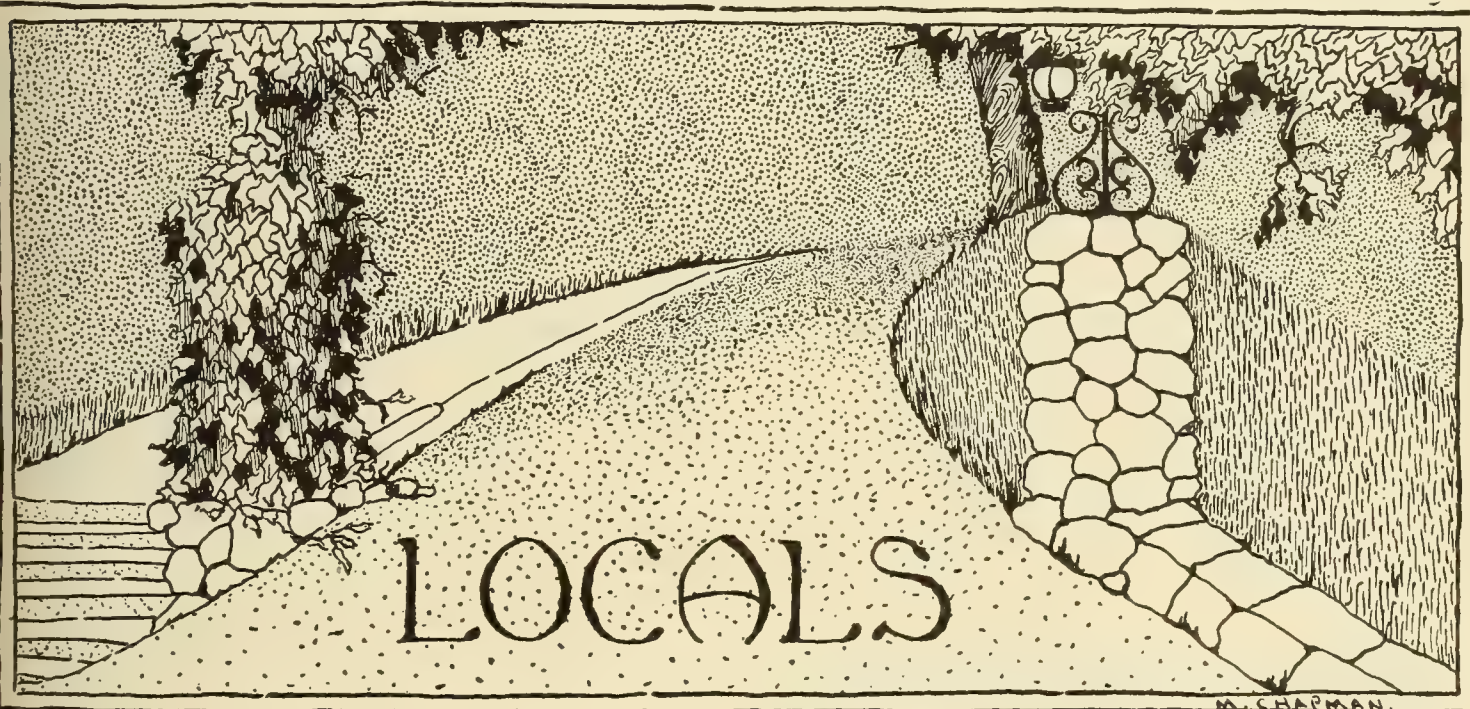
What would we do without Lucy Robertson's descriptive sketches? "L'Auteur—c'est moi," is excellently written. Even if she had violated everyone of the canons of journalistic style, we would have forgiven her in the face of all the trouble and discomfort she was forced to undergo in the name of the LEAVES.

In the "Composite Picture," Miss Blackstock has combined the English novel test papers of the two authors, giving a comparison of three great novelists, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Although the prose department is unusually extensive in this number, the poetry has not suffered. Finest among the verses is Marion

Lewis' "The Last Day." It is difficult not to bring to this sort of poem too much sentimentality, and Marion has displayed a certain degree of restraint which greatly enhances its effectiveness.

Vesta Black, what a paradox you are! We wonder how the same person who made us laugh at "Professor, how could you?" makes us shudder and shrink at "Svengali."



March 6: Vespers: Dr. Frank Palmer Speare, President of Northeastern University, was the speaker of the evening. Dr. Speare spoke of interesting women in his acquaintanceship who had not been satisfied with mediocre and commonplace interests and vocations.

March 8: Chapel: Mr. Paul Bauguss of the New England Conservatory of Music and our own Mr. Harold Schwab, delightfully entertained the student body with a violin and piano arrangement of Brahms' lovely "Sonata in A minor."

March 11: Lasell vs. Antiques: We suggest that these famed Antiques change their name for it wasn't the Antiques who fell from old age, but the Lasell basketball team who fell in defeat. We thank the gym department for this annual pilgrimage to the Winsor gym.

March 12: Junior Prom: It was the second birthday for this gala occasion. The Prom this year was held at the Woodland Country Club. Miss Potter, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Eastman, Miss McClelland and Miss Martin, with Miss Bette Andrews, class president, were present in the receiving line.

March 13: Vespers: Rev. Alfred Birks, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Natick and husband of our Mme. Birks, conducted this service.

March 15: Chapel: Dr. Winslow made the official announcement that we were no longer students of Lasell Seminary but of Lasell Junior College.

March 16: Chapel: Mrs. Albertine MacKellon of the Child Hygiene Division of the Public Health Department of the Commonwealth was the guest speaker.

March 18: French Plays: Two Plays "Ros-alie" and "Par un Jour de Pluie" were presented by the French class under the splendid direction of Mme. Birks. In spite of the fact that the greater part of the audience was handicapped by their limited knowledge of the language, the clever acting and expressive dramatic gestures made it easily understood.

March 20: Vespers: Rev. Charles R. Joy, Administrative Vice-President Unitarian Association was our speaker.

March 22: Spring Recital: This was the second recital which had taken place during the school year, and proved to be extremely enjoyable.

March 23: Chapel: Miss Badger, head of the athletic department presented athletic awards to those girls meriting recognition in the swimming and basketball teams.

March 23-24: Senior Class Play: One of the very best plays ever presented on a Lasell stage was "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire" by Sir James Barrie. Enacted by the class of '32 and directed by Miss Rosalie Martin, the play was a gratifying success.



We are indebted to a member of our Faculty for this latest and interesting news from two Lasell brides: "Charlotte Sherman Weiss '30 and her husband stopped a few days with Edith Fulton Ferriday, '30, in Indianapolis on their way to California and Honolulu where Ensign Weiss is to be stationed. Edith writes that it seemed quite novel for them to meet and have husbands to consider for neither of these roommates was able to be at the other's

wedding last fall. Edith also seems to be enjoying her housekeeping duties and thinks it good fun to have to learn to cook. We hope she has a "Fannie Farmer."

This recent item from a New York daily will be read with interest by Catherine T. Burrows' ('24-'25) friends: "N. Y. Girl Bride of Parisian. Catherine T. Burrows Weds M. Pomonti, Assistant Public Prosecutor. Announcement was made yesterday of the marriage on March 1 in Paris, France, of Miss Catherine Taliferro Burrows, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Burrows, of New York, formerly of Philadelphia to M. Henri Paul-Etienne Pomonti, Assistant Public Prosecutor of Paris. The bride, who was educated in Philadelphia and at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., has traveled extensively in Europe with her parents and her elder sister, Mrs. Edwin Bierce Stair, of Cleveland, the former Miss Marsue Burrows. She has resided for the last five years in Paris, where she has been studying art and music. Mrs. Burrows, who was present at the wedding, sailed for home yesterday on the Majestic. After several weeks on the Riviera, M. Pomonti and his bride will reside in Paris."

On Saturday, the fifth of March, Ruth Mary Bowden (Woodland '26-'28) was united in marriage to Mr. Warrington B. McCullough, junior, at Saint Paul's church, in Elkins Park, Pennsylvania. After April 1, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough will be at home at Warrington Farms, Cedar Road and Cheltenham Road, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania.

A charming picture of Jeanne Greenlee, '29, has come our way through the kindness of an unknown sender. With it is the announcement of her marriage to Mr. Samuel E. Hibben, Jr., a former student at the University of Chicago and a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. Mr. and Mrs. Hibben are at home at 5200 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Congratulations to this group of elect Lasell brides and grooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Brooks of 145 Cedar Hill Avenue, New Haven, Conn., announce the engagement of their daughter, Charlotte '29, to Mr. John Armstrong, Jr., of New York City, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong of Huntington, Long Island.

A Caldwell, New Jersey, local paper gives this additional interesting news in connection with the engagement of Ruth Galusha, '31, and Mr. Overton Harcourt Klinefelter of Montclair: "Both young people are descendants of pioneer Americans. Miss Galusha is a direct descendant of Martin Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont and of Jonas Galusha, a captain in the Revolutionary war, who later served seven terms as Governor of Vermont. This is the same line of ancestry from which ex-President Coolidge is descended. Mr. Klinefelter is descended from Thomas Cushman and Mary Allerton, who were infants on the Mayflower, and of the Harcourts, an old historical family of England, dating back to the time of William the Conqueror. Robert Cushman, father of Thomas, chartered the Mayflower for its voyage to America but he came to this country in 1621 in the "Fortune." In her note to the Personals Editor which enclosed the above press notice, Ruth adds: "This announcement may be of particular interest to you because my fiance, Mr. Klinefelter, is a very near relative of Dr. Bragdon. Indeed, I have heard many tales of Lasell while visiting his mother. The January luncheon of the Lasell Club of New York was a pleasure. I had not seen many of the Lasell girls since my graduation. I especially enjoyed meeting Mrs. Saunders whom I always liked and admired, and also enjoyed hearing all the news Miss Blackstock told us. I hope this finds you well and happy."

Helen Conger Brown's ('21) educational slogan still seems to be "Conquering and to Conquer." In a recent note to Dr. Winslow, she writes: "The new semester started three weeks ago. At the end of the last semester out of the seventeen hours of work carried, I

received thirteen hours of A and four hours of B. This semester, I am over in Detroit getting in my practical work in public health. I have six weeks with the Visiting Nurse Assn. and eleven with the Board of Health. I have had three of the six weeks with the Visiting Nurses so far. In order for a public health course in any university to be accredited by the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, which is the national standard making organization for public health the same as the N. E. A. is for education, the time spent in practical work, which is as necessary as the theoretical, must be divided between two organizations, one of which operates under private funds and the other under public funds. It is very interesting work, and it certainly *is work*. I believe nearly everybody in Detroit has or has had the flu and we have had plenty to do for those people. The poverty is so appalling that you could not believe such things possible unless you had seen them with your own eyes. And when such conditions exist chances of illness are much increased. After this semester, I have only nine more hours to complete which I expect to do in Summer School. When that is all done I will have my degree of Bachelor of Science in Education, my Teacher's Life Certificate and my Public Health Nursing Certificate. That is not so bad for a year and a half's work. Please remember me to Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, Senora Orozco and Mlle. LeRoy."

What a friendly courtesy on the part of Mr. R. W. Douglass, father of Evelyn Douglass '28, to call recently at the Seminary. Of course, he had only a good report to give of Evelyn who has so fully recovered from her accident that she is out again for active service in field sports.

Such a glad surprise was ours when all in one day Barbara Hamlin, '28, Hester Shaw and Marion Brown '22, casually dropped in. Barbara and Hester came together. We were so rejoiced in welcoming them that we must withhold any complaint because of their brief stay.

Never did the girls look better and it seemed to us life never tasted better to them than it does today. We suspect there is a special reason for Barbara's rejoicing but we must let her in due time tell her own story. Hester is still engrossed in Post Graduate work at Tufts. Barbara was full of plans for her own coming tour of the Pacific Coast expressing a strong hope that she may see Miss Witherbee en route. Dear Marion Brown seemed to be radiantly well and happy, is still holding her position in one of the fine schools in Easthampton. We had the privilege of meeting a gentleman friend who was acting as chauffeur. We were tempted to ask a question or two when they merrily sped away leaving behind a decidedly disappointed LEAVES reporter.

Vera Hambleton, '27, called when, unfortunately for many of us, we were away. She is with the Educators Association of New York, at present selling "The Volume Library" but later, she tells us, she is to be an instructor in the training of salesmen.

Zelma Briggs, '31, and a girl friend were Lasell's guests at luncheon, March 16. She very quietly announced her engagement at this time. Zelma has recently visited Lucienne Blanchard, '31, and found her as studious as is her wont, specializing in music. Lucienne is the proud possessor of a new car so her former roommate joins us in hoping that we may see her at Lasell during Commencement time.

Mrs. Griffin and our Dear Carol have actually started up North but at a very slow speed. After a two week's stay, they left Miami and moved up to Orlando where our temporary invalid can have the care of a physician who was a Connecticut friend and neighbor. Mrs. Griffin writes: "Carol is on the sand and in the sun most of the time and looks the picture of health and is better." She also adds: "My husband expects to come south sometime within the next two weeks. You would love the southland. It is beautiful and there are mocking birds, orange groves and flowers everywhere. Just now as one rides through the groves, the whole air is sweet with the scent of orange

blossoms. This last day or two has been rather cold—we are getting a breath from the North."

That was a fine example of practical good will on the part of Eleanor Kendall Abbott, '20-'21, when she not only recommended Lasell to one of her high school pupils, but took time to make a detour in order to bring this former student and grandmother to visit our school. We sincerely appreciate this loyalty on the part of Eleanor and were pleased over this praiseworthy remark from the older visitor. She said: "We felt when Miss Abbott left our school, we had lost one of the most efficient teachers in her department."

A recent letter from Lucy Wilson Errett, '06, to our Principal seems to bring her nearer than usual to her Alma Mater. In a way, Lucy's note is a pleasant introduction to her sister, Mrs. Benjamin Badenoch, and family, who have just moved from Chicago to 6 Croftdale Road, Newton Centre. We extend a cordial welcome to Mrs. Badenoch and her family. The unfailing loyalty of our "old girls" to their Alma Mater shown, as in the case of Lucy, by their unsolicited recommending of Lasell to their friends as a suitable school for their daughters, is greatly appreciated. Although the parents of the candidates suggested by Lucy are graduates of the University of Illinois and desire that their daughters attend that institution eventually, we are hoping to capture the girls for a possible preparatory course at Lasell.

"Once a Lasell girl always a Lasell girl," was the slogan of our former Registrar, Lillian Packard, '83. The truth of it is being constantly proven, for example, after years of silence comes this line from Olga Hammell, '23, written in her familiar, friendly vein. Her request is such a pleasant one we are moved to share a bit of her message: "I want to learn if possible the present address of Catherine Louise Puckett (Neill), '23, who was our Class President. We wish to get in touch with her regarding plans for our tenth reunion in June, 1933. I am enclosing a stamped addressed

envelope for your reply as I do not want to cause you any more trouble than possible." (Unmistakable proof of our Lasell's good business training.) "I have had a varied life since leaving Lasell from teaching in public school, to a secretarial position which I now hold. I still look back on my two years with you as the best so far in my life." She closes by openly confessing that she is still one of Lasell's 'L. W. D.'s. Albeit, she adds: "Not so little and not so white. Lovingly, Olga Hammell."

Lasell girl travelers are generous in sharing their good times with the "folks back home" at Lasell. This added travelogue from Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10, was mailed in Sacramento. "We are having a marvelous trip. Called up Dr. Bragdon and talked with his daughter who seemed very glad to hear from us. We spent a lovely evening at Lela Goodall Thornburg's, ('08) home for dinner and Leona Benner Brotherton '08, and her husband were there. We are returning via Reno, Salt Lake, if we don't get snowbound crossing the mountains as we did going to the Canyon."

Eleanor Parsons, '24, is one of Lasell's best promoters. In her letter to Mrs. Hooker, she writes: "I was so interested to receive the letter from Dr. Winslow telling about Lasell being a junior college now. I think that is very good news and I know how pleased everyone at the school must be at the change. Quite a few girls followed me from Faneuil to Lasell and all share my enthusiasm. If I hear of others interested, I shall send them along. I had hoped to go to the New England Lasell Luncheon, but my work would not permit. I know it is difficult at times to get the alumnae to support things as I am president of my Old Colony School Alumnae Association. My work as secretary to the rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, keeps me very busy. We have an active young people's group, which meets every Friday and Sunday evening, in which I hold office and seldom miss a meeting. It may interest you to know that September 11, I announced by engagement to Donald Bradford

Macurda. (Perhaps you saw it in the *Transcript*.) I am very happy. Due to the depression it has been stated 'no date has been set for the wedding.' With greetings to all."

That was a gratifying confession Helen Prindle Miller, '19-'20, made in her late letter to our Principal. After paying just tribute to other educational institutions in which she was trained, she openly declares: "Although I enjoyed the other schools, none of them have ever held the place in my heart that Lasell has and I am happy to be able to say I have been influential in turning other girls your way. Although circumstances or fate have prevented my keeping in close touch with Lasell, nevertheless, the happy memories I hold of my year there are constantly with me. Until I married two years ago, I was a business girl for seven years and every day of those years was thankful for my Lasell year. I hope it will be possible for me to come to Auburndale one of these days. I should like my husband to meet you and see the school I love so well. In the meantime, I should appreciate it greatly if your secretary would place me on the mailing list of THE LEAVES and bill me accordingly, also if she would give me the address and name of the president of the New York Lasell Club. I know there is one as I was invited to become a member a few years ago but was so busy earning a living was unable to accept. My very kindest regards to you all, not forgetting Mr. Dunham—he had such struggles with this particular music pupil—poor man. Cordially, Helen Prindle Miller. (Mrs. Harry L. Miller, 154 Purdy Avenue, White Plains, New York.)"

We note with pleasure this fresh triumph for Gwendolyn McDonald, '18-'28. The attractive invitation tells the story:

"The pleasure of your company is requested at the Post-Graduate Recital of Gwendolyn McDonald, Pianist, Saturday evening, March fifth, nineteen hundred and thirty-two, at eight-fifteen o'clock in Beethoven Hall, Sackville, N. B."

Our heartiest congratulations to this former Lasell girl, daughter of our Assistant Dean in residence, Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald.

If it is true that "large bodies move slowly," is it equally true that small bodies move quickly? This must be so, for so it is in the case of "Tiny" Adams, '29. Listen to this working program of "Tiny." "This year I am in New Britain assisting in teaching thirty-five kindergarten children in the morning and twenty in the afternoon. What a job, but I love them all. Am also taking some studies at the Normal school and hope to get a diploma from there in June. Next year, I plan to continue teaching in Connecticut and then, hope to go to New Mexico or Arizona to teach the Indian children in Primary work. Of course I'm a 'Special' here, being much older than the girls, I have privileges too. But I came in contact with them all the while and they are lovely. Please give my love to all my friends. Last summer I worked at Westport on Lake Champlain, the summer before, at Provincetown Inn. We have a nice lot at the lake near my home and sometime hope to have a cottage there. On the lake, I have accomplished the stunt of swimming two miles without stopping. Probably Miss Potter would like to hear a bit about Clarice Brown, '24-'25, and her sister, Ruth. Clarice went one year to Lasell and Ruth joined our Washington party that year. The sisters had a double wedding a year ago last June and Clarice's husband is at the head of the English Department at East Hampton, Mass., at Williston Academy. I took part in a Washington play in our school and directed the minuet. Love to all, Tiny."

We are often gratefully reminded of Alfhild Trondsen, '22-'23, because of the presence in our midst of a most worthy student whom Alfhild was in part instrumental in sending our way. These days of financial straits, one may be unable to contribute a substantial gift to Lasell's endowment, but one of the most appreciated favors any Lasell "old girl" can show is to send to us some new girl equally worthy

as herself. Alfhild is busy these days preparing a new lecture on Hungary, one of her favorite European haunts, for the benefit of a local church.

There is a wide margin between growing up and growing old. We prophesy that Peg Basley, '28, with her merry heart and vivacious ways will never grow old, but she has grown up during the four years since her graduation from Lasell. Her recent talk before our Christian Endeavor Society was fine. How grateful we are to her for this service.

The Personals editor gratefully acknowledges the following contribution from Mrs. Guilford Duncan (Emma Aull, '98), 6363 Alexander Drive, St. Louis, Mo. She writes: "A miniature 'old girls' get-together party came to my home for a few days this week and Jane Myrick Gibbs, '98, whose baby granddaughter has just arrived in St. Louis, Mildred Faxon House, '95-'97, and Daisy Aull Duncan, '98, had several happy days together." We sincerely hope that this friendly report on the part of Daisy Aull Duncan will be followed by similar accounts of get-together parties from other groups of our alumnae and "old girls."

Marion Roberts, '29, came to Boston distinctly for the purpose of serving Westbrook Seminary where she is the Secretary to the Principal, but took her two leisure hours to run out to her Alma Mater, Lasell. We all felt, as usual, the contagion of her optimism and cheer.

Charlotte Brooks, '29, has good reason, for her high spirits just now. The explanation will be found elsewhere in the Personals columns. In a letter just received from her she writes: "I often think of you and all at Lasell, but do not seem to find time to write, but this year I hope to return to the school in June for Commencement. I notice by the LEAVES that Mary McConn, '29, is still working in a Doctor's office in Minneapolis. I am so glad she is enjoying her work. I expect later to make my home in New York City or Long Island. Am still employed by the Trust Department of the

Second National Bank of New Haven and have been raised to the position of bookkeeper. Thanks to the very efficient training of Mrs. Hunt and Miss Cobb as well as all of the teachers at Lasell. I love my work. Please give my kindest regards to all the faculty and with every good wish for the Personals editor, anticipating a meeting in June, I remain, Sincerely, Charlotte Brooks, '29."

Eunice Perkins Hill's, '19-'20, delightfully informal report of the recent meeting of the Southern California Lasell Club so grips us that we are moved to publish it just as it came direct from her own dear hand. She writes: "Dear Miss Potter: To think that after twelve (Oh! I am getting old) years something like this comes up and I really do write to you. Some of us are terrible 'white doves' not to keep in touch with dear old Lasell any more than we do. However, since they elected me as secretary of the Southern California Lasell Club, I am going to do my best to give you some news which you can pass on to the LEAVES. But if you pass this on to Miss Witherbee, oh, have mercy on me, there might be many a red mark.

"Three Pasadena girls went to the luncheon last week and we were terribly late, so Edith Simonds Bennett, '04-'05, the President, went over some of the news and announced the officers for the coming year. Well, needless to say we were surprised to hear that Elsie Crowell Bennett, '19-'29, had been elected President and yours truly, Secretary. Next time, we shall try to be present at the time of election to avoid such surprises. Lela Goodall Thornburg, '08, was elected Treasurer and Marriott Degan MacDonald, '06-'08, Vice-President.

"We had a lovely meeting at the Orange Tea Rooms on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, Mach 8. Edith Simonds Bennett, '04-'05, presided in her own charming manner and before luncheon, there was a social half hour as well as the election of officers. After luncheon,

Louise Wadleigh Bedall, '02-'03, the Secretary, read several letter from those not present. Lillian Grant, '20, sent greetings from the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club. Edith Simonds Bennett told us about a good visit some of them had had with Miss Witherbee, '92, when she was in California. Many of us had not known she was here. Evelyn Douglass, '28, who is now teaching in a fine girls' school in Glendora, gave us several readings which we did so enjoy. She was lovely and I am so sorry some of us had not known sooner that she was here. She leaves for home in June and certainly is anxious to ge there, although she says California is fine.

"Next year, we are going to try our best to have more in attendance. It seems as though we should, since there are so many former Lasell girls living near here. Those present were: Edith Simonds Bennett, '04-'05, Elsie Crowell Bennett, '19-'20, Louise Wadleigh Bedall, '02-'03, Leona Benner Brotherton, '06, Argenta MacDonald Carothers, '01-'02, Cleora Brooks Clokey, '01, Evelyn Douglass, '28, Lillian Douglass, '07, Mabel Carter Good, '02-'03, Eunice Perkins Hill, '19-'20, Maude Dougherty Hoffman, '96-'97, Lucy Ruth Kinney, '98-'99, Bessie Lum, '01, Ethel Vance Morse, '14 (Marion Manners), Mrs. Douglas Ott, Myrtle Hewson Parker, '99, Bertha Gray Richards, '87-'88, Amy Phillips, '18, Christine Ryrie, '06-'07, Irene Sanford, '79, Juliette Rideout Smithers, '15-'18, Myrilla Annis Rathwell, '08-'11, Lela Goodall Thornburg, '08, Ellen Chase Wood, '02, Catherine Kendrick Cole, '02, Marcelline Kaiser, '19-'20, Kate Wheldon Plumb, 1900-'02.

"This Ethel Vance Morse, '14 (Marion Manners, as she calls herself in her work) is quite a popular cooking school teacher in Los Angeles. She writes and works with the Los Angeles *Times*, one of the big morning papers. Sometimes she has as many as eight hundred women in her classes, which goes to show they haven't all the 'can-opener-habit.' All this time I have been reading her articles and did

not know that she was a Lasell girl; in fact, there are just lots of people whom I have known or of whom I have heard who went to Lasell, but I did not know it until I was given the list of all those residing in Southern California. We do miss Dr. Bragdon and his family and were so sorry to learn that Doctor Bragdon is not well.

"I believe I have just about covered the news of the luncheon and feel sure that now you would like to hear about some of the individuals I see occasionally and about whom I know a bit.

"Edith Broadway McAdam, '21 (my Lasell roommate and still a bosom friend) lives here and has one boy and a darling baby girl.

"Marceline Kaiser, '19-'20, also lives in Pasadena, *very* near me.

"Doris Perkins Meyer, '19-'20, my cousin, lives in Evanston. She has a dear boy. Do you remember how so many would get us confused. We could never understand why because she was blond and I was (am) a brunette.

"Elizabeth Russell Ireland, '19-'20, lives in Seattle. She has a young son. They come down here about once a year.

"We seldom see Cordelia Andrews St. Clair, '19-'20.

"Eva-May Mortimer Riffe, '25, is living in Beverly Hills and has a son who is just a few weeks old.

"Sarah Pauline Wild, '19-'20, lives in Los Angeles and has a fine position as buyer of children's books at Bullock's Wilshire store. She loves it here and will stay, I guess. She visits me often.

"Mildred Melgaard Rees, '22, lives in Beverly Hills and has one son so far as I know. I haven't seen her in ages.

"Frances Vail Pollack, '24-'25, lives here in Pasadena and has a wee daughter.

"Mary Elizabeth Hubbard, '20, is in Hollywood with her parents. I guess she manages the household now to relieve her mother.

"Florence Gifford Fleming, '23, lives in Westwood now. She lived here all during last year. Her little boy is a picture.

"Dorothy Shove Kelloway, '21, lived in Los Angeles for a while, but moved to San Francisco. She has been very ill, but is better now.

"Louise Jackson Davol, '22, lived in Glendale for a year when she was first married and we saw them frequently but the East beckoned them so they are now in Massachusetts but want to come back here some day.

"Maurine Moore Allen, '19-'20, and I correspond. She keeps me well posted on the girls near Chicago. Just lately, she had visits from 'Billie' (Dorothy) Lewis Pantzer, '19-'20, and 'Buddie' (Florence) Greene Taylor, '19-'20. Dorothy lost her husband some time ago. She has two girls and is at present living in Indianapolis. Florence still lives in Dallas and has a boy and a girl.

"Herma Schweitzer Rogers, '21, is still living in Toledo. She has a son.

"Jeannette Geist Stanley, '21, lives in Detroit and has a boy.

"I often wonder if Kay Rice Broock, '20, still lives in Detroit. Our correspondence stopped for some unknown reason so I have lost track of her as well as so many others about who I'd like to hear.

"Margaret Loomis Collingwood, '21, lives in Chicago or near there and has two children.

"No doubt you read all about Maude Tait Moriarty, '20, making a speed record at the Detroit Air Races. Wouldn't a girl need a lot of nerve to do that!

"This winter I heard several times over the radio a pianist by the name of Dorothy Burnham and of course I thought of Dorothy B. of Newton. Do you suppose it could have been the same girl? Dorothy used to play the piano.

"As you see, most of these girls are raising a family which after all is quite an accomplishment these days. Sad as it may seem I have no little one of my own, but certainly do enjoy all my little pals who call me 'Auntie Perk.'

"I just must 'sign-off' or I'll be sure to have writer's cramp and you will have eye strain. Love to you and all my old teachers from Eunice Perkins Hill, 302 So. Hill Ave., Pasadena, California."

March 23 was the calling day for three of our "old girls" and one of the number brought her charming young daughter with her. Elizabeth Y. Stahl, '28, "flew" over from Jackson and brought with her Virginia Magary, '26-'27. Elizabeth will be graduated in June and hopes later to take up a practical course as a buyer or personal shopper in one of Boston's established firms. Through her knowledge of the French language, in which we believe she majored, she may some day be the international representative of the favored company. Virginia, a non-graduate is at present among the unemployed although she has had a busy career in newspaper work.

Vera Bradley Findlay, '11, was the other "old girl" guest at Lasell and brought with her her only daughter who is finishing her course in one of Connecticut's fine private schools. We were certainly delighted to see Vera and to meet her daughter. We are hoping later

that she may be moved to enrol in her mother's Alma Mater, Lasell.

The newest added names on our cradle roll for this month are few, but we are quite sure that the parents will agree with us that the list is a very precious one.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Furneaux (Elizabeth Wells, '29), are the proud parents of little Henry Thompson Furneaux, Jr., who came to gladden their home on February 28.

On March 13, a wee daughter, Anita, arrived at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Leach (Ruth Ordway, '21).

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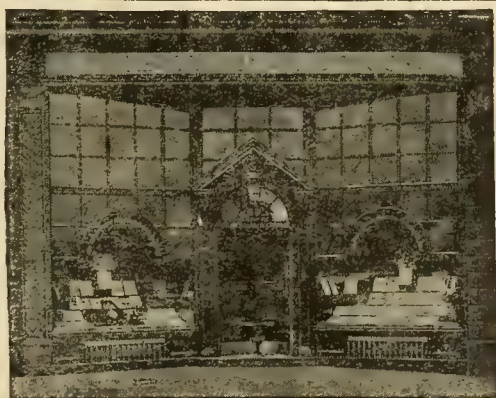
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JUNIOR PROM

LITERARY

GIRL WANTED

I

Ding-a-ling——!

Watkins, on opening the big front door, was brought face to face with a mass of dark fluffy hair, which framed a charming face from which a pair of bright eyes sparkled. The delicately molded nose gave a pleasing appearance as it drew one's attention to the well-shaped lips and chin. The girl was slight of build and dressed very simply.

"Can I do something for you Miss?" asked Watkins in a very dignified tone.

"I was sent, sir, by the B and C Employment Agency to ——"

Her reply was rudely interrupted by a curt answer telling her that she was to go to the servants' entrance and would be interviewed by Mrs. Poole as soon as "Milady has completed her afternoon's rest."

At this Lovis patiently thanked him and went to the servants' entrance where she was admitted by a sweet-faced woman of perhaps fifty years of age into a clean, attractive though simply furnished room, probably used for a recreation room for the servants after their work was done.

"Are you the wee one who may be comin' to be Miss Rosalind's personal maid?" inquired the kindly woman.

"Yes, Madame, I am."

"Well, bless your heart, you sit right down in that nice chair and make your wee self comfortable until Mrs. Poole sends for you." With that kind greeting, Lovis sat down alone to wait. She did not have long, however, for in little more than ten minutes the telephone rang, summoning "the girl."

Lovis was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Poole, a very attractive, middle-aged woman, who came forward, took Lovis' hand and drew her to a chair. "You are a sweet child. I think you will do very nicely. They told me that your mother was a Russian Princess who was disowned because of her marriage to an American."

"Yes," replied Lovis, tears suddenly welling up in her eyes, "Mother died last winter; my father has been dead for three years. I have been living with a friend of Mother's for some time, trying to find work. I had no money, nothing, except this ring. I didn't want to sell that because it was given to my mother by her grandmother just before Mother was sent away. It has been in the family for a great many years, and has been handed down from generation to generation as a symbol of love and good fortune. Even if I had sold it, it wouldn't have brought me enough to last me for very long."

After this interview, Lovis was taken to the room that was to be her own, and given a uniform and told to report to Miss Rosalind in an hour.

II

One month in the service of the lovely Rosalind Poole proved that Lovis was a very competent maid. A strange sort of friendship had grown up between these two, a rather uncommon thing between mistress and servant, but then, one could hardly help loving this charming daughter of a once-Russian Princess.

For weeks, preparations for the coming house party had been underway. It was to be given by Rosalind at the Poole summer estate in the White Mountains. It was the day before departure, trunks were being packed,

orders for this and that were being given, telephones ringing constantly, and then, amid all the confusion and bustle, came the following telegram:

"Mother taken seriously ill in Paris.
Must go to her at once. Cannot make
trip to Mountains. Love,
Janet."

Rosalind said nothing after reading the telegram, but the slight scowl on her forehead showed she was doing a lot of thinking. It was too late to ask anyone else—what could she do? Her eyes suddenly opened wide; she jumped up from her chair and called Lovis.

"Lovis, Janet Rollins can't come. I've just had an idea! You see it's too late to ask anyone else—why couldn't you go in Janet's place? After all, you aren't really a servant. Would you do it?"

"Oh, I couldn't, Miss Rosalind. I couldn't."
"But, why?"

"I wouldn't fit in with your friends. I'm not their kind. I'm not used to all the luxuries that they have—oh, I just couldn't, Miss Rosalind," she ended with a half sigh. She wanted so to be one of them, to have money, position. Here was her chance, and yet she dared not take it.

"Yes, you can, Lovis. I want you to. We'll go to town today and get clothes for you. You run and change into your street clothes, and we'll hurry. We haven't much time."

And so, Rosalind and Lovis went shopping. A complete wardrobe was bought. Everything a girl could want, from handkerchiefs to evening clothes.

The morning of departure came. Lovis was given last minute instructions to call her mistress "Rosalind," not, "Miss Rosalind," and to act as if she had a million dollars in her pocket—for, as far as the guests were concerned, maybe she had!

III

For two weeks Lovis had been seen constantly in the company of the wealthy Nicky Townsend, swimming, riding, dining, and dancing. They did everything together;

where you saw Lovis, you saw Nicky. Needless to say, Lovis was dazzled by the party. All her girlish dreams seemed to come true at once; fun, clothes, people—but most of all, Nicky. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man; his light wavy hair and straight, well-proportioned features made you think of a Greek god. He and Lovis made such an ideal couple, she so tiny and dark, and he so tall and fair.

A formal dance given as the crowning event of the last two weeks, was underway. Lovis was dancing with Nicky and looked adorable, wearing a light green chiffon evening dress. She was cuddled so comfortably in Nicky's arms.

"Can't we ditch this for a little while, honey?" he asked, his lips very close to her tiny pink ear.

"If you want to, Nicky."

They danced to the door and then walked arm in arm out into the garden, down the path until they came to a small pool. The moon was nearly full and revealed a few lilies floating on the surface of the water. Nicky sat down on the grass and gently pulled Lovis down beside him. They sat thus for a few minutes, their hands locked, both in utter silence. And then, as if from out of the distance, Nicky's voice came, very low and pleading.

"I love you, little Sweetheart, will you marry me? Could you love me enough to always want me near you?"

"I do love you, Nicky darling."

He drew her very close and kissed her gently on her forehead.

IV

The sun was high in the heavens when Lovis stretched first one arm and then the other trying to awaken her sleepy little self. She felt so happy—so full of joy—oh, yes, Nicky had proposed to her. That's what she was so happy about—Nicky loved her!

Then suddenly a dawn of realization of what she was swept over her. She couldn't

marry him. She must tell him this very morning. Why, after all, she was merely a maid to Rosalind Poole. A maid—marrying a millionaire! It was ridiculous! She was of royal blood, but at present she was nothing more than a common servant.

An hour later found Lovis and Nicky riding side by side on two beautiful horses, down by Echo Lake. It was a beautiful day—little arrows of sunshine darting through the trees piercing every object in their path. They stopped in a little glen and Nicky lifted Lovis down holding her very close to him for just a moment before he let her go. They sat down on a large mossy rock. Nicky was about to say something, when Lovis interrupted his reverie.

"Nicky, I'll have to tell you, I can't go on like this. You must believe I love you, but it would be impossible for me to marry you."

"But, why, Sweetheart? You say you love me; then what is there to prevent us from being married?"

Lovis told him the whole story right from the day that she came to apply as maid to Rosalind Poole to the present minute.

"Can't you see, Nicky?"

"No, I can't."

But she knew he could, just by the way he said it.

So that was the end of that—she had somehow known that his love wouldn't be able to stand the strain of her story.

V

FROM MAID TO MILLIONAIRE

Lovis Randall, former maid to local society deb, inherits ten million dollars. After a long search the famous heirloom is found. On February 17, Princess Sonia of Russia, grandmother of Miss Randall, died leaving her entire fortune to the possessor of the famous jade ring. That was the only mark of identification as she did not know of the whereabouts of her granddaughter except that she was probably in the United States. Miss Randall's mother, daughter of the late Princess Sonia,

was forced to leave her home because of her marriage to one not of royal blood. It is believed that Miss Randall will receive the fortune within a month's time.

VI

Thursday, March 19

Dearest Diary,

Why is it that when money comes into your life, happiness seems to leave? Five months ago, when Nicky asked me to marry him, I would have given anything to have had money so that I could have been something besides a common maid. Now that I have the money—more than I know what to do with—I almost wish that I didn't have it. That seems a funny thing to say, but I've found out so much about life and love and people. Oh, Dear Diary, why do we have to be so suddenly disillusioned? Perhaps if things would come gradually—but when they pop upon us—

Since my good fortune, or is it my ill fortune, came, I have been recognized by several people who, before would have had nothing to do with me, had they known what I was. Chief among these is Nicky. He has been dogging my footsteps everywhere I've been—to golf, to tea, to dine, to dance—everywhere! Tonight, after weeks of refusing, I consented to go for a drive with him. He asked me to marry him—to forget all the past and start in all over again. "Oh, Nicky, how could you ever ask me to forget?—There is so much to remember—things I can't forget." He pleaded with me—told me he really did love me; and Darling Diary, I refused. Oh, I wanted so to say "yes," but I couldn't marry him now, knowing how weak his love really is. He said he loved me, but his love failed when I needed it most—

Millicent Thompson, '33.



THE QUEER AFFIRMATIVE

The pair climbed into the slick black and green roadster which was parked in front of the country club. With a roar the motor started, gathered speed, and was swallowed in the darkness of the trees along the drive. Out on the highway there was no traffic and the speedometer needle hovered between fifty-five and sixty. For miles neither of the occupants spoke a word. Lally, the girl, was huddled deep in the folds of her polo coat. Bird gripped the wheel tensely, his eyes never once leaving the white track which was the road.

"You're driving rather fast aren't you, Bird?" the girl ventured at last.

"You ought to be used to that by now," he answered, glancing at her hastily.

The question being thus abruptly settled they again lapsed into silence. Lally rested her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. She felt slightly drowsy and let her thoughts wander over the events of the past few months. A slight smile flickered over her face as she thought how persistently Bird had courted her. For three months he had tagged her like a poodle, never taking "no" for an answer. Firmness was her policy, therefore she was still dangling him in mid-air. Bird evidently did not mind taking a back seat to Lally's other pursuers. At least the fact that he had some competition made the fight seem more worth while. He had proposed twenty-nine times, of this Lally was sure, for she had written each account in her diary. The thirtieth was certainly due to take place on this night, and although Bird did not know it, she had every intention of accepting him. She opened her eyes and gazed at the stars and the gorgeous full moon. Lally was sure that she and she alone had a secret alliance with this mysterious and brilliant orb. Even now it seemed to be smiling down on her and predicting to her that she was to be the cause of another proposal. Lally grinned and snuggling close to Bird she looked up at him and said teasingly, "What makes you so quiet and sober to-night, Bird dear, are you trying to

think of a new way to pop the question?"

"Really, Lally, you take a lot for granted. I swore a fortnight ago, that being the date of the last refusal, that the next time any proposing was to be done that you would do it."

Lally grinned. "Oh my, don't try any of your cave man stuff on me, I can't bear it."

"I suppose you prefer that gentle life-guard friend of yours; or that young crazy-headed aviator, who is always landing in your father's best shrubs; or that pansy-like minister's son who danced with you five times to-night; or—," he gasped for breath.

"Do go on Bird, the summary is very interesting, I assure you. As for the aviator, I think he's very nice. I even eloped with him one night but thought better of it just as we were entering the church. You had only proposed to me nineteen times when that happened."

Bird said nothing, but he felt hurt. He loved Lally as much as a man can love a woman, and needless to say he was jealous of every glance Lally bestowed upon any one of her troupe of admirers. Almost every girl likes to boast an aviator for a boy friend, for a glamor certainly surrounds a sky lover which entirely eclipses an earth lover. Bird knew that Lally was not joking when she announced that she and Ted had eloped. It was a known fact. He thought it queer that she had never mentioned it to him before, probably it was that she really had cared for him and maybe she still did. Lally usually made remarks about her various admirers, but she had been reticent concerning Ted. The least he could do was to hope that Ted's fatal fascination would wear off. He was far too irresponsible to make a good husband. All during the dance that evening he had flown around and around the country club flashing his searchlight and doing stunts. Bird presumed that Ted had never earned a cent of his own but knew that he was a past-master at spending his father's inexhaustible fortune. He was known far and wide for his recklessness in driving speed

boats, aeroplanes, and automobiles. His polo playing was the envy of all his contemporaries. No one could surpass him at tennis. He was a perfect dancer, in fact, had all the qualifications of an ideal playboy. The type, reflected Bird, appealed temporarily to women. Luckily Lally had recognized these qualities as being superficial. But had she? Bird did not know. Lally seemingly acted on impulse, but he knew that she really cared for the best things in life. If she hadn't, she would have proceeded up the church walk with Ted and would be skylarking with him at this very instant. Bird drew up to the side of the road and shut off the motor and lights. This locality was his and Lally's favorite refuge. They loved to come here and sit quietly looking out over the water.

"This place always gets me," Lally said wistfully.

"Me too," Bird added simply. "I feel as if we were in a land of our own, and that we have temporarily cast off the shackles of our outside influences."

For a time they sat thus engrossed in their thoughts. At first they did not notice the drone of an oncoming aeroplane. But, as it grew louder Lally was the first to rouse herself. She gently squeezed Bird's hand.

"Do you hear what I hear?" she whispered. "It sounds as though our friend Ted was still at it, doesn't it?"

"Does it matter so much to you?"

The aeroplane was quite near now. Both raised their eyes skyward and searched the heavens in the direction of the sound.

"There he is," cried Lally pointing. "I should have thought that he had had quite enough of flying for one evening, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I certainly would," Bird replied, "and everyone else has also. I presume that there are some people who would appreciate a quiet evening."

By this time the plane was directly overhead. Ted was circling around the lake.

"What do you suppose the crazy fool thinks

he's doing?" Bird demanded not a little irritated.

"Oh, probably having a last fling before he puts the old ship up for the evening," replied Lally, grinning at Bird's obvious disgust.

The plane was zigzagging crazily this way and that. Now a tailspin, now a loop. It was during the latter that something happened. At first it was not apparent to the onlookers, but suddenly they realized that the tailspin that Ted had thrown the ship into was not to be so easily controlled. The plane turned, careened, made a feeble attempt to right itself, but to no avail. With a fierce screeching, it struck the ground with a terrific force. Bird and Lally rushed to the smoldering mass of metal and wires. Ted had been thrown clear of the wreckage and was lying in the grass, completely mangled. They did not have to examine him to know that he was dead; they just gazed at each other over his body.

Jane Dexter, '33.

MOODS

Brooklets

—of gold thread filtering

Into a land of love.

From azure skies;

Golden brooklets

—Sunlight

Deep pools

—of mystic calm

A placid, dark silence

A shimmering surface

Depth-less

—Moonlight

Silver darts

—sharp pointed

Piercing, chilling loneliness

Enveloping mist

Depressing

—Rain

Ruth Wyand, '33.

THE WEDDING PRESENT

Here he was, Blaine Eynon, Yale '24, well built, considered good-looking, possessing a carriage that made his well-cut clothes stand out, member of an exclusive club, well off—the result of a reasonable allowance—had an exceptionally fine group of friends who held a flattering opinion of him. Yet with all these things, he was, as he sat before the window, downcast (almost to the point of being morbid) in his meditations. The reason for his thoughts was the realization of his occupation, if it could be called such. In the broadest of language, Blaine was a crook. This startling fact was entirely unknown to his friends who thought his source of income was partially gained through the market. Blaine, however, was not a spectacular promoter of crime. He did, however, possess a remarkable brain, and criminology had, in college, interested him immensely. His interest had reached such a point that on leaving college with no suitable opportunity available, he had decided to tackle the art of committing crime on a new basis, alone, and with skillfully developed plans. Plans that made details stand out in their execution and completion.

For seven years his brain, trained to notice details, had successfully hidden "shady deals," and in those seven years he had many times smiled at his uncanny ways of "pulling solitary jobs," but his smile had turned an equal number of times to that of contempt for such a practice. What was he getting out of life? Seven years out of college, and he imagined himself to be getting old. The only decent thing that he could recollect doing was falling violently in love with Carla James, a fascinating, unsophisticated girl whom he had known the greater part of his life. And this didn't seem so decent when he thought, as he often did, about his occupation. Blaine was care-free enough not to mind too seriously about his own future, but it was Carla's that bothered him. The raindrops outside seemed to mock him and say, "We're just here to give a little trouble and then leave."

He was not losing faith in his skill, but he could not bear to drag Carla down with him if anything happened, although he knew she probably wouldn't mind. The realization of this pleased him, but he would not allow it to overcome his decency. He decided he must in some way sacrifice his great love for her and go out of her life, or at least out of her personal affection, for good. In making this heart-rending decision, he partly consoled himself with the plan of some day "turning straight" and being once again his former self in decency. Until then, "Oh, well," he sighed pensively, "She'll probably be taken by somebody else then."

Outside, the darkness was enveloping the paved streets, and the lamps with their whitish lights were turning the pavements into silver. Blaine, finding himself alone in the nearly dark reading room, rose silently and made his way slowly to his room to dress for a dinner party and a club dance. The decision concerning Carla was still pounding in his troubled brain demanding that it be no longer delayed.

Realizing that he had proven somewhat of a bore during dinner on account of his obvious depression, Blaine hastened to find someone with a little more life to entertain his partner, and set off for the club alone in his car. As the night was clear and the air cool, the noticeable draft that the open roadster made in its somewhat swift course seemed to alleviate to a small degree Blaine's troubled mind. The air against his face made him think more clearly and plan in just what way he could tell Carla. The task, he told himself, was not going to be an easy one. He must use tact and make his points convincing. But how, he asked himself, could he do this while looking into those velvety violet eyes? Those eyes that he saw so many times in thinking about her. The green roadster shot over the macadam at a terrific rate of speed, the gun-metal shoe pressing the tiny throttle to its utmost. Blaine slackened the speed of the car as he neared the club, turned into the gravel driveway, parked the car in his favorite place under a large oak at the right of

the building, and made his way toward the entrance. Entering the highly illuminated hallway of the club, Blaine "ran into" a commotion of laughing, jovial voices. Girls in bright colored dresses were busily talking with flannel-clad escorts. The boisterous clamor of the jazz orchestra was heard over the din of shuffling feet on the main dance floor. Blaine, uttering a few words of greeting to some friends, made his way towards the dance floor. The music became louder as he stepped into the room and joined the "stag line." Taking a hurried survey of the dancing forms, he spied Carla dressed in a most becoming black dress and dancing with a youth in an ill-fitting tuxedo. Blaine stood and watched the two, and could not help but admire the beautiful dress that Carla wore. It seemed that Carla's black dress made her all the more beautiful, for it was instrumental in showing clearly the clean cut features of her sun-tanned face with her small well-proportioned nose, her violet eyes, and blonde hair of unusual appeal. In Blaine's opinion, very few were able to wear black and look well. Carla was one of those few. Blaine thought it best that he should see Carla right away and get the matter off his chest but he could not gather enough courage to cut in and approach the subject. Finally, his eyes met Carla's and he accepted her half, "Hello" and half signal for him to cut.

"You saved my life," she laughed, "Tom is a good scout, but not when it comes to dancing."

"The pleasure is all mine," answered Blaine gallantly but sternly. Then, as he swung into the dance, he asked, "How are you?" Even he, himself, was conscious that his greeting had sounded very formal and forced. Carla continued watching him closely.

"What's the matter, Blaine? Something bothering you?" For a minute Blaine did not say anything, as he was listening with great interest to the tune that the orchestra was playing. The words of the piece, "Bye, Bye, Blues" seemed to mock him as he realized what he was about to do. His meditation put him

in a kind of daze. He was at last conscious that someone was tugging at his elbow. "Blaine, Blaine, what is the matter with you? You seem in a daze." Blaine at last came out of his stupor.

"Sorry, Carla," he finally managed to say, "there has been something bothering me lately, and that song sort of gets me." At this moment the orchestra burst into, "How About Me?" During this last song, Blaine could not restrain his emotion, and furthermore, he saw an opportunity to approach the subject.

"What is the trouble?" asked Carla anxiously, "anything I can do for you?"

"No, no, not exactly. Those songs surely came in at an odd time though. My mind is just on the question that the themes of the songs show." Blaine fancied that he saw on Carla's face what he thought to be a gleam of understanding. However, he wasn't sure. The dance then ended with the accustomed muffled trumpet and the dancers filed out on the club veranda to enjoy the fresh air, some even going further into the long row of parked cars. It was this latter group that Blaine and Carla joined, going to the green roadster. The two sat silently for a few minutes; then Carla broke the silence, speaking in such a manner that it seemed as though she had made an effort to construct the sentence. "Tell me, Blaine, what is it? I think I know anyway."

"I think you do, also," returned Blaine somewhat meekly, as if fighting for strength and courage to go on. "Let's assume it then and go back."

"No," returned Carla firmly, "I want to hear you say it."

"You sound," Blaine replied somewhat resentful, "as if you didn't know the reason."

"I know quite plainly. It's mother, isn't it? But what can I do?"

"Nothing," replied Blaine, "nothing," he repeated, "that would go against the wishes of your mother, for she has been very good to you. She may be perfectly right about me. My company may not be desirable."

"Oh, no, Blaine, it isn't that," Carla came back quickly, "for it is probably for the best."

"I will say, however," he continued, "that in doing this I can frankly say that you are the only girl I ever loved or ever will love." Blaine's voice was almost in a whisper as he finished this last.

"Please believe me," pleaded Carla, "that I feel the same way about it too, Blaine." She said this in such a convincing voice that it seemed to Blaine as if she meant every word of it. It pleased him tremendously to hear her talk like that. It was strange for her, because she rarely voiced emotions. So rarely indeed that he often wondered if she had any affection for him whatsoever. Half in a daze Blaine suggested that they join the dancers and take advantage of the music, the soft, rhythmic strains of which were pouring out of the half-opened French windows of the dance hall. "Anyway," laughed Carla as they stepped from the car to enter the club, "I did put on the right dress for the occasion." This clearly proved to Blaine that she did care for him, and it put him in a pleasanter frame of mind.

"Just as one friend to another," he said, laughing for the first time since they had come out, "why don't you put it up and not wear it unless something like this happens again?"

"As one friend to another, 'it's a go,'" she returned as they walked through the club door smiling as if nothing had happened. Soon, the two danced on, making no mention of the recent break. Shortly afterwards someone cut, and Blaine left them with a smile, half sadness and half forced unconcern. He pushed his way past the dancers, and, taking a cigarette from his silver case, went out onto the veranda, down the stairs that led to the first tee. Finding an empty bench he sat down, lighted his cigarette, and leaned back to rest his confused head, breathing gently the cool air. He thanked Heaven that it was all over, although he was, of course, sorry. He knew that it was the best thing to do. As he sat there, blowing the smoke carelessly into the night

air, he wondered if Carla really cared for him as much as he did for her. He wondered if the break would have any effect on her. Two couples passed him in muffled conversation broken by an occasional laugh. They seemed so carefree and happy. He wondered how it would seem to have a clear conscience. How nice it would be, he told himself. He could have Carla! Then all of a sudden he threw his cigarette down on the green grass of the tee, stamped it out with a savage stamp, and walked back into the club, angry at himself for being so depressed, for, after all, that didn't help much except perhaps to clear his troubled brain. Going back on the dance floor once more, he singled out his dinner hostess, cut in on her, and in the sweetest of tones told her what a wonderful success her party had been and what a great time he had had. Shortly after, another youth cut in for his duty dance and Blaine, saying a good-bye to Carla whom he saw dancing near the orchestra, went directly into the dressing room to get his wraps. A few more "good-byes," and then he left for his car. The green roadster retraced the route to town with the same speed as earlier in the evening. Blaine's mind, still on the subject of his relations with Carla, was busy thinking of things he could do to forget his sorrow. He thought that if he accepted his old friend, "Bob" Follett's invitation to spend a few weeks in the mountains at his cabin, it would be a good way to forget everything. Plans for the trip occupied his mind during the rest of the ride, and for the first time that night, new life seemed to stir within him.

The trip that Blaine took to the mountains had little effect in making him forget Carla, for the visit had hardly started when in desperation and loneliness he had written her a long letter. In return he had received one of equal length, and it was this that cut his visit short. Arriving home after five days he had made all haste to call her up, and from then on it was "the same old conditions." The way that they seemed to drift back to each other convinced Blaine that he loved her, and

that she at least held him in high regard. They had "taken in parties" together, played golf, tennis, and bridge. All this fun made Blaine forget all about his occupation, which he had neglected since his trip to the mountains. However, an examination of his bank account made him realize that he must lay plans for a job to be "pulled." It had always been his policy to handle "small jobs," because there was less chance of being detected but he was determined now to take a "large job" in hand and then, give up his crooked life. If he could just "pull one job" then he would give up his crooked life. If he could just "pull one job" that would give him a large income for life, then he would take a chance that his former life would not be revealed. Then he could have Carla and live as he had during the last few months. The problem that confronted him was where he could find an opportunity of this nature. One noon, after returning from a very delightful ride with Carla, Blaine was going over his morning mail. Among the numerous bills and advertisements, he spied an envelope which he instantly recognized as an invitation. Tearing it open, he learned that Mr. and Mrs. Van Buren requested the pleasure of his presence on the twenty-fourth at a ball. Blaine, knowing the affair was to be given mostly for older people, and also that it would be very uninteresting and dry in many respects, planned to send his regrets. Later on in the day, however, while reading the daily paper at the club he noticed a long article written in elaborate form telling about the famous Van Buren jewels. What interested him the most, however, was the short notice at the end of the article, stating that Mrs. Van Buren would wear the famous pearl which belonged to that collection, at her ball on the twenty-fourth. The following morning the dignified social secretary of Mrs. Van Buren put down on her sheet marked "Those Accepting" the name of Mr. Blaine Eynon. Removing a valuable jewel during the process of a party was nothing new for Blaine. He planned all the details, and they had worked

to perfection in every case he had attempted. His plan of attack in handling a case of this type was to call on the future hostess before the function and glean from her, through tactful questioning, the necessary information about the jewel, the number of plain clothes men that were going to be in attendance, and other helpful facts. The precaution of knowing the law was most essential, for Blaine wished to keep an eye on them during the somewhat risky changes. Therefore, Blaine, three days before the party, had tea with Mrs. Van Buren. As Mrs. Van Buren was a very talkative lady, Blaine in the short time of a half-hour was able, through skillful questioning, to learn enough about the collection to take every piece. For two days he spent the greater part of his time planning for this "job." The rest of the time was spent with Carla. This coming "job" meant a great deal to him. The difference between success and failure. If he succeeded, he would be on "Easy Street" for the rest of his life. A failure meant complete ruin. Every little thing that entered into his plan was gone over and over again. He spent one whole afternoon studying the plans. He had struck up a speaking acquaintance with Inspector Johnson who, he knew, was to be the officer in charge at the affair. One little flaw, in a "job" of this nature, would mean ruin. The only detail that had sprung up, but one that he had no power to change, was that he was going to take Carla to the dance. If anything happened, it would, of course, make it very embarrassing for her. If his plans ran true to form, however, there would be no cause for embarrassment.

Blaine's fingers shook a little as he tried to adjust his white evening tie. He smiled at himself, because he was usually calm before a "job" of this kind. The idea that so much hinged on this "job" bothered him continually. He was a gambler at heart, but this coming venture might be called a little more than a gamble.

When finally out on the road heading for the

Van Buren estate, with Carla beside him looking more beautiful than ever, Blaine decided not to cross any bridges before he came to them. He made an effort to forget about the matter for a time. Driving up the winding road that led through the woods, they met many cars coming and going. The mansion, surrounded by beautiful gardens and stone walks, looked like a massive bonfire with its bright lights pouring forth in streams from windows of every conceivable shape. Leaving the green roadster with the attending chauffeur, Blaine and Carla entered the highly decorated doorway and separated to prepare themselves for greeting the host and hostess. A chatter of voices and slow music greeted Blaine as he stepped into the huge, elaborately decorated ball room. Everywhere he looked there were groups of people laughing and talking. It seemed that all the splendor of the city was assembled in this attractive place.

As the time drew near to tackle the assignment, to taking the famous pearl that was set in a bed of sapphires on a bar pin that hung loosely and temptingly from Mrs. Van Buren's gown of unusual design, he realized that he must steady his nerves if he wished to be successful. He had kept a close eye on Inspector Johnson all of the evening, and it was the inspector's move to an adjoining room that gave him the chance he wanted. He moved slowly in the direction of the dancing form of Mrs. Van Buren. Shortly after he stepped out into the garden, held something shining to his face, placed the bright article back in his pocket, and hurried to find the inspector. Glancing over the dancers to see if everything was normal, he made his way towards the room the inspector was in. This room was a small men's room directly off the right of the ball room. Approaching the door of this tiny room, he caught the inspector's eye and waved a "Hello." While one hand was used in making himself known to the inspector, the other was pulling the switch that was located in back of a large palm right near to the door of the tiny room. So smoothly did Blaine

perform this stunt that it passed unnoticed. However, his action on the switch had thrown the entire ball room into complete darkness and immediately a shout of fear went up. Some women became hysterical, others remained cool and collected. It was a tense situation until a servant had thrown the light back into the room. Everybody looked at one another to see if anything was missing. It was some little time before everything was normal again. Mrs. Van Buren, very much mortified at the queer incident, requested her guests to go right on enjoying themselves, and everything seemed, after a short time, to be as before, until the pearl of Mrs. Van Buren was discovered missing and then a panic broke out.

From the moment he had entered the tiny room to talk with the inspector, Blaine had spent every minute with him. They had discussed the possible origin of the incident, but on the discovery of the missing jewel, Blaine left him to take charge of the investigation. Blaine felt that this procedure and the fact that he waved to the inspector just before the lights went out, and had been with him while the darkness was in the room would prove very helpful in his getting out of the house without much trouble. His assumptions proved perfectly correct, for he left with Carla shortly after the discovery, with very little difficulty. The inspector remembered him and after a formal but necessary search they left the troubled house. Blaine, thanking the inspector, waved to him a smiling good-bye.

The small telephone resting peacefully on the mahogany bedside table of Blaine's room at the Club rang with a piercing noise until it finally awoke its sleeping owner on the bed. Blaine, picking up the receiver as he looked at the clock, answered somewhat abruptly, as the hour was very early and he was still in a half daze.

"Mr. Eynon," came the familiar voice of the desk clerk on the other end of the wire, "there is a gentleman to see you; a Mr. Johnson," he continued, "Shall I send him up?" The announcement of Inspector Johnson

served as a cold shower to Blaine's sleepy system. Momentarily he was speechless, but finally he replied, while trying to think of a way that Johnson had discovered his little plan of the night before.

"Very well, send him along up." Leaping out of bed, he grabbed the wine-colored dressing robe that was tossed over the chair near the bed and made himself presentable. He did not know what attitude to take, because he had never been questioned by the law before. A knock on the door interrupted all further meditation on the subject.

As Blaine's valet had not yet arrived, he let the inspector in himself. "Good morning, inspector," he managed to get out with lightness, "this is indeed a surprise."

"Good morning, Mr. Eynon," greeted the officer in a gruff voice characteristic of his occupation, "I am indeed sorry to bother you at so early an hour, but it seems necessary."

"Not at all, inspector," returned Blaine, still trying to make his words carefree, "what can I do for you?" Blaine said this last very slowly, for he was fighting for time to plan a line of attack. He was handicapped, however, for he did not know just in what angle the inspector was going to challenge his theft. If he only knew he could be forming some kind of a defense. He waited patiently for the inspector's next words.

"Well," drawled the inspector, "I am a man of few words, but the few that I am going to say to you will probably surprise you. I accuse you of carrying off the Van Buren pearl." Blaine was straining every nerve in his effort to act surprised. His skillful brain formed an attack. He laughed.

"That's quite an accusation, inspector," he replied. Then he continued with his act. "And what do you base your charge on?" The smile was still evident on his face.

"You're a very clever man, Mr. Eynon," went on the inspector, "and your plans would have worked last night, if we hadn't come across one clue. I am afraid we got you on that one." This last he spoke with a convincing air.

Try as he did, Blaine could not think of any way that they had discovered his theft. Quickly he went over every detail of the robbery in his mind. He did not want to appear too curious to learn the apparently fatal clue. He leaned back in the high, leather chair that was facing the inspector. He smiled and said, "I am waiting, inspector. Let us say that I am guilty and I ask; what is the clue?"

"Assuming that you are guilty," smiled the inspector, as if enjoying the situation, "I will ask you if you know anything about clasps. Shall we say clasps on pins? Let's go even further and say clasps on pearl and sapphire pins?" At the mention of this Blaine set his skillful brain into increased action. He went rapidly over his cautious preparations. He saw his attack. He went on.

"I am to understand from that," he said lightly, "that you believe I took the pin off Mrs. Van Buren's gown while the lights were out in the ball room. You are emphasizing the word clasp, because you think because I made a purely social call on Mrs. Van Buren that I was the only one, outside of the immediate family, knowing the somewhat odd twist of the clasp. Am I right, inspector?"

"Exactly," half sneered the officer as if offended at the lightness of Blaine in explaining his points.

"Did it ever occur to you, inspector," went on Blaine, "that the complete story of the collection came out in a recent paper, with a full description of the clasp and the history of each jewel? Many people are apt, you know, to read the paper." This last was said with a smile. He went on. "And also, inspector, I think you remember very well seeing and talking with me during the entire time that the lights were out." This last gave Blaine a confident feeling. He waited patiently for the inspector to answer.

"In spite of all that bullet-proof evidence you have to offer, Mr. Eynon," went on the inspector, "perhaps it would interest you to know that the clasp that held the pin on last night was entirely different from the one shown in the paper, and what's more," he went

on, looking Blaine right in the eye, "you are the only person outside of the family that knew of the clasp adjustment." The strong front that Blaine had built up since the inspector's arrival was almost completely shattered at this announcement. He felt the net of the law slowly tighten around him. He, however, managed to keep up his carefree attitude, although he realized that he was now on the losing side.

"That's all very nice," he said, struggling for a defense, "but how do you account for my not having the jewel when searched last night, and also that I was with you during the robbery?"

"I can see now very plainly your reason for wanting to see me last night at that particular time. It was very clever, Mr. Eynon, very clever. And you were even more clever in carrying the jewel out." After a brief pause he continued. "The whole scheme was very bold, and nine out of ten times it probably would have worked. I was more than lucky in finding that one clue that threw me on the trail. The whole thing looks pretty bad for you and I am sincerely sorry, but I have my job to do."

"Now, if you will permit me, I will slip into some clothes. By the way," he continued, "can I offer you a drink? If you want one, it is over there on the table. Take the silver flask that is there, inspector, and you will find Mrs. Van Buren's pearl in it." Saying this he disappeared into his bedroom. A smile passed over the inspector's face as he picked up the large flask. Hardly had he started to examine it when the doorbell rang. Inspector Johnson opened the door as Blaine's valet had not yet arrived. "Oh, good morning, Mrs. Van Buren, come in, will you?"

"Why, good morning, Inspector Johnson. I had an emergency call very early this morning to take a trip and I am leaving immediately. I had a very important message to deliver to Mr. Eynon in person before I left. What a surprise! Why are you here so early?"

"I came here to arrest Mr. Eynon whom I suspect as the thief of your sapphire pin."

"Inspector Johnson, this is an outrage," she said excitedly, "that you should suspect Mr. Eynon as a thief!"

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Van Buren, "but I have the goods on him." As he said this he held the pearl pin before Mrs. Van Buren. Her face went white. She had intended to give Blaine's bride the pin as a wedding present. That was why she had felt all the sorrier for having had it stolen.

"Life holds many strange ironies, Inspector," said Mrs. Van Buren as she left the room. And this officer of the law puzzled over her remark for many a long day, not knowing the intended final destination of the pin whose recovery meant jail for one, utter misery for another but promotion for himself.

Mary Elizabeth Hill, '33.

HILLS AND WIND

Green hills and wind
That ripples through each
Blade of grass.
It is a playful thing, that
Wind—still only to rush on.

Bright sunlight, then a murky glow
Settles down and all is still
Save the sudden splash
Of warning drops.
Soon a steady pelting, then
Green hills and rain.

Adelaide Case, '33.



FAITH

As a fresh breeze blew down the bay, the sails of the tiny boat flapped jerkily, then suddenly filled out in two crescents, and the *Floating Power* sprang away from her mooring. She was a small knock-about, of the center-board type, just twenty feet overall. The mast was slightly cracked, and the sails were a dusty, grayish tint, but the hull boasted a fresh coat of dazzling white paint, and the deck was covered in new canvas, stained in a shade of yellow not pleasant to a poor sailor in rough weather.

There were but two members in the crew. The captain, who on this trip happened to be me, and the first mate, a boy of about twenty-one, who was a stranger to that part of the country. He appeared a little above the average height, partly because of his dark hair which the wind was standing on end; his features were clear, like those of a person who has spent much time out-of-doors. He had rather somber green eyes, and a very self-satisfied smile, that made one feel rather ignorant of life when it was flashed his way.

As we passed about ten yards from a high rock that stuck far out into the water, a young boy came running along the top of it, shouting and waving his arms.

"Hey, you, head her up, and pull in the sheet." And after a short pause for breath, "You'll never get anywhere that way."

"Oh, hush," I hollered. "We're not going anywhere. Just my usual sailing orders," I explained to the other half of the crew. "I hear them every time I even mention the word boat."

"Well anyway, raise the jib as far as it'll go and keep off the rocks," continued the advisor. "I don't want my boat wrecked. And don't kleet the sheet. Did ya' hear?"

I totally ignored his commands by turning my back and throwing one leg over the tiller, because I knew the boat's owner especially disapproved of my method of steering.

"Your brother doesn't look much like you,"

commented Dex, still watching the boy on the rocks.

"When you see us together he does. He thinks he's a marvelous sailor, but I don't feel safe with him. The only person I enjoy sailing with is my father. He really knows a lot about it."

"He looks like your father did when he was in college. I've seen his picture in Dad's year-book. They were in the same class, you know," added Dex, trying to find a resemblance between my brother and me.

"Umm—, rowed together, or something. Funny they should meet again up here, after so long. Our family comes up every year so Dad can sail all he wants to. He's crazy about it," I stated, kicking a life-preserver under the seat.

"Rather like it myself," Dex said, "but I've never had the chance to sail as much as I'd like to. The family usually goes west summers for mother's health. Did some real sailing last year, though. A friend of mine has a fifty-foot yawl, and he took a gang of us to the Cup Defender races at Newport."

"Lucky! I'd have given anything to have seen them, but I was stuck off in school and couldn't get there," I said, remembering how put out I had felt when I had been obliged to turn down the best invitation of the year. "Wouldn't you like to sail now?" I added, sliding from the stern and handing over the sheet to Dex.

"Gosh, this is great! I suppose you spend most of your time sailing. It's a good thing for a girl to be able to sail. My sister can't even tell which way a boat's going," he said, tying and untying half-hitches in the sheet.

"Oh, anybody could sail this in good weather. I've never had her alone in a stiff wind though. Dad won't let me. He says she's a light-weather boat and I couldn't handle her," I replied, wondering how much nearer land we were going, then added, "Hadn't we better come about? There are some pretty shallow places along the shore here."

"O.K. Ready about?" called the new captain.

"Hard'a lee," I answered, and ducked as the boom went over. "I'm going up on the deck to sun. Better not head up too much or we'll jibe."

For a while, conversation ceased, and I lay on the hot deck watching the bow cut through the water, sending the spray to both sides in little rainbows. Below me, the water was a clear greenish-blue, with streaks of sunlight penetrating far into its depths. As I looked farther and farther away from me, the water became bluer and darker, and here and there was speckled with a tiny pointed white-cap. At the head of the bay, a few small houses crowded close to the foot of the dark green hill that rose high behind them. The thin wisps of gray smoke rising from the trees along the shore, and the three sea-gulls circling high above, were the only signs of life visible from where I lay.

The sun was warm, and the wind made me feel so drowsy that I guess I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew, I was suddenly brought to by a sharp shudder that ran through the boat, followed by a violent oath from the stern.

"Sorry," said Dex, hanging over the side and pawing in the water for the end of the sheet, which was trailing within half a foot of his hand. "I didn't see that puff of wind come up," he explained to me as I brought the boat around so he could reach the rope, "and it just snatched it right out of my hands."

"So I see," I remarked, rubbing my elbow where I had banged it against the mast. "Say, we'd better be heading back. We're out pretty far, and it looks stormy."

All around us, the water was a dark green, almost black, and to the north the sky was full of heavy, low-hung clouds. During my sleep, which must have been longer than I had realized at first, for we had long ago passed the last island that guarded the entrance to the bay, the wind had changed and was ploughing the ocean into deep, choppy furrows that

broke over the bow and streamed down the deck. The mast and stays were bending under the strain of the high wind, and I secretly was thankful that I was not alone, for I could never have handled the boat myself.

"Guess we'd better take in a reef or two, hadn't we?" asked Dex, glancing from me to the sails and back again.

"I don't know," I replied, trying to remember what Dad had said about, "If you ever get caught in a high wind—" "It would be easier and quicker to lower the jib. That's what I always do when it blows hard."

The next ten minutes were spent in letting down the forward sail. I took the tiller and tried to keep the boat headed into the wind, while Dex went forward and struggled with the sail. The wind blew the folds of the jib from the deck, and both jib-sheets became loose and tangled themselves around the hal-yards. When at last everything was fixed, I was quite dismayed to find that the removal of one sail hadn't slowed us down in the least,—instead we seemed to be going even faster.

"Do you think we'll make it all right?" I asked nervously.

"Oh, sure, sure," was the confident reply. "Why, when we were down at Newport, things didn't begin to get interesting until the wind was twice as strong as this."

"Well, then," I answered, "I'm glad you're here, instead of my brother. I'll just leave everything to you. So from now on, you're the captain, mate, and crew. I'm just ballast."

We had been running before the wind until we reached the entrance of the bay, but from there we had to tack the rest of the way, a little too often to suit me, as the boat gave a sickening swerve to the side, putting the deck under water up to the gunwales. Even when dad did the sailing, I had felt uneasy to be able to look ahead and see straight down into the water.

I didn't want Dex to know that I had lived near the ocean for eighteen years and was still petrified at the thought of turning over, so I said in a very strained voice, "Too bad this

tub hasn't got a deep keel, then we could stay out and really sail."

The remark didn't have the desired effect, and soon we were both silent again. I tried to think of things that would assure me that we might get home whole and right side up. "At least we won't have to swim," I thought, looking at the two air tanks under the forward deck, "and even if we should have to, it isn't more than two-hundred yards to shore, and the water can't possibly be any colder than I am now."

By this time we were both thoroughly drenched and shivering with the cold. We were running with the deck under water all the time then, and my heart was acting like an elevator; first falling to my toes, then rising to my mouth, with no stops in between.

However, Dex sat in the stern with his self-assured smile stretched from ear to ear, as though he had created the storm for his amusement, and was then enjoying a mere child's play of sailing.

It took us an hour or more to reach the mooring and three tries to get the boat tied firmly. The first time, we sailed up to the mooring log, we missed it by a foot; the second time we sailed right by, although I was almost dragged from the cockpit when I grabbed the mooring rope as we passed; and the third time we actually made it.

Our fingers were so cold and stiff that we did a very poor job of furling sails, much to the disgust of the small boy dancing on the wharf, more interested in his boat's safe return than in his sister's.

As we rowed ashore, we took the waves broadside, shipping water at every one, and when we reached the wharf, the floor-boards were afloat.

While I shoved the oars under the seats and threw out the soggy sweaters, Dex tied the rowboat to the runway, in a series of odd-looking knots. As he finished and stooped over to pick up the sweaters, he proudly said the few words that destroyed my sublime faith in the wisdom of the male, "Well, that was

a pretty good trip, considering that it's the first time I ever sailed a boat by myself."

Shirley Gould, '33.

FAITH

I saw her standing there, high among the hilltops,
Arms stretched high and head thrown back.
Her gown like clouds billowed in the wind.
My tired heart gave a cry, my youth awoke.
I saw her standing there,
Many years ago. Years have past and I am old
now.

The path is rough and the climb is steep.
Yet I know when I reach the end of my climb,
She'll run to greet me with welcoming arms.

Ruth Wyand, '33.

HEARTS

The tiny, black silk mask with heart-shaped holes for eyes lay at the bottom of the old trunk. It had been more than eighty years since it had been wept over, and regretfully put away. On this rainy day in May, however, the contents of this dilapidated trunk were being brought to light. "Boots," with no idea of going out in the rain, had come up in the attic to rummage around for a costume to wear to a ball which was to be held the following evening. Away back in a corner behind the chimney she had spied the old trunk and recognized the initials upon it to be her own, and also those of the great-aunt for whom she had been named. She had dragged it excitedly to the light. Carefully removing layers of clothing, she came at last upon the tiny black mask and also the diary upon which it lay.

"Gracious," she thought. "This must be Aunt Bab's diary! I'm sure if she were here she'd tell me to read it."

Taking the diary and the mask to an old chair by the window, she sat down and slowly opened the book. "Boots" began to read.

"May 10, 1850. Oh! diary, I am at last eighteen. I feel in my heart that this year will be the most important in my life. Tonight I am going to my first masked ball. Brother Dan, Cousin Jim, his sister Mary, and I are

to go together. I must confess that I dislike Mary very much. She always spoils my adventures by spying, and when we were children, she would tattle about everything I did. Cousin Jim is a dear, though, and I shall make him chatter with her so she won't bother me. I am going as Queen Anne. I have a charming costume, and the tiny, black mask sets off my complexion to perfection. I hope, diary, I do not sound vain, but it is the truth. The hair-dresser has come, so I must go to be curled. Good-bye, till later.

"Later. Oh, dear, I am so excited. It is a little after midnight, but I must stop and tell you before I go to meet him. We went to the ball; it was held at the Dorman's. Mary was snippy because my costume was prettier than hers, and so superior because they have a new coach. Soon after we arrived at the Dorman's, I was introduced to David Manners. Oh! diary, he is so handsome. Just one glance at his brown eyes and my heart began to jump. The touch of his fingers made my heart stand still. We danced for a while, but, as it was so warm, we stepped into the garden. I cannot tell you everything that happened—but I will tell you a secret. I am going to pack a few things and elope with him tonight. I know I shouldn't do this, because it will cause a horrible scandal, but his father and mine are fearful enemies—and I know they would never consent to our marriage.

"There is only one thing that troubles me. While we were planning, I heard a rustling in the bushes, but it was probably only some animal. It's time to go now, diary. I shall not need you. I'm leaving my girlhood behind. Someday, someone will read this and understand my flight.

"May 13. My life is over. I am so hurt that my heart is not mine any longer; it is so heavy—I weep to think of it. Just as I was leaving my room, Mary met me. She snatched my bag, pushed me into the room and locked the door. It did me no good to scream, and beat on the door, as my room is at the end of the corridor, and secluded. Now, I have

learned what happened later. Mary took my bonnet, cloak, and bag and went with David. He did not note the difference in the dark as we are very nearly the same size. They were married. Mary is telling the tale that I agreed to elope for a prank, and then sent her to tell him that I had been teasing him. But she, very much in love, eloped in my place. He believed her and thinks me a wicked, heartless woman. Oh, how could he think this of me—!"

The diary ended here. The rest was blank. Boots shut the book with tears in her eyes.

"Poor Aunt Babs," she pondered. "What a break she got. It wasn't fair at all. Heavens, that was just eighty-six years ago tomorrow, and I'm named after her and have the same birthday. I wonder if that costume is here!"

She began frantically tossing over the clothing she had removed from the trunk, and there, at the very bottom of the pile she came upon the desired costume. Hastily she pulled off her dress and tried it on.

"She was about as tall as I am," she puffed. "But, gracious me, how did they ever manage to breathe in those days! If I let it out a bit, I could wear it though—and by jinx I will! We'll just see if anything exciting happens to me."

The next evening Boots set out in the company of her elder brother Don, who, though outwardly scornful, was rather proud of his attractive sister. The costume had been made to fit, and the little mask was safe in her evening bag.

After the second dance, Don approached Boots, with a young man dressed as Napoleon.

"Sis, this is an old classmate of mine, Dave Manners," said Don. "I know at a costume ball, introductions aren't necessary, but I thought you might like to know what to call each other."

"Shall we dance?" asked Dave, after the customary greetings had been exchanged, and without waiting for an answer, he slipped an arm about her, and they glided out on the floor to the music of a popular fox trot.

"You know," he said after a moment, "I

have been wanting to meet you ever since I saw your costume, and especially your mask. You can imagine how pleased I was when I asked Don who you were and he said you were his sister. You see, you are dressed exactly like the girl who broke my grandfather's heart."

"Oh!" exclaimed Boots.

"He told me the story once when I was a little fellow," Dave continued, "and I've never forgotten it. It seems he met a girl at a costume ball, like this, and he was attracted by the heart-shaped eye-holes in her mask. He found she was the daughter of his father's bitterest enemy, but that made no difference. He was bound he was going to marry her, and they planned to elope. The girl was only playing a trick on him and sent her cousin to tell him everything was off. The cousin fooled him and married him herself. She only lived a year and after her death, he married my grandmother. I have always been a bit angry at the girl who tricked the old duffer."

"Oh, she did not!" Boots exclaimed hastily. "You may look surprised," she went on, "but you see that girl was my great-aunt. I read her diary yesterday, and when I learned your name was Manners, I nearly fell over, I was so surprised. Aunt Babs was really terribly in love with David Manners, but her cousin Mary overheard their plans, locked Aunt Babs in her room and went off with David. I could tell her heart must have been broken by the way she told the story."

"You mean that you are the grand-niece of the girl who disappointed Grandfather?" exclaimed Dave. "Well,—I want to talk to you. Will you go out in the garden with me?"

Dorothy Day, '33.



JUNIOR PROM

Two bulging busses stopped at the entrance of the Woodland Park Golf Club.

"Well, where are the men?" a voice demanded.

"You know Tom promised to have a cheering squad here to greet us. They were going to yell—

Hail to Lasell girls

Large or small

They have to come in busses

Or they can't come at all.

Amid shrieks of laughter, swirl of skirts, and clicking of heels, the Juniors bowed themselves out of the bus and walked up to the dressing room. No men were seen anywhere, but then it wouldn't be a true Lasell dance if men were hanging around. The only important object in the dressing room was the mirror. It reflected many faces in its impartial surface. There was a girl in orange who should be a contortionist, fixing the back of her dress.

"Say, can you pull out these stitches?" she asked her friend.

"Sure, how'd they get there?"

"Well, my dress didn't pass inspection and—"

"Oh, I see. They sewed it up."

"My roomie did it. You can see for yourself that it will never hold and I simply can't have threads hanging."

"Of course not."

"She takes sewing at school so I thought she'd make it tight, but look at it."

"Yes,—say have you anything sharp I can break a thread with?"

The mirror reflected many more girls, and



among them a heavy girl in bulging black pumps.

"What happened to your shoes?" a friend asked.

"You mean the middles?"

"Yes."

"Do they look bad? My roomie stretched them for me and—well our feet are a little different in the same place."

The girls trooped down stairs where the expectant "blinds" stood feebly waiting.

"Oh Doris, come here," a girl called.

"May I present Mr.—er—er—Kimp."

"I'm very glad to meet you," Doris mumbled.

They walked bravely to the forbidding line ahead of them.

"Mrs. MacDonald, may I present Mr. Simp, Mr. Blimp, Mrs. MacDonald." Doris being too embarrassed to apologize walked off. Her "blind" looking like a happy farmer came grinning after her. He didn't feel insulted at all. His real name was Jones anyway.

As the orchestra started to play the fellows dutifully asked their partners to dance.

In a corner two couples were talking together.

"Say, have you ever seen the man in the mountains?" Don asked.

"Sure," Jean replied.

"Well, they carved his face from Ted's," he said, pointing to her partner.

"Oh, a stone head," Jean replied.

"Who, me?" asked Ted.

"No, the man in the mountains," she answered.

"A couple of stone heads," Don yelled as he danced away.

Over by the punch bowl there was a couple. There always is someone by a punch bowl.

"You're the best dancer I've ever met," he was saying.

She, a tall blonde in a black dress, replied, "How many girls have you said that to?"

"Never to a girl like you," he answered.

The music stopped and someone said that the Junior Prom picture was to be taken.

"Say, I'm not a Junior. I'm not going to have my picture taken," one of the bigger "blinds" thundered.

"Yes you are," his small date informed him.

"Let's stay in here instead," he said.

"Say, they count heads in the picture and any girl missing gets six weeks restrictions."

He of course couldn't inflict such a horrible future on the girl so he consented to kneel in the front row. It takes small women with brains to manage brutes.

The dancers all lined up in a solid mass and put their best picture faces on but the photographer looked dissatisfied.

Finally he spoke.

"Will you please keep your hands still until I take the picture?" he asked.

The music started again and everyone began to dance. At about ten of twelve, a few foresighted couples went up to get their coats. Fords and cars stopped at the door while Juniors climbed in.

In the rumble seat of a certain yellow roadster a fellow was saying, "May I have a kiss?"

"I never kiss a fellow when the moon isn't out," she replied.

"Let's imagine there's a moon."

"I haven't any imagination."

"I have enough for both of us," he replied.

"Well, if you have so much imagination, why don't you imagine you've kissed me?"

In another car the fellow who had formerly told a girl she was the best dancer he had ever met was now saying, "Honest, you're the nicest girl I've ever met." In reply to the question of the tall girl in black, he said, "Never to a girl like you."

Oh, yes, seniors; your younger Junior sisters had a prom.

Ruth Stafford, '33.

Growing Older

The years are passing by! Almost before I was conscious of it, I passed from the silly childish stage to the period when I am considered a young lady with approaching dignity and poise. My parents even regard me as a

"grown up." No longer do I hear, "It is nine-thirty. It's your bedtime." Now, to my great satisfaction and ease, I hear, "Will you turn off the radio when you come up to bed, dear?"

It seems incredible that just last year, I was an immature high school girl who was readily excused for awkwardness and lack of knowledge and tact because of my youth. If I did something for which I deserved punishment, Mother would invariably add that I was young only once and thus end the issue for the time being, at least.

Now, although I am in reality only twelve months older, my outlook upon life has been changed for me. No longer can I apologize on the grounds that I know no better. I cannot feign ignorance because I am conscious of the fact that it is high time that I took my place in the world as Mary Smith rather than Mrs. Smith's little daughter.

Several of my friends are engaged to be married, and a small group have even ventured forth and are now busying themselves by setting up little households in sweet three- and four-roomed apartments. They have accepted many of the duties and responsibilities that my own mother has. They have become bosses in their own domain and thus have a complete "say" in regard to the manner in which that part of the home shall be regulated. And yet no more than two or three years ago, we were all playmates. Is it small wonder that I am beginning to acquire a little more dignity, and in return receive the respect and courtesy of a woman?

Never before did I venture to offer my criticisms to the dinner table discussions. I have no doubt but that my opinions would have sounded absurd if I can flatter myself to the extent that I believe myself to have possessed any definite thoughts on a subject. At present, and I suppose I shall for the rest of my life, read the current newspapers and magazines so that I shall be up-to-date as to the world about me. I spend considerable time thinking and forming opinions on various

topics. Please do not think me an intentional hypocrite because I have merely found the joy of living through the same means that most of the world does. And incidentally, when Mother argues with Dad as to how to end the depression, I can add my bit and join the fun.

Perhaps you have not yet been convinced that I am quite a young lady. There is still a point which I have failed to mention, but in consideration for any remaining doubt, I shall cite an incident which shall take off the dubious look forever. When I went into the grocery store for two pounds of coffee the other day, the clerk inquired, "What can I do for you, madam?"

Helen Bardua, '33.

Aftermath

The busses were waiting at the door for those who were to attend the formal dance. For a month, at least, the Junior girls of Lasell had talked and planned, asked questions and answered them, and the eventful night was now at hand.

Directly after a dinner that was not too hearty, those concerned hurried to their rooms to attempt to make themselves beautiful and inviting—especially inviting.

It was just a case of so-called bad luck inflicted upon the roommates of these proud Juniors, who were underclassmen. No dance for them,—and they had to scrutinize and suggest, tuck in this hair and put a pin in there—mere slaves for their superiors on this night of nights.

The trip from the dormitories to the Woodland Golf Club where the dance was held was a tense one. Just about half of those attending the dance had "blind" dates. (Thanks to kind teachers and friends.)

"I wish we were dancing the first dance, at least," said one.

"I'm so nervous. Can't you feel me shaking?"

"What was his name, now? Oh, I've forgotten again! How'll I introduce him?"

Up the driveway to the Club and then the colorful parade up the walk to the door—blues, greens and some of the darker shades, all topped with fluffy, white bunny-wraps.

The wait upstairs was most nerve-wracking. Some of the girls powdered their noses and combed their hair at least a half dozen times while waiting their turn to be called to the first floor.

"Miss —— and Miss ——" the smiling attendant announced.

Hearts almost stopped beating when the names were called. What would that "blind" be like?

The dancing started and apparently everyone was happy. According to after-the-dance gossip, several girls made a big "hit" with the same men. It couldn't be that these nice boys that the Juniors invited would lead anyone on!

"I love to dance with you," one young man remarked. "You look so nice tonight and I have a preference for brunettes."

All these sweet words were like songs of old to an untrained lass. However, gossip ruined the dreams of these fortunate girls, for every girl had had the same "line" from each fellow!

The dance over, the couples started home under a star-sprinkled sky. The big dipper was clearly visible in the heavens, and this, one young lady used in an attempt to detract from herself, her escort having been very attentive the entire evening. Another girl used the large collar of her evening wrap to good advantage.

To this day, it has been rather difficult to find out the true reason for the badly mussed hair of several of the girls who came in just a little bit late. I wonder—was it the wind?

Annabeth Williams, '33.



The Vain Rose

"I am a red, red rose," quoth she,
"Blooming here, exquisitely."
(Never a glance at neighbor flowers)—
"I adorn these stately bowers."

"Some glad day, soon, my fate I'll meet,
(Would these days could be more fleet!)
A lover spied my bud so red—
Me he'd take to her he'd wed.

Alas! There came a splashing shower;
Spent its fury for an hour;
And one red rose with petals limp,
On the ground began to sink.

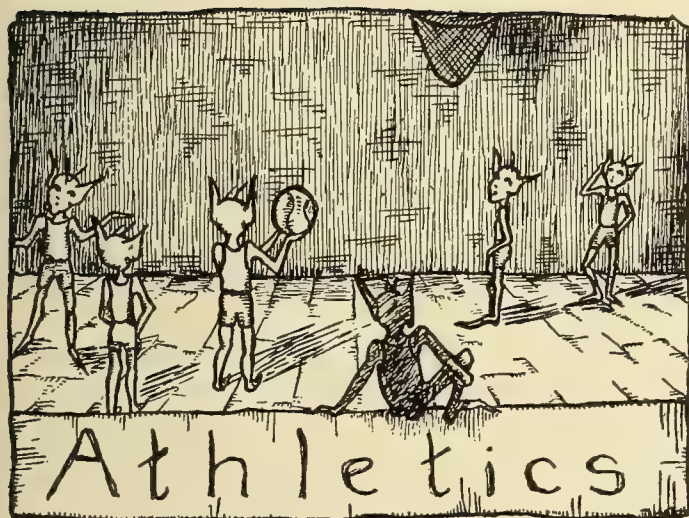
The neighbor flow'rs heard one weak call,
"Oh, save me, friends, or I fall!
I fear I cannot live apart,
I need you all. Oh! My heart!"

The lover came that selfsame night
For the rose, to press it tight
In his fair lady's lovely hand—
And her true love was on demand.

What met his eyes? Oh, such a sight!
Could he understand it, quite?
For there, down on a pansy bed
Lay a red rose with bruised head.

Annabeth Williams, '33.





**"A Sport for Every Girl
Every Girl A Sport"**

TRACK

"All right now—down to the stone wall and back." And with these words, the gym department inaugurated spring track. All their efforts are being directed toward Field Day, May 16. Especially commendable is their desire to have every girl partake.

CREW

Every available afternoon sees six or seven crews out on the river churning up the fair water of the Charles. As always, crew has attracted a large number of enthusiastic and energetic would-be oarsmen. Unfortunately or perhaps fortunately, Casey's winning crew of last year has been broken up, and at present there do not seem to be any favorite daughters.

ARCHERY

Archery has suddenly slipped into the limelight. An archery club has been organized with Gene Loomis at its head and the sport has proved very popular.



EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges and at the same time express our appreciation to the editors of:

Ward-Belmont's "Hyphen"
Edward Little's "Station E. L. H. S."
Connecticut College's "News"
Boston University's "News"
"Emerson College News"
Worcester Academy's "Bulletin"
Summit High's "Tower"
Tilton's "Tiltonian"
Tenaflly's "Echo"
Abbot's "Courant"
Bradford's "Quill"
St. Johnsbury's "Academy Student"
Millbury's "Reflector"
Bennett's "Halcyon Days"
Fair Haven's "Slate"
Nashua's "Tattler"
Sweethbriar's "Brambler"
St. Margaret's "Magpie"
Hampdon Sydney's "Magazine"
Steven's "Red and Black"
Vergennes' "Blue and White"
Bangor's "Oracle"
St. Agnes' "Bleatings"
Barringer's "Acropolis"

We have been fortunate to receive each number of these, practically all publications throughout the year, and have found great interest in all. Now as the year closes, we regret that it means the end of this source of informative pleasure. To all who have favored us with their especial publications we extend our gratitude. If we have at any time failed to mention your magazine, it has not been intentional, we have tried to acknowledge all.

On behalf of the present staff of the LEAVES, we wish to extend greetings to all our exchange friends and wish for them a successful year to come in their worthy publications.

EDITORIALS

TAKING STOCK

(1851-1932)

Now that the name of our school has been officially changed to that of Lasell Junior College, we have been tempted to take stock of not only that which the junior college has to offer but also to pass in review the courses Lasell has been and is offering today. Of course, we are proud to be admitted on the basis of the junior college to the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. So far to our knowledge only three schools in New England have been admitted on this score.

The first question with which we are confronted is, "Why did the Junior College come into being?" There have been many contributing causes and one finds it quite impossible to single out a specific one. But, the over-crowding in the leading women's colleges would probably be accepted as the leader. When this condition reached its peak and all sorts of artificial barriers had been raised and yet hundreds of perfectly good students were being turned away each year, people began to wonder what should be done. The college presidents came forth with theories. Two of the most progressive of these hit on the junior college idea. It may not have been entirely original with them, but at least it made the women's colleges sit up and take notice. Their idea was that the junior college might serve not only as a clearing house for the senior college, but also as a very valuable part of the higher educational system. This was due to the fact that hundreds were flocking to college because it was the fashionable thing to do for a year or two. Many fell by the wayside at the first mid-year examination and

they fell so hopelessly that no tutors could even repair the damages. What was the cause? Very often because the usually required studies of the first two years at college did not interest them in the least. Hundreds of college graduates who had no intention of going into teaching or research work found that the business world wanted aptitude and interest, not a college degree. It irked them to begin at the beginning. What had they been to college for?

This has given rise to two serious questions. The first on the part of parents and their children and the second on the part of college administrations. The former have been questioning both the necessity and advisability of sending every child to college and the latter have been likewise doubting the wisdom of deviating from their original path—that of scholarship. In pre-war days usually only those girls went to college who expected to teach. Now in these post-war days, many other avenues have opened up and women, like a flock of sheep, have been slavishly imitating their brothers by thinking that they had to go to college. Having halted in this mad rush, they have turned their attention to the junior college.

In New England it was found that many of the so-called "finishing schools" had from their very beginning offered a well-rounded and completer unit of work than the freshman and sophomore years at a regular college. This was due to the fact that in pre-war days every girl who did not have to earn her living considered it important that she be trained for the duties of the home, not only practically, but in a wider social sense. She felt that she got more from a "finishing school" than from two years at college for the simple reason that at

the regular college she would have to take required subjects in which she had no interest and since this is still a matter of controversy in colleges and universities and for them eventually to settle, we are not concerned with it here. To meet her need then, the "finishing school" had planned a well-rounded programme in which certain studies, to be sure, were required, but for the most part, she could choose her special field as soon as she entered and concentrate in it. The classes were small, the teachers resident and personally interested in her moral and intellectual welfare. These same schools were found to have kept abreast of the times just as the colleges had. Consequently, when the junior college idea developed it was found that they but had to change their names from those of seminary and academy to that of junior college in order to qualify. They suddenly became aware that they were called upon to fill an important role on the educational stage.

What, then, are some of the courses offered? We find listed: Academic, Household-Economics, Secretarial, Art and Music. In the Academic, the student can specialize in any one of several fields and at the same time widen her horizon by including subjects not in her major course. To be quite concrete. A student enters a junior college. She is at once called upon to exercise a sense of responsibility in choosing what her major field is to be. Let us suppose it is English. Besides the English Composition Course required of all students, she may take the Survey Course in English Literature, Advanced Composition, Novel or Drama. She may add to these European History, introductory courses in Psychology and Sociology, History of Art, a modern language, and even venture forth to put on the frills of Costume Design, Interior Decoration or Crafts. Thus, at the end of two years, she has had a well-rounded course with the emphasis placed in the direction of her interests. Should she want to go on to college, she will receive advanced-standing credit without examination at those

institutions which give it to junior colleges and at the same time, she has also widened her horizon. Students going from Lasell to such colleges have testified, without solicitation, to the good preparation they have had for their further studies. But remember each college has as yet a different requirement although the day may come when there will be uniformity of action.

Lasell has been the pioneer in Home Economics and is justly proud of the excellent course provided for those interested along this line. Those who are preparing for marriage and home-keeping have found the work invaluable. Those who have wished to use this field for earning their living have been able after a six-months' course in Dietetics in a hospital to obtain good positions as dietitians. If they have become interested in teaching, they have received a full two years' credit in the colleges specializing in this work—Universities of Chicago and New Hampshire and Simmons College, Boston. But the work done has been a complete unit and we are very much pleased at the fine records of our graduates in the realm of Home Economics.

So many girls are turning their minds towards business. The course at most junior colleges enables them to secure good positions if they have concentrated in it. They have had the still further advantage of squeezing in as an elective a course in literature, history or social science and thus broadened their backgrounds. To the humdrum of a business course have been added concerts, chorus-singing, dramatics and stimulating lectures which the ordinary business school does not offer. These are the frills and furbelows so essential to the real enjoyment of living. Again, to the Lasell graduate wishing to teach, the Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters will give two full years of credit.

Courses in Art and Music are also offered at most junior colleges. These may be considered luxuries in these days of depression, but when given a practical turn may prove very useful. The 'New England Conserva-

tory of Music will credit the work done in the Academic Music course. Besides, ample opportunity is given to the music student to learn stage presence, so very necessary to the musician who intends to follow a concert career. Ours was the first junior college to have its chorus, the Orphean Club, invited to sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at one of its Pop Concerts in the spring. We feel very highly honored at this distinction. In Art courses are offered studio work, costume design, interior decoration and crafts, thus enabling the student to choose the direction of her work in art, that is, whether it shall be creative or commercial. One of our graduates who is at present at Art School writes back proudly that she had not only nothing to unlearn but had received such a solid foundation that she was able to go right on. This was also the case of one of our music students who expects to get the degree of Bachelor of Music from a Canadian university.

Then there is the matter of health. Many of us complain of "gym" and yet we know how important it is to our well-being. As a change from the dull monotony of gymnastic exercises students are allowed to substitute one of the many outdoor sports as well as an indoor one such as basketball, badminton or swimming twice a week thus reducing regular "gym" from three periods a week to one. One good health record justifies the Physical Education Department in their insistence on "gym" three times a week. Besides, who would miss the social get-together at the end of the hockey and basket-ball seasons when frankfurts and steak are broiled over an open fire? In small groups this means a great deal in the way of sociability and can be indulged in at a junior college. Or again if one has histrionic talent the Dramatic Club offers an opportunity.

We are quite ready to admit that for the high school graduate who is quite sure that she wants to teach or to do research work, a regular college is the place. But, for the stu-

dent who is not quite certain of her plans or who knows definitely that she does not want to go into teaching, we feel that the Junior College will best meet her needs. She will find herself treated as a mature person by her teachers. She will enjoy the small classes in which she is allowed to express her opinions freely and by means of which she will find herself developing intellectually. And, by the way of interpolation, we must say that we feel this method far superior to the antiquated lecture system still used in colleges against which there have been so many protests and which will stimulate her still further so that her attitude towards her work will become more serious.

We do not want to blow our horn too loudly but as we take stock we feel a certain justifiable pride in it. When school days are done and we look back on them in retrospect there are usually two things we remember. First, the doors that were opened to us either through a teacher or the course itself, and secondly, the joy of friendship. It is more conventional to put friends first but talk to those out of school ten and fifteen and twenty years and you'll find that the order will be reversed in the above-mentioned way. To explain would be to write another essay. But as one looks back one is so grateful for having the door of appreciation of painting or sculpture opened through their History of Art course, of good literature through an acquaintance with Thackeray or Hardy in the English Literature hour, prison systems through Sociology, Evolution through Biology and so we might go on *ad infinitum*. In the light of experience of more than eighty years, we feel that a Lasell Junior College diploma will soundly reward those who will work for it.

SPRING FEVER

The warm, balmy days of April and May bring about that sleepy, lackadaisical feeling which we call "Spring Fever." Everyone has it. Rarely does a student escape the pleasant

drowsiness that overtakes one in afternoon classes especially. We sit with our chin cupped into the palm of one hand and tap our pencil on the desk with the other hand. The teacher's voice drones on explaining and interpreting lessons for us, someone's foot scrapes on the floor and one's wrist-watch ticks on and on—the only thing reminding us that time does pass. It is not an unpleasant feeling to sit there watching the fleecy white clouds float dreamily across the deep blue sky. Perhaps one thinks that a dress of that color would be pretty for the summer. Suddenly, the spell is broken as one hears one's name called in sharp tones. Shamefacedly the recitation is made, shame mounting at having been caught day-dreaming. But five minutes later once again yawns are stifled with difficulty and gaze turns toward the window. The bell peals out rasping that the hour is over. Oh—now for a few letters and six holes of golf. The drowsiness almost completely vanishes.

It is fine to have Spring Fever. It shows, at least, that we have worked hard all winter and are showing the strain—if such be the case. But we must be considerate of others and not let ourselves succumb to that beautiful feeling of complete relaxation. In classes, we should try to be alert and well-prepared. After classes we can dream, golf and sleep to our heart's content. What a caricature, a pathetic one at best, is a class of young women who have distant, dreamy looks in their eyes, ecstatic expressions on their faces—and *nothing* in their minds. So, before we give in to Spring Fever in the vicinity of the Bragdon class rooms, let us consider how we look when we stare into space; surely few of us would find the result gratifying. Secondly, and of the utmost importance, let us make the remaining days of the school year profitable and happy by accomplishing to the best of our ability those tasks which are immediately before us.

“THE WORLD'S A STAGE”

At the age of five, the little boy asks Santa Claus to bring him an Indian or cowboy suit,

so that he may play, with his friends, the game of Indian. The children build a shelter to serve for a tent, and they run madly around in their feathered caps, imitating the people they have heard about in stories. The little girl brings her friends upstairs to the attic, where they delve into her mother's and grandmother's trunks, and bring out old-fashioned dresses and hats, which they don, in order to better characterize themselves in their game of “playing house.”

As time goes on and children pass through the grades to their last year in High School, they have been called upon to take part in little plays. Perhaps a freshman gets an opportunity to appear in the Senior Play as a minor character. Possibly, never before those rehearsals had she had a chance to come in contact with the older boys and girls; but now, being with them often, she gains their admiration by being one chosen from all the younger people to act with them. They find her a good listener, a good sport, and, finally, a girl they would like to take into their circle of friends.

People watching an amateur play enjoy the performance, but rarely realize the fun the actors have had in putting it on. They know nothing of the trials at the dress-rehearsal; for instance, when the stage manager couldn't find the flashlight the boy was supposed to carry in on his next entrance, when his lines read “This great light shall guide me safely past that pit,” and he is handed a match instead; or when the lights were turned on in full force during a very solemn, silent, gruesome scene. These things were what made rehearsals a joy, and something to be remembered a long while.

That freshman who came before the eyes of the school then, kept on with her good work, and besides her dramatic appearances, seemed to be always the one chosen to be chairman of different committees, president of societies, and a leader in important affairs. People did not wonder about this, but only thought of how well she conducted and controlled herself. Nothing seemed to ruffle her spirits; she was calm and contained a proper dignity at all times.

Because of training in elementary schools, people become better fitted for the part they must play in life. Things do not always run smoothly; there is perpetually an unexpected happening to be encountered and dealt with wisely.

In football, basketball, hockey, each player must keep his eyes, ears and senses alert each moment. He is in a responsible position. His little bit is going to count for the success of the whole game. If the quarterback mixes his signals, what happens? If the end does not tackle his opponent, what then? Even the water-boy must have his pails filled and on the field in the allotted time or the boys will go onto the field with parched throats and a weakness and victory will turn to failure.

The same thing applies in producing a play, only in this line of work, it is even more important that each player be awake to what is going on. The part may be large or small, but that doesn't matter a particle. Everyone is on a par. A girl may come in for two minutes as a maid bringing a letter to her master; but if she shouldn't appear at the precise moment, it would be hard for the cast to take their cues. Perhaps a very important message was in the letter; without knowledge of its contents, the audience would not get a clear conception of the plot and the play would not go over. The boy backstage caring for lights, sounds, such as thunder and rain or tramping of soldiers, the property man, the makeup man, the costume designer, the prompter, and the players are all chief factors. Each is needed, none can be done without.

These same people will perhaps go into the business world and find the same thing applying there; there is team-work in all of life and they must do their bit at the right time.

Others will go on to higher institutions of learning where they will enter dramatic clubs that are more pretentious than those of the high school. That process of making friends through channels, such as contact in dramatic groups, will continue. They will learn to know people better than those who have only a chance

to say "hello." Perhaps it is unwise to state that they will find the humorous side of their teachers and begin to understand that they, too, are human beings, but that is a fact.

By this time a girl will have enough pride in herself to want to know more of the fine literature that is in the world. By working in or watching such a play as Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" she will want to know more of his works and those of other dramatists.

No matter how old people get, they never leave the land of make-believe. They meet their school-day chums and go off for an evening, and pretend to be back in the old days.

Drama brings to the world everything that is worth while; it takes people's thoughts away from themselves; it calls for teamwork and clear thinking; it gives insight into fine minds; it builds character, helps one to have poise, and is one of the best ways in the world to make friends and prepare for action on the biggest known stage—life.

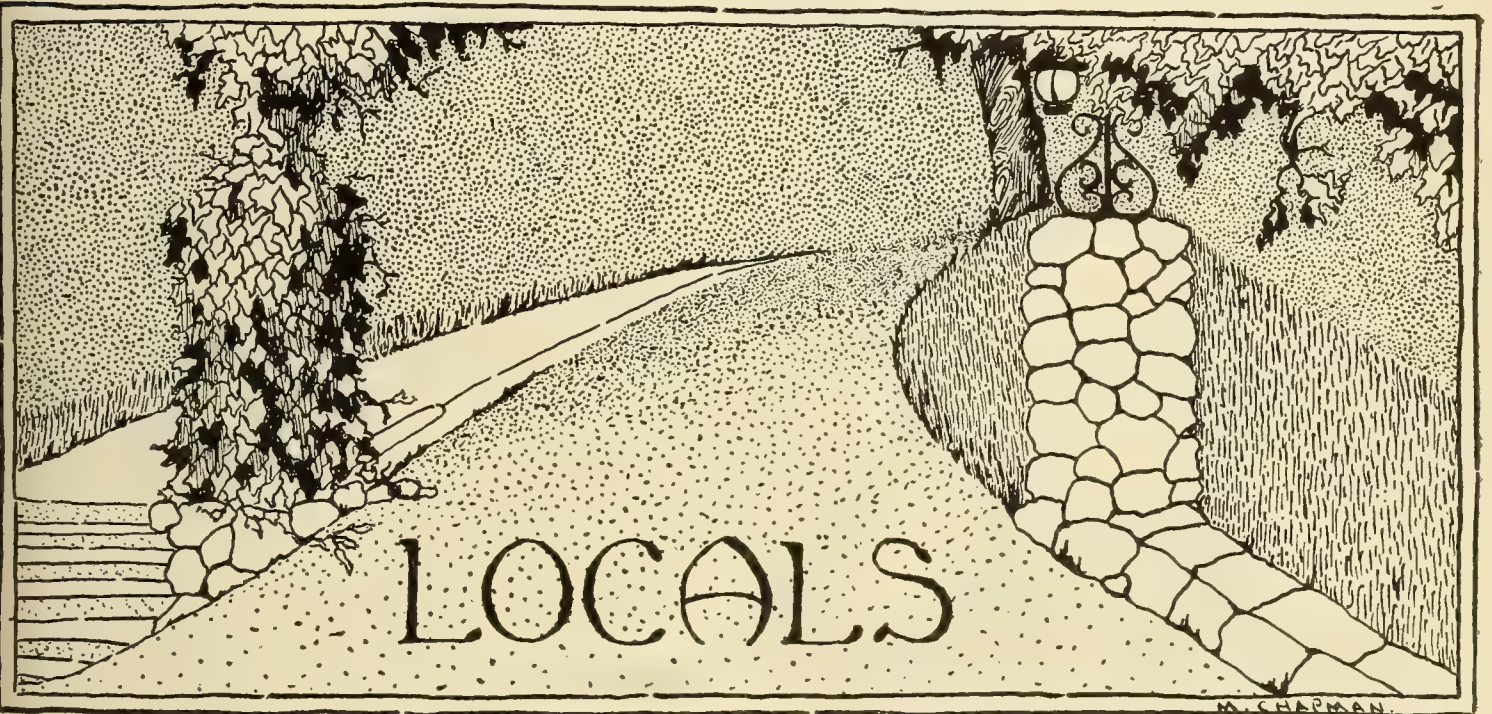


In this issue you have arrayed before you the literary talent of the Junior class. We feel that they have done very well, and the calibre of their writing points to a successful LEAVES for 1933.

The short stories are all from the English 108 classes of Mrs. Sypher and Miss Hoag. We would like to give especial commendation to the story of Shirley Gould. Besides its evident literary value, you must admit Shirley has a most amazing store of nautical information. Although not a member of the Journalism class this year, Shirley is to be a welcome addition to next year's staff.

Now that our school has undergone a change of identity, the editorial "Taking Stock," is most timely. This article presents in a most interesting way the value and function of the Junior College and its place in our present educational system.

Again we offer our congratulations to Ruth Stafford for her charming cover. The Leaves staff has been most fortunate this year in having Ruth as Art Editor. Her interest and generous help have been of outstanding merit. Thank you Ruth.



April 5: Evidently rest and vacation are not synonymous terms! But never mind, it was a grand vacation and we have all come back with new ambitions for the final spring term.

April 6: Chapel. Our little friend Charles Petremont, Miss Eichhorn's six-year-old violin pupil, again gave a performance for us. This child plays with amazing skill and charm and never fails to delight his Lasell admirers.

April 10: Vespers. A Musical Vespers under the direction of our Mr. Harold Schwab is always welcomed. Assisting Mr. Schwab were Mr. Ralph Johnson, flutist, Mr. Paul Bauguss and Mr. Walter Scheirer, violinists.

April 11: Journalism Banquet. Woodland Park was the scene of this delightful informal affair. This banquet, given by the school to the Journalism class in recognition for their work on the LEAVES, proved particularly enjoyable this year. Included in the list of guests were members of the English department, and Miss Badger and Miss Petterson. Following the dinner a very informal program was given by four girls of the class.

The speaker of the evening was Mrs. True Worthy White, Secretary of the Massachusetts Legion of Women Voters. Mrs. White spoke in a most interesting manner on "The New Woman in a New World," speaking especially of the advent and progress of women in politics. The staff is greatly indebted to Mrs. White and to those who made this event possible.

April 21: Tea. The girls of the House Management classes were hostesses to the Faculty and members of the Junior class, at their Practise House, Blaisdell Hall.

April 22: Senior Stunt Night. It's a great treat when underclassmen can come and view seniors and Faculty, shorn of all dignity, and undeniably making fools of themselves. But it was great entertainment and we only wish that there were more stunt nights. Especially to be commended are the Faculty for their 100% representation and Esther Gilbert, Endowment Chairman for this most successful affair.

April 23: Vespers. Reverend Ralph Hebard Rogers, Ph.D., the pastor of the Auburn-

dale Congregational Church, was our speaker. This was Rev. Rogers' first visit to Lasell, and we hope his next visit will follow shortly.

April 27: Orphean Concert. Under the direction of Mr. George Dunham, the Orphean Club gave its annual concert at the Auburndale Club. The program was an exceptionally pleasing one and very well sung. Assisting artists were Miss Rose Mary Sanford, soprano; Mr. Ralph Tailby, baritone; and Miss Beatrice Griffin, violinist. It is interesting to know that the violin used by Miss Griffin is a Stradivarius of great value and a permanent loan from Mr. Henry Ford.



In the latest note from one of Lasell's most valued alumnae, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, writes from her southern home in Miami, Florida: "I am just now longing for a quiet nook of my own surrounded by my books and all my Lasell belongings, where I could spend hours at a time writing without interruption to my 'old girls.' If this desire is for the best, it will surely come to pass some day." It would seem that when the Miami Lasell girls are temporarily out of Mrs. Cushing's sight, she immediately increases her friendly relationships with her neighbors and blesses them with her helpful ministries. She also harks back to the inspiring services enjoyed in the old Lasell Chapel of her day and closes with a loving word of appreciation of our Marion Ordway Corley, '11, who is carrying on Mrs. Cushing's work as treasurer of the L. A. A. Someone has declared that Ponce de Leon discovered the "fountain of youth" in Florida. If that be true, then, Mrs. Cushing has rediscovered

it for she truly is one of the youngest "old Lasell girls" on our alumnae register.

Another highly esteemed "old girl" of a younger generation recently heard from is Mary Lulie Hogg, '88. She writes from her beloved native state, Texas, to Dr. Winslow: "Thank you for the mid-winter alumnae number of the LEAVES. I found it an interesting copy. Think the pictures of the 1856 Class quaint and lovely. Have always felt a pride in our talented Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, '56, and greatly enjoyed the beautiful painting of hers which she gave to Lasell. There were many nice bits of poetry in this number, too. The personals are fast out-growing me but I remember Annie Gwinnell, '88, Maudie Stone, '88, and Grace Huntington, '89. I regret the 'passing' of Henry Turner Bailey and remember him and liked him. Of course, I am much interested in the contemplated change of Lasell to a junior college. While I would be sorry to give up the dear old name of Seminary, at the same time would be strong for any measure that would in any way help or advance my beloved Alma Mater. Even though you seldom hear from me, Dr. Winslow, I want to assure you that never a day passes that I do not think of and often speak of 'Lasell' and my remaining friends there. My mind is too richly stored with memories to ever forget, and my life too greatly influenced by 'Lasell's' teachings to cease for a day or a moment to honor and love her. Am glad at this time to be able to give a good report of myself and family. My sister, Virginia Hogg Wynne, '87-'90, is well and enjoys her three splendid children and four lovely grandchildren and the Powell children, Margaret and Alexander, are quite well and happy, too. With affectionate regard to you, Mrs. Winslow and Miss Potter, I am, sincerely your friend, Mary Lulie Hogg, '88."

Listen to Louise Puckett Neill's ('23) characteristic letter to our president: "It was most gratifying to me to learn that Lasell has been admitted into the rank of junior colleges. We have a goodly representation here, and last year started a Lasell Club of Buffalo and Western

New York girls. In regard to the 1923 class record, I was very glad to have the list of new names and addresses myself, as my list is far from being as complete as yours. However, there are two changes that I will be able to contribute. Norma Prentis Gardner, '23, is no longer in Allston. Just where she is *permanently*, I do not know, but am sure she can always be reached in care of her mother, Mrs. N. J. Prentis, The Clock Tower Inn, Wellesley Hills, Mass. My own address has been changed to 379 Crosby Avenue, Kenmore, New York, and the spelling of my husband's name is *Jesse C. Neill*." (Just here the Personals Editor can supply the information in regard to Norma. She is at "The New Moon Tea Room," Wellesley, Mass.) "I was disappointed not to have seen you and Mrs. Winslow when Mr. Neill, our little daughter Beverly, and I visited Lasell last July. In the last edition of the LEAVES, I saw a picture of 'little' Priscilla Winslow. Is it possible that so much time has elapsed! My little red-headed daughter has now reached the age of three years, and her enthusiasm over going to school 'when she gets a big girl' is most encouraging. Next year will be the tenth anniversary of our graduation and I am making my plans to be present. Very probably Beverly will come with me. My sister, Mary, '24-'25, is the proud mother of a four-months-old daughter whom she has named Joan. Joan does *not* have red hair, however. My very best regards to you and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter, and all who remember me. Very cordially yours, Louise Puckett Neill."

Alma Bendixen Meierding, '08-'10, writes: "Received your letter several weeks ago and after reading over all the coming events at Lasell it made me long to get back and attend at least some of them. I think of Lasell and the girls of our crowd often and have never been sorry I attended so fine a school. I have no girls of my own to send but have only two boys—one, thirteen and one, seventeen. The older one is at college this year. Dr. Meierding and I are planning on driving to New York the end of this week and if he has time, we

will give you a call at Lasell. Will you please give me a little information about the following girls, where they live and if married what are their names: Helen Thirkield Cook, '11, Cornelia Stone, '10, Katherine Wheeler, '09, Dorothy Jones Jackson, '10, Marjorie Watkins Lucey, '08-'10, Gladys Lawton Bullock, '11, Mildred Snyder Grant, '10, Hannah Morris Crouse, '08-'10, and is Mrs. Marion Corley, Marion Ordway, '11? I received letters from Bess Mattison Behr, '08-'09, and Helen Lewars Erben, '09-'10, at Christmas time but have lost track of the rest. Many thanks for all information about the girls of my class and wishing you continued success, very cordially yours, Alma Bendixen Meierding."

The last word from Kentucky comes by the way of Maria Riker Hume, '09. She begins with a practical, helpful estimate of a possible new student for next year, coming, we feel sure, largely through the influence of Maria's good word for her Alma Mater. "Our two girls are looking forward to going to Lasell and I hope that we can send them to you. The older one enters high school next fall. My husband and I spent a delightful day with Margaret Gregson Barker, '09-'13, and her husband in Louisville a few weeks ago. They were spending a few days in French Lick so we met about half way. I certainly enjoyed the last number of the LEAVES, especially as I knew all the girls in the kodak pictures—you and Mrs. Winslow look just the same. Always wishing you success, I am very sincerely, Maria Riker Hume."

Janice Whitaker Sandberg, '30, is very happy in her tiny home at 22 Fells Road, Winchester. Wise Janice! She stayed at home after her Lasell graduation and learned the art of cooking in her mother's kitchen, no better place for anyone we are quite sure. She gives us word of Alice Mealey, '28-'29, who graduates from Ohio State University in June only to be married to a fine young man in September. Martha Styron, '28, is in her sorority at Ohio State and she also sees June Pankhurst, '29, and Catherine Wiley, '29. They have frequent in-

formal get-togethers and as usual love to talk over their Lasell days. Recently Janice had a surprise visit from Helene Swick, '29, and Adele Kimball, '27-'29, whom Helene was visiting. We should have liked to have seen these guests ourselves.

We are pleased to make the announcement of the arrival on February 5 of Stearns Landon Martin at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Martin (Elinor Stearns), Waltham, Mass. He is a precious boy and already has a devoted slave in his older brother, Ivan.

Frances Robertson, '23-'27, and a friend have taken over a two-hundred-year-old farm house in Union, N. H., on the state highway to the White Mountains. They are planning to open a gift shop where passers-by may stop and bide-a-wee. They have renovated the home and expect it to serve as a model so that they may get orders for doing over any other which the owners wish done. Frances is going to send "business" cards to all her Lasell friends as soon as their place is open for inspection. However, should anyone not receive one she will be just as welcome. We wish Frances all the luck in the world in this new venture. She also had pleasant word of Sally-Belle Cox, '25-'26. It seems that Sally-Belle was overheard by the right person, of course, telling stories to children in an orphan asylum and so has obtained a position of telling stories over the radio during the children's hour. Frances couldn't remember the station but all Lasell mothers can be on the watch and remember that Sally-Belle was active in Dramatics and also on the LEAVES staff during the year she was with us.

Lasell's interests reach to the ends of the earth. From Paris, France, Grace Conklin Bevin, '84-'85, sends her approval to Dr. Winslow's request to be allowed to place a copy of her daughter's (Alice Bevin Leewitz, '13-'14) prize painting on the cover of the LEAVES. "We returned this week from a trip to Florence. We spent every available minute in the Pitti and Effuzi Palaces and each time we went back the old masters seemed more marvelous.

When the galleries closed, we haunted the museums, cathedrals and churches and, of course, the bewitching shops. We have been all winter in Nice, which contrary to reports, has been very gay and crowded, with little signs of depression, except in the de luxe hotels, no more filled with rich Americans. Quite contrary to the usual weather it has been very warm and sunny in Paris, especially yesterday when all Paris trotted out-of-doors. Every bench in the Bois was filled, every tree had a group under it, and the beautiful Champ-Elysee was crowded with cars and the sidewalks filled with strollers. The little donkey carts were filled with children and the guignol did a thriving business. I am writing in the absence of my daughter and I know on her return she will be pleased to be honored by your use of her painting. Yours very sincerely, Grace Conklin Bevin."

Julia Larrabee, '28, is working at Porter Sargent's in Boston. Her special work is the editing of the Private School Handbook. Gertrude Beck, '27, is also working there but in the Exhibition Room. Julia is as lively as ever and was glad to testify to the very fine preparation she had at Lasell for her work at the University of New Hampshire, from which institution she graduated in 1930.

Blair Whittier, '31, recently stopped off at Lasell and announced "I am very busy indeed working as a National Secretary on the Membership Committee of Pi Omicron, a national women's organization aiming toward further cultural development among college graduates. It has chapters in practically every state of the Union. I find the work very interesting as it brings me in contact with so many fine people from various walks of life."

Catherine L. Beecher, '25, is still in charge of the Domestic Science Department in the high and junior high schools in Concord, Mass. During her recent call at Lasell, in reply to our questions concerning her hours of work, she answered: "My daily schedule for teaching is usually eight hours long. In addition, I feed four hundred pupils daily." We congratulate Catherine on her success in having gone

through the year without any sign of over-tiring work. Before her call at Lasell was ended, she quietly announced her engagement to J. LeRoy Wood, M.D., of Brockton. Dr. Wood is a trustee in Catherine's father's church. This announcement may in part explain the fact that our Catherine has carried on this heavy program without worry and in a joyous mood. Lasell's congratulations again to this dear pedagogue and Dr. J. LeRoy Wood.

Mary Pryor, '28, has withdrawn for the present from active service in her father's business and is sharing with her mother in the home duties, so she reported during her recent call at the college. The same day, Ruth Rohe, '31, visited at Lasell. Her happy, rosy countenance gave no evidence of serious depression on the part of this graduate who is still on the lookout for just the right business position.

Dear Lois Nichols Arnold, '18, it seems but yesterday that the LEAVES published your letter in which you made happy reference to "littlest Jimmy," your baby boy, and now we have the sad duty of announcing his sudden passing away, April 1. A host of loving Lasell "old girls" will join with us in extending tenderest sympathy to these bereaved parents.

Mae Chisholm Brown, '03-'04, writes from such a safe distance, Costa Mesa, California, that we venture to share her good letter with our many mutual Lasell friends. If we have ventured too far, we beg Mae's pardon. "What a wonderful Easter! It presented the most problems we have ever known—yet, the greatest joy. Possibly the joy seems greater because the work of the winter has been so taxing. For a second year, it is my privilege to be Chairman of our Community Welfare Committee. Food and housing problems have been more difficult because multitudes have come here hoping to live on our famous 'climate!' It has been a delight to serve. One young couple, in utter need, came to my attention. I was drawn closer to them and their three babes when I found the mother a graduate of one of New England's best boarding schools. Day by day we are solving housing, health and food prob-

lems. Just think, I'm singing more than in years! One just has to sing if she is to keep worth while in needs like these. Reading 'Singing in the Rain' did not do me any harm. We have a daughter graduating from the eighth grade in June. May we be permitted a bit o' pride because she captured the Presidency of the Student Body from a b-o-y? Always, my greetings to Dr. and Mrs. Winslow and my gratitude to Lasell. Mae Chisholm Brown."

Writes Agatha Canfield, '31: "I was so disappointed in not being able to visit Lasell with Lorraine Lombard, '31. Later, we had a marvelous two weeks together at my home, renewing many happy ties of Lasell, and to my incessant questioning she told me all about each one of you. I've thought of you many, many times and live with the bright hope of seeing you soon."

Lasell is justly proud of Eleanor McKenney, '30, and her uninterrupted forward movement since graduation. For the past two years she has been at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, taking the courses, learning the different crafts, and going to various hospitals for practical work with patients. On the evening of April 1, she was graduated and now plans to work. Dr. Bryan, superintendent of the Worcester State Hospital, gave an address at the closing exercises. Miss Green, dean of the girls, commented on the work of the students and presented diplomas to the graduating class of which Eleanor was president. A fine exhibition of crafts was displayed during the social hour that followed.

Harriet Kimberly, '30, we much appreciate those few moments snatched from your Boston visit and shared with us at Lasell. We do not wonder at your successful business career when we note your prompt keeping of your promise to "write back" to the Personals Editor as soon as you reached home. Harriet's friendly note deserves publication. She "writes back": "I must start right off by telling you how good it seemed to see you and my Alma Mater, again. I certainly had little quivers and thrills go up and down my spine when I drove up

Bragdon's hill once more, yet, somehow I felt as though I'd never been away for two long years. I guess one doesn't realize until she gets back how much she really misses all the fun of school life. At least, that's speaking for myself. Since leaving Lasell I've been working as secretary to Dean Weigle at the Yale Divinity School in New Haven. I'm just one secretary for he is such a busy man that three of us have our hands full taking care of his correspondence and the business of the school. The work is most interesting and varied. Something new and different every day keeps me on my tiptoes and really is great sport. Another thing I enjoy is getting my check and how I make it fly hither and yon. However, I do save a little now and then, but it's so much more fun to spend it. My only contact with Lasell through the winter has been the New Haven Lasell Club which seems to be prospering. The days fly by and are packed with good times and fun, but I don't forget Bragdon and Carpenter in the rush of things. Betty Davis, '30, my roomie, and I often write to each other that we wish we could be back on the third floor of Carpenter once more. It's one of those things you don't forget. I'm hoping to go up to school again sometime this spring and perhaps witness the May Fete. Dad presented me with a new car a few weeks ago and you can guess how much I enjoy it and how handy it will be in driving to Auburndale if the fates are kind. I enclose a check for Lasell's Endowment Fund and hope that my little bit will help some. Best wishes and love to you, and of course, Lasell. Just another 'white dove???' "

Helen McNab's ('25) official relationship as a member of one of our alumnae committees, brings her occasionally in personal touch with Lasell. Her recent call at the school gave evidence that she is well and happy and she has completely relieved her mother of household duties during the past winter.

The twenty-sixth of March, Mary Elizabeth Smith, '27, was united in marriage to Mr. Richard Palmer Chapman. The marriage was

solemnized at St. Augustine, Florida. Lasell is pleased to announce that the new address of "Mary Lib" is Strawberry Hill, Dover, Massachusetts. We hope to have the opportunity of greeting her in person in the near future. Lasell's congratulations to this bride and groom.

If there was ever a happy choice made in the matter of life work our optimist, Anna Savage, '31, has made that choice. She is well on in her training at the Deaconess Hospital. In her last note to our Dean, she writes: "I think of you all so often and also of the marvelous times that I had at Lasell. You don't know how much my two years at Lasell is helping me in my training. We have been having our preliminary, final examinations this week, and we received our caps yesterday. We shall wear our new uniforms for the first time on Monday, and you can imagine how thrilled we all are. If you ever come into the Deaconess School I shall surely want to see you. I am enclosing my Endowment Fund pledge for five dollars. Please remember me to all those whom I know at Lasell." To our delight, Anna followed her note by reporting in person at a recent Lasell Vesper Service.

The same evening, Karin Eliasson, '31, was our Vesper organist, her first visit since her hospital experience, in her case, as a patient. She is now fully recovered and enjoying her work as a junior in Boston University.

Lucille Eichengreen Block, '22, has recently been bereaved through the death of her father. Mr. Eichengreen was one of the founders of the Chicago Produce Marketing Organization which preceded the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. He retired from active service a number of years ago. Lasell's sincere sympathy is extended to this former student and the members of Lucille's family.

We have Beatrice Alderman's ('30) word for it and we believe her when she says that she is working hard in her training at the Children's Hospital, but evidently, hard work agrees with "Bee" for she looks and seems radiantly happy. This year, this purposeful

alumna will receive her dismissal papers as a graduate from one of the finest hospitals in Boston. Success is certainly due her.

Among the most welcome visitors at Lasell recently were Jean Bogardus, '31, and her mother, also Juanita Dudley Esten, '26-'30. We would not have been so reconciled to their short call had they not assured us that they would return soon for a real visit.

From Superior, Arizona, Margaret Henderson Soule, '05, writes to one of her New England classmates: "I know I would love your camp and all those lovely pines. I gasp at the nonchalant way in which you mention pines by the thousands. I am almost overcome by a very few roses we have just put out. What would a thousand trees do to me? The soil here is so rocky and the price of water so prohibitive, that gardens worthy of the name are few and far between. But, there are compensations for those who love the desert which is at its loveliest just now and is always beautiful to me.

"All is well with our family. We manage to be busy and happy in spite of circumstances. The copper situation has plunged the whole state into the depths. Many mines have closed and many will do so. We are hoping that the skies will clear before long.

"Our son, Jack, is at the University and will continue to go for a year or two longer. It is almost impossible for graduate mining engineers to connect with jobs these times, so Jack feels he is better off in school. He is taking extra subjects in his specialty and in music which is as great a love to him as geology. Nancy gets her bachelor's degree in June. Margaret is at home and is working at the local telephone office. The working conditions are very pleasant, and she is happy with something to do. The two little boys are busy in school and at home. Van is a fifth grader and Richard a first.

"My parents came out of Mexico over a year ago. They spent the summer in San Antonio. We hoped they would decide to settle in Arizona, but after considering the matter they de-

cided to go back to the old home town in Iowa.

"The latest LASELL LEAVES came the other day. I read every word though I see very few familiar names. I had the usual enjoyable letter from Sarah Caldwell, '06, at Christmas. The depression has seriously affected her business. The dear unselfish girl did not mind it for herself but she was bewailing the fact that she could not give to others. Her mother had been very ill again but was some better. She was telling me of her (1906) reunion which she regretted not being able to attend, but someone had written her about it and she relayed the report to me. Here are some of the bits which may or may not be news to you. Meta Buehner Noble, '06, is very distinguished looking with her snow white hair. Ruth Marston Arey, '06, is just as jolly. Helen Carter Marcy, '06, has a baby daughter. Marie Andrews Hiteshew, '06, has two babies now. Gertrude Graham Etchen, '06, is teaching school in Coffeyville, Kansas, and had spent the summer taking courses at Berkeley. The Caldwells had had a short visit with Fannie Dealey Dechard's ('06) boy who is making a wonderful record in high school.

"If you should see Leslie, Miriam, or any of the girls please give them my love. I was indeed thrilled to hear of our first grandchild. If you ever see Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, Miss Potter or Mademoiselle LeRoyeur please remember me to them. And, here are all best wishes for you and yours. With much love, Margaret Henderson Soule."

Miss Clementina Butler (Jan. '80-'80) is back from her missionary journey to the land of the Veda. Through the courtesy of the Methodist women of the Boston Foreign Missionary Society, a delightful welcome reception was tendered Miss Butler at the home of Mrs. Everett O. Fisk, president of the New England branch.

After all, the Personals Editor missed the long anticipated call from Martha Fish Holmes, '25, and her doctor husband, but Martha and her parents were friendly enough since then to report at a recent Lasell reception. We trust

that this neighborliness, now so pleasantly established, will continue.

That Evelyn Douglass, '28, alias "Doug," has the ideal Lasell school spirit is evidenced in every report which comes to us from the Pacific Coast. She was escorted to the annual reunion of the Southern California Lasell Club by Lilian Douglas, '07. Of this Evelyn writes: "Let me thank you for sending my name to the Southern California Alumnae Club, for they took *grand* care of me. I went to the luncheon and met many very nice women. It did me a lot of good just to talk with people who knew the East. Miss Douglas who lives quite near school, came out to see me and took me driving. She was the one who entertained Miss Witherbee, '92, and Miss Irwin when they visited California last summer. I found that some of the 'old girls' knew well the Douglass boys (my father and brothers) when they lived in Auburndale. All in all it was a very pleasant day. Whom do you think I have discovered way out here in Los Angeles? Jane Greene, '26-'27. Imagine! after living next to her at Lasell and not seeing her for five years. She has a cute place and quite a few girls working for her, making darling tally cards for bridge, for all the big stores here, using the blow brush method. She looks quite different—much thinner but just as pretty as ever.

"Before I forget it, there is a girl here at school who wants to go to a junior college in the East next year. She will graduate from high school this year. She is quite enthusiastic about Lasell. Her home is in Honolulu and she is a darling girl.

"School here goes along about as all schools do this time of year. Our spring vacation starts tomorrow and then we are ready for the last lap. California is more beautiful than I could hope to describe it. The hills are so green and the flowers are in full bloom everywhere. I took a trip to Mexico and all through the desert a couple of weeks ago, which was superb.

"Tomorrow at five-thirty a.m., our whole school has a sunrise service up on the side of the mountain, conducted by the Juniors. It will be lovely. After the service, we have a grill breakfast out doors before classes." Evelyn closes with friendly greetings to all at Lasell, especially Miss Irwin.

Through the thoughtfulness of our Jane Spear, '33, and her dear mother, Ray Spitz Spear, '01-'03, we have recently been permitted to read the memorial to Mrs. Celia Spitz, Jane's grandmother, a patron of Lasell for two generations. It is a tribute written close following her demise. The author referred not alone to Mrs. Spitz' rare literary and musical ability but gave just praise to her unconquerable spirit of youth. It was a beautiful and most worthy memoir to a fine character.

In this May number, we have saved the best news for the last. Don't you think so? Here it is: "On March 28 little Mary Ursula Grant arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Grant (Mildred Snyder, '10), 1527 Audubon St., New Orleans, La." Lasell's congratulations to wee Mary and her parents.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scarth (Priscilla Wolfe, '23), little Peter Tomlinson Scarth came to gladden their home on April 8. To these happy parents and their little son, we extend our heartiest congratulations.

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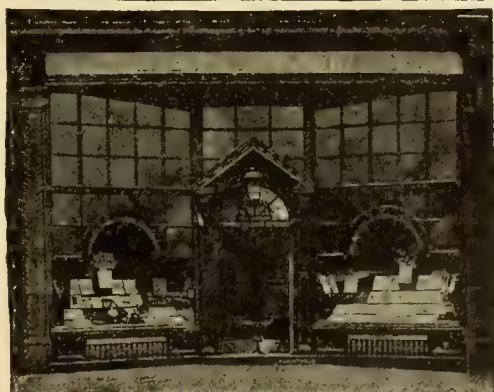
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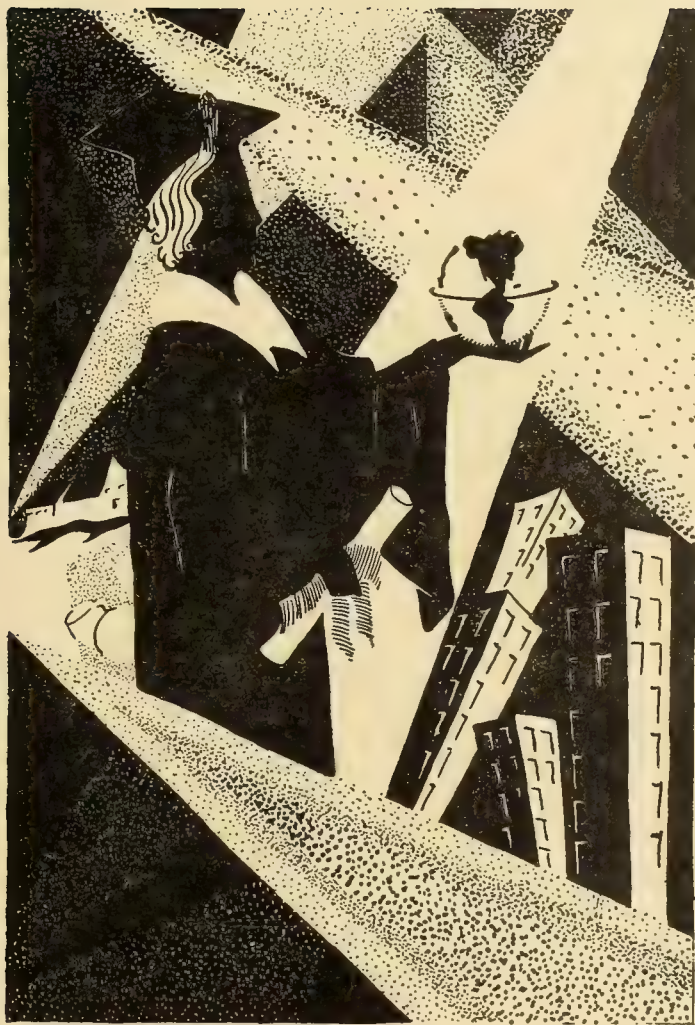
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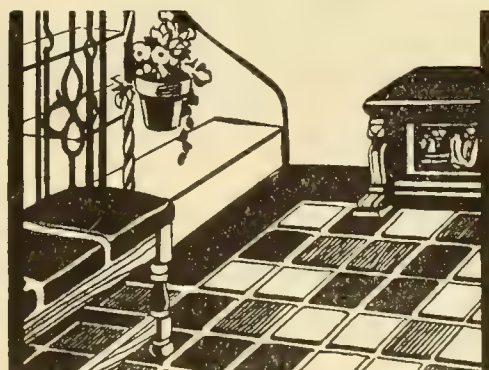
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To
Mademoiselle Le Royer
who for forty years
1892-1932
has struggled with each succeeding
generation of
Lasell students
to teach them how to speak French
as it should be spoken
instead of having it sound like the
speech of a "Spanish Cow."

LITERARY

PASSING WHITE

(Spring must be coming early this year, here it is only March and warm enough to sit in the commons.) "Hey boy! gimme a Herald." (Wonder when these darned Japs are going to leave the Chinks alone. We have enough trouble on our hands without adding a little war. . . . Hello what's this? Prominent Coloured Citizen Lynched in Tennessee! My God! the fools—why can't they leave us alone. They talk about the Negro problem if they treat us decently we wouldn't be so much of a problem. I'd like to show 'em. How many of their men have wronged our women, but try to get revenge!)

"Pardon me, Miss."

(What's she trying to do, pick me up? Little fool, doesn't know what I am. Well, I'll show her.)

"Would you care to see the paper? Yes, I was interested in that too. . . . Oh, do you? . . . I come from North Carolina not awfully far from you. Yes it is a difficult problem, but much worse there than here. There is very little toward them at school yes, Harvard Med. . . . Oh do you? Voice? At the Conservatory? I guess you have to work pretty hard. . . . Yes we all do. Do you have much time free? I'd like to see you again. That's fine, right here. . . all right, Friday at three. . . . Don't forget good-bye. Say what's your name? Charlotte Long? How do you do. . . Mine's Dick Joyce No I won't, good-bye."

(Golly, she wasn't so bad didn't seem like the type that makes pick ups oh well you never can tell.)

* * * * *

"Hello, how are you? no not very, 'bout five minutes been working hard? oh do you? Just help with the children? Then do you have plenty of time to practice? Well that's not so bad. . . . No, I'm pretty lucky that way. My folks are dead and I have an Uncle here in Boston who adopted me and is sending me to school. He wanted me to help him in his business, but I've always wanted to study medicine and then work in the little towns at home. God knows they need anything they can get."

* * * * *

(Well, who'd ever think that a pick up would turn out like this. . . . It's been four months now. . . . What would I ever do without her? I love her but that can't be. . . . I haven't the right still it may never come out take a chance. What a cad to even think of treating Charlotte that way. . . . No, it can't be done. . . . Oh Charlotte why did we? It's my fault, I never should have spoken yet, it's better to have loved. . . . I can't tell her and I can't go on. Oh God why did you make us a different color? It's not fair!)

"Say Uncle Jim I-er-want to talk to you a second. You're the only one I can come to for advice you see it's this way . . . I guess you know I've been going out with a girl—well, I'm in love with her and she's white no she doesn't know about me yes I think she does we couldn't help it—it all happened so suddenly. What am I going to do? But Uncle Jim, how can I? but No, I can't I haven't the nerve I'm not ashamed of it! It's that I didn't tell her before Well, I guess you're right. . . . Tonight at

eight to the movies I guess I'll try, but—well I'll try."

* * * * *

"No, I'm not—just a little tired I guess. Yes it was a good show. Sure he's keen. No, I don't like her so well. Honestly, Charlotte there's nothing the matter. . . . Say Charlotte I want to—to—well never mind it wasn't important. No, I won't, it wasn't important well, maybe next week. No, not tonight, I think I'll go home and get some sleep, thanks just the same. Goodnight Charlotte."

* * * * *

"I couldn't tell her, Uncle Jim. . . . I tried, but I just couldn't it seems so much worse when I'm with her and last night I just couldn't that's all. No, I won't. . . . Well, all right you're right. . . . Now? No. Well. all right. . . . Circle 1506. Yes please May I speak to Miss Long? Hello Charlotte, listen can I come up and see you, it's important . . . right away all right goodbye."

* * * * *

"Hello Charlotte. . . . Thanks yes very important. . . . I've tried to tell you before dear but I love you too much—I can't stand it any longer. . . . I'm a mulatto. . . . Why Charlotte don't, don't My God don't laugh not *at* me, *with* me? But why? Yes, a letter for me—give it to me. 'Try to understand Dick, but because of my work I can never see you again. Don't try, because it's not any use. It is better this way. Trust me. Charlotte. . . . Oh I see. That's not the reason? . . . Well, what is it? Charlotte, no! Oh my dear! You too? But. When will you marry me, honey?'"

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.

THE WRITTEN WORD

In the development of our culture, there are three steps of almost immeasurable importance; steps without which our civilization

could never have been achieved. Most students agree that the two most vital of these were fire-making and verbal knowledge, as they have given so much control over human behavior. If knowledge of the use of fire and of intelligible speech are our two greatest advances, certainly the third, and not far behind, comes the art of reading and writing called by some the most refined tool of man's culture. To understand and appreciate the value of reading and writing it is necessary to begin somewhere near the beginning to trace its growth.

First of all man drew objects to represent what he wanted to say. He decorated with familiar objects the walls of his cave. This was long before his speech was very fluent. When speech reached a state where it was becoming highly adaptable, fluent or intelligible, man temporarily lost^{*} interest in his ability to draw. Like a child with a new toy, man was engrossed with his new power—speech—and he was too busy with it to want to draw much. In a comparatively short time, however, he returned to drawing, partly for the sheer fun of it, and partly to convey ideas to other people.

It was inevitable that a form of communication should evolve from picture drawing. There were three great demands to be satisfied and only writing could fill these: first, need to recall something to mind; second, to communicate with someone not present; and third, to mark tools and goods with a sign of ownership—the forerunner of the trade-mark.

The very earliest form of writing developed was picture writing. It preceded real script of any kind. Picture writing is still practiced by people in the earliest stages of civilization, Bushmen, American Indians, etc. It is composed of representative figures with varying systems of dots and dashes to represent time and measurement. Picture writing is still used to convey information to people speaking different languages. The most common example is the system used in European railway stations to show the route, means of

conveyance, hotels, since there is no common language medium.

Chinese characters form the modern system which is similar to the crude pictographs of early writing. One of the principles on which it is based is that of the ideogram or the combination of two or more simple word pictures to express an abstract quality. For example the sign for mouth plus the sign for vapour equals the word—"words." It is easy to see why with such a complexity of signs plus the determinative endings, Chinese became unwieldy and difficult to learn and why, of necessity, a special class—the Mandarins—to read and write sprang up.

In the Western world picture writing underwent an early change. In Sumeria, where writing was done on clay tablets, picture writing was impracticable—the curves being too difficult to reproduce. So the Sumerians developed a wedge-shaped set of characters called Cuneiform writing. The basis of these characters was the the picture, but they became conventionalized almost beyond recognition. The Sumerian writing is a sound system, each sign representing a sound. The Sumerian language was polysyllabic, and hence, easily adapted to this form. For example, to represent the word "Gateshead" they used the words "gate" twice and "head" once. The Cuneiform system was generally adopted by the Near East and its survival is evident in several of our own letter forms.

The Egyptian characters were more complex. They employed two separate systems—Hieroglyphics and Hieratic Script. Both were partly picture and partly sound systems. The former was unadaptable, formal and highly decorative, hence it was used for inscriptions on monuments and tombs. The later Hieratic Script was simpler and more flowing, hence it was used for the commoner and more practical purposes, the keeping of records and similar documents.

Certain Mediterranean people adopted the hieratic script for business purposes and borrowed from the cuneiform system. The symbols then lost all traces of their early

pictorial forms, and became a pure sound system—the first true alphabet. Gradually about the shores of the Mediterranean many alphabets developed, one of which was adopted, modified and highly perfected by the Greeks. The characters of this alphabet were later simplified by the Romans, and even at the present day they have remained more or less unchanged.

To get a mental picture of the value of writing to mankind, imagine humanity like a comet coming from the darkness of the animal world and moving slowly toward the light of knowledge. The first light came with the invention of speech. Then it rose to the art of writing and like a comet nearing the sun, it travelled very fast, moving now toward a point where knowledge was beginning to be universal.

People in general are divided into two classes—literate and illiterate. Illiteracy among the lower social classes is still the rule, literacy being confined to the upper political and social classes now, as it was earlier limited to the priests who were the first to hold formal schools for the practice of writing.

Written language enables us to store up ideas and knowledge and then spread those ideas to all who can be taught to read and write—thus broadening the mental scope of all literate people. It steadied the early steps toward the control of the ideas or knowledge or spiritual achievement on which our culture is based, written records, laws, and literature making possible a permanence of tradition and custom and the steady accumulation of knowledge. Writing was necessary to the development of science, as it made possible the organization of ideas, comparison and criticisms. This stimulated critical thought and philosophical speculation. One may truly say that without writing the science of formal logic and the critical method of philosophy would have been impossible, really unknown.

Finally the art of printing enabled people everywhere in the known world to exchange ideas and probably was largely responsible for the demand of education. Today it is difficult for most of us to imagine a world without

the printed word. Few of us would care to exchange it for any other. Of all mechanical inventions it has brought the greatest benefits and enjoyment to mankind. It is not my purpose to dwell on it here as we are too well aware of its advantages. Certainly the written word has been one of the greatest means of advance in civilization for it has given opportunity to each generation for hundreds of years to give expression to its life. To be sure, the written word has caused great trouble too for we only have to think of the literalness with which the Bible has been taken. In our own library the picture of the monk signifies the authority of the written word, its title being, "It Stands Written." However, on the other hand, paradoxical as it may seem, it has freed us too. Today we are discovering all sorts of old documents, some of clay, which are not only adding to our storehouse of knowledge about the past, but liberating us from many of the binding ideas which the church has heretofore made us accept. Again that which is great is likewise paradoxical. Writing has opened up the past, stimulated the present and will keep alive the future.

Lucy Robertson, '32.

"T'WAS EVER THUS"

BOY: "Do you know why these mists creep over the sea?"

GIRL: "No, I've wondered since childhood, will you tell me?"

BOY: "Well, the sea-foam, the stars, the heaven so blue,

Were vain and proud 'till you came in view,

Then in silent surrender, ashamed, they saw,

And this curtain of mist they hastily draw."

GIRL: "What do you mean, compare me to the sky?

I'm not worthy of that, but for you, I'll try."

BOY: "I wish you'd kiss me, and only me."

GIRL: "Oh, no I can't, I just can't be. . ."

BOY: "Be what? And how can you be so mean?"

GIRL: "Well, don't you see, I am just sixteen."

BOY: "I'm seventeen so it's quite all right, Your mother won't mind, we'll tell her tonight.

A kiss is a lovely thing to give,
For ages it's given men courage to live.
If it's for fun maybe it's a wrong thing to do,

But that's not us—for I love you."

Vesta Black, '32.

SONNET

I stooped and touched and almost cried aloud
At the coolness of the yellow 'neath my hand;
A coolness born of singing winds and clouds,
And wideness from an unknown, distant land.
I felt the blood come surging to my heart,
Conceiving now that life was not yet through
With those who thrilled at touching one small rose,
Who hummed a tune at sight of morning dew.
Love, perhaps, means much in life's dull path,
And yet as love is said to have its way,
Never blooming where the sun's most warm,
There's not one word of mine can make it stay.
To those bereft of its fast-flowing hours,
God sends a love for trees and flaming flowers.

Marion Lewis, 32.

TO FUJIYAMA

You stand perfect, celestial,
Cool and aloof among men.
Your beauty makes you so.
You are too fairy-like, Fugi,
Too purely white against a too blue sky.
Men gaze at you, and catch their breath with awe,
But you make no sign.
A few curling mists from your burning heart
Are wafted upward to the one who made you.
You have stood, solitary and alone,
Watching scornfully the lives of men,
Destroying them with your liquid fire.
And so, O Fuji, continue to stand, forever,
So that mortals may share your immortal beauty.

Elizabeth Leland,

Woodland Park School.



SILHOUETTE

The wind moaned and whistled shrilly to itself, cried and moaned and whistled and beat itself panting and gasping against the sky. It sifted the white blanket on the hard, bleak earth and slapped and stung each object on the earth's surface. Clouds flew across the sky like grey ribbons stretched before a giant wind fan. They tore the sky in strips and floated on with the segments, running from the singing, whistling fan that chased them across the heavens. There was no horizon, only a tall slim sliver of a starved tree that stood, a lone sentinel, the farthest object visible to the eye. The wind turned and brought back the strips of clouds across the moon's faint glow, far beyond the dark curtain of sky. Below the racers, beyond, and to the west, a lone shack stood, frail and bleak and small. The storm, whirling on, struck it with force and it shivered, then clung to the earth as snow crystals snapped at its sides burying the two tiny windows, plunging the interior in blacker darkness.

A faint murmur cracked the utter stillness inside the shack. The tone was low, broken and uneven. If it quivered it was not from the cold. It stumbled and stumbled in its passage and finally became audible above the high whistling of the beating wind.

"Claire, Claire, why did you have to hurt me so? Why did you leave the truth unspoken? You said, I think you said, you'd wait until the end of time but I could not see the lie in your eyes, because my heart was making me blind."

The faint glimmer of dying embers glowed on the hearth. A match was struck and new, feeble flames pierced the darkness of the small room. Before the fire the man hunched on a small, low stool. His clasped hands worked convulsively as they hung between his bent knees. Their motion cast weird shadows on the wall. They crept around the room into every corner and crack, then jumped out and scurried across the ceiling as the hands fell apart, then clasped convulsively again. Deep blue eyes set in a strong, determined face shot

empty glances into the flames, sensing the fire's added warmth as it grew and lighted the farthest corners of the room and pierced the coated snow at the windows. A dull, red shadow fell on the whiteness outside and the wind chased dry flakes across its path to obliterate this sudden warmth. The wind rattled in anger; a small avalanche descended from the sloping roof as smoke whipped out of the tiny chimney and was dissipated into atmosphere. Audacious flakes stole in at the wider cracks and whirled about the silent figure. The dying fire played on the face that watched unmoved. Only the sharp, low voice betrayed emotion.

"Your heart was not mine from the beginning. You didn't tell me so. I left my home for unknown adventure—to wrench money from this earth. I found gold in it for you, Claire, lots of it and returned but found you had gone. I held a pick so long, I felt lost without it and could still feel its pressure at night as I lay trying to sleep. I loved you. But what a waste of time. I'm back now, where I was so happy once, happy because I was working for you. I can be happy again! I can! I will!" his voice broke; he pulled the fur of his collar closer to his ears; his fingers clutched at a perfect grey fox skin lying at his feet. "Yours," he murmured bitterly. "You wanted it more than anything—more than me, I guess." Its softness stung his hands like thousands of sharp needles. He flung it into the corner, stamped out the faintly flickering embers and strode to the door. He hesitated as his fingers felt wood. Through the cracks in the door, he could feel the penetrating cold and a grim smile wrenched his mouth. He placed a steady hand on the latch. The blackness inside the still, now cold, room seemed a soft enveloping blanket. The door opened and a faint, wide panel of light fell across the floor. His tall, lean figure stood silhouetted in the doorway for just a second before the last blinking embers were overpowered by darkness. The snow, blowing in, made a mat around the man's feet. He stepped outside, the door slammed behind him.

Slowly, evenly he bent to the wind. His footsteps held for a second only, their imprint on the snow then were blotted out by thick falling flakes. He walked on and on, his arms, flung straight out now, his body unprotected against the stinging gale. Clouds in their mad race across the sky laughed down on the figure as it stumbled against the wind. What is mere man to travelling wind? What is any living object in its path? It tripped him and he fell. He rose once, and his voice cried out but the merciless wind caught the echo and tossed it to the starved tree. He fell again and lay still.

Rachel DeWolf, '32.

To the Juniors

What you should be:

Graceful seniors, dignified,
 Courteous and smart.
 Always stately, full of pride,
 Graceful seniors, dignified.
 Tossing childish ways aside,
 Head forever ruling heart;
 Graceful seniors, dignified,
 Courteous and smart.

What you will be:

Noisy, giggling, silly things,
 You'll never act your age.
 Rich in happiness as kings,
 Noisy, giggling, silly things.
 You'll never wear a pair of wings
 At this or any stage:
 Noisy, giggling, silly things,
 You'll never act your age.

Marion Lewis, '32.

NUMBER FIVE

In 1905 the City of Reno, like nearly all western cities, felt the financial pressure that was enveloping the whole country. Under such distress gambling seemed to be the only thing left for those having any money. Saloons with gambling rooms in the rear were thriving and all kinds of people gathered there to play or watch the players.

"Jake's," was the most popular place of this sort because everyone knew that all gambling there was strictly honest, and that Jake was

financially able to carry out whatever he undertook.

One night, when the play was in full swing, an old miner burst into Jake's saloon and rushing to the bar cried, "Come on fellows, come up and have some drinks on me. I just came in from making a strike and *now I'm rich. Yer can have anything yer want, come on up."

The crowd gathered around him and drank while he related how he had prospected for three years and finally made his strike in the mountains not over thirty miles away. He showed them specimens of nuggets and gold dust taken from his claim.

The news spread quickly all over the saloon. Old miners gathered around and discussed ways and means of getting to the chosen gold fields. Soon the place became deserted except for an old miner named Pete.

"Look here Pete," said Jake, "I know you're broke and can't go out like the others to dig yerself rich; so I'll stake yer. You go out and get yer mining outfit and I'll advance all the money you need. You're an old timer and know more about mining than any of them, so I'll back yer up."

"I'm right glad, Jake, to have another chance at the old game and if all this here stranger says is true, I got just as good a chance as any of them."

In a few days Pete had his outfit all ready, and started off for the gold fields. Every one was filled with a desire to get rich quickly. The streets and public places were soon deserted.

Two years went by, and again we were in the rear of Jake's saloon. The crowds gathered around the gambling tables were eagerly trying to make a winning, and excitement was running high; nobody paid any attention to an old man struggling to get near the roulette wheel.

By his dress one could plainly see that he was a miner just back from the gold fields, and though his face was covered with hair flowing all about, his eyes were clear and bright. He seemed to have an air of indifference about

him, but persisted in his attempts to get a place at the gambling table.

"Say pardner," he cried to the dealer, "I ain't got no cash money; but this here gold dust o't ter be good fer something, and I'd like ter make er bet with it. What do you say."

The dealer balanced the bag of gold dust in his hand, waited a moment or two, and said, "I'll take it for fifty dollars."

"All right, pardner," said the miner, "I'll put this here bag on number five. Start her up."

The dealer spun the wheel and the little white ball danced and jumped about; finally falling in its resting place.

"Number five wins," cried the dealer as he began paying off the miner.

"Well," said the old man, "I'll try the bag o' dust once more on the same number."

Again the wheel spun, and again number five was the winning number.

The old miner gathered all his winnings up and moved over to one of the other gambling tables, making bets of fifty dollars with repeated success. He tried four different forms of gambling, winning at each place. Wherever he placed his money it was sure to bring him back a generous reward. It seemed as though he just couldn't lose.

Up to now, by moving about from one game of chance to another, and by winning quickly at each, he attracted no attention. All about him players were so anxiously watching their own plays that they had all they could do to figure out how they might be able to beat the dealer.

Some won; others lost. Every now and then a player would place his last dollar in a vain effort to make a winning and thus retrieve his losses. Invariably, however, the last dollar was lost, and the loser, dejected and worn, would fade away.

It was way past midnight and although the crowds had thinned out, the different games were fairly well patronized. No one, however, was a winner; everyone was struggling to get even.

The old miner with his pockets filled with gold, withdrew to the bar. "Come on, boys, let's have a drink. Everyone up. It's on me." He then spread a handful of gold on the bar and walking towards Jake said, "Ain't going very good for the boys back there; but I got a lucky streak and I don't mind letting out some."

After enjoying several rounds of good cheer and conversation, the old miner strolled back to the gambling room. He had no difficulty this time in getting a seat at the wheel, as there were only a few players left.

"Well pardner," he said, "Here I be again. I'm going to give yer a chance to get even, and ter get all I have, or I'll get all yer gut. What do yer say to that?"

"It's OK with me, stranger, that's what I'm here for. Let's go."

After putting his fifty dollars on number five, the miner sat back in his chair and waited for the dealer to say, "Number five wins."

"All right, pardner, let it all go on number five again."

"Just a minute stranger," said the dealer. "I'm afraid that's more than the house cares to stand. You will have to cut that bet down."

The old miner withdrew his bet and looking up at the dealer asked, "How much can I bet? Just one bet yer know, and either you or I win all."

The dealer, ordinarily a cool collected man, was quickly becoming nervous. Here, before him was a man, apparently unconcerned as to how much money he had, and besides he was exceptionally lucky.

"I think I'd better ask the Boss about that," he said. "Although I have the right to go through with you, I'd rather let the Boss decide. I'll send for him."

"Say, Jake," said the messenger pulling Jake with him towards the rear room, "hurry up. Come inside. There's someone back there breaking the wheel. You'd better come quickly. He's the luckiest fellow ever come in here, and he doesn't care how much he bets. Look fer yerself."

"This stranger here, Boss, wants to make

one big bet, big enough to take all we have, so I sent for you. Shall I take him on? I thought it best for you to decide that."

By now the story had spread through the room that someone was trying to break the bank, and all the other games became deserted. Everyone was gathered around the roulette table.

Taking his cigar from his mouth, Jake nodded to the dealer, "Let the gentleman have his pleasure."

Excitement was running high as the dealer turned to the miner and said, "All right, make your bet for five thousand dollars. That will clear me out if you win."

Calm and unconcerned, the miner placed five thousand dollars on number five. The dealer spun the wheel and everyone held his breath while the little white ball jingled along and finally stopped. The dealer did not call the number this time. His eyes were rivetted on the ball as it lay resting peacefully in number five hole, but he could not call his customary, "Number Five Wins."

The crowd was spellbound, and the old miner, unmoved sat there with all the riches of the saloon in front of him.

Jake walked over to him and placing his hand on the miner's shoulder said, "Stranger if you'll come into my office I'll pay you off."

When they were in his office Jake held out his hand to the miner and said, "Stranger, I don't know who you are, but I'll say yer game through and through. You busted me and I'm ready to take my medicine. I'll give yer all the cash I have here and I'll give yer—

"Just a minute Jake," interrupted the miner, "I ain't the only game one. How about yerself, and fer honesty, who can beat yer? Now look here Jake. Take a good look at me." The miner turned about and moved over closely to Jake, so that their faces almost touched. "Look at me. Don't yer remember me, Old Pete, who yer staked two years ago? Well, that's me. Funny how two years can make such a change in a feller's looks, so yer couldn't know him. Well, pardner, I worked hard for those two years, but I got some claims that will make you and me rich. As

fer these winnings here why, I was gambling with yer money and mine. So I reckon as it's as much yourn as mine."

Frances Rothenberg, '33

OUT OF KEY

I could punch the life right out of you
Each time that you act up this way;
What d'ye think you're trying to do?
I'm getting madder every day.
It's just a waste of breath to shout,
That fact is plainly to be seen;
You don't know what it's all about,
You broken down old type machine!

Kay Forgey, '28.

SUNSET

The Mother earth slowly
Draws her amethyst blanket
Over the sleeping hills
To protect her slumbering
Children from the chill
Winds of the purple night.

Mary Elizabeth McNulty, '32.

REST

When that far day breaks in the sky,
And breath of mine shall cease,
When every limb is stiff and cold
And others find their peace.

When from my body, soul is fled,
And my hands are a stonelike gray,
Don't bury me in cool, soft earth
Where I can feel the day.

If I can see thin daisy stems
Like long notes from a flute,
I shall not want to lie so still,
Remaining deaf and mute.

Dissatisfied my heart will be,
In seeing wind and rain;
So bury me in some dark place,
And bind me there in pain.

Marion Lewis, '32.

TO AN OLD SNAPSHOT

I can remember when we met,
The year, the place are with me yet,
We had some perfect times, I know,
In those sweet days of long ago.

I can recall my pledge to you,
That vow of ever to be true.
In spite of mem'ries of this kind,
Your name completely slips my mind

Kay Forgey, '28.

Discarded

This is the end for you and me,
In spite of all that we've been thru,
'This sad to part, but it must be,
There's nothing else that we can do.

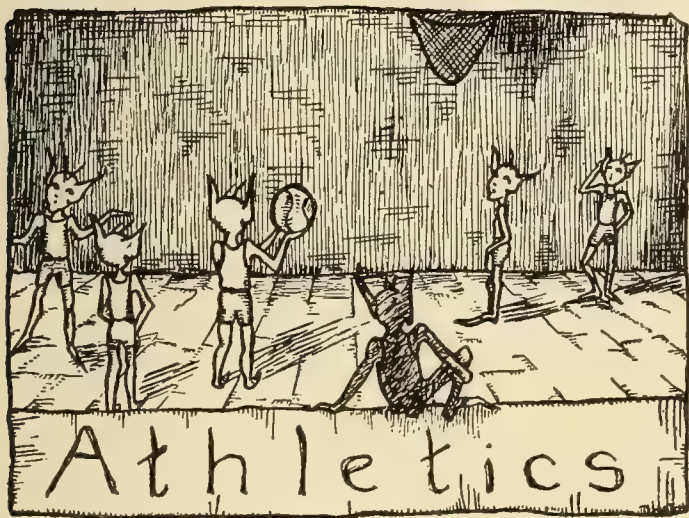
Perhaps some day we'll meet again,
Although our travels lead afar—
No matter what you look like then,
I'll know you, faithful old used car!

Kay Forgey, '28.

Womanly Resistance

If you think that by resistance
And calls for assistance,
You can scare me to a distance,
You're wrong.
In woman's composition
There is so much opposition,
I gave up the supposition
That they mind.
The one reason that they stall
And protest and sometimes call,
Is just to make men fall,
The harder.

Vesta Black, '32.



*A Sport for Every Girl;
Every Girl a Good Sport*

Tennis

The tennis tournament this year held the added excitement of an unexpected dark horse. Agnes Metcalf crept up out of comparative oblivion, won from Babe Whitney in the semi-finals, and gave Les Barker a very nice fight in the finals, even though the score at the

finish was in her opponent's favor; so this year the tennis cup holds another new name, and we congratulate Les.

Golf

Another unexpected thing happened in the golf tournament. This year the final match was taken by a freshman, Jane Fowler. In many of the rounds this year some unusually fine playing was exhibited, especially in the games of Marion Newfield, Lib Schuller, and Peggy McClaren, the runner-up.

River Day

Much to its immense surprise, the 'ole river Charles witnessed a Senior victory this year. It was the first time in seven years, they tell us, and certainly an exciting day. Not only did Julia Case bring her Senior Gold crew through for first place, but Edith Parsons, and her Senior Black boat tied the mixed-crew for second place. Congratulations to you, Casey,—the Charles and Mr. Ordway will be lost without you next year.

River day this year held the added attraction of a Faculty-Alumnae race. The alumnae won by a small margin, but we must admit that the faculty exhibited remarkable form.

Athletic Banquet

Climaxing a banner year of athletics at Lassel, came the Athletic Banquet. Following dinner, there was dancing and entertainment, and the awarding of letters, numerals and prizes.

During the evening, Miss Badger announced the winner of the Blue and White competition, and now for the first time the shield carries proof of a Blue victory.

Adelaide Case, '33, was chosen to succeed Babe Whitney as president of the Athletic Association. We offer our best wishes for success.

Quite the most exciting event of the evening was the presentation of a bag of golf clubs to the most outstanding sports-woman of the year. Need we say that they went to Babe Whitney?

Certainly the A. A. party splendidly closed a splendid year!

EDITORIALS

"ALLONS, ALLONS, MES ENFANTS"

"Allons, allons, mes enfants. Now don't speak French like a Spanish cow." On registration day we sign up glibly for French 3 for have we not had two years of High School French already? We are advised strongly against it by those who know but we persist. We enter the classroom with confidence and respond proudly to the friendly, *"Bon jour, mesdemoiselles"* that greets us. But presently we are not only at sea but in the densest kind of a fog as far as the French language is concerned. Within a fortnight there are a few casualties and we soon realize the insufficiency of our high school French for here we have to *talk* it, not simply translate it. Likewise after Lasell French 4 or 5 college classes in the language seem easy. Without exception this has been the experience of Lasell students who have pursued their study of French. And one always has the desire to go on for Mademoiselle has that rare teaching gift of opening the beauties of French literature to us and so not only do we learn to speak it but we also make the real acquaintance of the language which can come only through the medium of its literature. With the study of Molière, Balzac, Victor Hugo and Voltaire we also learn the social and political background for our teacher insists on that. Contact with Mademoiselle proves a very stimulating thing as every student of hers can testify.

We are glad that Mademoiselle Le Royer refused offers from some of our leading women's colleges in order to stand by an early American love as far as schools were concerned. We hope that she feels sufficient compensation in the fact that daughters of Lasell alumnae are always urged by their mothers to take French, not only for its own sake but so that they might come in contact with a vital personality.

We only dare dedicate this number to her because the summer intervenes. She would, figuratively speaking, have killed us had she known. Her great aim in teaching has been that of objectivity and personal plaudits are most distasteful to her when displayed in public. However, we plead guilty to objectivity too. We are proud of our school and feel we are doing our Alma Mater honor when we seek the privilege of so singling out a member of our faculty who has worked so devotedly, strenuously and vigorously at Lasell. We hope she will forgive us and know that it was out of true respect that we did it for she has made so many of us see true values in life as well as to try to prove the real simplicity of French irregular verbs. With the former she has been successful but alas the verbs will always seem fiendishly irregular and tortuous.

Every once in awhile we are struck dumb with the diversity of Mademoiselle's interests and the breadth and depth of her intellect. However, anyone who has witnessed a performance of one of her Molière plays realizes instantly that her avocation must be art. Her enthusiasm has so transferred itself to the amateur performers that many a girl has surprised not only herself but the student audience at her capacity to act and she has loved being affectionately dubbed "Miss Stick-in-the-mud" during rehearsal. She has had praise from outsiders whose business has been the theatre.

And so, once more, Mademoiselle, we, the LEAVES Staff, crave your indulgence and trust that you will forgive us for what seems to you undue publicity but to us an act of real affection and respect. We cannot hope to speak French as we should and we are quite sure that each succeeding generation will still need to hear: *"Allons, allons, mes enfants! Do not speak French like a Spanish cow."*

TO THE ALUMNAE

It is very hard for Alumnae of former days to understand the spirit and attitude prevalent in the Lasell of today. They look with natural regret on what seems to them but vestigial remains of a spirit which formerly existed in its most strenuous aspects—keen class spirit, and exciting class rivalry.

Listening to their stories we too realize that it is a feeling which is fast retreating from us. Every year it vanishes a little further into the past, and all the persuasion and coaxing in the world is to no avail. It is almost a lost spirit. We see it go, are conscious of it, and regret its passing. But is its gradual disappearance not a natural one, and not altogether to be blamed on the class of today?

In earlier years, a girl's life and interest while in school were completely wrapped up in her school activities. She thrived on them and they were sufficient for her happiness. Today's girl is not satisfied. She must seek outside the pall of the school's activities to be content. The social outlets do not appease her desires.

Permissions are plentiful and she becomes more and more dependent on the variety and amusement they offer, and the last class on Saturday is the sign for a great exodus for parts unknown. As a result, pleasure in such things as class pride and keen class rivalry is noticeably on the wane. So don't blame us entirely, Alumnae. Perhaps we are the victims of too many week-ends!

TO OUR GYM DEPARTMENT

"A Sport for Every Girl, Every Girl A Sport"

This in short, has been the aim which has motivated the efforts of the Lasell Gym Department during the past year, and their success has been more than gratifying.

A few years previous, the athletic department was one of the weaker phases of the school's activities. Gym classes were things to be warily avoided if humanely possible, and extra work such as after school basketball or hockey failed to arouse much enthusiasm.

But these last years have witnessed rather astounding improvements. Willful gym cutters are notable exceptions and gym classes are welcome interludes in the day's activities. Perhaps the most astonishing of the changes is the increased interest and spirit shown in the afternoon practices.

To Miss Frances Badger, a graduate of the class of '24, and head of the department, we express deep admiration and appreciation for her very fine work. With the aid of Miss McClelland, and Miss Downing, this year has been a notable one for the athletic department.

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES

For all of us, and particularly for those of us who are leaving school this year, the time is rapidly approaching when we will enter into a broader conception of life and the duties which devolve upon us. It is right and natural that as each generation reaches maturity it would shoulder a portion of those privileges or obligations which until now others have carried for us.

We should feel overwhelmingly the opportunities for betterment of which we may avail ourselves in this government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." It is the principle on which this country, a so-called noble experiment, was founded. But the nobility of the experiment depends on the intelligent support it receives. Its nobility will not linger through generations of neglect or through perversions of its promise.

Everyone of us attending American schools has often pledged this support. The primary grades lay special emphasis on instilling the proper spirit into us. Do you remember standing at attention to listen to the national anthem and then repeating with childish vigor,

"I pledge allegiance to my flag

And to the country for which it stands.

One nation indivisible

With liberty and justice for all."

That last phrase "With liberty and justice for all" is the one most frequently sinned against. Not because the voters who have the

power to influence the course of events do not mean well, but because they are too busy with petty interests or too lethargic to serve their country with intelligent thinking.

Undeniably then, we must take pains first to inform ourselves as to our various attitudes upon the issues of the day. It will no longer suffice to support a faction "because Papa and Mama do" for it is the line of least resistance, but we must be able to stand back of our ideas because they represent our honest opinion of the best.

Liberty has been confused too often with license, or justice has been flavored too successfully with bribery for us not to want to exert our influences for less sordid administrations of laws. These conditions can and will exist only as long as we are too apathetic to correct them.

Duties or privileges both are our inalienable rights; so precious and so hard won, yet so near to us that we forget them.

OUR STUDENT COUNCIL

In almost every college or preparatory school of any size there is a chosen group commonly known to have charge of the student government. In some schools or colleges, it is strictly an upper-classmen affair, but here at our college each class is represented. This group of girls is called the Student Council. It is an organized body, holding meetings whenever called by the President. The main aim of the Council is to promote the welfare of the students and to make our school as orderly and as democratic as possible.

The Student Council at Lasell consists of a group of ten girls, four of whom are chosen by election from the junior houses, while the rest are chosen in the senior houses. The President of each senior house automatically becomes a Council member upon such election. These girls are trying to do the best thing that they know towards making our school something to be proud of. They are not "eavesdroppers" nor "roving reporters" as they have

been termed. They have nothing on their person to be afraid of.

The Student Council prides itself on the order in both Chapel and Vespers and to see that the talking is under control as well as all other unnecessary commotion. Socially the Council supervises the Tea Dances which are held once every term. These dances are the only ones besides the customary class proms which gentlemen are invited to attend.

For the benefit of those who would like to know where any of your many permissions originate, you may, in almost every case, refer them to the Council for they have the first opportunity in suggesting ideas to the Principal of the school. They have obtained a great many permissions during the course of the Student Council organization and have tried to be faithful liason officers between the administration and students.

Lately the Student Council has taken a great step towards kindling a keener and more friendly relationship between the Woodland and Bragdon girls. We trust that this custom may become a tradition and that it will provide a still better feeling of friendship among the Juniors who are thus separated. However, in order that the Council may do its work thoroughly it must enlist the cooperation of every student. We hope that if for no other reason than that of the plain fact of gratitude we may all help to lighten the burdens of the Student Council.

"FLYING HIGH"

G. B. Shaw says "if other planets are inhabited, the Earth is their lunatic asylum." It's an alarming and startling thought, yet one about which it is amusing to think. Sit down sometime and imagine that we're all crazy—everyone. Try to think how the sane inhabitants of other planets act. How different are they from us? Do they dance, do they love, do they cry, do they invent and write and talk? It's ironical, to say the least. All of us here, struggling for fame, wealth, and the better things, only to find some day that we're all

mentally unbalanced. But after all, this is our world, and there's not much chance of a sane neighbor visiting us from another planet, shattering our ideals, and disillusioning us. Insane or not, we must go on living and struggling for the things that to us make life worth living. Enjoy thinking about these kinds of things; let your imagination wander; find new food for thought, but remember, you're here in body, and must live, no matter how. When you come down to Earth, go on about your business, and just remember you've had a pleasant time flying over other's heads. If this flight wasn't possible at times, if we couldn't deviate from our normal imaginings, then life, with all its parts, would be one dull and monotonous existence.

"OH, TO BE SUCCESSFUL"

Success to be sure should not be based upon the hurts, shamefuls, snubs, slights and dominations that one can inflict upon one's companions. If success means that one is to put aside friendships, crush in you the pure and natural likes for beauty and nature, then better is it for everyone concerned that success be unattainable.

On the other hand, one may be successful, tolerate one's companions, love one's friends and cherish a real satisfaction of achievement, gained honestly.

Success! Success! What everyone runs after, regardless of age, environment, or position. To be successful! That's the vogue nowadays. No longer can one sit back and muse; be proud of his neighbor's success but without envy. No! emphatically no! Everyone's got the bug of success gnawing at him, driving him on at a great rate of speed regardless of obstacles, regardless of morals, ethics, or religion.

"Oh, to be successful." That's the hue and cry!



The senior members of the LEAVES staff wish the very best of success to the staff of '31. Perhaps as old girls we can still offer our contributions. Working on the LEAVES has given us immense pleasure; especially do we think of our contact with Miss Blackstock with increasing appreciation. She and her discussion classes are numbered among our chief joys.

Although our year has been an almost perfect one, and our leave-taking a characteristically sad one, we senior members of the LEAVES staff are not unappreciative of one great advantage. In leaving we are escaping a force that looms up dark and menacing on the horizon of next year. We at least will not be around after Mademoiselle discovers that we have been so audacious as to dedicate this Commencement LEAVES to her!

We are more than disappointed that our endeavors to obtain a picture of her proved unsuccessful. Perhaps it is just as well,—undoubtedly that would have reaped complete ruination on us. We cannot help wishing that some of our publicity mongers might take a lesson from this friend of Lasell's. We are more than happy in dedicating this Commencement issue of the LEAVES to you, Mademoiselle.

Perhaps you have heard before reading this announcement that Ruth Stafford is our editor for next year. Ruth has served us well this year, especially in her work on the covers, and we are expecting fine things of her in the year to come.

We would like to draw your attention to a trio of writers who have really made the

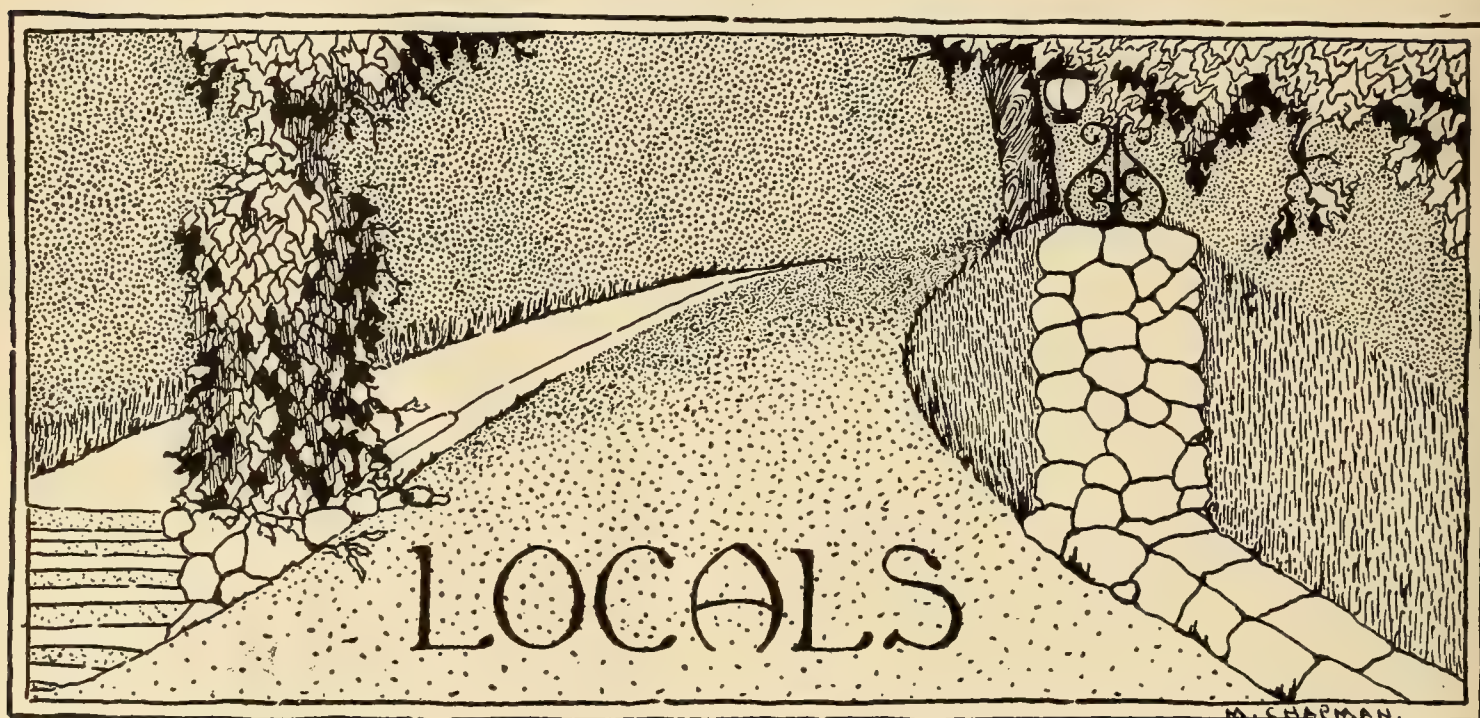
LEAVES. The poems of Marion Lewis in this issue, especially the Sonnet, are splendid. We could not force ourselves to omit Rachel's story, in spite of the fact that the plot is perhaps a familiar one to LEAVES readers. The style is so typical of Rachel's fine descriptive writing that it seemed a fitting close for her journalistic career at Lasell. Then there are the two poems of Vesta, our darling. Don't you *love* them!

The cover comes to us through the kindness of Rachel DeWolfe. It is the Commencement cut of the *Lamp*, and the work of Natalie Park.

Again we wish success to the 1932-33

LEAVES. Following is a list of those who will take our places.

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Ruth Stafford
<i>Associate-editor</i>	Helen Bardua
<i>Short Stories</i>	Hope Decatur
<i>Essays</i>	Ruth Tivnan
<i>Poetry</i>	Annabeth Williams
<i>Business Manager</i> ...	Isabelle Mulligan
<i>Assistant</i>	Mary Lib Roberts
<i>Art Editor</i>	Shirley Gould
<i>Locals</i>	Hazel Merritt
<i>Exchanges</i>	Ruth Wyand
<i>Athletics</i>	Millicent Thomson
<i>Book Reviews</i>	Barbara Erickson



April 29: Christian Endeavor. Mr. Coble and Mr. Thompson of the Boston University School of Theology conducted this, one of the outstanding Christian Endeavor meetings of the year.

May 1: Vespers. Our good friend, Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., of Cambridge was the speaker for this Vesper service.

May 6: Glee Club Concert. Something entirely new in the way of Lasell Glee Club concerts was the thoroughly delightful "Night in Spain." The stage presented a Spanish street cafe, with the most charming of senioritas seated at small tables. Hostess Julia Case,

introduced her entertainers, who ranged from tango dancers to the three little maids from school. Congratulations to you Miss Williams and your Glee Club.

May 7: Rockport Trip. Encouraged by a weak smile from ole man Sol, the athletic department decided to risk his fickleness, and go to Rockport regardless of fair weather or foul. A more interesting place than Rockport would be difficult to find, and as is to be expected of anything sponsored by that department, the affair was a notable success.

May 9: Concert. Mr. Wilfred Glenn, father of our own Winifred, and bass of the Revelers

quartette gave a splendid concert for the benefit of the Senior Endowment Fund. We only wish that all of us could personally have voiced our appreciation to Mr. Glenn.

May 17: Lecture. Mr. Charles Floyd, one of our Auburndale neighbors kindly came over to talk to us of his favorite avocation—the study of birds. Mr. Floyd spoke especially of the interesting process of banding birds.

May 14: Lasell-Andover Concert. Very much of an innovation was this joint concert of the Orphean club with the Andover Glee Club at Jordan Hall. Our guests came over to practise, had dinner with us, and after the concert, danced with us. Being in the stag line was a new experience for most of us, but we did not take advantage of our opportunity reluctantly. We hope that next year will see a repetition of this friendly *rapprochement*.

May 15: Vespers. A friend of long standing and an old favorite of Lasell's came back to us in the person of Dr. Brewer Eddy, who has recently returned from the Orient with his brother, Sherwood Eddy.

May 17: Field Day. This Field Day was universally acclaimed the most successful in the history of the Athletic Department. Track stars, spirit, competition, food, and a Senior victory—what more could be desired?

May 21: May Fete. First coming through an archway of green boughs, held by the Juniors, then between two files of black gowned seniors, Peggy Lovell, queen of Lasell's May Day and her court of honor made a lovely procession. The queen and her maid of honor, Shirley Gould, '33, were led to the throne, and crowned by Mary Elizabeth McNulty, senior president. After Peggy and her court had taken their places, Seniors and underclassmen each sought their queen's favor with songs of praise. By way of entertainment for the court, a group of girls presented a very attractive dance pantomime. Peggy, won't you tell us how it feels to be queen for an hour?

May 25: River Day. It was certainly a senior day on the river this year. Breaking the spell of a seven-year-old defeat, Julia Case,

our veteran captain, brought her Senior Gold crew over the finish line in advance of the Edith Parson's other Senior boat, which tied with the Mixed for second place. There was a grand crowd of old girls back, to say nothing of an alumnae-crew.

May 22: Vespers. The last service sponsored by the Missionary Society was held on the side lawn of Bragdon. Miss Florence Young, director of religious education at the Tabernacle Church in Salem told us in her interesting manner of her experiences in the Kentucky mountains.

May 27: Pop Concert. This was the second anniversary of Lasell Night at Pops. The Orphean Club, under the direction of Mr. George Dunham sang two groups of songs, several of which were accompanied by the Boston Symphony orchestra. We wonder if all those alumnae present didn't find themselves wishing that their years at Lasell had come a bit later.

May 29: Vespers. It seemed like one of last year's Sundays, having Dr. Boynton Merrill to speak, and Karin Eliason and Ruth Gerry to play for us. Asking Dr. Merrill for this our last vesper service was indeed a happy thought.

May 30: Athletic Banquet. That Athletic department! One can only stand back in amazement and watch its success. This last dance, sponsored by the A. A. was one of the best of the year. The biggest surprise of the evening, at least to the recipient, was the awarding of a bag of golf clubs to Ethelyn Whitney, president of the A. A., this was given in appreciation of her "excellence in all athletics, her good sportsmanship, and her outstanding co-operation and help." You are deserving of everything you get, Babe.

June 1: Concert. The last concert, as is befitting of a commencement concert, always seems the best.

June 3: Exhibition. There are always so many things to see on Exhibition Day, that one never knows where to begin. The swimming exhibition of course drew an enthusiastic crowd, the diving especially gaining a great deal of comment. The art display up

in the studio was unusually fine this year, and certainly a credit to Miss Peterson, Mrs. May, and Miss McNeil. The clothes on display at the style show were amazingly smart, and the food prepared by the cooking classes all too tempting. Pardon us for remarking that lucky is the man who gets a Lasell girl!

June 3: Reception. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, assisted by Miss Potter and Mary Elizabeth McNulty received old girls and parents and friends of the graduation class in the parlors of Woodland Park. We are always so thankful that Lasell receptions are not so formal as the name might imply. The members of the senior class thank Dr. and Mrs. Winslow for this gracious extension of hospitality.

June 4: Senior Luncheon and Tea Dance. We almost forgot our vows to secrecy and were on the point of disclosing to you where this grand event took place. But we presume that whether it be at Childs or the Ritz, this would always be a joyous occasion. Suffice it to say that this Senior Luncheon and Tea Dance was most capably managed by Barbara Stanley.

June 4: Class Night. Quite naturally, each graduating class thinks that their class night has reached new heights of perfection. Perhaps however, it isn't fair to compare, as we had everything on our favor—a lovely evening, and a new tent, just in case—. Dr. Winslow told us that seven years ago the Seniors won in crew, and they had a nice class night; in none of the succeeding years were the seniors able to muster a victory, and class night weather ranged from intermittent showers to deluges. This year witnessed a '32 victory, and broke the spell cast by old man Pluvius. Having the tent down on the Athletic field in place of the Bragdon side lawn was a happy suggestion.

June 5: Baccalaureate. This service was held at four o'clock in the afternoon at the Auburndale Congregational church. The speaker was Rev. Albert Butzer of the Ridgefield, N. J., Presbyterian Church; an account of whose address is found directly following the Locals.

June 6: Last Chapel. There is something very exciting about watching people march up for awards, and one can not fail to partially feel the thrill and surprise of those persons being awarded. A full list of prizes given at this last chapel will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

June 6: Commencement. Eighty-two White Doves, poised for flight, heard the splendid commencement address given by Dr. Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education in Massachusetts. Following the Locals will be found an account of his very fine message.

Crow's Nest. By the time the Senior banner is taken down, and the '33 banner is put up in its place, dry eyes are notable exceptions. Marion Lewis was our farewell speaker.

Alumnae Meeting. Please turn to the Personals column for a report of this annual Alumnae Meeting.

WHEN IS ONE EDUCATED?

The Rev. Albert Butzer of the Ridgefield, New Jersey, Presbyterian Church, in a very simple, direct and clear address told the graduating class of Lasell Junior College that true education was learning to live with one's self, with others and with the universe.

He said that usually we felt an educated person was one who had accumulated a mass of information in the shape of college degrees, or that individual who was so well read that he could speak intelligently on most subjects, or again that man who had acquired so much social polish that he felt at ease in any and every company. To be sure these are evidences of a good education and a well-educated person usually shows these characteristics. But unless he also had learned how to live his mass of information would avail him little. The direction of education has changed and no longer can we apply the definition of the small boy who said that a well-educated man was a walking library with a poor circulation. In short, it is not so much what we have learned but what we have become, that which remains after all our "book" knowledge van-

ishes. Dr. Butzer quoted the great President Harper of Chicago University who said that by the age of twenty-five everyone should determine his aim in life and by thirty have a definite philosophy of life. The first step then in education is to learn to live by one's self, to have perfect self-control.

The second step of the way to is learn to live with others and we can always begin within the family circle. Later the circle may grow larger until we heed William James, the great psychologist, who said that the chief objective of education should be to know a good man when you see him. This may not be altogether true but in a large measure it is for it means that we shall have to purge our minds of prejudice and our hearts of intolerance, allowing others not only to have convictions of their own but a freedom of expression. The speaker cited a recent case in point when Dr. Hough, a Methodist minister in Detroit, was granted an honorary degree from the Roman Catholic university of that city. In presenting it the President of the college said that it was given as an acknowledgment of the recipient's broad brotherliness. Therefore if we have learned to live with others as well as ourselves we have gone a long way.

The third and last step is taken at that moment when we have learned to understand the universe all about us. Dr. Butzer spoke of the marvels in the field of electricity such as radio, wireless, telephone; also the aeroplane and telescope which are all evidences of the great resources in the world which are available to those who are friendly with the universe. And just as man has learned to obey the physical laws so he should also try to understand its moral and spiritual laws. Mr. Roger Babson asked Steinmetz, the extraordinary electrical genius, in which field the greatest discoveries would lie within the next fifty years. The reply of the electrical wizard was that they would lie in the spiritual realm, not in the material. We are daily seeing and hearing evidences of this fact. Therefore, the final step in education is reached when man

has learned to live in harmony with the universe.

Dr. Butzer, in his special charge to the Seniors said that instead of this year's marking a completion in their lives it was truly a commencement for them. He reminded them that the great educators of today were holding up Jesus of Nazareth as the great ideal and he hoped that the Class of 1932 of Lasell Junior College would receive its final degree from the Master. He assured them they would if they would learn how to live and they could do this if they would learn to live by themselves, with others and the universe that surrounds us all.

We were indeed grateful to Dr. Butzer for this clear, simple and inspiring message to us on our Baccalaureate Sunday.

THE CHALLENGE OF ADVERSITY

On the memorable occasion of the first day that Lasell Seminary could use its new legal title of Lasell Junior College, Dr. Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts, delivered the Commencement address.

Dr. Smith pointed out the fact that fine success usually follows close on the heels of severe adversity and that notwithstanding the material inconveniences that come with hard times there is also much to be gained. He cited the time that he and those of his generation could remember streets without automobiles. He reminded the older members of the audience of the times when to go for an automobile drive was a real adventure. One might dislocate an arm in cranking the car and other events might also follow which were rather disconcerting. So much was this true that people often remarked when starting on a motor trip that they would be back if everything went all right. Through a series of failures has come the final achievement in the modern automobile and it is difficult for us to believe that there were ever any difficult days in the running of a car. The same thing may be said of almost every other activity so that today's depression

may be the forerunner of a very much finer success than we can at all imagine. To youth comes the challenge and never before does it seem that youth has had such great opportunity or was better equipped. Lest the young people become too self-satisfied with this praise, Dr. Smith reminded them that it was the older generation after all which had made the provision.

To those graduating and to youth generally, Dr. Smith gave the following injunctions. First, it was necessary that youth not only have a respect for knowledge but an understanding of the past great enough to preserve the values of its traditions. Youth who had learned to read would naturally have the advantage—not mere book reading but reading with the mind and the intelligence. Secondly, one must use one's imagination and again this must be done in a constructive way, not destructively nor fantastically. Third, youth must have a real understanding of the law and feel its responsibility towards it. Law is not unfriendly to the individual but there are certain basic qualities which must be obeyed in the physical, moral and spiritual realms. Fourth and last, youth has both hope and courage which are absolutely essential in these days of adversity if we meet its challenge aright. There is a parable that the devil put all his tools but one on sale. That one was fear. He refused to part with it. In order to combat it we need a great deal of hope and courage.

It was particularly fitting that at this special commencement Dr. Smith should have been our speaker. We are glad that this commonwealth of Massachusetts has as its director of education as sound and far-seeing a person. Without vision a people perish and certainly Dr. Smith brought to us a message filled with the vision so important at this time.

CERTIFICATES AND PRIZES

FIELD DAY CUP

Won by the Senior Class. Presented to Mary Elizabeth McNulty, President of the Senior Class.

CREW AWARDS

Members of the losing crews received LCC's; girls in the crews for the second time received bars.

Senior—Black

Edith Parsons, Capt.
Ethelyn Whitney
Minerva Pritchard
Betty Parrish
Gertrude Dupuis
Katharine Hartman
Dorothy Carmer
Barbara Merritt
Rachel DeWolf

Junior—Gold

Betty Bronk, Capt.
Louise Recher
Charlotte Ockert
Millicent Thomson
Eunice Andrews
Wilma Silvernail
Alice Hutton
Elizabeth Seybolt
Mary Shiveley

Junior—Blue

Barbara Stover, Capt.
Harriet Smith
Bette Andrews
Elizabeth Swift
Jane Dexter
Martha Palmer
Helen Burwell
Adelaide Case
Marjorie DuBois

Mixed Crew

Dorothy Candage, Capt.
Dorothy Foss
Janet Kennedy
Marjorie Donaca
Jane Ellison
Roberta Leonard
Frances Parker
Barbara Heath
Janet Foster

Junior—Purple

Mary Roberts, Capt.
Drucille Bevin
Shirley Gould
Helen Breed
Anna Mills
Evelyn Doudera
Elizabeth Schuller
Grace Dunne
Dorothy Guest

WINNING CREW

The Senior-Gold Crew won. Members of this crew winning for the second time received a Bar; those winning for the first time received "L's."

Senior—Gold Crew

Julia Case, Capt.	Mildred Munson
Natalie Park	Iola Morse
Eugenia Loomis	Gertrude Hooper
Barbara Gould	Elizabeth Page
Helane Jones	

TENNIS

Leslie Barker, winner of the Tennis Tournament, received an "L". Her name was engraved on a cup that remains at the school. An individual cup was given to her by the Athletic Association.

GOLF

The winner of the Golf Tournament, Jane Fowler, received an individual statuette given by the Golf Club. Her name was also engraved on the school cup.

LIFE SAVING

Red Cross Senior Life Saving Certificates were given to:

Helen Burwell	Ruth Small
Dorothy Guest	Barbara Stover
Faith Kent	Rosamunde Whittredge

CERTIFICATES

SECRETARIAL COURSE

Accounting

Mildred Gibbud Munson Alyce Margot Quinn

Accounting and Typewriting

Doris Blaser	Jane Grant
Marion Crosby	Elizabeth McIntire
Thirza Fretchner	Jean McNab
Esther Gilbert	Ruth Vassar

Shorthand

Elizabeth Clark	Minerva Pritchard
Barbara Hunt	

Shorthand and Typewriting

Eleanor Bradley	Muriel Morse
Edna Goodrich	

Typewriting

Mae Borkum	Eileen Hedstrom
Frances Crane	Mary Hill
Eleanor Dale	Elizabeth Page
Dorothy Day	Helen Parker
Eldora DeHaven	Louise Recher
Gertrude Dupuis	Lucy Robertson
Dorothy Gosse	Marjorie Walker
Mildred Guyette	Beatrice Young

Secretarial Science

Dorothy Carmer	Ruth Kinsley
Elizabeth Follett	Marjorie MacClymon
Gertrude Horner	Elinor Small
Margaret Hrubec	

HOME ECONOMICS COURSE

Clothing

Barbara Gould	Camilla Roy
Helane Jones	Gertrude Stone

Foods

Catherine Clynes	Peggy Lovell
Blanche Dougherty	Thelma Macfarlane
Eleanor Ronimus	Marjorie Tarbell

Foods and Clothing

Gertrude Hooper	Flora Marshall
Olga Johnson	Edith Parsons

ART COURSE

Art

Natalie Park	Alice Price
Lydia Parmelee	

ACADEMIC MUSIC COURSE

Piano

Barbara Stanley

Voice

Barbara Cowdrey

Violin

Frances Turner

LEAVES PRIZES

Honorable mention: The following girls will receive one year's subscription to the LEAVES.

Vesta Black	Mary McNulty
Yvonne Bergeron	Lucy Robertson
Dorothy Carmer	

Awarded for excellence of workmanship on the Lasell LEAVES Staff for 1931-32:

First Prize

Katharine Hartman	Marion Lewis
Rachel DeWolf	

STUDENT COUNCIL PIN

Each girl serving four semesters on the Student Council received a gold pin.

Katharine Hartman

SEWING PRIZES

Honorable mention

Gertrude Hooper—90.5 (3 years)

Edith Garland Parsons—87.3

First—Helane Linwood Jones—95.6

Second—Anna Frances Litchfield—93.6

FOODS PRIZES

Honorable Mention

Peggy Lovell—86.7

Blanche Holcomb Dougherty—86.3

First—Marjorie Alena Tarbell—87.66

Second—Edith Garland Parsons—87.5

LASELL COATS

Honorable Mention

Elizabeth Loretta Bronk

Barbara Lucille Stover

Awarded to:

Katharine Hartman

Gertrude Loveland Hooper

Ethelyn Morris Whitney

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

Honorable Mention

Lucy Robertson—89.49

Helane Jones—89.46

Elizabeth Follett—89.27

Awarded to:

First—Margaret Hrubec—89.77+

First—Marjorie MacClymon—89.77+

"THE OLD GUARD SURRENDERS BUT NEVER DIES"

Someone has said that there is nothing constant in the world but change. This thought came into my mind as I read Katherine Hartman's "Coup d'Etat" in the Senior number of LEAVES. It was interesting to note that she put the era of "Active Table taking" as ten years back. To be exact, it was the Class of '28, who took the last tables. The Juniors

were so zealous in their guarding and the Seniors so determined in their battle, that it ended in a grand melee, and was declared to be the last of its kind. However the bill for broken dishes and damaged table linen and even tables, did not spoil our pean of victory, and when we first sat at our tables it was with a feeling of pride, mixed with regret, that the classes to come would not have the thrill of taking tables.

The Class of '28, has its fifth reunion in 1933 and no doubt we shall marvel at the changes that have taken place. Every growing thing has to change. The demands upon it call for them and it is a call that cannot be denied. We, who have gone would not like to see Lasell termed *passee* or out of date, as indeed it never shall be. Witness the stride it has taken in becoming a Junior College. But we shall miss the old traditions that some of you newer girls know nothing of. Privileges, that to you would seem only natural to have, to us were gifts from the gods.

Years ago when new girls came and before they had had a chance to organize they were put through a day of initiation. The Seniors imposed the rules as to dress and deportment and some of them had wonderful ideas. In 1925, the "Littley" as we were termed had to dress in a manner that would do justice to a modern "Depression Party," carried a umbrella open whenever we went out, wore rouge on our noses, hair in pig-tails, with a different colored ribbon on each, ate with our knives and carried dolls all day. The Seniors imposed tasks upon us and in that way got their trunks unpacked, their curtains made, and their rooms settled. It was all in fun, and when it was all over, we felt that we were truly Lasell girls.

We had no tea-dances, couldn't wear earrings, wore our Caps and Gowns thrice a week, high collars on Sundays, went to bed at 9:45 in all houses but Senior ones and had to wear our gym bloomers at a discreet distance from the ground. BUT, we sang songs heartily, had no classes during Senior week, and cars without parents, we had inter-class athletics so

fierce that bloodshed was almost threatened, and we had inter-class parties where we sang each others' praises on the same day we had tried to down each other on the field of sport. Prom was always held in Woodland or Bragdon until 1928 and they were grand times, too.

Yes, we had wonderful customs and traditions, and even though you may have changed the kind of oil that keeps the Lamp burning brightly, never let the quality of it lessen. Hand on to the classes after you a fuel that was as fine as the one we gave you. They will change it, as you did ours, but it won't dishearten you, for you will find, that as you return to Lasell, the old faces and times and customs and traditions will greet you, and though the old order changeth, you will be seeing *your* Lasell, and not theirs.

Peg Basley, '28.



While these Lasell brides did not all choose June as their marriage month, we are happy to include the entire group in this Commencement LEAVES.

On June 4, at Groton, Massachusetts, Betty Kingston Day, '26, was united in marriage to Mr. John Walter Bracken, Jr.

June 4 was also the wedding day of Mary Gilbert Hunter, '31, when she became the bride of Mr. Bert Twitchell Holland, Jr. Mary Hacker, '31, and Helen Gorham, '31, classmates of the bride were among the wedding guests and bought to us at Commencement time a charming picture of this outdoor wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Enos Soule announce the marriage of their daughter, Priscilla Ross,

'22-'28, to Mr. Francis Myron Pope on Saturday the twenty-eighth of May, in Auburndale, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Pope are at home at 288 Chestnut Hill Avenue, Brighton, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Goldenson announce the marriage of their daughter, Sylvia, '30, to Mr. Julius B. Weill, on Sunday, the twelfth of June, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Weill are at home to their friends at 5646 Munhall Road, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Hazel Baird, '26, chose the eighteenth day of June for her marriage to Mr. Theodore Franklin Chamberlain at Barton, Vermont.

The marriage of Claire Haines, '27, and Mr. Hubert A. Nevers on Saturday, November the fourteenth, has been announced by Claire's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Haines.

To one of the bridesmaids, we are indebted for the following description of Caroline Hopkins' wedding. "Caroline P. Hopkins, Lasell, '28, was married to Dr. Joseph A. McLean, physician in Ayer, Massachusetts, on May 20, 1932. The late afternoon wedding took place in the Hopkins' attractive garden of beautiful shrubs and flowers, the ceremony being performed beneath an arch of lilacs. Soft organ music drifted down from the wide open windows of the sun porch on the terrace above and the gathered guests viewed the ceremony from the sloping lawns overlooking the stone flanked terrace and tiny pool with its goldfish and water lilies. Spring flowers everywhere made a beautiful and colorful setting. The bride was attended by Natalie Robbe, '28, as maid of honor. Four of the six bridesmaids were also Lasell classmates of Caroline, Christina Finlayson, '28, Jeanette Allen, '28, Elizabeth Stahl, '28, and Lillian Bethel, '28.

"Previous to her marriage, 'Hoppie' and 'Nat' Robbe together managed the Colonial Arms Tea Room in Groton.

"Among the many guests were other Lasell classmates and friends, Betty Smith, '28, Barbara Lawson, '28, Hester Shaw, '28, and Miss Edith Eastman, teacher of Home

Economics, under whom 'Hoppie' studied during her two years' work at Lasell.

"After a trip to the South to the McLean home in Gibsonville, North Carolina, the bride and groom will be at home at 90 Pleasant Street, Ayer, Massachusetts."

The announcement of the marriage of Florence Rhea Herrup, '29-'30, and Mr. Joseph Donald Cohon on Friday the twenty-seventh of May in Hartford, Connecticut, has recently been received.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Whittier Rollins announce the marriage of their daughter, Charlene Carsley, '29-'30, to Mr. Arthur Rolland Ewing, on Monday the thirtieth of May, in Chicago, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing are at home to their friends at 202 East Arcadia Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

June the sixteenth was the marriage date of Bertha Krakauer, '24, to Mr. Edwin J. Ryan in Chihuahua, Mexico.

Dorothy Meeker, '30, became the bride of Mr. John Edwin Pearce on Friday, the tenth of June, in West Orange, New Jersey.

Grace Douglass Murray, '08-'10, and Mr. Edgar George Schindler were united in marriage on Saturday, June the eleventh, in Saint Mark's Church, Brookline, Massachusetts.

An announcement of the engagement of Rosamond Cornell, '29, and Mr. Madison Mott Cannon, Jr., has recently been received.

The eighteenth of June was the date chosen by Vivian Johnson, '28, for her marriage to Mr. Daniel High Krick.

Zelma Eleanor Briggs, '31, became the bride of Mr. Norbert Harold Gallagher on Saturday, the thirtieth of April. Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher are at home to their friends at 334 Main Street, Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred George Wilding announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret, '24-'25, to Mr. Carlton Graham Norton on the thirtieth of April, at Malone, New York.

Word has been received of the marriage of Alice Hamlin, '29-'31, to Dr. Alexander B. Shipley.

Lasell's heartiest congratulations are extended to this elect group of brides and grooms.

Dorothy Burnham Eaton, '20, and her mother are active members of the Manuscript Club of Boston where Mrs. Winslow was recently one of the judges at a literary contest and also one of the speakers of the evening. On this occasion, a guest of the club spoke with enthusiasm of Mrs. Winslow's unusually fine message.

The Personals Editor was among those who enjoyed a children's hour, not long since, at the Congregational Parish House where the wee ones gave a charming operetta entitled, "The Lollipop Tree," written by our Mrs. Winslow and later the ladies of the church gave an entertaining skit for which Mrs. Winslow was also responsible.

Edna Thurston Follett, '03-'07, is doing fine work as a Lasell field secretary. Having been a member of our school, she frequently comes in pleasant contact with "old girls" of her day who have never lost their enthusiasm for their Alma Mater. Her most recent contribution to the Personals Editor is a charming snapshot of eight of Lasell's loyalists. This smiling group includes: Ruth Farmer David, '08-'10, Sophie Mayer March, '08, Louise Paisley, '09, Cordelia Danforth, '02-'07, Julia DeWitt Read, '10, Mildred Hall Leber, '12, Florence Swartwout Thomassen, '09, Louise Morrell Nestler, '08.

Among Lasell callers registered in May was the son of Mrs. Charles B. Moore (Caroline B. Thomson, '97-'98), of Los Angeles, California. This welcomed caller frankly announced: "One request my mother made was that during my stay in New England, I should visit Lasell." He liked our school and we felt that our meeting was mutually a happy one.

Two days later, Pauline Fera, '17, and her mother visited us, thus proving in a pleasant way their unabated interest in Lasell.

We do wish we knew the secret of Marion Joslin Oppenheimer's, '12, unfailing youth, not alone in looks, but in spirit. Business brought her gifted husband to New England and school spirit led Marion a step farther out to her dear

Alma Mater. Her coming was a joy to the President and teachers still in residence.

Marion Kingdon, '29, and Margaret Heath, '29, called rather in advance of Commencement festivities while two former members of our faculty, Miss Rivers Ellett and Miss Ruth Dunham, were here "just in time."

To our great pleasure, Miss Rose Morgenthaler and Dr. Morgenthaler made their annual visit at Lasell en route to their summer home at Lake Willoughby, Vermont. From the sisters we learn that our former instructor, Miss Desdemona Heinrich is now Dr. Heinrich, having just received her Ph.D. from New York University. The evening of the day this honor was conferred on Dr. Heinrich, she sailed for a sabbatical year in Europe, her time to be divided between travel and study.

Have you ever seen Moosehead Lake, Maine, and been entertained at Squaw Mountain Inn? If not, this very summer may you enter into the joys of this ideal outing. Julia Crafts Sheridan, '10, and her husband, Mr. Philip Sheridan, are there as host and hostess. They have come to this responsible position through years of successful management of hotels in Maine and Florida. Mr. Sheridan was a delegate this spring to the Hotel Managers' Convention in Boston. Between sessions, Julia came to Lasell and told us then that Dorothy Wells Seller's, '09, husband, Mr. J. Tennyson Seller, had just been elected President of the New England Hotel Managers Association. The last word of her report was that during this period of depression, the wives of the members have organized, just among themselves, for the purpose of assisting the families of former members who have died or been incapacitated. "We often use," said Julia, "unique methods of raising our funds. For example, we volunteered as waitresses in serving the luncheon today at the Copley Plaza. Our fund has already augmented to \$25,000."

Lasell has long since in heart claimed Mr. and Mrs. William P. Libby as honorary members of our school. Mrs. Libby's visits to our junior college did not end with her daughter's

graduation, but while dear Ruth, '31, is up at the University of New Hampshire, these loyal parents have favored us with a call. Just now we are rejoicing together over the honor which came to our "Rookie" in being chosen May Queen of the University. Lack of space forbids our referring in detail to the gorgeous pageant when Ruth, clad in white with a blue mantle floating in the mountain breeze, rode forth on a white horse to be met by the matron of ceremonies. This high official sat on a float laden with flowers and fairies and drawn by two snow-white oxen. Lasell adds: "Was there ever an honor more worthily bestowed?"

With Miss Perley's permission we are reporting a few high lights from Phyllis Sherwell's ('31) letter written to the Head of the Mathematics Department. How just like lively, loveable Phyl. it reads! "You probably will think I'm a scalawag for not writing, but truly I have had good intentions. The culminating point came on receiving the LEAVES, the reading of which made me so lonesome for everyone. If only I were at Lasell now. I can just see the lovely campus all green. It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen in spring. Syracuse looks barren in comparison. I guess I am a sentimentalist, but I don't seem to care much.

"We had a formal dance at our house last night. I had a gorgeous time. I did not join a sorority and do not intend to next year. For some unknown reason, I do not seem to care for them. I think one becomes stereotyped if she joins—just another frog in the pond—whereas one has more freedom outside. Perhaps that is not the best thing in the world for me but at any rate it is the most enjoyable.

"Do you know what Ruth Gerry, '31, is doing? I hear from 'Vic' Hugo, '29-'30, quite often. I would so like to go to Lasell for graduation.

"How are Senora, Mrs. Sypher, Miss Hoag and Miss Potter? Please give them my regards. Lots of love, Phyl."

To Phyl's inquiry concerning that little

trumpeter, Ruth Gerry, '31, we hasten to answer, "Ruth is well and busy giving lessons on her pet instrument. She played for us beautifully at our last Sunday Vesper service at Lasell. Dr. Boynton Merrill, to the great joy of the entire school, gave the message and all were impressed by the beauty of the whole service.

Among our Commencement guests this year were Mrs. Lois West, just recovering from a hospital experience and Mrs. Bessie Hunt Snow and her husband, Mr. A. Warner Snow, who included Lasell, so to speak, in their wedding itinerary.

It was unfortunate that Constance Chase, '29, and Marion Simpson, '29, missed Commencement by just a few days. Marion was hastening back to Portland to play at a concert and Constance's business called her away. Marion is still taking a course in business English and shorthand. Constance, in company with her father, has all year long been taking a course in short story writing. Both she and her father are members of the Manuscript Club and are hoping later to collaborate in writing nursery rhymes. What an unusual and delightful vocation for this father and daughter!

Doris Fogg, '26-'29, returned at Commencement time and reports that she is "holding down" a very pleasant position in the secretarial department of Babson Institute. She is also taking some work in the secretarial course at Boston University.

From Nancy Pepper, '29-'30, was received a very elegant invitation to the Commencement Exercises of the Marjorie Webster School of Washington, D. C., from which institution, Nancy has just been graduated. Lasell's congratulations to our former student upon this her latest success.

The announcement of Louise Magary's, '27-'28, graduation from Western College, Oxford, Ohio, has also come to us recently. "Gary" expressed a desire to return to Lasell in the near future and announced that next year she would be at Columbia University doing grad-

uate work. Our congratulations to this ambitious former Lasell girl. (Her new address is 86 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Eleanor Pitcher, '29, and Alice Pratt, '29, were among our Pre-Commencement guests and none were more welcome than they. Most friendly was their estimate of the girls in residence in Bragdon while our new girls declared these '29er guests "the dearest ever." Eleanor and Alice left us with the good intention of sending back some worthy new girls to fill the vacancies made by our outgoing Seniors.

From a Corinth, New York, daily we culled this notice: "Miss Mary O'Connell, '31, has recently completed an eight months' course in dietetics at the Post Graduate Hospital, New York City, and has accepted a position on the dietician staff of the hospital simultaneous with her completion of her training. Miss O'Connell, who is a graduate of the Corinth High School and of Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Mass., entered the hospital last September. The course was originally one of the six months of study, but during the year has been increased to eight months." Lasell's congratulations to this alumna.

Cornelia Eaton Sutton, '07, escorted by her stalwart son called in May and promised to report in June, but we missed her. We regret she was not able to carry out her plan of returning for her twenty-fifth reunion. One of her daughters is a successful pedagogue and her second daughter is to be graduated from Boston University in the near future, while this vivacious mother seems not a whit older in spirit than when she herself was a student at Lasell.

We are very grateful to the secretary *pro tempore* who furnished us with these worthwhile items concerning the members of the Class of '31, present with us at Commencement time. Dorothy Wickham, '31, of Middletown, N. Y., is doing secretarial work in the City Hall. Elizabeth Leach, '31, is serving her father as an insurance secretary. Constance Witham, '31, is the supervisor of music of the public schools of Guilford, Maine.

Helen Schaack, '31, of Englewood, N. J., is in the office of one of the local real estate and insurance firms "learning the business."

Former students of Lasell, especially in the department of music will be saddened to learn of Miss Louise Parkhurst's bereavement in the recent passing away of her mother. Mrs. Parkhurst was one of the best known and best loved New England Methodists, her life being dedicated to two great causes, Foreign Missions and her own devoted home circle. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the family.

Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, did not get "up north" for Commencement, but by a happy coincidence messages from her to our alumnae president and the personals editor were received on Commencement Day. This born optimist defying season and circumstance always sends a word of courage born of her fine Christian faith. In her letter to Josephine Woodward Rand, '10, Mrs. Cushing encloses notes from a group of our oldest graduates which seemed worthy of wider circulation. The notes were in acknowledgment of an alumnae greeting sent out by Mrs. Cushing. The first message is from Helen M. Littlefield, '72, whose address is South Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass. Miss Littlefield was Lasell's guest of honor at Commencement time for her sixtieth anniversary. This gentle lady of the "old school" wholly captured the hearts of the younger generation. Her charm and her alert interest in our new Lasell Junior College as well as Lasell Seminary of her day, was well pleasing to all. In her note to Mrs. Cushing, she writes: "I was much pleased to receive the Lasell Alumnae card. I have seemed to renew my interest in the old days, having framed my diploma from Dr. Cushing and hung it up in the living room with a picture of Nellie Thrall's, '72, home in Springfield in a corner which I have named 'Lasell' with catalogues and Lasell LEAVES. I even found my graduation essay on 'Music.' I have subscribed for the Alumnae Number for a year and in the June number saw the name of a graduate of fifty years who said in her letter

that she had become a permanent resident of East Harwich. She has become almost a neighbor of mine, about three miles distant. I have called upon her although I never knew her before. She is Dr. Thayer's widow (Gertrude Rice, '81) and is now living with her daughter. She called upon me recently and said she was going to Boston and then was motoring to Florida. It is very pleasant to have met her. I am living alone in my grandfather's old home which he built in 1818. It is very dear to me."

From Adrianna Chandler Bradford, '68, of Waterville, Maine, comes this reply: "I was much interested in your account of the trip you took through my old home town of Fryeburg. If you do repeat it any time in the future, I wish you might extend the distance sufficiently to give me the opportunity of meeting one of the same specimens of the same Alma Mater as myself. I am no longer keeping house but enjoy seeing old friends and associates the same as ever. You spoke of Mrs. Towne—Belle Treadwell, '68—one of my old classmates who 'wished to write me.' I have never received any tidings whatever from her, but would much like to hear from her. Her sister, Louise, the teacher, was an especial delight to me while at 'Lasell' but I suppose she has long since passed on. I received the annual program and invitation from Dr. Winslow to attend Commencement but the infirmities of 'old-age' will not allow me to accept. But I must not complain at the unavoidable condition for Nature has been kind to me and I am very grateful for all the favors she has already bestowed. Thanking you and with the best of kind wishes, I remain, your friend, Adrianna C. Bradford."

Frances J. Robinson, '54-'56, of Lexington, Massachusetts, writes: "I should have sent my annual assessment which I will enclose herein. I received a holiday card from you, but all cards were laid aside because of the sudden and serious illness of my sister who has since passed away. I am in fairly good health and I have the best of care from an excellent nurse and a niece who leaves her own home to look after my business affairs.

I thank you you very much for your letter and I hope the birthday greeting will not be any trouble to you. Most sincerely."

For a while we had been uncertain of the address of Mrs. Isabel Treadwell Towne, '68, but her good note to Mrs. Cushing gives the needed information. From 15 Benjamin Ave., N. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan, she writes: "It was a great pleasure to receive a beautiful greeting card from the Lasell Alumnae and to know that I am remembered at the old school. It was a still greater pleasure to find enclosed your dear little personal note in your own dainty handwriting, from which I am assured that you are well again and still busy with your labor of love. I am spending a quiet winter at home. I say *winter*, but this far we have had only *spring* weather, with green grass and almost no snow. I spent last summer with my cousin in traveling among the mountains of Oregon and Washington. It was a wonderful experience and I am quite in love with that country and its delightful people. We found old friends in several places there which of course added greatly to our pleasure. Remember me to Mr. Cushing and both accept my best wishes."

Our near neighbor, Ella Clark Gill, '70, sends her acknowledgement from Concord, Massachusetts, expressing her appreciation of the courtesy of Mrs. Cushing and the L. A. A. in sending greetings.

Sixty-three Magnolia Terrace, Springfield, Massachusetts, is the address of Nellie Thrall, '72. Miss Thrall was a contemporary at Lasell with Mrs. Cushing and with genuine feeling she refers to the former treasurer's valuable service to Lasell. Her note is very personal and indicates a fine friendship which has lasted during the sixty years since graduation.

Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73, closes her personal letter to the president of the L. A. A. with these words: "I am wishing for you every success, but especially for the meeting of the Alumnae. It is such a blessing to have so many able assistants. May the day prove all you would wish it to be."

Lillian Grant, '20, never forgets to do her

duty. She not only reported in person at Commencement time, but forwarded previously this valuable news letter: "On May 23, it was my pleasure as a Lasell girl to give readings and character sketches for the Glastonbury Woman's Club of which Laura Hale Gorton, '16, is Vice-President at their annual banquet held at lovely Hale House (where we have had so many of our Lasell luncheons). I chose a dramatic reading written by a Lasell girl who will graduate on June 6. The selection was 'Marathon' which appeared in the March LEAVES and was written by dear Vesta Black, '32, another Connecticut girl. It was well received by the audience and both Laura and I were proud of our little Lasell sister. A reading engagement in Plainville on June 4 will prevent me from being present at the class night exercises, but I plan to represent the Connecticut Valley Lasell Club at the Baccalaureate Service and the activities on Monday, the 6th."

Helen Carter Johnson, '07, sends her regrets direct to Dr. Winslow in these words: "It was rather a shock to realize that my Lasell class will be celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary week, though actually I feel at present as if it might be my *fiftieth*. On the first of last November we had a very serious motor accident and I have spent the last six months in St. Luke's Hospital. I still have my trained nurse with me so would not be much of an addition to the festivities. It would have been such a pleasure to see Cornelia Eaton Sutton, '07, and the other girls again." Our sincere sympathy goes out to this disabled alumna with a hope that her recovery will be speedy and complete.

"Best aloha," closes Eva Grossman's, '27-'29, '30-'31, recent report of herself to Mrs. McDonald. "What am I doing? I can hear you asking that question. Well, to be really definite I truly couldn't say. As usual I am a lady of leisure—attending meetings, parties, etc. I am now in the throes of moving over to our country place where we will spend the rest of the summer as well as a few months before it. I have been asked to join the Junior League

here in Honolulu, so for the past weeks have attended lectures as every provisional member is wont to do. Our exam comes shortly so then I shall become an actual active member. This summer am giving two hours a week for social service work which should prove intensely interesting. This, of course, counts for hours for the League Member. Have just taken up kindergarten work, nutrition, etc., which all have been extremely interesting work." Busy and happy seems to sum up the informal note of this far away "old girl."

The personals editor acknowledges this valuable memorandum placed on her desk by an unknown contributor. "Girls from 1918 who returned for the Commencement luncheon included Mary Latham Foss, '16-'17, Mary Fiske Cass, '16-'17, Harriet Fera French, '16-'17, and Mildred Cary Eaton, '18. 'Mid' brought her little daughter, Janet Cary Eaton, who enjoyed Lasell and hopes to become a 'white dove' some day."

On the coronation day of our May Queen, we met Mildred Eaton, '18, and little Janet accompanied by Harriet Morris Kenney, '18, and her two little "doves," Harriet Emily and Clara May. Then and there we hoped again that some day these three little girls might actually be enrolled at Lasell.

May 20 was made memorable by the return in person of Mary Ella Bigelow Green, '84-'86, and her son, Bigelow Green. Occasional visits from "old girls" and their families are very gratifying for they indicate their unabated loyalty.

Ours was just a chance meeting in Boston with Mary Dodge Whittemore, '03-'04. Somewhat serious illness in her family and the present financial depression combined have evidently failed to change her usual optimism. She is anticipating a visit later from Eva Robertson, '03-'04. We did not part without a promise from her that she and her guest would report at Lasell during that visit.

We regret that the following telegram did not reach Lasell until after the exercises on Commencement Day. It read: "Sorry that I was not able to be with my classmates for this

important reunion. Heartiest greetings and good wishes to you all, my teachers and classmates of 1907. Clara Huttenbauer Levy."

Karin Eliasson, '31, was with us for a few hours, June 6. She brought the sad tidings of the sudden passing away the day previous of Mr. W. N. Hinshaw, the father of our Helen Hinshaw Toohey, '23, and Virginia, '31. Lasell's deepest sympathy is extended to this bereaved family.

Barbara Saunders of Deep River, Connecticut, called on Vesta Black, '32, and in Vesta's absence was escorted by Miss Potter through Bragdon Hall which proved of especial interest to the visitor as this had been the school home of her mother, Lelia Walker Saunders, '01. We are still indulging in the hope that Barbara may be moved later after the fashion of her mother to choose Lasell as her Alma Mater.

Among the latest and most welcomed arrivals at the homes of our former Lasell girls are:

To Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Shaifer, Jr. (Ellen Crowhurst, '28) on April 15, little Carl Henry, 3rd, arrived to gladden their home.

April 17 was the birthday of wee Joan Atkinson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffroy Atkinson (Lenette Rogers, '17).

Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Hamlin (Marguerite Houser, '19) are the proud parents of Paul Stanton Hamlin who arrived on April 23.

James Harris Schwartz is the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Schwartz (Marjorie Bloom, '27-'29) of New York.

On June 17, little Caroline Sibley Houston arrived at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Houston (Mary Saunders, '23-'23) of Maplewood, New Jersey. Our congratulations to these happy parents and our Mrs. Caroline Sibley Saunders who shares in the grandparent honors.

Four of our faculty are summering in Europe. Miss Blackstock, '09, is visiting in England, Miss Rachdorf is on a continental tour, Mr. and Mrs. Sypher are touring through Great Britain on their bicycles, and Miss Lewis is studying at the University of Heidel-

berg. Past delightful European experiences lead us to extend best wishes to these travelers.

We are indebted to the publicity department of Tufts College for this valuable note: "Elizabeth Stahl, '28, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Julius Stahl of 190 Emery Street, Berlin, New Hampshire, was a member of the class which was graduated from Jackson, the Department for Women at Tufts College, on June 13, 1932. She received the degree of Bachelor of Science and was a member of the Chi Omega sorority."

It was cause enough for rejoicing to welcome Carol Griffin, '30-'31, home again to Lasell after her winter spent in Florida. Her dear sister, Freda, '20, accompanied her and to be sure her former roommate, that sunny little satellite, "Midge" Tillotson, '31, was also in attendance.

Elizabeth Robinson Breed, '06-'07, and Genevra Strong Harlow, '05-'06, could not report at Commencement time but made quite a detour a few days in advance in order to pay their respects at their Alma Mater. We talked fast during their short stay but let them escape without finding out the secret of their abounding good health and high spirits. Blessings on you, "L. W. D's."

Two of the most welcomed "old girls" who returned this year were sisters of members of the graduating class, Harriet Case Bidwell, '22, and Georgia Parrish Campbell, '26. In each case, the honored chaperone was the mother of the "old" and new girl. Lasell's one regret is there are no younger sisters whom we can call on to carry the Lasell torch next year. Our school family will feel lost without Judy and Betty.

Lasell, especially the Domestic Science Department, appreciated the presence of one of our former teachers, Miss Roxanna Tuttle, on exhibition day. As usual Miss Tuttle spent her winter in Florida and will be again this summer at her home in Marblehead.

They came from different directions without altogether previously planning the meeting and what a surprise party it was when on Saturday, May 28, four members of the Class of

1931 arrived at Lasell. They were the Misses Marjorie Middleton, '31, Barbara Pearce, '31, Eunice Stack, '31, and Virginia Whitman, '31, and friend. They steadfastly resisted our powers of persuasion to stay over, declaring that they must report at their various posts for duty, Monday morning.

Helen Roberts Holt, '30, did not seem so far removed while we listened to her parents who kindly shared with us the latest word from this dear daughter and her husband. This charming first-hand report started on the Bragdon porch after the River day races and continued a few days later at the Roberts' beautiful home at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Nell Woodward Collins, '15, and her husband were of the group in Auburndale and also at Manchester and are hoping some day to know for themselves this fair young Lasell bride and her husband.

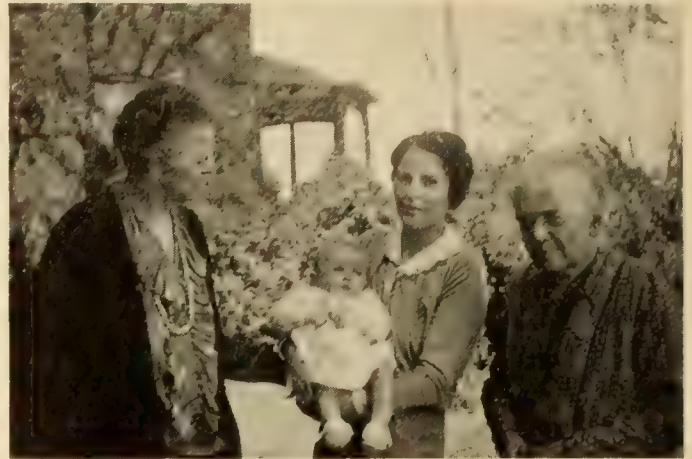
Mrs. Mabel Case Viot, '94, has recently been chosen by the Lasell Alumnae Association as one of their representatives on the Lasell Corporation Board. We were delighted to welcome her among the Commencement Day guests.

Irene Sauter Sanford, '06, and her no longer little daughter, Ruth, drove down from Westfield for Class Night. We were disappointed that they could not remain over for Baccalaureate and Commencement.

Mary Morgan, '31, was responsible for a wave of happy good cheer on a recent morning when charming greetings were received from her in the form of cards, picturing Cairo, Illinois, the "gateway city" on the banks of the Ohio River.

President Winslow was the recipient recently of this most friendly letter from Madeleine Roth White, '26: "I am sorry that I shall be unable to be at Lasell this year, but my duties as a Lasell mother shall force me to remain in Peoria. I feel that I have been very faithful to my class as the *only* time I missed a reunion was the year I married Herb in Paris, and then this year that really brings a Romeo for Lasell girls in '46. Kindly remember me to all and I hope that your school

in these depressing times can laugh in the face of adversity and close with a successful year. After all, God loves courageous souls. Most sincerely, Madeleine Roth White, '26." Enclosed was a charming snapshot of four gener-



ations, Madeleine's grandmother Mrs. Mary Millikin, her mother Mrs. Josephine Millikin Roth, '99, and Madeleine, '26, holding in her arms her dear little son, Curtis White.

We deeply regret that the June material for the LASELL LEAVES had already gone to press when the sad tidings came to us from Pasadena announcing the passing of our Principal Emeritus, Dr. Charles Cushman Bragdon. Lasell extends deepest sympathy to Mrs. Bragdon and the bereaved family. A fitting tribute will appear in the fall issue of our school paper.

MISS MARTHA ELIZABETH RANSOM (Lasell '77-'81)—"Given to Hospitality"

There are certain phrases which are always associated in our minds as we seek to characterize our friends. One always felt that any members of the Ransom-Wagner household could best be described by St. Paul's injunction to the early Christians, "be ye given to hospitality." It made no difference what the hour was, nor whether the guest be a special friend or a worker paid for his labor, very soon a cup of steaming hot coffee or soup with some accompanying accessory would find its way to him if it were winter, and a correspondingly refreshing beverage if the weather was hot, at the Ransom-Wagner home. Of course it was

not at all necessary but it was a mark of that gracious hospitality which is a symbol of the desire to share that made one's heart warm and glow. It made one feel that here was someone who would share one's heart burdens as well. Those of us who knew and loved Miss Ransom will certainly miss her friendly and sympathetic interest.

When Dr. Bragdon came to Lasell in 1874, the school was probably at its very lowest ebb and it took a great deal of courage and persistent effort to build it up. Beside him day in and day out worked Mrs. Bragdon (Kate Ransom) and a score of years later Lasell was to feel the influence of Miss Martha Ransom, '77-'81. Women had only lately won the right to a real education and they were slowly winning their full rights. Miss Ransom was one of the earliest graduates from the Sargent School of Cambridge and further equipped herself by taking lessons in swimming in one of the Philadelphia schools. With Dr. Bragdon, she planned and completed the original gymnasium and for nearly twenty-five years was the efficient director of our physical education department. It was she also who started the Lasell Crew Club, to belong to which has always been the cherished ambition of every Lasell student.

This beloved daughter of Lasell passed to her rest on May 16 at her home in Auburn-dale where she had resided for the last eight years. We sympathize deeply with her many nieces and nephews well-known to Lasell and especially with her sister, Mrs. Bragdon in California, and with Mr. Wagner. Nor do we think it irreverent that we should include her beloved canary, Sunny Boy, who was such a comfort and joy to her and a delight to all her friends. Those of us who have known the comradeship of animals can understand the devotion of these two souls. It seems quite in keeping with a noble character that one of God's tiniest creatures should have received her love. His heart is so heavy laden since her going that he cannot sing, he whose little throat almost burst with song for her, his dearest friend.

It was very gratifying to Miss Ransom's friends that her school friend of fifty years should have been paying her annual visit to her in May. We feel sure that Mrs. Emily Skiff Dunn, Lasell, '80-'82, was glad that she could be with her friend at the last and minister to her.

Miss Ransom's keen and sympathetic interest in every forward movement of our school never abated. She promptly signed her approval of the change of the name from Lasell Seminary to Lasell Junior College and at Dr. Winslow's invitation became a member recently of the Lasell Corporation.

Many of us can take a leaf from Miss Ransom's book of life as a pattern for our own. Her instant response to the need of others whether in her family circle or out of it gave her a very great place in many hearts. We can think of no more fitting tribute than the lines of an ancient Oriental poet who sang,

"These and other mighty warriors in the earthly battle slain,
By their valour and their virtue walk the bright ethereal plain,
They have cast their mortal bodies, crossed the radiant gate of heaven,
For to win celestial mansions unto mortals it is given,
Let them strive by kindly action, gentle speech, endurance long,
Brighter life to holier future unto sons of men belong!"

MICHIGAN LASELL CLUB MEETING

The Michigan Lasell Club held a meeting on Friday, May 13, at the Woman's City Club in Detroit. After luncheon a short business meeting and election of officers was held. Our new president is Marie Roberts Parent, '23-'24; vice-president, Katherine Rice Broock, '20; secretary, Irene Stroh, '11-'12; treasurer, Marion Fitch, '26.

As usual, Dr. Winslow sent a very interesting letter with news in it for everyone and some lovely pictures of Lasell girls and their activities.

We are planning a meeting to be held in September, the second Friday, also another

one next May at the same time. We hope to either have a bridge party or a tea for the benefit of the Lasell Endowment Fund. If there are any former Lasell girls living in Michigan who have not been notified of the existence of a Lasell Club here, please notify the secretary, Irene Stroh, 373 Neff Road, Grosse Pointe, Michigan.

Those present at our meeting were: Marion Fitch, '26; Marie Roberts Parent, '23-'24; Martha Louise Roberts, '31; Lurella Krentler, '08-'10; Ann Louise Smith, '29-'30; Irene Bezner Dewey, '11-'13; Eleanora Stroh Cole, '08-'09; Jeannette Geist Stanley, '21; Edessa Warner Slocum, '10-'11; Florence Evans Valpey, '15; Helen Warner Gankler, '18; Alva Thomas Hain, '12-'13; Cora Nicholson Gray, '10-'11; Katherine Rice Broock, '20; Lucile Barry Shea, '26; Irene Stroh, '11-'12.

NEW HAVEN LASELL CLUB

The annual spring luncheon of the New Haven Lasell Club was held in the grill room of the New Haven Lawn Club, on Saturday, May 7. We were delighted to have as our guest of honor, Mrs. Statira Preble McDonald, now assistant dean in residence at Lasell. She told us of the many activities and great achievement of Lasell and had us all wishing we were back at school again. We were happy to give Mrs. McDonald to take back with her, a cheque for the Endowment Fund.

Preceding Mrs. McDonald's talk there was a brief business meeting.

Among those present were: Glenna Bullis, '25; Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22; Harriet Kimberly, '30; Ida Barber Longley, '26-'27; Genevieve Betcher McDonnell, '14; Gertrude Moeller, '26; Emma Ockert, '26; Hazel Kramer O'Donnell, '26; Anita Hotchkiss Scott, '18; Minnie Brockett Slayton, '21; Helen Taylor, '29-'30; Leontine Goodman Thalheimer, '18, Ruth Tolman, '18-'19, Maude Williams, '29, and Elsie Flight Wuestefeld, '18. Emma Ockert, president of the club, presided over the luncheon.

THE LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, INC., MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., was held at the school on June 6, 1932.

The meeting was called to order at 2:20 P. M. by the president, Josephine Woodward Rand, '10. An unusually large group was present. The program was opened with a piano solo by Gwendolyn McDonald, '18-'28. Miss Lillie R. Potter, '80, brought greetings from our former treasurer, Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73.

Classes having reunions were asked to give reports of their activities to the LEAVES.

Miss Helen M. Littlefield, '73, here for her sixtieth reunion, told us how familiar things still looked and gave a very interesting account of her years at Lasell.

Dr. Winslow extended greetings. He expressed a deep appreciation of the support of the graduates and told of gifts to the Endowment Fund that he had received recently. The school was reincorporated eleven years ago and the majority of the corporation members is made up of Lasell graduates who cooperate very well in their work to help govern the school.

The Class of 1932 was welcomed into the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., and their president very graciously expressed their gladness to join our ranks.

The Class of 1912 had eight present. Their class baby was here also.

The Class of 1917 had seven present for reunion and gave \$50 to the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., to add to our building fund.

The Class of 1922 had twenty-three present.

The Class of 1928 had five at the meeting, but twenty had reported at different times during the week.

A silent prayer was given at this time for those who had left us during the year.

The business of the meeting follows:

The secretary's report was read, accepted and placed on file.

The report of the Caroline Carpenter Fund was read, accepted and placed on file.

The treasurer's report was read, accepted and filed.

The auditor's report was read and it was

Voted: To accept the auditor's report, including the recommendation to charge off the sum of \$200.00 for the year 1932-1933 on our International Match bond.

A word of explanation of the treasurer's work was given by the president. A new complete card system has been established by the treasurer this past year.

Voted: To accept the two following recommendations which were properly presented and signed by five voting members of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc.:

(1) Former and present teachers of the Lasell Junior College may be Associate members of the Alumnae Association.

(2) The Alumnae Corporation members of the Lasell Junior College Corporation shall be elected to serve for a term of five (5) years.

The Scholarship Fund was discussed and a committee appointed by the chair to make some definite plans for this fund to be voted upon by the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., later on. This committee includes:

Miss Grace W. Irwin (Chairman)
Miss Margaret Rand
Miss Mary Patten Witherbee, '92
Miss Marion Briggs, '08-'10

Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, '80, resigned as chairman of the Caroline Carpenter Fund and it was

Voted: That the Caroline Carpenter Fund be cared for by the treasurer of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., from now on.

The nominating committee's report was read and the secretary cast one ballot for the following officers:

President, Josephine W. Rand, '10.
Vice-President, Marion B. MacDonald, '21.
Secretary, Priscilla A. Wolfe, '19.
Treasurer, Marion O. Corley, '11.
Assistant Treasurer, Miriam N. Flanders, '05.

Corresponding Secretary, Phyllis R. Shoemaker, '22.

Directors, Florence B. Merrill, '17; Frances Badger, '24; Sara Moore, '07-'08.

Auditor, Walter R. Amesbury.

Nominating Committee for 1933, Nell Woodward Collins, '15; Eleanor Knight, Ruth Hayden.

Voted: To send telegrams of greeting to Dr. Bragdon and Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing.

The meeting was declared adjourned at 3:30 P. M.

Respectfully submitted,

PRISCILLA ALDEN WOLFE, '19,
Secretary, Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc.

LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, INC.

The treasurer of the Lasell Alumnae Association, Inc., in a condensed statement for the year ending June 1, 1932, reports that there is in the treasury \$6,552.77; a net gain of \$467.73 for the year. In addition to this sum, the Caroline Carpenter Memorial Fund has a balance of \$2,297.71. Since the books were closed, this fund has been increased by a gift of \$50 from the Class of 1917.

The income from \$2,000, which is invested in bonds, is contributed each year toward the expenses of deserving students who are attending Lasell.

The officers feel that the response from members the past year was very gratifying, and they were especially pleased to welcome the large number of non-graduates and new members. Life Memberships amounted to \$105 and annual dues were \$483, making total receipts of dues for the year \$588.

There has been compiled by the treasurer as complete a list of graduates and former students of Lasell as possible. There are, however, numerous girls who are not listed because either their married names or addresses are uncertain or unknown. If some have not received notices for dues and they desire to join the association, the treasurer

would appreciate getting their names and addresses. With the co-operation of the members of the Alumnae Association it is hoped to locate the girls now reported "address unknown."

Following are a few of the girls to be located. If an address is given, it is the last known one, and mail has been returned unclaimed from that address:

Ada Cadmus McCoy, '98.

Edith Allen Thayer, '99.

Anna D. Campbell, '00.

Alma Dunn DeLong, '11.

Ruth Magoun Boyd, '18.

Emma Goll Dacy, '98, 627 W. 164th St., New York City.

Margaret E. Dealey, '97-'98, 73 Manchester St., Manchester, N. H.

M. Lucille Zeller Ericson, '04, 506 N. Sheridan Rd., Highland Park, Illinois.

Grace Bliss Stewart, '94-'95, 50 West 45th St., New York City.

Amye Vickery Bright, '02-'04, 703 Summit Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.

Elizabeth Edson, '12, Edgehill Inn, Spuyten-Dyvil-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Marie Dibell Redfield, '27, 21 Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass.

Mary O'Hare Currier, '24, 75 Park St., Brookline, Mass.

Maud Murray Bean, '24, 24 First St., Bangor, Me.

Dorothy L. Glasser, '31, Cecelian Apt. No. 8, Marion, Ind.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these girls can be very helpful by sending their addresses to the treasurer of the Alumnae Association, Mrs. J. D. Corley, 26 Aquavia Rd., Medford, Mass.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1912

Nineteen twelve is here today

We're having quite a party

We've brought our own Class Baby, too

We're feeling hale and hearty.

Seven members of 1912 came back for our twentieth reunion. They included Ruth Bachelder Luscombe, '12; Ruth Coulter

Bierer, '12; Dorothea Africa, '12; Clara Trowbridge, '12; Ethel Moore Richardson, '12; "Bunny" Lincoln Beers, '12, and Miriam Flynn Speth, '12. As noted in the above impromptu rhyme, composed at the luncheon table, but not sung, due to faltering courage, "Bunny" brought her eighteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, who is 1912's Class Baby. Barbara enters Lasell next year. We were so happy to see each other again and only wish more of our class had been able to return to renew old times.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1917

"The small contingent of '17ers who came back for reunion were a bit disappointed more couldn't have made it. It truly was a delightful spree. Speaking for myself, when I went back I seemed conscious of each of the fifteen years, but as I roamed about Auburndale, I gradually shed them until walking up the hill after graduation, I felt as happy and carefree as the girls themselves.

"Fannie Gates Frey, '17, and I were the only ones to stay at Woodland. However, Florence Bell Merrill, '17; Mildred Strain Nutter, '17; Helen Stephan Sterley, '17; Ruth Straight Mock, '17, and Eugenia Skinner Shorrock, '17, came over for the reception, class night, graduation, luncheon, etc. All the Commencement activities were beautiful and blessed with gorgeous, warm, clear weather.

"We girls had our reunion dinner at Hartwell Farms in Lincoln on Sunday. Monday at luncheon we sat at Mademoiselle's table in the dining room. We had yellow horns with purple class numerals for favors. Fortunately, we were able to recall one verse of our recessional so we could sing when called upon.

"After luncheon we held a class meeting. We were very happy to have greetings from Jess Shepherd Brennan, '17; Virginia Anderson Swanson, '17; Pauline Fera, '17; Miriam Day Giles, '17; Eleanor McCausland Fleming, '17, and Virginia Moore Starkey, '17.

"I do hope that by 1937 all families will be

in perfect health and all of us as rich as Croesus. Helen Saunders, '17."

This little report of a delightful impromptu Lasell reunion was received just as this manuscript was going to press. With President Winslow's permission, we are reporting the friendly letter: "We thought you might be interested in a Lasell reunion which we had in Winnetka, Illinois, not long ago. Seven of us from the Class of '27, met at Katherine Tufts' ('27) home for luncheon and had a glorious time. Mary Mann Baird, '27, had come from Avonmore, Pennsylvania to visit her parents in Lombard, Illinois, and had brought Alice Crawford, '27; of Walton, New York, with her. There were also Margaret Hitt Perkins, '27, of Chicago; Alice Froeschle, '27, of Chicago; Nan Pagin Page, '27, of Evanston and I who had gone up from Indianapolis for the occasion. We were also quite honored by the presence of Ralph Coatsworth Perkins, Jr., Peggy's nine months old son.

"My husband has recently opened a laboratory here in Indianapolis and I have been acting as secretary for him. This new work and keeping house, too, has kept me awfully busy but I have never been happier. I love being busy.

"We all would love to be back at Lasell Commencement this year and only wish it were possible. Ever sincerely, Mary Fulton Garstang, '27."

TENTH REUNION—CLASS OF '22

The Class of 1922 held its tenth reunion luncheon at the Green Gate Tea Room, Auburndale, at one o'clock, Saturday, June 4. Twenty-four girls were present. Helene Grashorn Dickson, '22, from Chicago, Illinois, was given a small gift as the girl coming from the greatest distance. Grace Gates Brown, '22, was given a prize as the first member of the class to be the mother of twins, born a year ago this spring.

Telegrams from our president, Jean Woodward Nelson, '22, and from Jo Holbrook

Metzger, '22, and letters from several others who could not attend, were read at the luncheon. Jo. Kenyon Little, '22, and her small daughter just dropped in to say "Hello." We observed a minute of silence in memory of the four classmates who have passed away. Messages were sent to the girls who wrote to the class.

At the class night dinner, June 4, twenty-three girls were present and the small son of Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, and the two children of Marjorie Gifford Grimm, '22, were delightful additions. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow made the dinner a complete success by joining us at '22 table. The "Class Baby," eight-year-old Jimmy Jordan, son of Dorothy Caldwell Jordan, '22, led the '22ers to their table and was a credit indeed to his "adopted mothers."

Blaisdell Cottage was turned over to all of '22, who were staying at Lasell and was the scene of many "talk feasts" and much jollity.

Sunday evening, twelve of the class joined Phyllis R. Shoemaker at supper at her home in Boston—much talking, little eating and a great deal of fun.

Harriette Case Bidwell, '22, earned the thanks and gratitude of us all for the three choir songs she arranged for us to sing. She and "Sis" Loomis Stuebing, '22, both had sisters in this year's graduating class so we '22ers feel an especial interest in '32.

Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, and Carolyn Badger Seybolt, '22, did more than a little to help this "Tenth Reunion" to be the success we all felt it was. It was good to see so many of our classmates together and it was even better to be back at Lasell again.

One of the pleasant and encouraging events of Lasell's Commencement this year was a gift to the Endowment Fund from the estate of Mr. Willet A. Hemingway of New Haven. Mrs. Hemingway, mother of Cornelia Hemingway Killam, '22, gave one thousand dollars, to be credited to her daughter's class, 1922. The same amount has been contributed before to Lasell's Endowment Fund by these loyal and generous friends. To them go gratitude

and sincere appreciation from all interested in the welfare of Lasell.

THE CLASS OF TWENTY-SEVEN REUNITES

Although their numbers were fewer than were expected, the girls of '27 that gathered at Bragdon for their first official meeting were enthusiastic and as full of high spirits as ever.

During the Class Night exercises, marching from house to house, the group remained together, asking questions, answering more and amid many greetings we learned that Marie Dibell Redfield was now the proud and happy mother of twins and looking as jovial as ever; Christine Oby Jones, the wife of a bright Harvard Law student, was leaving Cambridge to return to Ohio shortly on the completion of her husband's course; Loretta Krause Eyer drove down from Allentown, Pennsylvania, where she is living with her husband of just a year; Rosanna McConnell Wallis has a charming husband and we could hardly believe it, but "Rosy" claims the honor of having two lovely children, a girl and a baby boy. Their pictures were adorable and their faces so angelic that we could understand why "Rosy" looked so radiant—not a day older than when she was at Lasell herself. We also discovered that Marcia Pinkham had driven down from Concord, N. H., where she is teaching in the High School; that Janette Smock Hance and Madeleine Robinhold came down together from New Jersey and after we had heard about Janette's interesting husband and the fact that Jane is still continuing her study of voice, we later discovered how truly beautiful it was; Madeleine admitted shyly that although her engagement had not been formally announced, she is going to give up her career of teaching music to be a minister's wife. We learned that Mary Lib Smith Chapman had married a New Englander, if you please, and is living in Dover, Massachusetts; that Rosalie Brightman had been engaged since Thanksgiving and was buying gowns at Jay's in Boston; and that Carolyn Duncan Long had married a charming

young doctor, whom we were delighted to meet the following day.

After Class Night exercises, and we loved every bit of it, we congregated in dear old "41" in Bragdon to hear about the girls that could not come back to our reunion. Somehow, as we talked about them, the miles between us vanished, and our class was again intact. It was extremely interesting to learn that Madalyn Patten is a very successful dietician in a large California institution; that Nancy Pagin Page and Eugenie McEdwards Bunting are both happily married; that Pauline Pulsifer Bauer has a charming little daughter; that June Newbold Hörner and Mary Mann Baird are also married; and that Helen White has a fine secretarial position. We learned that Minerva Damon Ludewig had spent a very happy year on the coast; that Edith Bronstein Silverman had married a prominent Boston attorney and had a most attractive infant; that Edith Thorpe Van Dine was married and living in New Haven, and that Ruth Dunning, whom we occasionally see, is now living in Boston.

We ended this happy evening singing our "Twenty-seven" songs and it certainly brought back poignant memories when Jane led us as she used to do in Glee Club.

We had our Reunion Dinner at Wellesley Inn on Sunday before the Baccalaureate Exercises. We were happy to have Georgia Parrish Campbell, '26, with us. Georgia journeyed all the way from California, and although she really belonged to the Class of '26 she was ever in our midst and we enjoyed her merry wit immensely. Although many of the girls who had come to class night could not attend the dinner, the spirit of the entire class was there, and much merriment prevailed.

Commencement day was "one of those rare days in June." Our reunion luncheon was a happy one, and our songs the echoes of happy voices ringing through dearly loved halls. The meeting was impressive and finally the good-byes—'till our next reunion.

Rosalie Brightman, '27.

Official Register of '27 at the Reunion

Janette Smock Hance, Madeleine Robinhold,
Helen White, Loretta Krause Eyer, Rosanna
McConnell Wallis, Marion King, Marcia
Pinkham, Dorothy Quinn, Anna Rodier, Mil-
dred Pennell Parks, Edith Thorpe Van Dine,
Carolyn Duncan Long, Christine Oby Jones,
Lily Butters Schwartz, Ruth Dunning, Mary
Elizabeth Smith Chapman, Rosalie Brightman.

**LIFE MEMBERS OF LASELL
ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION,
INCORPORATED**

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1854—Rose Heywood Brown* | 1905—Ida Jones Hayden |
| 1857—Fannie Sykes Davis* | Edna Rogers Carlisle |
| 1861—Caroline Hills Leeds* | Laura Weaver Buxton |
| 1863—Ida Capron Cook* | 1906—Elith Anthony Carlow |
| 1869—Catherine Ames Ide* | Anna G. Blackstock |
| 1870—Ellen Clark Gill | Helen Carter Marcy |
| 1873—Ella Richardson Cushing | Mildred Peirce Fuller |
| 1878—Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen | Irene Sauter Sanford |
| Alice Linscott Hall | Maude Simes Harding |
| 1880—Annie Kendig Peirce | Dorothea Turner Moulton |
| Lillie R. Potter | Elsie Young Hayden |
| 1882—Carrie Wallace Hussey | 1907—Fern Dixon Leahy |
| 1883—Lillian M. Packard* | 1908—Lela Goodall Thornberg |
| Lydia F. Wadhams | Grace T. Griswold |
| Annie Wallace | Louise Morrell Nestler |
| 1884—Nellie Kidder Cutter | Anna Smith Floyd |
| Ida Sibley Webber* | 1909—Annie Crowe Collum |
| 1888—Bertha A. Simpson | 1910—Lucy Aldrich Berston |
| 1892—Mary P. Witherbee | Julia Crafts Sheridan |
| 1894—Laura Case Viot | Julia DeWitt Read |
| Jennie M. Rich | Mildred Goodall Campbell |
| Harriet Grace Scott | Susan Stryker |
| Rebecca C. Shepherd | Josephine Woodward Rand |
| 1895—Alice Andreesen Dietz | 1911—Margaret Jones Clemen |
| Harriet L. Freebey | Gladys Lawton Bullock* |
| Elizabeth Stephenson Morgan | 1912—Florence Jones Allen |
| 1896—Annie J. Hackett | 1913—Mildred Westervelt Warner |
| 1897—Edith Howe Kip | 1914—Dorothy Canfield Cheseldine |
| 1898—Helen Abbott Bucknam | Ruth Davis Giller |
| Emma Aull Duncan | Ruth Thresher Jenks |
| 1899—Evelyn Ebert Allen | 1915—Susan E. Tiffany |
| Alice Jenckes Wilson | Nell Woodward Collins |
| Alice Kendall | 1916—Naomi Bradley Reed |
| 1900—Blanche Gardner Peeler | Ruth Griffin McDonald |
| Elsie B. Reynolds | Laura Hale Gorton |
| 1901—Bessie M. Lum | Helen Merrill Strohecker |
| 1902—Bessie Fuller Perry | 1917—Florence Bell Merrill |
| Annie Pinkham Allyn | Fannie Gates Frey |
| 1904—Jennie Hamilton Eliason | Jessie Shepherd Brennan |
| Katherine Jenckes Knox | 1918—Lydia A. Adams |
| | Dorothy Barnes Paine |
| | 1919—Mary Hopkins |
| | Sarah Hopkins |
| | Mercie V. Nichols |
| | 1920—Anna Crane Sherwood |
| | Doris Crawford Clovis |
| | Isabel M. Fish |
| | Marjory V. Hussey |
| | 1921—Gladys V. Lucas |
| | Julia Russell Robertson |
| | Ruth Smith Coates |
| | 1922—Iverna Birdsall Biggin |
| | Marion A. Brown |
| | Harriette Case Bidwell |
| | Sarah F. Crane |
| | Cornelia Hemingway Killam |

- Mabel E. Rawlings
 Jean Woodward Nelson
 1923—Ethel J. Cole
 Ruth Hills Livermore
 Adrienne E. Smith
 1924—Avis D. Ballou
 Edith Clendenin Stahl
 Alice Wry Anthony
 1925—Elizabeth Nowell Croft
 Helen M. Wahlquist
 1926—Dorothy Hale
 Sarah MacKay Roblin
 Mary Witschief Wood
 1927—Alice L. Crawford
 Cynthia M. Patten
 Frederica M. Robinhold
 Janette Smock Hance
 1928—Marjorie Blair-Perkins
 Mary D. Pryor
 1929—Marion G. Kingdon
 Alice D. Pratt
 Ruth E. Richards
 1871-1875—Ellen Nelson Stevens
 1904-1905—Mabel Martin Parker

*Deceased.

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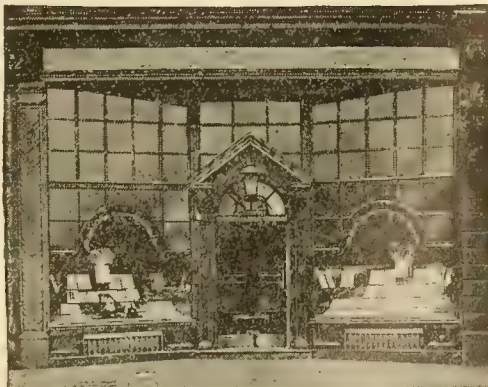
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